Female Joker Goes for the True Harem End

by Kalymna

Summary

A smutty retelling of the game with a female Joker, follow our intrepid heroine as she meets and acquires a vast host of cute girls while trying to save the world and change hearts.

Notes

I have a tumblr! Please feel free to follow me and send me asks and prompts and ideas!

I'm following the plot loosely, but certain events and mechanics are obviously changed or skimmed over when necessary for pacing or to serve the plot. Absolutely intended for people who have already played the game and are thus already familiar with the plot.

Each girl will be her own niche interest; if you don't like the kinks involved with one, try another, but a theme of excess/size/big tits will be rampant throughout.

I've tried to capture the essence of the characters involved, while obviously tweaking things
to be a bit more smutty, because, well, this is a smut story. Lots of fucking. Fair warning.
The Phantom Thieves of Heart. It seemed to happen almost overnight, as the small group became a sensation that brought hope to the masses - before falling from grace. Everything had been going so well, with their meteoric rise by bringing criminals both domestic and internationally to heel. But even the best of plans could go poorly, as The Phantoms were soon to discover, as their longtime enemy had deceived them into quite the multi-layered trap. Thanks heavily in part to the actions of their leader, the small group managed to escape the first trap with treasure in hand. However, Sae Niijima was no fool: it seemed certain to her that the thieves would succeed. And so, even as they escaped, an army moved into position with their guns at the ready. The others *had* to escape -- there was no other option. Despite their tears, despite their protests, Joker held firm on that much, that she couldn't stand the idea of her friends (... and lovers ...) taken into captivity.

And so she ran. Despite the ... unique ... properties of her body, of the way her cognition manifested, running was not an issue. The final encounter with Sae had utterly draining (in multiple ways!) and she was more exhausted than the rest of her team, even. The relief as hearing her teammates escape was genuine, only to turn to shock on the final leg of her escape, finding herself surrounded by a mass of police. Rebel as she may have been, Joker was no fool, and knew the only option was to surrender ...

"So this is the end of the mighty Phantom Thieves, is it? How sad."

She promised herself she wouldn't gloat. And yet, alas.

Sae Niijima cut an imposing figure. At six feet in height, she towered over many of her co-workers, almost amazonian in some ways to those she passed by. Brilliant, career driven, an unparalleled success in the field of prosecution, and downright beautiful to match, Sae had few equals. And thus, it had been so perplexing and, at times, downright infuriating that the Phantom Thieves continued to slip through her fingers, time and time again. Every attempt to find information on them had come up empty, and every trail seemed to go cold at the last possible second. And yet, slowly, over time, the tiny shreds of evidence brought Sae to a well constructed profile of the group's leader. A young woman in her high school years. Quiet, but passionate and able to speak her mind. Skilled with her hands. Brilliant. Brave. Kind, but not weak. And -- an interest in women, especially of a particular kind. The decision to use herself as bait hadn't been an easy one ... but it paid off, didn't it? Here sat the infamous leader of the Phantom Thieves before her, at the other side of the table, bruised and battered and exhausted. And loaded up with truth serum, too. This was it. This is what she had been waiting for all these months.

"How ironic that your organization would be laid low by your own desires of lust, considering how this all started. Isn't that right?" With that, Sae opened up her folder. Oh, the anticipation that had built up to this moment. She was going to find out everything. She would finally have the promotion she had yearned for so long ...

"Tell me everything. From the beginning. I know you recognize this man ..." she gestured, tapping on the picture she brought forth.

Joker -- before she was Joker -- had faced a total upheaval of her life. One little incident with the wrong person had left her on a train to a whole new world. Playing the knight in shining armor in her
little, nowhere hometown had seemed a good idea at the time, defending a poor woman from some creep ... only to find out that the particular creep had a great deal of power, indeed. The assault would be overlooked, if she could take a year's probation and not fuck it up. (Something that the officers escorting her to the train station had snickered about.) At the very least, perhaps, she was finally leaving the tiny town and heading to somewhere ... bigger. Much bigger. Tokyo, of all places. Perhaps that could be something exciting ...?

But all she found was hostility. Her guardian was a grumpy old man who lived alone, an old friend of her parents; Sojiro Sakura made it quite clear he considered the entire thing a burden, something he was doing as a favor -- and for money. Her home to be was an attic: cluttered, but at least not too filthy. The coffee shop it was above, at the very least, seemed to be ... charming? in its own right. And at least it was quiet, having the whole place to herself whenever the old man left.

School was the same story. Shujin Academy was boasted of one of the top in the country, a school where many of its graduates went on to some of the best colleges in the nation. But her reputation had preceded her, and all she heard as she went through the halls was the whispers, wondering what she had done to be under probation. Felt the eyes watching her every move. The teachers were no different, treating her with outright hostility at worst, to utter indifference at best. The bruise on her forehead from the piece of chalk chucked at her skull took a few days to finally fade away!

And then, late one night, deep in her dreams -- or so she assumed, at first -- everything had changed yet again. Where our story truly begins is not in Tokyo, and -- to be blunt -- not even in a particular place on this planet.

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Kotomi Kurusu awoke in that selfsame Velvet Room -- not that she knew that's what it was called yet, not at all -- startled, confused, and as most would, believing that this is nothing more than a particularly realistic and lucid dream. Hell, it had to be; even her bed back home was nowhere as comfortable as the one she found herself lying in, but there was a little more firm and in-her-face evidence that this was a dream: those titties.

"What ... the fuck?" the dark-haired girl breathed, blinking through wide glasses down at herself, still not quite grasping the reality of her situation. Or what she was doing here. Or what the fuck was going on. Or why she had massive titties, or a softer ass, or ... a little bit of exploration confirmed that she's got some additional ... anatomy, that she was by no means accustomed to. Oh, fuck, she couldn't even begin to try and wrap her mind around that, so she settled it aside for the time being, doing her best to focus on the insanity of her surroundings ... and the fact that, despite all evidence to the contrary, this really, really didn't feel like a dream.

Kotomi moved to swing her legs down to the floor, discovering only then the shackles around her wrists. Kotomi stumbled toward the barred gate, thinking vaguely that she should have a lot more difficulty dealing with her new center of gravity, but for whatever reason, she felt a lot more ... nimble, in this place. Graceful. Proficient.
Groggy, uncertain, confused, desperate for answers or at least maybe to just wake up, Kotomi reached up to grasp the bars of what is apparently her cell, peering through ... and causing her much-more-massive tits to press against the bars as well, introducing her into just how sensitive they are, on top of everything else, eliciting a startled yelp of sensation from her lips. Great.

"... Hello?"

"My, my. How very strange indeed."

The strange man spoke up, drawing Kotomi's attention. Simply put, he looked absolutely ancient, and yet almost ... impish, in the way he moved, spoke, acted. Small and stuffed into a suit that looked ill fitting, he nearly looked comical, except that Kotomi could feel an aura of great power coming from the small man. Being in his presence felt almost ... oppressive, in a way. Worst of all, perhaps, was that voice, deep and almost booming, a voice that demanded attention from those in the room with him. So he sat, alone and behind his desk, gloved hands steepled and observing Kotomi. He appeared to pay no more than a curious glance to the state of Kotomi's body and clothing. The room was round, seeming to have a blue-ish tint to it, and full of cells, identical to her own.

"What a strange appearance. Human thought is surprising, indeed. My name is Igor, and I welcome you to my Velvet Room."

Igor introduced himself but said very little about who -- or what -- he was. The Velvet Room -- the place that she very much is currently located -- a manifestation created both in part by Igor, but also by the heart of one gifted with a tremendous power. That deep voice, never seeming to pause for long, only giving her a few moments to ask questions generally left unanswered, warned her of a terrible ruin approaching both Kotomi herself, and mankind as a whole. That to avoid such, she must undertake and complete rehabilitation, judged by Igor, the very warden of such a prison. As such, he would lend her his aid, to a degree, through three gifts.

The first was to come later, through operation of the Velvet Room.

The second was something that Kotomi already found herself quite familiar with already, the app that had appeared again and again despite numerous attempts at deletion on her phone.

The third...

"Girls?" Igor called. There was no way that Kotomi didn't notice them before that moment -- right? Somehow, they seemed to step from the shadows and nowhere at once. Two girls, dressed in the same blue that was everywhere else in the room, from the sheets to the carpets to the walls and so on. Dressed like wardens, almost, complete with button down shirts and black ties. Both wore a styled covering over one eye, and each complete with a rather large hat. One carried a clipboard in her hands, the expression on her face seeming almost bored -- though a closer look showed her paying rapt attention. The other girl carried a baton in her hand, and certainly looked, in a word, pissed. That baton quickly smacked up against the bars, the tip prodding up against Kotomi's chest.

"Eyes up here, inmate!" Barked at her for very good reason, considering that both of the girls, even small as they were, were stacked, potentially even moreso than Kotomi was in that strange place. Both boasted a simply mind-boggling amount of bust, enormous globes that made the girls attached almost look like an afterthought, enormous pale globes making buttons strain as hard as could be.

Shackled hands clung to the bars, her own fat tits spilling through the gaps; a little whimper of surprised sensation escaped Kotomi's lips at the press of that baton against the flesh of her breasts -- god, they really are sensitive, she thought vaguely -- and she felt a very unfamiliar but not unwelcome stirring down between her thighs, that bulge thickening just a little against her prison
uniform. Fuck, she'd better be careful about that; those little wardens looked like they wouldn't take such a thing as a compliment, if they happened to notice such.

Poor Kotomi. What was she to do with all of this? It had to be some kind of bizarre dream, right? What ... what else could it have been? What else could even possibly explain the thousand layers of weirdness spread out before her? A blue velvet prison, a bizarre imp of a man, and ... two wardens. Twin wardens. Twin, little girl, absurdly busty wardens. Discussion of some kind of ... threat to mankind, the implication that Kotomi would be caught up in it somehow ... and that didn't even begin to touch the strangeness of her own body in that place. Strangeness ... that she, admittedly, may or may not have fantasized about before. Not that she would confess that to any of these people -- or, hell, she had trouble even confessing it even to herself -- but those fantasies had definitely existed in the past. Of a ... grander, more exaggerated self.

Massively busty, short girls ... those, too, had fit into her fantasies somewhere. What the fuck is going on here? Kotomi keeps her mouth shut, just trying to take in as much as she can, while her captors go over her situation.

Which just made her think it's a dream. Something vomited up from her subconscious, pushed perhaps by the stress of her situation and the recent troubles in her life. That honestly was the only thing that made sense, because the other option was that this wasn't a dream and it was real and all of those people were real.

Kotomi wasn't sure yet if she could face that.

"These are Caroline and Justine. They will be the attendants that will aid and assist you in your quest of rehabilitation." Both girls nodded as they were introduced, though Caroline, the one with the baton, didn't stop glaring at Kotomi for a moment.

"Don't think we'll take it easy on you, inmate!" Caroline barked, her own chest and stature seeming to cause her zero issues.

"We are here to assist the development of the inmate." Justine, at least, seemed to be cooler, quiet ... or at least, not quite as hateful.

"And don't even begin to think about disrespecting our Master while you're here!" Caroline.

"Our Master will call on you from time to time." Justine.

"Make sure you answer promptly! Do you have any questions, inmate?" And finally, Caroline.

Imprisoned -- an inmate, a quest for rehabilitation, some grand scheme that she apparently was going to be swept up in, one way or another. One of the tiny wardens -- she had already forgotten which was which just yet, they're twins! -- asked her if she actually has any questions, and it's only at that point that Kotomi finally managed to find her tongue.

"I ... what am I doing here? What is this? This isn't ... real, is it?" It sure as fuck felt real. Don't just sputter, Kotomi, ask a question that actually matters. "What do you mean, rehabilitation?" And yet, no matter how many questions she asked, she got the sinking suspicion that she wasn't going to be getting any real answers anytime soon. Call it a hunch. She had to operate on the assumption, for now, that this wasn't a dream, that she'd been summoned here for some reason or another, that this was actually happening and what happened here matters, to herself and the real world.

"You ... you must've gotten the wrong girl. None of this feels ..." The lie died on her tongue as she realized that it really was a lie -- because this did feel right. This body, at the very least, felt much,
much more right than her natural form did, as new and unfamiliar as it might have been, as though she was supposed to be built like this. Like this or even more.

"It's understandable you may be skeptical, inmate." Justine, the one at least a little less openly hostile, nodded.

"But this is very real! How else would you feel this, huh?" And yet again, Caroline prodded the tip of that baton against Kotomi's heavy tits, repeatedly nudging into the poorly contained, barely clothed flesh with the cold metal, eliciting another yelp of mixed pain/pleasure from the inmate.

"Caroline, a word?" Justine asked, before the two girls walked off to the side to speak. It was rather absurd how stacked the two girls were, just how much of their tits Kotomi could see even from behind, the poor outfits they were stuffed in struggling mightily to keep them contained. The two girls spoke to one another, though their prisoner caught nothing more than a few words here or there, before the two included Igor in their conversation. With but a chuckle and a nod, the self-proclaimed Master of the Velvet Room vanished. With that, the two wardens turned their attention back to Kotomi, advancing on the cell -- with both girls pulling a key from their deep, deep cleavage.

"Back against the wall, inmate!" Another bark from Caroline, and this time she delivered a sharp, swift -- if glancing -- blow across the tits, pointing to the back wall of her cell. Giving her little time to argue, the girls began to unlock the cell, a heavy padlock with two different keyholes. It was quite the scene, Kotomi thought, stumbling backward and landing on the cold stone floor on her remarkably-more-padded ass, watching them work it together, pressed as tight as they were together, their considerable assets fighting for space between one another and the bars. Finally, though, the lock came undone, and was placed off to the side. Even walking into the cell was ... an undertaking for the girls, as Caroline stepped forward. The cell door obviously wasn't made with such a figure in mind, and it took a bit of wiggling for her to pop through, top almost coming undone -- the scene repeating itself a moment later as Justine followed through.

"Disrobe, inmate! We'll show you this is more real than you think!" Again, Kotomi had little time to act. The twins were on her in very little time at all, and the strength of their grasp was mind-boggling, a great deal of power, strength within them as they grasped at her rounded hips, tugging down the leggings of her outfit. What comes free was, as expected: a long, fat, already swelling cock. Easily one of the largest that Kotomi had ever seen, something straight out of the hentai she had peeked at on the occasion, likely about a foot once it reached full mast ...

... which, predictably, didn't take very long at all. Pressed against her, the twins had her trapped, that thickening cock encased between four fat, heavy, oversized tits, smooshed and buried under soft, still clothed breastflesh, though there was plenty of dick to throb and dribble pre against as they shifted and moved in perfect synchronization, twin sets of massive tits moving up, down that cock.

Her ... cock.

She'd purposefully not given that aspect of things any thought until that point -- on top of everything else, it was just too much for her to try and think about and understand -- but in that moment, she was forced to acknowledge the reality of it, along with everything else. She had ... a cock. A pretty fucking big one, at that, ripped straight out of the pages of those doujin she secretly liked to read, the sort she had occasionally fantasized about having. Not that Kotomi ever wanted to go all the way and be a guy or anything, just ... she thought it might be neat to have a dick, to really stuff it in a girl or between their tits.

Sort of just like the scenario that was happening to her right then. She just never thought she'd actually get to experience it, and certainly not with a pair of girls who looked like they were several years younger, but for the utterly enormous melons they were sporting
"How does this feel, inmate?" Caroline asked, a terrible smirk on her face. "Justine, keep up!"

"The inmate is clearly enjoying this, Caroline. Do you see how she reacts?" It was the same disinterested tone, though Kotomi -- while busy being double-titfucked -- detected a note of smugness beneath the cool demeanor. Baton and clipboard were set aside for the moment, as both of the small girls gathered up that flesh, squeezing, manipulating soft, fat mounds -- god, so stacked but so small! -- around the hardened pillar of cock trapped between them, grinding and gasping away.

And it felt amazing. Did she mention that? Because it felt fucking amazing. Both of the wardens were obviously far stronger than she was, and she was ultimately helpless against that soft, warm assault, her hands managing to find some purchase, some grasp onto those massive mounds, squeezing and feeling the twins' tits for herself, but it was obvious that they were the ones truly in control here.

"W-why do you -- why are you --" she managed to stammer, but talking was way difficult at this point with the intense amount of pleasure she was receiving, and the only other thing that escaped her lips was a moaned "This feels sooo gooood ..."

The two tiny titsy wardens didn't seem to stop for a second. It was something of a mix between the two wardens trying to prove their point to Kotomi, to drive home that everything is very real, a push to assert dominance over their inmate -- and, at least for Caroline, a hint of hatefuck sprinkled in, her gaze never seeming to lose even the tiniest bit of hateful edge to it, even if her face might have been cute from her panting and gasping from both the effort and her own arousal. (Not that she would admit such to the inmate in a billion years!) Justine was a little more obvious as she rocked her body to and fro, in perfect timing with her sister, the bored look a bit more difficult to maintain with her fluttering eyelids and soft moans. Quite the buffet of fat, bulging titflesh, both girls seemed to be spilling out of their tight, barely buttoned tops, more and more pale flesh showing by the moment. Thick, swollen nipples, stiff and hard were easily visible beneath the blue, stretched fabric of each outfit.

"Nngh. You better not cum yet, inmate!" Caroline ordered, even as she turned up the intensity. For as stiff and as demanding as the twins seemed to be, they were both amazing with their bodies -- not that Kotomi, in her first minutes with her cock, knew much the difference. Arms squeezed and squished, flesh bulging between grasping fingers, pumping, rocking their small forms with their entire bodies as they tried to bury that stiff cock in an avalanche of titmeat. God, how did the two of them even walk around, so stupendously stacked as they were? Both were easily even bigger than Kotomi's new chest, and yet they manipulated those massive, soft mountains with remarkable ease, like they had done this countless times.

Despite Caroline's order, Kotomi wasn't sure if she could follow it. She hadn't had a cock before -- this was new to her, of course, as mentioned -- and as such, she wasn't really used to the sensations, not used to how phenomenal it felt to be wrapped up in four massive tits, so it was only a number of minutes before those amazing breasts working in tandem brought her over the edge into her very first orgasm with a cock, her substantial hips bucking upward into that double cleavage as her thick cock throbbed harder than ever, soon spurring a rain of pearly cum into the air only to fall back down onto the seeming acres of titflesh before her -- more and more of it, so fucking much, like she had been storing this up her whole life! Which, in a way ... wasn't far from the truth.

The two wardens found themselves utterly coated, dripping with Kotomi's hot, white, fresh spunk, and yet still they continued, grinding, tits mashed together, squeezing around that prick for what seemed like eternity, as it finally started to soften -- and as her vision started to fade. Even as they stepped back, though, Caroline and Justine both gazed down at the inmate over the sheer cliffs of their racks, an unimpressed look on their faces, fixing their outfits.
"Is that all you got, inmate?" Caroline. (Despite dumping what would seem like so much from her fat balls all over them...)

"You will never accomplish your rehabilitation with your current power, inmate." Justine.

"Hmph. You better not make this a waste of our time!" Caroline.

The shackled inmate was left panting, weak, helpless on the floor of her cell, her cock flagging some after such a potent rush of pleasure ... and she knew, she knew that what had happened was real. That those sensations were genuine. Whatever else might have been going on, it was no fucking dream, and that meant ... that all that talk about a quest of rehabilitation, or some oncoming calamity were all real, too.

Abruptly, jolted from her not-a-dream, Kotomi awakened back in her own bed, her alarm ringing away. If there was any doubt that the dream was real, those doubts vanished in a heartbeat: while her body was back to normal, fully female and what it had been when she went to bed ... there was no denying what the thick, sticky stuff all over her thighs and sheets was -- coated with what she could only assume was her own, not-so-feminine cum.

Oh, Kotomi had no fucking idea what she was in for.
Who could focus on school after something like that? Despite sleep the next several nights, nothing similar happened -- any dreams are just that, creations entirely Kotomi's own. Yet the words (and, of course, experience) lingered in her mind, even as teachers droned on and students whispered back and forth about the rumors of Kotomi's past. Ruin. A quest for rehabilitation. Mankind at stake. If the experience with the twins was very much real, then -- that meant all of THAT was real too, doesn't it?

School proved to be not all bad, however. While the whispers never really stopped, after the first week or two the outright edge of hostility from the student body seemed to fade away as the main attention of most students was taken away by the newest scandal -- or, more accurately, the scandal that had been in the air for some time before Kotomi's arrival. Rumors, and nasty ones at that, about several girls -- but one in particular -- and the physical education teacher. It wasn't hard for Kotomi to tell the man was an utter bastard, and from the bruises of several members of the volleyball teams (they're so famous! and loved!) well... it wasn't hard to put two and two together. And yet, the teachers and adults all seemed to be actively ignoring it or outright patting Kamoshida on the back. Tch. But at least Kotomi found her first friend of sorts in Ryuji Sakamoto, an idiot who more or less forced his way into her life by being one of the only people in the school to treat her like an individual, not some wanted criminal. (In his own, strange way.)

It was this bizarre duo -- the probated transfer student and the fallen track star -- that found themselves stumbling into the first Palace, thanks to the oh-so-curious app that forced its way onto both of their phones. A huge castle where Kamoshida was king. The images within were quite strange, if not perhaps a slight bit appealing to Kotomi, with the way female sexuality was so shamelessly on display, from the decorations to the female volleyball team seeming to utterly adore their coach, the whole lot in barely fitting bikinis. It didn't take long for the two to be caught, however, thanks in part to the loud-mouthed idiot she was with trying to save the 'slaves' with either no interest or no desire in being saved. An enormous, pale, blank creature in the suit of armor held its blade to Kotomi's throat, and it looked like the end...

Until a voice deep within her mind whispered to her. The whisper grew louder, louder, until practically pounding the insides of her skull with perhaps some of the worst pain Kotomi had ever felt in her entire life. She -- the voice -- told Kotomi of rebellion, of her true power. The power within her own heart. All she simply needed to do is agree to the deal ... unless she'd prefer to die, of course.

The pain grew only more intense with her eventual agreement. All because of the damn mask that seemed to appear on her face from nowhere, complete with an all consuming urge to rip it free. The pain spiked one final time as fingers dug at her own flesh, tearing it away, the blood seeping from her skull, and then everything -- changed. The pain ceased, and power rushed into her body. Such power, burning so brightly, practically glowing. Her outfit changed as well, completely altered from her school uniform to something more befitting her new power, her new title agreed to. And even her body changed: where was once a girl with a slim degree of curves, now stood one with a fuller, more ample set of breasts. Nowhere near the size of the pair in her dream, but big enough to easily fill her hands. (Along with the rest of her -- she certainly noticed the change between her thighs, but she was a little distracted at that moment.)

Not that the beasts before her stood any chance with her new powers ...
Even in the midst of this crisis, caught up with loudmouth Ryuji in a grandiose castle with her life on the line, Kotomi knew exactly what was expected of her. She knew instinctively how to seize the power within her, how to utilize it to fell her enemies -- which, by the way, was exactly what she did, raw power unleashed from within her that tore the guards to shreds and left them lifeless corpses on the floor (corpses that dissipated into a black fog and then vanish, at that; just what IS this place?) while her new 'friend' looked on in wonder and amazement.

Not that Kotomi was lacking any share of wonder and amazement on her own; with the immediate threat dealt with, Kotomi had the opportunity to properly survey herself, as she hadn't even wrapped her mind around the fact that her body was different here. Not different in exactly the same ways as she was in the Velvet Room, but ... different. Similarly. Her breasts were definitely fuller within her new thief's outfit, larger than the meager pair she sported in the real world, and she certainly felt the telltale fullness of what could only have been a cock within the dark, tight pants of her new outfit. Yes, she had ... changed, here. Why, though? Where even was here?

Ultimately, it didn't really matter. The details weren't important. What was important was that she was brought to a place run by a real scumbag, a real piece of shit -- even though his tastes did apparently seem to align with her own secret fantasies, judging by the bizarre statuary and the raw devotion the girls beneath him seemed to display toward him -- and she had the power to do something about it. To take him down, one way or another, to make him confess to his crimes, to stop his reign of terror; if the authorities wouldn't, if the adults would never step in and do what needs to be done, then fuck it -- Kotomi decided then and there to do it herself.

Plus, he was going about this all wrong. Tacky. Too blunt, too forceful; she saw the appeal of having a harem of adoring girls, but ... not with the cruel ways he treated them. Taking them for granted. And while she certainly appreciated the titties 'n ass decor, Kotomi very much thought this place could stand for a remodel. She could do this better. So much better. No matter what, Kamoshida needed to be taken down, and even currently-helpless Ryuji agreed on that mark; Kamoshida couldn't be permitted to continue as a self-styled king of the castle. Of the school itself.

And maybe -- just maybe -- if she went along with this, if she used her new power for its true purpose, maybe she'd finally get some fucking answers.

Dumb and loud as he was, Kotomi's new friend at least seemed to have his heart in the right place, especially when it came to the way so many adults seemed to be so shitty. Plus, whatever the hell happened to Kotomi happened to Ryuji as well (minus the strange bodily changes) -- the loudmouth went through his own awakening, and Kotomi couldn't deny that if nothing else, he sure had the ability to fuck those Shadows up. Kotomi was at long last given a few answers by the talking cat that the pair came across and rescued from a cell, and at that point neither Kotomi or Ryuji were really too surprised at such an unlikely ally, considering all the other bizarre weirdness happening. What was notable, however, was the explanation 'Mona' provided: the warped desires of the human heart, human cognition, and the ability to manifest Personas as essentially an extension of one's self. And so on.

And then there was Ann Takamaki. Not that Ann and Kotomi ever really had much in the way of interaction, though both girls stuck out like a thumb at school: one as the 'dangerous' girl from the middle of nowhere, and the other a beautiful, young, quarter-American model. Easily over half of the rumors regarding the volleyball team and Kamoshida are about her, about how often the coach approached her. Beautiful was correct, though, as the blonde girl was literally a model, and didn't seem to have many hangups about her own body -- never exactly trying to show it off, per se, but more seeming to pay little heed about showing off cleavage. And, oh, there was a decent bit of cleavage; Ann was one of the bustier girls of the school, roughly about where 'changed' Kotomi was,
The intrepid heroes found that very same Ann tied to a cross, while an oversexaualized, incredibly generously curvy and bikini-clad version of herself cooed and clung to Kamoshida (not the real one, of course; both shadows, representations of Kamoshida's cognition, and so on) while two of those Shadows, still in their knight forms, held blades to the real Ann's neck. She seemed a bit worse for the wear, bruised up and battered to a degree, and her clothing torn in numerous places, the overmatched model having tried to struggle a bit to no avail. Naturally, the trio rushed in to try and play hero --

-- only for Ann to essentially save herself. She underwent the same process as the other two, a terrible amount of agony before being ultimately reborn. Breaking free from her bonds, managing a backflip and using one of the swords to take out multiple guards, and eventually landing, clad in her new outfit. And what an outfit it was, the gorgeous Ann very much filling out what appeared to be a crimson skintight catsuit. Honestly, the thing seemed to be a little small, the model in a little danger of spilling out of it, yet even with her flips and rolls, those bouncing tits never quite slipped free.

Finally, they had all awoken to their powers, their true natures, but actually achieving their goal was going to take a bit of extra work and planning; fortunately, safe rooms existed, holes in Kamoshida's cognition where they could linger and recoup. Ryuji and Morgana slipped out to do a little more stealthy exploring, leaving Kotomi back in the safe room to help bring Ann up to speed, to fill in any holes in the beautiful model's understanding of their bizarre situation.

Holy shit she was beautiful.

And talented, and strong, graceful ... fuck, as far as Kotomi was concerned, Ann was amazing. The sort of girl who average, typical Kotomi never would have been friends with (and never, ever able to confess a crush to) and yet they had become ... allies. Teammates. In whatever this was turning out to be: fighting shadows, righting the cognition of a man drunk on his own power. Ann was hardly the girl Kotomi ever expected to end up by her side, but she wasn't foolish enough to turn down the lovely blonde.

"So ... what you're saying is, that ... copy of me. That's what Kamoshida thinks about me?"
Shivering and shaking her head, the pigtailed girl stuck out her tongue with a 'blech' sound. "God, he's such a perv! And if he views the teams as his slaves -- he's a monster."

Kamoshida was a monster, Kotomi knew, pushing himself on those who didn't have the ability to say no, crafting a world for himself where he could be loved by all ... but Kotomi sure as fuck understood why he was obsessed with Ann. Those tits alone; even her unaugmented, typical pair were quite a sight, but evidently Kamoshida shared Kotomi's tastes about bigger being better, judging from the cognitive version of the lovely model.

"That's how he sees you, yeah; a sexual, adoring girl there to serve his whims." Kotomi shrugged, taking the time to relax on one of the couches in the safe room; she went through a lot, you know? A little time to rest and recuperate wouldn't be an awful thing. "That's just the ... cognitive version of you, though. Just a figment he made up to inflate his own ego." Kotomi looked Ann over, unable to resist the urge to do anything but; fuck, that catsuit really did a lot for her already-considerable natural charms. "It seems like everything here is sort of ... changed by cognition. I mean, I sure as hell don't look like this in the real world." Kotomi gestured down at herself -- her own ample tits, especially, a few sizes larger than her normal, real-world bust.

There was also the bulge between her legs to consider, but she figured pointing that out could come a
little later. Once she and Ann got to know each other a little better; unlike the ruler of that Palace, Kotomi wasn't about to overwhelm and force herself on the lovely blonde. On the other hand, being that close to Ann with so much of her cleavage on full display, those big, soft tits... Kotomi was still getting used to having a cock, and she wasn't sure if it was like this for guys, but it sure as fuck seemed to have a mind of its own, with how easily it stiffened between her thighs when she allowed her eyes or thoughts to wander. A little awkward, but thankfully they were busy with saving their own lives for the last while, so it never had a chance to become an issue. With some downtime, though?

"It's just all the more reason we have to steal his treasure, change his heart." Or at least, that's what the cat had told them. "He can't be allowed to keep abusing people like this; especially not you, Ann."

"Ugh. I guess, you know? It's not even how he thinks of me -- but he thinks of the volleyball team, the other students as his slaves? He's supposed to be a teacher!" Shaking her head, Ann balled her fists in a moment of frustration and fury, before seeming to relax. "But that's alright. All we have to do to change him is take this treasure thing, right?" Not that the treasure was likely to be stolen that day, at least: the group was exhausted from their awakenings, not to mention all the running they had been doing. It wouldn't be terribly long before Mona and Ryuji returned with a route out of the castle. Seated with her on the couch, though, Ann glanced over quizzically at Kotomi, taking a moment to glance at the other girl's chest -- did her eyes... linger, for a moment, before glancing back up?

"That's weird... Ryuji is more or less his dumb, loud self, and I don't think I changed any. I guess you and Mona mostly changed...?" Both a hint of concern and a bit of humor made evident in Ann's tone as she went through a quick pat down of herself -- catsuit-clad tits included, briefly -- to make sure, laughing a little afterward. "Well... I guess that makes sense for you, right? I mean, it looks like your outfit was supposed to be for your regular size and all: you always seem in danger of bouncing out of it every fight!" Another giggle, before Ann's cheeks flushed a little red, her blushing only just barely visible beneath her mask.

"Yeah, I'm, um... pretty different back in the real world," Kotomi replied. Certainly true that her thief outfit did seem to strain a little around the fullness of her new bust and the swell of her hips and ass, almost as though it was designed for her original body -- she still wasn't sure why hers was like that, when everyone else's seemed perfectly suited for them. Maybe she'd have to ask the cat about it later? No idea.

The way Ann's eyes seemed to linger every so often, even briefly, on Kotomi's own ample chest gave her just a little jolt of confidence; Kotomi had been unsure how to bring this up to anyone and even more unsure if she even should, but she figured that moment was as good a time as any. "It wasn't just my figure that changed, though," Kotomi ventured, one of her hands slipping down along her figure toward the bulge pushing its way down the right leg of her pants, making it all too clear the additional way she changed. "I have... no idea why. I mean, it's kinda obvious that this didn't happen to you, too..." Ann's catsuit left very little to the imagination, after all. "I mean... I'm not like this in the real world, obviously. I'm just a regular girl. I don't know why I changed like this." But, if she was being honest, she didn't really... mind it? Not much of a chance to inspect it super thoroughly yet, but Kotomi was pretty confident that it wasn't quite as massive as the one the twins titfucked -- much like her breasts, the Velvet Room version of herself was apparently a little more extreme than her current form. Who knew why? Questions on top of questions.

Ann, a curious expression on her lovely features, leaned in as her new leader showed off just what she meant. "Oh!" Ann gasps, hands flying to her face, almost seeming to jump a little in shock at the
sight of that bulge. "Why did you...?" she asked rhetorically, watching the bulge of what was obviously a real, genuine cock twitching and shifting slightly in the tight confines of Kotomi's undersized outfit, particularly with Ann's attention on it. If there was any doubt the girl was blushing earlier, there was no question at that point, the blonde girl having turned a red to more match her suit...

"Um. Oh, wow." Ann chewed on her bottom lip (and even the girl's lips were pretty, Kotomi thought, a fair bit plump and pretty in their own right ...) as she considered. Shifting back to where she was sitting a moment prior and even seeming to scootch a little closer, she stared at it, turning over a thought in her mind. "That's real, huh? Um. This is probably a real stupid question, but ... like, how does it feel?" Her blush somehow deepened even further, though such a thing previously seemed impossible. "Especially here, I guess? It's a real dumb question, but I always wondered how guys managed to get around like that, right? Like. Ryuji pretty obviously has a hard-on from watching the two of us fighting, do you see how distracted he gets?" She giggled, shaking her head.

"It's ... weird. I mean, I haven't had a chance to really ... do anything with it ... yet. We've been a little busy." Kotomi giggled too, her own blush just as visible as her new friend's. "But it definitely feels ... weird. Like I'm all stuffed up in there. But on the other hand, it also feels ... sorta natural? Like I was supposed to be like this all along." If anything, Kotomi noted that Ann actually seemed to be more interested with that revelation. Something Kotomi didn't at all expect, but she wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

"Um. Did you get that hard from ... watching me?" An uncertainty laced her tone, gloved hands squeezing a bit in her lap, eyes fully down and away. Yet mixed with the uncertainty and worry, there seemed a touch of -- pleased? -- in her voice, as though understanding the compliment. "I, um. I'm sorry. Should I cover up a little more? I mean. I'd be like you right now. If I was watching you!" Embarrassingly honest as the words tumbled from her lips, Ann babbled a little, unsure about the situation.

Kotomi gave a helpless little shrug. "I mean ... can you blame me? I'm sitting right next to one of the hottest girls I've ever seen." She put her own confession out into the world right along with Ann's -- the blonde admitting that she's attracted to Kotomi, and the opposite was extremely thoroughly true also. "I mean ... I've always been attracted to girls anyway, even in the real world, it was just ... easier to hide before this." Before she had a big ol' 'I'm interested in you' sign between her legs.

"You don't have to worry about covering up more or anything; you look amazing. I mean ... if you're okay with me appreciating you." Because holy fuck Kotomi loved the idea of getting to do a lot of 'appreciation', and ... despite what she thought would happen, it was looking more and more promising that actually getting to live out some of her fantasies wasn't a stark impossibility.

If luck stayed with her. If she played her cards right, so to speak.

Ann seemed to take the compliments well, if a touch giggly and unsure of them. "You know, I've always been around so many other models. Often on other shoots, growing up. A lot of them have been really pretty, like you, Kotomi. I ... I always liked girls a little too, I guess? Not that there aren't cute guys I've dated, but. I guess -- I like ... both? I don't know ... I always wondered a little. Other than one silly little half date with one girl after a shoot ..." Again, she gave that cute little shrug and beaming smile, arms bent inward slightly to clasp her hands together ... which also served the purpose of pushing her tits together some, deepening that cleavage.

"Ann, would you ..." Kotomi paused, hesitating, before she reached up to gently slide fingers over the blonde's cheek, lifting her face to look up at Kotomi once more. "Maybe you'd like to help me ... try it out sometime?" Kotomi questioned, before she leaned in to capture Ann's plush, full lips with
her own, kissing her -- a little testing, a little uncertain, but she just couldn't help herself. Not like Kotomi had a whole lot of experience with kissing other girls -- she always kept her tastes very much to herself, afraid to make it known just what she enjoys, especially here in her new life; she didn't need 'lesbian' tacked onto her other label of 'dangerous delinquent'. But there in that safe room in that cognitive palace of Kamoshida's lust, of all places? It just felt... right.

The blonde found her chin tilted upward, gazing into Kotomi's eyes for a long moment before -- before Kotomi kissed her. Ann's lips were full, plump, and surprisingly tasty, some sort of lipstick flavor that was little difficult for Kotomi to place at that distracted moment. The move caught the tightly suited girl by surprise, and she slipped back, breaking the kiss after just a few brief moments. "Hi-hey!" Ann stammered and glanced down at her lap for a moment. She felt as though Kotomi had to be able to feel her heart beating in her chest, beating away, hammering at a thousand beats a minute. A brief bit of silence, before she looked back up.

So, it turned out that kissing? Kissing was pretty good. Kissing girls, at least, which was all she ever had any interest in anyway. Kissing girls was super fucking great, Kotomi discovered, even with the flush of embarrassment that flared in her heart when Ann pulled away from that kiss.

"You... you could have asked, you know, if you wanted to kiss me! God, my heart. It just feels like it's gonna burst!" And yet, even with that, Ann didn't really wait to lean back in, albeit a little clumsily, her lips seeking out Kotomi's own.

Apologies fell from her lips immediately: "Sorry, I just, I didn't mean--" But those apologies fell by the wayside when Ann pushed in for a second go at it, showing that she wasn't really all that bothered by Kotomi's move. Only the approach was clumsy however, as Ann revealed herself a pretty decent kisser, and even took the lead a little bit, despite that moment being the first girl-on-girl kiss for either of them. Scootching in, she eliminated the space between them so that they no longer had to lean for the kiss -- the curve of their busts bumping together lightly. Her eyelids fluttered shut as the pigtailed girl gasped, whimpered quietly into the kiss -- clearly enjoying herself -- as seconds passed by.

Kotomi's heart pounded in excitement, her amplified bust brushed up against Ann's own impressive pair, a little gasp offered into the kiss... but she didn't pull away. It felt too good, too right, the other girl all softness and warmth against her, and that little whimper that Ann made into the kiss made her feel like... oh fuck Kotomi felt like she was gonna cum in her fucking pants, overwhelming as it was. Her poor cock throbbed hard with her excitement, her heady arousal, even drooling some precum into the fabric of her pants, but she strove to ignore it and the urges it forced into her mind. She didn't want to break the moment or push her luck -- not yet, anyway, but judging from Ann's reaction, Kotomi saw that possibility on the horizon.

Ann certainly enjoyed herself, at least, if her little gasps and murmurs were any indication, not to mention that her enjoyment proved visible in a very obvious fashion: fat little nipples blatant and stiff beneath the oh-so tight leather of her outfit. Kissing guys was always so rough and clumsy, but kissing another girl -- kissing another girl felt so soft and sweet and tasted just so right and, and, and... her mind spins. That speculation she had for years, thoughts about how she was also attracted to girls, something she wondered about for so long, around so many models day in and day out, both her age and older, all so beautiful. What a hell of a way to confirm it! Ann almost couldn't believe it herself -- but, again, was it weirder than the talking cat?

At long last, Ann finally pulled away and her hand came to rest gently on Kotomi's thigh, the girl panting a little. "Um. That was nice. I've kissed boys before, and that... was different. But really nice!" Though those deep, sweet eyes stayed locked with Kotomi's own, if lidded slightly, her ample chest rose and fell, excited and confused and worried and delighted at the new sensation shown to.
And yet, Kotomi couldn't bring herself to pull back, to break the contact between them, pressed very close to one another as they were; their tits weren't squished together any longer, but they weren't really far apart, either. "Sorry if it was too, um ... too quick. You're just really -- really lovely."

"I -- you just caught me by surprise, is all! But, um. I'm glad you did, Kotomi. I -- I always wondered what kissing another girl would be like, and, ummh. That was awesome." Tilting her head and smiling wide, Ann wasn't one to try and slip away, leaving the girls not quite pressed together, but still so very close. The hand on Kotomi's thigh was still there, and -- was it just Kotomi's imagination, or had it moved a little upward, a little up her thigh, ever so closer to that throbbing bulge stuffed in her pants? "Gosh ... you keep calling me lovely. You're so beautiful, too!" the blonde girl gushed, giddy.

"This ... this thing's pushing me to be a little more bold, I guess." Kotomi smiled sheepishly, as though by way of explanation -- as though what had just happened really needed an explanation anyway! "I can see why guys are like that, now. But I don't want to do anything you're not comfortable with, Ann."

Glancing away again for a moment, Ann nibbled her lip again, but Kotomi noticed a hint of a neat little smile on her face. "Wow ... I really got you excited, huh? No wonder guys are always so distracted all the time. I guess I can't blame them anymore ..." That wicked little grin grew slightly, even as she fidgeted. Nervous, her heart beat so fucking rapidly, but something ... something told her this was the right thing to do. This felt right. Good. Maybe they were moving a little too fast, for sure, but Kotomi stirred something in her -- which, in turn, is what drove her to slide her hand upward, beginning to slowly let her hand rub up and down along that bulge.

A little noise of mixed surprise and delight escaped Kotomi's lips at the press of fingers directly against that fat, twitching cock through the layer of fabric -- just like her new tits, Kotomi discovered, her cock was apparently very sensitive and very receptive to that kind of explorative touch, throbbing against Ann's curious fingers. "Ann, you don't ..." Kotomi quickly rethought any kind of protest, however.

"Um. Kotomi ... you're like. Really hard." Stating the obvious a bit, admittedly, considering the situation of having a model practically in her -- oh. Growing bolder by the moment, the pigtailed girl rose up from her seat and shifted before coming down directly into Kotomi's lap. Tits squished and squeezed together, struggling for space between the two girls. Admittedly, it was less sitting in her lap and more of a straddle, her legs parted to let Ann settle herself in. Kotomi felt the weight of the girl -- but more particularly, she felt the soft curve of Ann's ass wiggling and shifting about all over against that hardness. "Will you ... kiss me? Again?" Ann asked, one hand against the back of the couch, the other sliding down Kotomi's side -- there was some awkwardness there, yes, but also a very curious eagerness, a yearning ...

Kotomi's own hands settled lightly on the other girl's substantial hips, little gasps of unexpected and unfamiliar pleasure every time Ann's soft ass rubbed over her cock and struck oh-so-sensitive spots, but didn't hesitate to happily accede to Ann's request, and she captured the other girl's soft, plush lips once more in a kiss much more forward, much hungrier than the ones before. Curious eagerness? Oh, yes.

One of her hands dared to slip around the slim model's body to rest more fully, more confidently on the curve of Ann's ass. Even in the midst of that kiss -- a kiss where she allowed her tongue slip into the other girl's mouth, exploring and eager and exciting -- she used her hand as sort of a guide, encouraging Ann to move this way and that, to rub herself against Kotomi's cock in just the right
ways. Yeah, she saw why guys were like that, thanks to that instructive experience -- it just felt so fucking amazing to get that kind of exceptionally-feminine attention, especially on that sensitive, demanding length; Kotomi felt like she'd do just about anything to get more of this feeling.

Of course, it was a bizarre place to experience a first girl-on-girl kiss for either of them ... and yet, there was something so right about it, wasn't there? Deep in that palace, a testament to unchecked male ego, to harsh, over-demanding, forceful lusts ... in a way, their developing relationship was almost an act of rebellion in and of itself, two girls growing so close in mutual respect and desire. If her success with Ann was any indication (spoiler: it was) Kotomi's brief, distracted thoughts on her ability to do things different from that asshole Kamoshida -- of building such relationships on mutual respect and love -- may very well not be far off the mark. If nothing else, it was one a hell of an ego booster for the quieter girl to have the soft, lovely model in her lap.

And soft was right. While of course nowhere near the ranking of the twin wardens or Kotomi's various fantasies, Ann -- especially in comparison to her other female classmates -- was fairly stacked. And not just in the way her tits filled out the top of her catsuit, creamy flesh practically spilled out of the poorly fitting top, unable to properly zip up fully around those ample melons. But that was far from the only lovely part about her, with the way her wide hips pushed out so fully either way and with a round, bubbly ass that matched her bubbly, bouncy personality. Soft, warm, eager, and both tasted and smelled so fucking good. Kotomi thought it had to be some sort of perfume, right?

But yes, the model was very much in Kotomi's lap, taking the control for the moment in a cute if somewhat awkward way, and while she didn't have a clue at what she was doing, it was easy to just let what feels good guide her. The last few weeks in particular were hell for Ann, but with her awakening, she finally felt like herself again, a terrible weight stripped from her shoulders. Even if things were moving a little quick, yes, this just felt so right. So good. And as her leader, she found herself trusting Kotomi. So she threw caution to the wind and acted only on her feelings for the first time in ages, leading to kissing the darker haired girl, bodies pressed tightly together.

And Ann kissed hard. Those plump, full lips locked tight with Kotomi's own, and after a few moments parted wide, slipping her tongue forward to try and curiously press forward, meeting Kotomi's own, wet and passionate, all while the cutest fucking gasps and whimpers escaped her lips, little fluttering moans of pleasure from the model. Close quarters as they were, every shift, every wiggle of her hips caused those twin busts to grind and slide together, including stiffened nipples through both outfits rubbing back and forth, which in turn elicited more sounds from both girls. Her hands explored along the side of Kotomi's body, eager, hungry, unsure and curious about another girl's body all in one.

Despite her awkwardness, Ann was not particularly naive, very aware of what the movement of her hips was doing, grinding the soft curve of her rear down against that trapped, throbbing cock. She was never with a girl before, no, but there were a handful of brief boyfriends in the past. She ground, rubbed, bounced down on that cock beneath her, and the model grew more sure of herself, especially once Kotomi began to guide her. Eventually, Ann broke free from the heated makeout session for a few moments, though she couldn't resist stealing further brief, deep smooches every few moments, panting, face flushed, so fucking excited.

When that long makeout session ended, Kotomi was left flushed and panting, overwhelmed with her excitement and powerful need -- fuck, she needed to cum one way or another, that emphatic and unfamiliar desire built up within her, a curious but driving ache in her new balls. Hell, at that rate, Kotomi felt like she would probably just up and cum in her pants if Ann kept rubbing her ass against her, but ... it seemed that her new teammate had something else in mind.
"Umm. It's only fair I ... I help you with this," she ventured with a a particular wiggle and bounce of that round ass to drive home her point, "... since I caused it. R-right?" Ann made it obvious she wanted the answer to be 'yes' with her eager if awkward bit of flirtation, her hands squeezing tight on Kotomi's widened hips, her breathing heavy, her eyes lidded.

Kotomi grinned at that offer, eager and excited. "Y-yeah. I guess since you're the one who got me this way, it's up to you to do something about it," the girl agreed with a little squeeze to Ann's ass in emphasis. What she didn't know was exactly how Ann intended to help her with her (not so) little problem, and even with as quickly as things were going between them, she was hesitant to push in a certain direction, to do something that the bubbly model might not be comfortable with or ready to do just yet.

"Not that just making out with you is bad, either ... turns out girls are very nice to kiss," Kotomi added, her tone teasing -- but it was true! Kotomi had fantasized about it for a long time, cute girls always the absolute center of her attraction, but Ann was the first girl she actually got to do anything with. The first girl she made out with, the first girl she had in her lap, the first girl to grind herself against her cock and suggest that she wants to do something with it.

Lot of firsts.

"But, y-yeah, it's ... oh, Ann, I just need it so bad, I need you ..." Kotomi breathed, punctuating with another deep kiss just for a moment -- her arousal rapidly approached a fevered pitch, and she wasn't sure if she could wait much longer.

Admittedly, Ann wasn't even entirely sure what her plan was, at least not at first. If anything, she tried to take a moment to catch her breath and think it through, albeit a difficult task considering how often either she or Kotomi kept leaning in for deep kisses, barely able to keep off from one another. At some point, though, the blonde model glanced down for a moment, watching the way their breasts squeezed and squished together so alluringly, and a faint grin spread on her plump lips, though quickly gone when a gasping moan escapes her as Kotomi's hand squeezed down on the lush curve of her ass. Fuck, Ann was just so soft!

"You know, I couldn't help but notice something," Ann panted, finally pulling back from Kotomi for a moment, perched in her lap and grinning down at the other girl, idly twirling a pigtail around one finger. "All this time, you just kept staring at my tits ... oh, don't worry. Even earlier, it was kinda flattering. Another girl staring at me like that?" Ann giggled slyly, even as she began to move, nudging Kotomi's legs apart, her body slowly, sensitively slipping down the darker haired girl's form, which had the effect of making those full, plump tits draaaaaaag along Kotomi's body, slowly against Kotomi's own, and then her middle, before finally coming to a soft landing in her lap with Ann on her knees before her leader. Of course, Ann wanted to do more; there was an ache in her to feel -- to feel Kotomi inside her. But even with her urges, she wasn't ready for that. Not yet, anyway.

"Ann, y-you ... yeah, I couldn't keep my eyes off of you. I mean, could you blame me? Anyone with a pulse would be watching you, the way you move, those amazing tits ... it's easy to see why you're a model." Yeah, Kotomi thought she had been a little more surreptitious with her ogling of Ann's tits before, but apparently the model noticed -- she was probably used to seeing exactly that, after all -- Kotomi was just relieved that Ann seemed to appreciate the attention.

Purring and peering up at Kotomi, Ann gave the girl her best sexy look, eyes lidded and lashes batting, her lips puckered and her tongue slipping forward to wet that plump, soft ring. Her hands busied themselves, one slipping into Kotomi's new thief's outfit, and she finally made direct contact against that throbbing length, with Ann squeezing it curiously between her fingers for a moment
before fishing it out ... just in time for her other hand to finish, and the swollen length smacked against her freed, bare tits.

With Kotomi's cock drawn out of her pants, she sighed in relief at that freedom -- it evidently could get a little uncomfortable, being stuffed awkwardly in there when one was so hard, after all! This wasn't the first time she's felt someone else's touch against her bare cock -- the scene with the twins from the other night certainly remained lurking at the corners of her mind, how amazing those colossal breasts felt around her straining erection -- but there was still something more ... more real about this. Not that she thought the Velvet Room was a dream or anything, but things were different when it was with someone you actually care about, right?

And then every single one of those thoughts were driven from her mind when Ann wrapped her sizable tits around Kotomi's eager, drooling prick.

Even with her confidence and all, Ann still peered up at Kotomi throughout the whole thing; partly to be sexy, yes, and if there was one thing the gorgeous model knew how to do it was how to give a fucking sexy, alluring gaze -- but there was also a touch of timidity, a seeking of approval, searching for signs that yes, it felt good, that was doing well -- which she of course found immediately, blatant delight and pleasure and raw need in Kotomi's eyes. Ann's eyes didn't leave Kotomi for even a moment as she dipped her head down, her tongue in advance of her, as she began to lap at the tip, her pigtails bouncing about as she wetly slurped against the fat prick buried in her heavy tits, big enough that several inches peeked out through the top of her considerable cleavage. "I'm still amazed -- you're so hard! Gosh, I really do have to help you..." Ann tried to give her best purr before fully wrapping her lips around the thick head, those plump lips forming a plush, wet, hot seal around it.

Oh, yes. Oh, this is what Kotomi fantasized about from the very first moment she laid eyes on Ann Takamaki that first day in class. This is what she wanted, what she hoped for, to see and feel those amazing tits for herself ... and the fact that they get to be wrapped around her cock made this all the better. All the more ... appropriate. That was exactly how it should be: Ann with her tits suffocating Kotomi's cock.

Kotomi was quite a sight like this, too -- by all accounts exceptionally and extremely feminine, between her full tits and wide hips and cute, round face, everything about Kotomi was very much a girl ... except for that thick, straining cock and the fat balls beneath. Sure, she had fantasized about looking like this sometimes, but ... things were different when it actually happened to her, you know?

"Oh, f-fuck ...!" Kotomi gasped, unable to believe just how good those tits felt around her, coupled with the warm wetness of Ann's mouth around the head of her cock ... she had never felt anything like it before, and with as aroused as she was already, she knew that it wouldn't take long for her to cum. Still, in the few moments she had, she saw the uncertainty in Ann's eyes -- holding that eye contact, letting the blonde see the approval, the pleasure, the sheer delight written all over Kotomi's features.

Ann would be a terrible liar if she said the thought hadn't crossed her mind. Quite the opposite as even with Kotomi's fat cock in her mouth, she still thought about it. About feeling Kotomi deep inside her, bending her over the couch, or in her lap, or, or, or -- Kotomi didn't really notice, considering everything else going on and through two layers of fairly thick clothing including the leather catsuit, but Ann was wet, practically dripping -- undoubtedly more aroused at the moment than she had ever been in her life, at the very least! But, no: not yet. Not yet, she told herself. She already was starting to grow feelings for Kotomi, no doubt about that, but doing -- that -- was something very special indeed.
The blonde's experiences, sexually, weren't particularly deep, but she wasn't entirely clueless at this, having had a few clumsy encounters with guys in the past. (Not that any lasted longer than one fling, at most.) Kotomi's cock wasn't the first she's had in her mouth, but there also wasn't very long line ahead of her, so while Ann had some idea, she was also still learning. Her tongue twitched, moved about in her mouth, those cute, plush lips packed with cockmeat, but still trying to wiggle the pink muscle to add a little bit of extra pleasure. And her hands didn't remain idle, squeezing, digging her fingers into the soft mounds of titflesh she boasts, so heavy and full.

So heavy. And, she realized in a half-thought, still growing -- Kotomi was so obviously a girl who enjoyed tits, something she easily pieced together from their conversations and the stolen glances. What would the dark haired girl think about Ann telling her she had to buy a whole new set of bras and other things just a couple months ago, and she's likely due for another bump up in wardrobe anytime soon? It was always something she'd been upset or complained about, but there was something sweet, reaffirming and sort of hot about something like that bringing someone else pleasure. Just like that titfuck, with her tits wrapped around, engulfing most of Kotomi's dick. She stored that thought away for later.

"Y-yeah -- that's how hard you get me, Ann. Just looking at you gets me so ... nnh, fuck, Ann, I'm --!") Kotomi still wasn't used to those sensations -- not accustomed to telling exactly what meant what, on top of being overwhelmed by the sheer pleasure of getting a titfuck and blowjob from one of the hottest girls she ever met. As such, it really didn't take long to make Kotomi cum, and that thick cock twitched even harder between Ann's tits and in her very mouth, as she started to spurt -- not intending to catch the girl unawares, she just ... didn't have time to give more of a warning.

"Mmnghf--!" Ann gurgled, pointlessly, as Kotomi blew her load. The model's eyes snapped open in surprise, but she made a decent effort, pushing downward even as Kotomi twitched and splurt, swallowing the (surprisingly tasty?) cum again and again, and she was even able to leave a brief smudge of her lipstick on her own cleavage before having to pull back up for air. Gasping, swallowing down, she panted, even as her hands work those heavy mounds around the cock stuffed between them, squeezing, hefting, tugging, milking her leader dry, more and more of that remarkably thick, hot seed spurting from the tip of that dick with every moment that passed, raining down to paint Ann's cleavage white. Once it -- finally -- ended, the pigtailed blonde gave a little giggle, thick ropes of babybatter decorating her face and tits.

"Wow. You sure made a mess, huh?" she teased, already working to clean herself up. "It's weird, other girls say swallowing is gross, but I don't mind it so much!" she chirped, not realizing that she was making a show of using her tongue to clean it from her scooping fingers. Slipping her tits back into her top, she wiggled up to give Kotomi another kiss -- she intended on the cheek, but Kotomi turned her head to catch Ann's lips with her own instead in a brief little locking of lips.

"Um. That was nice. I hoped that helped a little...?" the model asks, a grin on her lips.

"Oh, fuck yes," Kotomi agreed delightedly, her grin matching the other girl's -- how could she be anything but elated in that moment, still bathing in the bliss of such a potent orgasm granted her by such an unbelievably hot girl?

Any further discussion needed to be tabled, however, as the two girls barely had any time to properly clean up and get decent before the boys came back ...
They went through a brief postmortem, and the plan was set to steal Kamoshida's treasure -- and, finally, the casting of nicknames, as Kotomi found herself given the name of 'Joker'. Skull for Ryuji, and Panther for Ann. Ann who made quite a point of sitting next to Kotomi during the meeting, and hanging back after everyone else has left. The other two seemed to be utterly clueless ...
"On your feet, inmate!"

So was it much a surprise, to cap off the strange day, that Kotomi found herself in the Velvet Room once more?

The two little wardens, so utterly stacked, were there with the ever same hating/bored looks on their face. Kotomi, meanwhile, sported a figure much like that of her first visit of the Velvet Room: her absurd figure spilling out of her clothing, her tits simply enormous and a much longer, fatter prick barely crammed in her prisoner leggings. Her cell was the comfy little love hotel-esque room as before, and the administrator of that strange prison -- Igor -- still behind his desk, fingers folded with a delighted, almost crazed look on his face.

The little imp of a man explained in that booming voice of his that she had created bonds with others. That it was through such bonds that her own power would begin to grow to even further heights, while also doing the same to those she bonded with. That such power was represented through her Personas, and that he could offer her one final gift, for now: the ability of fusion. Making decisions on how to fuse, on how to direct Caroline and Justine in such -- who looked more delighted to the task than displeased at the inmate making such choices -- Kotomi felt that power. Of how those of a certain kind reminded her of Ryuji, that she could picture in her mind as she considered certain choices, of his idiotic ways, but legit and loyal friendship. Of Morgana, even, and some thanks for at least the few explanations he provided. For Igor, as well, for his bizarre guidance and gifts. A little of Sojiro, for at the least, taking her in! There's even a very faint but definitely present power as well that she just barely managed to connect in her mind -- or is it her soul? -- to Caroline and Justine ...

And, of course, Ann. No doubt there that such power granted burned the brightest, the deepest. If nothing else, Kotomi found it quite interesting that the closeness of her bonds, her friendships, her relationships, granted her more power in this strange world she discovered.

But before she had much chance to act on any of those thoughts, the world faded away, her alarm ringing. A new day, Kotomi: what's the plan, after school? Already, by the time class ended, texts from the both of them found their way onto her phone. Friends, and in Ann's case, a potential lover, even. Would it be time spent with one of them, or plunging into the Palace once more?

On the one hand, she loved the idea of seeing Ann again in a more ... normal kind of setting -- a date? -- and there was the whole 'building relationships with her confidants' to consider, but whenever she remembered their true goal -- taking down Kamoshida! -- when she remembered what he was doing to the helpless students beneath him ... no, no time to waste. He needed to be taken down, plain and simple, and the sooner the better.

So she sent out the message to both Ryuji and Ann, letting them know to meet up at their temporary hideout -- the school roof, secluded enough for their purposes -- and told them that they would be finishing their task that day. The treasure, at long last!

... What she didn't mention, however, was that she was really starting to appreciate the body she the Metaverse granted her with all of its changes, and ... well, Kotomi was pretty keen to feel it again. Her real body, in comparison, just felt lacking. While not the main reason she wanted to plunge right back into the Palace, it was definitely a contributor.

The remainder of Kamoshida's Palace proved a long trek. But, together -- with Joker's special
abilities, the cat playing healer, Skull beating the shit out of the shadows, and the lovely Panther providing magical support -- the group plunged deeper, deeper into the depths of Kamoshida's Palace. The sexual imagery grew more and more obvious and twisted the deeper they went, to the point where furniture and switches for puzzles were more and more represented by the exaggerated female form. (Even though she's a little creeped by the imagery, Ann couldn't help but share a knowing, teasing grin with Kotomi when they briefly passed by the safe room of their earlier encounter.) But eventually, the group triumphed: they snuck past the asshole in charge of the palace and located the bizarre, wavy treasure.

The plan was set, calling card and all, with plenty of laughter and playful ribbing at Ryuji's eagerness to send the damn thing himself. But, the discussion quickly turned serious: there was still a lot of preparing to do. Morgana made the suggestion of looking into stocking up for the next trip, their few supplies exhausted. And, hey, wasn't there a doctor's office just down the street from Leblanc? It would be easy for Joker to head over that way and take a look at stocking up ...

Tae Takemi. She might not have had the curves of Ann, but Tae had her own attractions about her: for one, the woman was obviously quick witted and quite confident, almost borderline full of herself. But then, she was also an older woman talking to a high school student, almost seeming a touch amused at how determined Kotomi seemed to get that medicine. And so, Tae struck an agreement with Kotomi: she was happy to make some things available to her, if the girl participated in clinical trials to help perfect the medication she was working on. "It won't kill you. Probably." And did anyone mention that outfit? Dark, form fitting clothing helped to bring out the curves Tae possessed, offset by the white lab coat. Necklace and choker about her neck, that dark hair and makeup, and holy fuck those heels.

While the idea of becoming a guinea pig for some kind of experimental medicine that sat well with her, Kotomi agreed to the terms both in service of her goal -- the medicine -- and because, well ... because Tae was really fucking hot. Like, super hot. Ann was plenty hot in her own way, and Kotomi would never have dreamed of saying that one was strictly more attractive than the other, but they definitely both appealed to Kotomi in different ways; Ann as the busty blonde beauty, and Takemi the darker, more reserved, quick-witted ... though not without her own share of wicked sex appeal.

The first medication brought her under almost in seconds, passing out. It granted her a dreamless sleep ... and almost an hour long. When Kotomi finally came to, she found herself laid out on a surprisingly comfy medical bed with Tae sitting in a chair nearby, watching her patient intently. "Well. I told you it wouldn't kill you, right? Still. Passing out that quickly ... guess it overwhelmed you a little." With a playful chuckle to her voice, she glanced down at her clipboard. Sliding over on her chair toward a desk, she typed away at a keyboard, speaking to Kotomi and asking a battery of questions on how she felt. All standard stuff, until the very final one:

"So. Do you often experience spontaneous growth and shrinking of the chest?" Kotomi heard the brow raised in Tae's voice, though the gothy doctor didn't glance over to her, waiting for a response. "You displayed some very ... interesting symptoms while you were out. It was only for a minute, but I'm pretty sure my eyes didn't play any tricks on me. So spill it."

With the question put to her so pointedly, poor Kotomi paled in a mixture of shock and embarrassment -- why had something like that happened? Had her body changed while sleeping before? Sure, it changed in the Metaverse, or in the Velvet Room, but ... she stayed in the real world the whole time, right? Right?

Kotomi sputtered some kind of answer: "I don't -- I don't know what you mean. That can't happen ...
was it your medicine?" Her weak answer obviously didn't satisfy a woman like Tae, who easily guessed that Kotomi was holding something back, that she was a bit evasive, that she was fidgeting a little on the examination bed, eyes averted behind her glasses. What choice did she have? Tae would never accept anything but the truth, but she still wasn't sure if she could trust the doctor with the whole truth.

Maybe a half-truth instead. Vague enough to keep her true activities as a thief covered up, but close enough to the real answer to satisfy the startlingly-bright goth doctor. "I've been ... dreaming about that kind of thing recently. Where I'm different ... kind of like that. Bigger breasts, and -- overall." She gestured down along her body to indicate the rest of her unremarkable figure. Was it Tae's medicine that made it happen while she was out, though? Was it possible that there was a way to augment her real body, too? Settle down there, Kotomi, one thing at a time.

"But those are just dreams, doctor. Nothing like that's ever actually happened in reality." Assuming the Metaverse wasn't 'reality', then she was technically not lying.

While neither of them know it, yet, something about Tae's special test medicines somehow seemed to have allowed access to Kotomi's mind (or even soul ...) for that brief period of time, her body changing to reflect such. But how much? Was it just a slight change, or was it -- was it the whole thing? No, it couldn't have been the latter, Kotomi's panties would probably have ended up a ripped mess, considering the proportions. And for her part, Tae didn't reply immediately, the gothy doc silent as Kotomi offered her lame explanation, the room silent other than her words spilling out in the air and the quiet whirr of some machine somewhere. And, was that a smirk on her face ...?

"Hmmm." Still content to let Kotomi stew, she nodded but said little else, rolling her chair closer. Older doctor and younger student, the two came face to face, before Tae spoke up: "Shirt off." What? Kotomi couldn't deny that there was a little bit of force behind the words, an order expected to be followed. But it seemed to be somewhat normal as Tae reached for the stethoscope around her neck, and Kotomi barely had her top off for more than a few moments before the cool metal came to press against the flesh of her bared, modest bust -- her natural tits were small enough to get away with not wearing a bra on the occasion -- moving about, listening to the girl breathe -- and listening to the beat of Kotomi's heart. Which, to little surprise, was beating a thousand miles a second with all the questions and worries in her mind.

Good, Tae thought.

Something about the girl intrigued Tae. Exiled, in a way, to that alley in the corner of some smaller district, life was pretty quiet for her: the occasional sick child, a broken bone or two, a handful of annual checkups, and so on. She would never tell a soul, of course, that she loved her quaint little practice and helping people brought her joy. No way. But -- she also couldn't deny she had been bored out of her fucking skull, either. With how late she kept her practice open, most nights it was way too late or she was too tired to go elsewhere, much as she missed the nightlife of Tokyo. Or how much she missed ... well. Certain things. Things that, thinking on, sent a shiver through her that she just managed to suppress.

But in the curious case of Kotomi ... the girl was legitimately intriguing to her on multiple levels. She couldn't deny that Kotomi was cute, absolutely. Plus, despite Tae's bored dismissals, Kotomi hadn't relented until she finally convinced Tae to strike a deal. How many others had come in asking something similar, only to give up so quickly? Oh, that was alluring. Interesting. And so she made the girl squirm in more ways than one, with her thoughts and with the cold metal listening to her body as she figured out how best to react to the opportunity dropped in her lap.
Kotomi found the doctor certainly more than a little imposing, and she wasn't entirely sure what the woman was thinking; fuck, if Kotomi saw some girl's tits swell out of nowhere, she'd be pretty curious about it too, right? And that was the bulk of what she got from Tae in that moment: simple, unadulterated curiosity. And even with Kotomi's own uncertainty and awkwardness, she found herself pretty curious about what the fuck happened, herself ... and if it could be repeated somehow. Or controlled.

"And do you often have these dreams, my little guinea pig?" Tae practically purred, and was it just Kotomi or were those dark-painted lips rather startlingly close to her ear? And when did Tae's hand nudge against her knee like that? A shiver ran down her spine at the sudden sound of Tae's purred question so close to her ear; the doctor was quite obviously doing it on purpose, teasing her little subject -- her guinea pig -- and hoo boy was it ever working. Good thing she didn't have her cock at that moment; it would have been all too evident! Instead, she felt herself growing warm, moist between her thighs, fidgeting a little beneath her pleated uniform skirt.

"I've never seen a reaction like that. Not just to my test medicine, but to ... anything, really. So either I've created some sort of miracle serum," she chuckled, scoffing at that, and why yes, her lips were very close indeed, the older woman leaning in, even as the stethoscope gently brushed along one of Kotomi's nipples, eliciting a startled little noise from that contact against sensitive flesh, and her nipples hardened beneath that close scrutiny. "... or you are very special, indeed. Why don't you tell me which one is more likely, hmmm?"

"I ... I've been having these dreams ... often, recently. Very often. Like ... every night." She still didn't want to spill the truth about her activities or about the Metaverse. But when would Tae's curiosity be satisfied? How much did she dare tell, and how much did she need to tell to get the doctor to stop prying so closely? "And, I mean ..." Kotomi licked her lips, all too conscious of the gentle presence of Tae's hand on her knee. "I guess ... I've thought about being ... big, like that, before. So maybe the medicine had some kind of ... reaction ... to me, to what I want, or something like that." She shrugged helplessly. Or maybe it had something to do with the Metaverse, accidentally? Bringing her body from there to here in the real world? Kotomi had no idea how something like that could happen accidentally, but she didn't really have another explanation.

Kotomi babbled a little in her speculation, her nervousness apparent -- fuck, she hoped her attraction wasn't equally as apparent. "S-so I guess ... maybe I'm special. Unique," Kotomi musters up a little smile. "Does that interest you, doctor?"

Tae didn't let up, either. With her lips so very close to the sensitive shell of Kotomi's ear, she allowed the younger girl to not only hear the doctor's breathing, but to feel her warm breath against it, to hear every word purred directly into her ear. Where Ann was something of an inexperienced, awkward girl, Tae was clearly a woman very much aware and in control of how she moved when it came to sexuality, every move calculated, from the hand sent tracing along Kotomi's knee, to the way that scope circled in slow and teasing against a hardened, stiffened nipple.

To her credit, though, the doctor listened to every word that spilled forth from Kotomi, even as she babbled, that satisfied smirk never leaving her face for a moment. Of course her attraction was obvious, Tae was no fool, and any uncertainties Kotomi had were dispelled as fingers oh-so slowly traced up a little closer along Kotomi's thigh, feeling her warmth, her dampness, even without touching her lower lips. She purred, a murmured little sound of delight as Kotomi answered her question, the doctor nodding. "Exactly. Was that so hard? That makes you a very special little guinea pig, indeed. So, I'll tell you what." Thankfully, the doctor finally leaned back, withdrawing her hands as well, and she met Kotomi's gaze unflinching. "I'll provide you whatever you need, as agreed. But keep coming back, and I'll keep testing medicine on you. Help me out, and I might just sell you some
even better stuff, too. And, really ... that's a win-win for all of us, isn't it?' That smirk never left her
dark lips for a moment, "I get to test my medicine, I sell you the stuff you need."

A long pause, before she leaned back in. This time, though, her hand went for Kotomi's face,
grabbing the girl's chin -- and while her touch was gentle enough, there was also a direct firmness
behind it, pulling Kotomi's gaze to meet her eyes insistently. "And on top of that, I get to see the
effects it has on my cute little test subject, and you get to see if we can bring some of your dreams
come true. Mm, does that sound like a good deal to you?"

Kotomi found the deal as presented more than acceptable: all she had to do was help Tae with her
experiments, and in return she would get to buy what she and the group needed, while assisting in
potentially finding a way to grant her something closer to her ideal body out there in the real world.
She's become so fond of her form in the Metaverse, wouldn't looking like that all the time be even
better? Oh, yes. Fuck yes. Kotomi nodded slowly, eyes wide behind her glasses, and she found
herself feeling just a little bit like a deer in the headlights.

The doctor didn't pause for long; she moved her thumb, stroking slowly, gently against Kotomi's lips,
which parted a little in her surprise and blossoming excitement. Tae's voice dropped to a whisper and
she moved in, letting her lips linger and dance across Kotomi's slender neck, "I think it does. Why
don't you say, 'yes, Miss Takemi' for me, mmh?" That other hand slipped down below again, but
with something in it: the coolness of the scope brushed along her thighs, tracing idle, lazy patterns
across the sensitive flesh.

"Y-yes ... yes, Miss Takemi," Kotomi mumbled. She lost herself a little bit to the doctor's intensity,
the stroke of her thumb over her lips, the feel of that gentle, teasing brush of lips against her neck,
and of course the cool metal of the scope against the extremely sensitive flesh of her inner thigh.
Fuck -- with how worked up Tae got her so effortlessly, Kotomi honestly felt like she could cum on
command. A quiet, delightful moan slipped from the older woman's lips as, at her prompting, Kotomi
addressed the doctor so formally.

"Ooohh. My. I think you'll be using that name in the future from now on, won't you? Yes, I think
you will. You'll be a good girl for Miss Takemi, won't you?" the doctor murmured, and the raw,
dripping sexuality in her voice never seemed to leave for a moment. And then, for the second time in
a few days, Kotomi found herself kissing another girl -- a woman -- but in contrast to her experiences
with the bubbly blonde, someone else was taking control. Where Ann was a little clumsy with her
tongue, Miss Takemi was anything but, delving forward within Kotomi's lips, exploring her mouth
with little room for argument. Kotomi surrendered herself willingly to that kiss, counting herself
lucky to be on the receiving end of a kiss like that one. Sure, Kotomi didn't ignore the consideration
that Tae's experience came with the fact that she's older -- a grown woman compared to sixteen-year-
old Kotomi -- but Tae wasn't doing anything that Kotomi didn't desperately want. It just ... wasn't a
consideration for the younger woman, not when she had so many other things to consider.

There was something very ... very appealing about the doctor, beyond just her lovely, gothy
appearance -- that intensity, that confidence Kotomi found very appealing. Sure, there was also
Kotomi's relative inexperience to consider -- what she did with Ann was about the bulk of her sexual
experience at this point, and obviously that was a very different dynamic -- but Tae's confidence, her
gentle but firm domination spoke to something within Kotomi. Not strictly a part of her that longed to
submit, or anything like that -- Kotomi wasn't sure whether that was really her style, though dabbling
in it in that situation and with that partner was pretty exciting, as her wet panties attested -- but rather
a part of her that was just the opposite. Her own growing confidence, thanks to her experiences in
the other world, that suggested to her that she might be able to turn the tables on Tae at some point.
And that it would be ... oh-so-nice.
For now, though, Kotomi was effectively putty in the doctor's hands: quivering, wet, desperate, eager to go along with whatever the doctor decided.

Tae delighted at the girl being putty in her hands -- she had Kotomi right where she wanted her, and they both knew it. And yet, that thought deep within Kotomi, at the idea of eventually turning the tables on Tae, well. The younger of the two didn't know it, of course, but that also played directly into Tae's plans. To put it fucking bluntly, Tae was happy with some aspects of her new life, but the doctor just flat out missed what was once a big part of her old life. The choker about her neck, beaten and faded, was a symbol of that past long dead and buried. Given to her by someone close to her -- someone that very much did to Tae what she, in turn, was doing to Kotomi. Tae saw something in the girl, some spark that Tae planned to draw out, to see if she can make the girl --

Mm. That was for later.

The world moved about Kotomi as the doctor guided the girl back, slowly, gently, but following closely behind. The deep kiss didn't break for a moment; Tae simply didn't it, even as it came to the point where the doctor pinned the girl down on the bed. Only after a long period of time of such an intense liplock did she finally break, but only briefly, murmuring "undress me" beneath her breath, while her own hands moved to strip Kotomi of her skirt and sopping panties, leaving her, by and large, completely naked.

Kotomi moved to eagerly follow the command given to her, and her hands sought clumsily but excitedly to do exactly that, soon having stripped the good doctor of her lab coat and the lovely dress beneath, followed shortly by (remarkably dark and daring) her underclothing. In moments, the two of them were rendered completely naked, warm bodies against one another there on the exam table.

"Have you ever been with another girl, another woman before?" Tae's voice was husky, dripping with desire, even as clothing piled up on the floor. The doctor revealed herself to possess a body with a few surprises beneath, from small silver piercings in her nipples to what appeared to be a few, very old scars dotted across her flesh. Already, her hands busied themselves with roaming across Kotomi's form, with all the grace and curiosity of a domme and all the expertise of a doctor's examination. She tweaked here, twisted there, tugged a little, especially prodding at Kotomi's aching, stiffened nipples, testing for reactions and sensitivity. One hand moved back, down between the girl's thighs, rubbing and pressing at her exposed dampness. Probing, prying fingers vanished within the girl, wasting little time in working her over.

For her part, Kotomi willingly, curiously explored the other woman's body; her ample tits, though certainly not as big as Ann's, proved more than pleasing to the younger of the pair, and she soon caught herself whimpering at the sensation of Tae's hands diving down between her thighs, teasing at her sopping cunt -- oh, she never felt something like this before. The only other sexual contact she really had was with Ann, and she had a cock then; this was a much, much different experience, though not exactly unwelcome. "I ... I was with a girl just the other day, but ... n-not like this," she managed to answer the question, thoughtlessly opening herself up to more of Tae's curiosity and probing questions ... but her answer was the truth. She was with Ann, but that was obviously very different. Kotomi wasn't giving that any real consideration at that moment, obviously. Her slim hips bucked upward against Tae's hand, desperate for more of that contact, those fingers exploring within her. Tweaks to her sensitive nipples drew little gasps and squeals, and she knew a climax was rapidly approaching.

As if sensing Kotomi's oncoming orgasm, she couldn't help but draw things out. "Beg for it, little sweet thing. Beg Miss Takemi to let you cum," she whispered, nibbling away at Kotomi, at her neck and at her shoulders, growing quite damp herself as the moments ticked by and as she played the
"Please ... please, Miss Takemi, please let me cum ... I need it s-so bad, I need you to let me cum ...!"
the girl begged willingly, openly -- she was so close, so close, but she just couldn't do it until Miss Takemi said she could. Oh, it was delicious, giving herself like this to the older woman ... she knew that it was just going to make it all the more delicious when she returned the favor, one day.

One day.

The doctor shivered, shuddered as Kotomi begged her, begged to be allowed to cum, and the facade nearly cracked then, bringing back countless memories, wanting to be the one doing the begging. But no. Not yet. She had her part to play for the time being, and play it she did, a very, very quiet chuckle coming from her lips. "Mmmm. No." And was as simple as that, denying Kotomi the immediate gratification, building up both to a greater climax and -- eventually -- a greater fire to return the favor. She hoped. "No, I don't think so. Not yet, my sweet. You will resist for a little while longer. Be a good girl for Miss Takemi..." There was no room to talk back, especially considering the way Tae's fingers continued to push into the girl's depths, teasing, learning just what made Kotomi tick, backing off as needed.

No. Tae told her no, and it was one of the most painful things she ever had to hear. She needed to cum so fucking badly, and Tae just up and told her no, she would have to wait for awhile longer, and it made the fire in her blood burn ever hotter ... but she didn't cum just yet. Of course she didn't; Kotomi was a good girl and Miss Takemi said she couldn't cum yet, so she simply didn't. But she knew then that she would remember that moment, which just increased her determination to turn things around on the good doctor, sometime. Make her find out how it felt to be denied.

Shifting positions, Tae turned about atop of Kotomi, so that Tae's head pressed between Kotomi's legs -- and Kotomi found herself coming face to face with the doctor's dripping cunt. "Consider yourself lucky for your first, real time being to pleasure me," she murmured from Kotomi's lower half, as she settled into position, pressing back against Kotomi's face. Tae, helpfully, offered a little bit of advice here or there on how best to use her tongue, of where her fingers should go -- even as her own tongue teased, dipped into Kotomi's sopping folds, groaning with quiet delight at the taste of the younger girl.

Kotomi lost herself in her pleasure, in her skyrocketing need, with Takemi's wonderful tongue pushed so deeply within her, seeming to know the exact spots to explore to get Kotomi to writhe and whimper beneath the doctor's body. Despite her relative inexperience, Kotomi didn't hesitate one second to bury her tongue into the other woman hungrily, eagerly, excited to do to the doctor what Tae was in the middle of doing to her. Kotomi's technique was certainly a little lacking (and she knew it) but her enthusiasm sure as fuck wasn't, arms looping around Tae's legs to hold her close while she gladly, gleefully ate out the doctor's wonderful pussy. Consider herself lucky? Oh, she considered herself just about the luckiest girl in the world, between this and everything else that happened to her recently!

All of Kotomi's sexual experience thus far had included her cock in the Metaverse, so all of this attention to her cunt -- what she had her entire life but never really had the opportunity to have anyone explore until Tae decided to do exactly that -- was remarkably new to her. New and exciting and overwhelming and holy fuck did she need to cum so fucking badly, the touch of another's tongue and fingers, the way Tae suckled so teasingly on her sensitive clit, the way her tongue delved so fully within her ... fuck, it was just too much. Too fucking much.

She did her best to return the favor -- she wanted, after all, to please Miss Takemi! -- but between her raw inexperience and the simple distraction of being eaten out, it was honestly a wonder that she
managed to bring her erstwhile partner any pleasure at all. At least she found out in no uncertain terms that she was, to put it bluntly, gay as *fuck*; only with Ann had she ever felt this kind of pleasure and raw delight in her situation.

It didn't take long, especially with how charged both of them were, even with Kotomi's awkwardness and clumsiness. "Yes. Yes. Yesss. That's it. Just a little more -- gods! Nnnnh. C-cum with me, cum with Miss Takemi, my good -- good girl!" she gasped, shuddering, as the younger girl received her reward in both ways, Miss Takemi's tongue and fingers delving deep within Kotomi, even as her hips rolled and her body spasmed in her messy orgasm.

The very moment Kotomi heard Tae tell her to cum, to go ahead and do so right along with the doctor, it happened in an instant, a wave crashing over her body as she squirted all over Takemi's teasing tongue, going through the same with Tae's cunt at the same time, and both women ended up quite a mess with each other throughout powerful, simultaneous climaxes -- oh, fuck, and it really was all the better because Tae forced her to wait, to only cum on permission, to ensure they could make it happen at the same time. If nothing else, the panting girl thought vaguely as she came to find herself cradled against Miss Takemi's chest, surrounded by warmth and delight -- if nothing else, this was an exceptionally good instruction. On how to please a woman, on how to *be* pleased, and ... a little instruction on a gentle sort of dominance.

Perhaps Tae wouldn't mind if Kotomi tried that out on her, sometime.

Held against Tae's heaving chest, one hand still slowly working away at Kotomi's slit as she finished, letting her down gently, slowly from the pleasure, the other hand petting through her hair, murmuring sweetly, telling Kotomi what a *good* girl she was for Miss Takemi. Such a good girl, Kotomi.

For a while, the doctor just held the younger girl close as the two basked in the aftermath of their fun. Gone was the edge of domination as she gently rocked Kotomi against her breasts, cooing and murmuring and petting the girl, whispering down sweet little affirmations to her. What a good girl, indeed. Once Kotomi finally came down from her heights, Tae laughed softly, finally withdrawing her fingers from the girl's depths to slip them between her own plush lips, one by one, sucking the juices from her digits. "You taste pretty good, girl ..." she teased and feathered kisses across Kotomi's face and lips, mixing her own taste in.

Even in that afterglow, Kotomi was lost in the delight and sensations of being Miss Takemi's good girl -- it just felt so *good* to know she pleased the woman, and it felt pretty fucking amazing to be pleased in return. "Thank you ... thank you, Miss Takemi," little Kotomi murmured, daring to slip up to plant a kiss on the doctor's lips. "Maybe you wouldn't mind if I came back sometime for another examination ...?" Forming bonds, after all, was an important part of her life from that point forward, and she just knew that Tae was one of those.

"Hah. About that..." After a few minutes of cuddles and warmth, Tae finally rose up from the exam bed and started to clothe herself once more. She started with those heeled boots, and for a few moments, she stood there before Kotomi, only in those dark leather boots and the choker around her neck, so much pale, pierced, battered flesh left exposed. She offered Kotomi her own clothing from the messy pile on the floor as she continued. "You mentioned you were with another girl, right? Listen, girl -- no. Kotomi. What kind of with are you? You don't have to tell me. But..."

The older woman sighed as she slipped back into her dress, having dreaded this part. But, better to take care of things now instead of making a mess of things later, she thought. "If you're even kind of serious with her, Kotomi, you should talk with her. About ... what we just did. Look, I sort of forced myself on you there, and you can tell her that. But I would hate to see you hide this, or something
like this, and get hurt." Kotomi spotted a sad look in the doctor's eyes for a moment, having gone through similar things herself, once upon a time. "And if it winds up that this was all the fun we could have, then -- then so be it. I'll keep my side of the deal, if you keep your own, and that is all that will happen."

All of that was something for Kotomi to consider while she worked to get dressed in her school uniform once more, the stickiness between her thighs evidence of what they'd just done together. Tae mentioned -- well, reminded her -- that Kotomi was sort of already entangled with another girl, though they hadn't done anything so concrete as set up boundaries or even put a label on what they were. It's not like they decided they're girlfriends or anything as solid as that! And yet ... she knew that to keep this from Ann entirely just wouldn't be the right thing to do.

Within the next moment, the sadness in Tae's eyes shifted to a look of ... raw hunger, almost. "But. Maybe she'll be alright with it, who knows? People are so much more flexible these days. And if that's the case," she murmured, once more taking ahold of Kotomi's chin, petting her lips slowly with one finger, gazing into the girl's eyes with that need, that desire. Tae hoped beyond hope that it would work out, that there would be a next time, that Kotomi could see the need that Miss Takemi was too proud to ask outright to fulfill, too fucking scared to open herself up to. "... then oh, yes. I hope to see you back here. Again and again, and again." She sealed her words and hopes with a kiss, not the dominating seizing of lips of before, but deep and passionate, lust and desire crashing together, deep and almost soul-searing. "But. Go on. I have to close up shop ..."

It was with that last kiss that Kotomi parted from the doctor's company; a kiss and a promise to follow Tae's advice about her personal relationships ... and, of course, an implicit promise to come and see the doctor again sometime, regardless. Not that Tae needed to secure a promise about that; there was no chance regardless that she wouldn't see Kotomi again, as far as the younger girl was concerned.

But there were other things to consider in the meantime. Such as, for example, the planned heist into Kamoshida's Palace the following day.

The heist went off without a hitch, more or less. Kamoshida's shadow finally revealed its true form, a massive monster of excess and lust. During the fight, he -- it? -- almost seemed to target Ann exclusively, rambling on about her hot body. And, if anything, that just made you fight all the harder, didn't it, Kotomi? But they finally executed the plan (mostly) flawlessly as Ryuji, screaming his lungs out, swooped down and stole the treasure with the monster distracted, and after that, it was an easy victory. But. But then. Kotomi had the chance to see Ann's rage, her fury, as she came to within an inch of nearly executing Kamoshida on the spot ... before ultimately getting the shadow to cry and agree that he would seek atonement.

Mission complete. In the days that followed, there was the successful selling off of the physical version of the treasure, the celebration, the declaration that the group intended to stick together. There were even congratulations from Igor, and even a -- weak -- acknowledgement from the twins that Kotomi did a good job. Maybe, just maybe she'd be able to be rehabilitated after all. (Though this is just the start, they warned.) But with all of that out of the way, Kotomi found some measure of free time. Time to just concentrate at school a little, not worry about shadows, and enjoy the fact that she had some -- admittedly strange -- friends.

Most surprising of all in its own way was how Sojiro at Leblanc seemed to be warming up to her ... and even handed over a copy of the keys to the cafe, essentially lifting her early curfew, and thus giving her access to the city at night ...
The Maid, The Teacher

Kotomi finally had some time to try to ... figure out exactly what to do with herself, with her new, complicated life. They didn't have the task of the Palace hanging over their heads anymore, but something told her that Kamoshida wasn't the only reason she was granted her powers -- there had to be others that needed the intervention of the Phantom Thieves. Sometime. In the meantime, she got to be a normal student, albeit one with some curious social entanglements; she and Ann kept up a flirty chat back and forth, and while they spent a little time together at school, they hadn't had the chance to really sit down and talk properly about the future and what they really wanted from one another. To make it worse, Ann told her that she'd be gone from the city on some modeling gig, leaving Kotomi effectively alone for the time being; Tae made it clear she didn't want any broken hearts because of her, so Kotomi knew she needed to talk to Ann before progressing anything with the doctor.

So where did that leave our young protagonist? Lonely, directionless, uncertain what to do with herself or the Thieves at the moment, without a girl to confide in? Well, perfect timing; her friend and teammate Ryuji tipped her off that he intended to call some maid service, given the rumors that they provided ... extra ... services. It took Kotomi by surprise that Ryuji would mention something like this, but as he explained to the blushing leader of the Phantom Thieves: he might be a brash loudmouth, but he wasn't an idiot, and it wasn't hard for him to catch Kotomi staring at Ann every so often when they were all in the Palace. It was obvious, even to him, that Kotomi was ... well, like that.

Without a good excuse to the contrary, and with admittedly a little curiosity about this maid service, Kotomi got caught up with Ryuji and hanger-on Yuuki Mishima (what a fucking nerd, she thought the first time she saw him) in their little operation. Mishima, who had been one of Kamoshida's victims and had since become one of the largest fans of the Phantom Thieves.

Their plan. Maidwatch. And of course, everything went straight to hell once the plan actually began, who could have seen that coming? Mishima and Ryuji flipped back and forth between talking excitedly about the maid, and sort of -- awkwardly -- apologizing to Kotomi for anything that might borderline on sexist. A bit dumb, the both of them, but well meaning at heart, honest.

But as the minutes ticked by in the little extra apartment Ryuji's parents own, the boys started to get antsy, to say the least. Mishima was the first to defect, saying he'd be right back, then texting the other two a few minutes later that 'something came up.' Ryuji scoffed and rolled his eyes at that, but when someone was heard walking down the hall, the other boy bolted, leaving Kotomi alone as the door opened.

"Master! Thank you for using our service~!" A friendly, high pitched voice chirped with delight as the maid entered the room. At once, Kotomi faintly recognized the voice, from ... where? Whoever this woman was, she wasn't using her real voice, purposefully speaking in a higher pitch. As to the woman herself: "My name is Becky, Master!" she introduced herself while entering, so bubbly. Her maid outfit was the traditional sort, a lovely French maid with the outfit adjusted in certain places to allow her feminine curves to show, though the older woman seemed to be roughly on par with Tae's figure -- a bit smaller, even. Her dark brown hair tied back into pigtails, and her makeup seemed a touch on the heavy side, apparently to try and make herself look more youthful.

She looked like -- but -- could it -- no. That wasn't possible ... was it?

"Shall I get started, Master~?" 'Becky' came armed and ready, large feather duster already in hand. It was only as she waved it around cheerfully, bouncing a bit on her heels, that she finally got a good
look at who, exactly, was in front of her. "Oh! I didn't realize Master was a Mistress~! I'll do my best to please you, as..." There was a pause, as the two glanced at one another, and Kotomi practically saw the gears working in her head. "Oh, fuck," she hissed beneath her breath, the joy slipping from her demeanor in a heartbeat. And as it dropped, it became a little more obvious who stood before Kotomi, the older woman's eyes wide as could be. Sadayo Kawakami, Kotomi's homeroom teacher, stood before her, dressed in that maid getup.

But they seemed to recognize one another at the very same moment, embarrassment flooding Kotomi as she realized just who had come to pose as her maid. "... Ms. Kawakami?" she asked in disbelief. 'Becky' started backing a little bit toward the door, an astounding amount of blush in her cheeks. "Um. B-begging your pardon, but -- but I think I've found the wrong apartment. Please excuse me ..." But the look in her eyes showed that Sadayo knew very well that Kotomi likely recognized who she was. It was almost comical the way her teacher stumbled back, on heels she still hadn't quite gotten used to, missing the door and falling on her ass against the wall. "Dammit --!" The older woman sighed, her shoulders slumping as she peered up at Kotomi, defeated. "I ... guess you know my secret, now."

Without even thinking, Kotomi hurried forward, offering a hand to help her teacher back up to her feet. "I had no idea you were a maid." Well, obviously. Kotomi couldn't stifle the grin that rose after another moment, though -- "Or should I just call you Becky?" She guessed that Sadayo might prefer if they just pretended like that farce never happened, but Kotomi knew there was no way that could happen; it had to be discussed, one way or the other. Fuck, she sure was cute in that outfit, though ... and even that brief moment where Kawakami called her 'Mistress' still rang in her ears, filling her with no end of unexpected delight. Who would have known Kotomi liked to be on the receiving end of that? Especially given her so recent exploits with Tae?

It probably would have been the best idea to just ... agree never to talk about this ever again, go their separate ways, and try to forget it ever happened. The situation was awkward enough for that to be the best option by far, but ... what student would turn down the opportunity to tease one of their teachers? Kotomi actually had dirt on Sadayo, and while she wasn't going to use it for truly nefarious purposes, it gave her some delicious ... ideas.

Poor Sadayo/Becky. The older woman was almost like a deer in headlights. And she was truly small, even smaller than Kotomi by a little bit, making her look all the more terrified in her crumpled little position on the floor. Murmuring a timid "thanks", Becky took the hand offered and rose up to her feet. Again, a little unsteady on her heels, but she more or less caught her balance. Becky shook her head with a sigh and paced a bit, her heels click-clicking across the hard floor. Not even realizing she was still doing it, Becky exhibited quite the little wiggle to her hips as she strolled over to a nearby couch and settled down on that, face in her hands.

Kotomi couldn't help but notice the way Sadayo moved -- like she was accidentally being sexy, while still learning the proper way to do so -- the younger girl got the idea that Sadayo hadn't been a maid for very long, though she sure as fuck looked amazing in that outfit. Small and slender, though not without her own curves especially around her rounded hips, Kotomi easily saw 'Becky' doing quite well as a seductive little maid -- a maid that Kotomi didn't mind the thought of having around, at that. She was quick enough to reassure the woman, however: "Don't worry -- I'm not going to tell anyone at school or anything. But ... what are you doing here?"

"Well. Thanks. I really appreciate you not letting anyone know about this." Peering up at Kotomi, the older woman told her tale. "I don't know if you know this, but teaching isn't exactly the most ... lucrative of careers. And that's an understatement. Just between you and me, it doesn't even fully pay off all the bills I have. Do you know how hard it is, to afford everything? Soooo ..." With a shrug
and a flourish, trying to imitate her pep, she tilted her head and showed off a dazzling smile, twirling one of her pigtails about a finger. "...Becky, working for the maid service." Money? Strange thing, really -- Kotomi had found herself recently in quite a bit of cash, seeming how the monsters she fought seemed to be fucking loaded with the stuff ...

Nibbling her lip, Sadayo leaned in, glancing around. "Seriously, though. You can't tell anyone. Not at school or anywhere else. I ... would probably lose my job -- fuck, both of them -- if anyone found out. So, please?" Eyelashes batted and she gave Kotomi puppy-dog eyes, apparently able to switch from her quiet teacher self to the bubbly, peppy Becky in a few seconds flat -- how long had she been doing her side job, anyway? Still, before Kotomi was able to respond, she spoke up again. "I -- I guess I can come over to your place, if you want? If ... if you still pay the fee for calling me!" She added the last part of that on very quickly. "That way, it's a win for both of us ... Mistress~?"

What an insane deal. But would Kotomi agree?

With Sadayo's explanation of her situation, of her need for cash -- hence the second job -- Kotomi considered the proposition laid out before her. She'd be able to hire Becky, give her the money that she needed to pay her debts, and receive the service of her very own maid in the meanwhile. The maid who just happened to be her homeroom teacher, contractually obligated to refer to Kotomi as 'Mistress' -- damn, if that didn't send a little shiver up her spine every time the word escaped Sadayo's luscious lips.

"That sounds like a fair deal to me," Kotomi ultimately decided, unable to stifle her little grin as yet another deal was formed between herself and another woman. "I'll pay your regular price, specifically request you, and you come over to my place and ... be a maid." Cleaning, and all of that.

"And no one will ever have to know, don't worry; I don't want to make your life any more complicated than it is. But I will be expecting the ultimate maid service," Kotomi teased.

At first, Sadayo seemed to be relieved at the struck deal. Sure, it would almost assuredly be a little awkward, but if Kotomi really had the cash to pay her, and they both kept quiet about it ... where was the harm, really? To be honest, over the last few weeks, she'd grown a soft spot for Kotomi: having the 'dangerous' transfer student in her class had been a disaster in waiting, she originally thought, but ... it hadn't become anything like that. If anything, Kotomi was mostly a model student, generally having the answer when called on, showing up, being quiet during class ... albeit on her phone a bit, texting a bit too much, but which of her students wasn't?

With everything that happened lately, Kotomi's confidence had been building up a bit, and having found herself in a situation like this one -- where she ultimately had all the power -- it spurred her to take a step that would have been unthinkable just a few weeks ago. "I did hear, also, that you might occasionally offer some ... special services. Would you happen to know anything about that, Becky?" she asked, a mischievous glitter in the student's dark eyes behind those wide glasses. Kotomi knew she was pushing her luck there, but ... fuck it, right? What was the worst that could happen?

Of course, there were always the ... special services. The maid service in particular didn't advertise it, true, but it was well known enough that a couple of dumb high school students managed to hear about it and call about it. But then, there were always rumors about this maid service or that maid cafe, about paying a little ... extra to get something more. Sadayo -- Becky -- had already been through it a few times, putting on little shows for her clients. But they were always older men, always. Kotomi? Kotomi was someone entirely different, and this was not how she saw her night going at all. She figured she would just show up and be all cheerful, do some dusting and washing, maybe wiggle her ass a bit, coo and bat her lashes, and go home and take a nice, relaxing soak after a long, long day.
No, this was not what she was expecting at all when the request was passed on to her.

"W-what?" If Becky was blushing before, her cheeks could practically be seen from space at this point, with how bright her face burned, hot enough that Kotomi could practically warm her hands on those cheeks. Sadayo looked utterly, absolutely stunned, those luscious lips hanging open slightly, no sound coming from her for a long moment. "I -- no! That's -- it isn't right!" she stammered, weakly, shaking her head, those bouncy brown pigtails shaking to-and-fro from the motion. But then she glanced away for a moment and bit down cutely on her bottom lip, the gears turning in her head.

"F-fine. But you do know that -- that ..." She was barely able to bring herself to say it with her heart beating so fast! Was she -- would she really ...? "... you do know that getting that ... that service, costs --" A pause spaced out moments. Sadayo, quite obviously, was making up a number in her head, desperately trying to figure out if she wanted to set a price Kotomi could afford or not. "-- t-two point five times the regular service!" Hands bundled together in her lap, squeezing one another nervously, she nodded at how nice a number that sounded. Yes. Just out of reach. Maybe. Or maybe not? God, what was she doing?

"... Besides, Kotomi. You're a cute, younger girl. W-what would someone like you want with an old woman like me?" And, to be entirely fair, it was true: Sadayo was even a little bit older than Tae. The makeup, the outfit and everything, though, transformed her away from looking like the cute, slightly disheveled homeroom teacher to the cute, ten years younger looking Becky.

Honestly, Kotomi didn't at all expect this to work. She expected Kawakami maybe to laugh it off like a joke, maybe say that Kotomi wasn't at all her type, or maybe go scandalized and say that it was absolutely not appropriate and the whole deal was off ... but what she didn't anticipate was Sadayo's blushing reaction, ultimately resulting in ... an agreement, of sorts. An agreement that those special services would be available to her, just at a much greater cost. Fuck, the normal service was five thousand yen, so two point five times that ... Kotomi was looking at twelve and a half thousand if she wanted to push things that far.

Did you, Kotomi?

Looking at the lovely Sadayo -- sure, she was definitely like twice Kotomi's age, but even when wasn't in her maid getup, even when she appeared the much more average teacher, Kotomi still found her rather cute. Very cute. And the maid outfit, plus the whole cheery attitude that went along with that, calling Kotomi 'Mistress' ... it was all pretty exciting and ratcheted up her appeal several more notches.

Ultimately, Kotomi nodded after going over it in her mind, whether or not the price was worth it -- but, fuck, she decided to go for it even before Sadayo quoted her price; the feeling of confidence that Sadayo inspired within her felt too good for her to pass up. "Deal. I won't be needing your special services all the time, but when I do ..." She grinned, feeling for the first time in awhile like she genuinely, truly had the upper hand with someone -- and after Tae, she knew she really could use that sort of experience.

"Oh, and I'm interested in girls my age, too, don't worry about that," Kotomi teased and drew a bit closer to the maid to give one of those dramatic pigtails a little tug. "But you're very lovely too, Becky. Just my type." Kotomi found admittedly curious just how far the woman would go with one of her own students: "How would you like to go ahead and start tonight, hm? I've got the cash on me, if you want to add on some of those ... special services."

Sadayo's heart hammered in her chest, beating away. It was a terrible idea for so many reasons. Yet, the idea of that girl, so much younger than herself, finding her alluring and pretty enough to spend that much money on her, when that rate was so obviously bullshit ... she hadn't had someone make
her feel that way in years.

And then Kotomi grabbed her by one of the pigtails, and oh, how Becky squirmed about, a quiet
gasp escaping her lips. Did her thighs just clench together, really? God, how long had it been since
you got laid, Sadayo? Easily a few years. And more since someone actually called her cute ... and
seemed to mean it. Something about the way Kotomi smirked, the way her eyes gleamed behind
those glasses -- fuck! She was really going to do it, wasn't she? Excitement and fear bubbled and
boiled, battling within her mind, as she had one last chance to take an off ramp, as Kotomi made her
proposition. 12,500 wasn't insignificant, and to pocket almost the entire amount extra would go right
into her pocket. Why, that would go a nice way toward -- toward ...

"Count it out. P-please?" The blush never left the older, brown haired woman for the slightest of
moments, and her eyes grew bigger and bigger by the second as Kotomi drew out her wallet and
counted out each individual thousand-yen bill. Swallowing loudly, Becky eyed the money, her gaze
flicking back and forth between it and the girl, so fucking unsure. But ... maybe it would be fun?
And she could always refuse to take the request if it didn't work out the first time. Right? With a final
little nod, Sadayo reached out for the money, pocketing it away. "Give me ... just a second, OK?"

Of course, the real question Sadayo should have asked was where her student got the kind of money;
after all, high school girls weren't usually able to up and afford a special maid service, but since
Kawakami didn't ask, Kotomi wasn't about to tell. Probably best if Kotomi kept that whole aspect of
things to herself.

Sadayo vanished -- again, with a sexy wiggle of her hips, not even realizing she was doing it, fully --
into the nearby bathroom for a few moments, watching herself in the mirror, splashing a bit of water
on her face. The entire situation was so absurd, and yet she wanted to see just how far it really went.
And so, with a deep intake of breath, she walked out of the bathroom, a wide smile on her lips, head
and hip tilted slightly -- if nothing else, Kotomi's maid had some lovely hips, the main draw of the
eye to her curves -- the bubbly demeanor returned.

"Thank you for your payment, Mistress~! How can Becky be of service to you, tonight?" She put on
her best sexy look, batting her long lashes, luscious lips pouted out, hoping that her -- yes, her
Mistress, at least for the night -- couldn't make out the boiling, battling emotions raging inside. Fuck.
It was really happening.

Kotomi watched the sway of those hips the whole time, no question, eliciting no small amount of
arousal within the high school girl, and by the time the maid came back out, her Mistress settled on
that couch, shirt unbuttoned and left open, revealing the swells of her modest breasts. "Come here,
Becky," Kotomi requested of the maid, giving a pat to her lap in emphasis; Kotomi was a few inches
taller than the diminutive maid, and such a position was hardly obtrusive for the younger of the girls.

Sadayo wasn't nothing to look at: she was a touch on the mousey side, with her hair a mess most
days while teaching class, clad in outfits during the days that never did much for her figure or even
hide it altogether ... but in an outfit that actually fit and worked to draw out her curves, there was
definitely something to work with. Oh, sure, her breasts weren't that big, smaller than Tae's and
barely much bigger than Kotomi's own pair, but she possessed an almost mature softness to her, just
a touch of pleasant plumpness that made her a delight to hold more or less wherever, including a
perhaps surprisingly round bottom. And then, of course, there were those hips. Even moreso than
Ann or Tae, Becky boasted quite the pair of wide, breeding hips, and oh, how they swung and
wiggled with her steps ...

And step she did. Heart still hammering away, mind barely able to sweep away consequences if they
were caught, she swayed and clicked her way over on those maid heels, standing before Kotomi.
Even with her moment to freshen up, the older woman's cheeks still blazed an absolutely furious red, still unable to believe that this was happening. But wasn't there a strange sort of ... peace, in a way? A sort of peace found in listening to the girl who purchased her time for the night. It felt ... right? in some small way, the new thought proving itself a quiet, very small seed in the maelstrom that were her thoughts and emotions. Always, always, always, it was some old man or another, gruffly barking orders and stealing poorly timed pats on her ass.

"Sit that cute butt down right here. I want to get a good look at my new maid." Oh, listen to you, Kotomi -- the girl had sex a couple times, and that was apparently enough to start her getting all full of herself. Yeah, well -- the interludes with Ann and Tae did a lot for Kotomi's confidence, helping her to realize that she's a cute and desirable enough girl ... and helping to show her exactly what she wants out of women. And what she wanted was apparently to have that cute maid at her beck and call, totally open and giving herself to her Mistress for the night. Sure, Sadayo was also her homeroom teacher ... but that was only during the day. For the night, she was only Becky the maid and nothing more.

"Yes, Mistress," Becky breathed out, nodding. Oh, that has to be nice to hear, doesn't it, Kotomi? Especially after being put through her paces by Tae just the other day. To her credit, even with her nervousness, at how much she squirms at all of this, Kotomi's maid - and there's a thought, in itself - seems to be absolutely attentive, listening closely to every word that comes from the younger girl. As commanded, she - wiggling hips and rear and all - make their way into Kotomi's lap, the smaller woman sitting in the lap of her Mistress. God, her heart really -is- beating away, able to feel it as the cute older maid sits there, biting her lip, demurely staring downward and waiting for the next instruction or word.

Kotomi's hands settled on those eye-catching, curvaceous hips, fingers curiously exploring beneath the skirts of her maid's outfit, tugging them up here and there, getting peeks at Becky's thighs. "Don't worry ... I'm not going to ask for too much for our first, special time together," she assured the woman with a grin, glancing up to her face a moment. "We can take it slow, all right? You don't need to worry about anything. Just trust Mistress~" Yeah, it was too fucking fun.

"Oh!" A gasps escapes luscious, painted lips as Kotomi's hands came to rest on her substantial hips, the first female hands to touch her like that since a college fling or two so many, many years ago. Becky's thighs shared a bit of that plumpness like the rest of her, that slight, but very much there softness of the older woman who liked her sweets. And -- yes, while Kotomi's hands continued to prod and explore upward, she found out that Becky was, while not soaked exactly, at least quite a bit damp in the scandalously skimpy panties she had on. (What? Giving her Masters a peek up her skirt was easy and free and often led to good tips!) "Y-yes, Mistress. I -- I trust you," she replied. It was true anyway, wasn't it, Sadayo? Crazy as it was, the probated transfer student had a lot to lose too if something were to happen. So -- yes. She did trust her Mistress, Kotomi, at least for the moment!

Oh, it's true; Kotomi really did have a lot to lose, also. If word ever got out that she was involved in something like this with Sadayo, with a woman twice her age, well ... she was on probation, and the illegality of renting and having sex with a maid so much older than herself would lead to disastrous consequences. But they would also spell ruin for Sadayo, as well, undoubtedly losing both of her jobs in the process, and that was evidently something the maid was struggling to avoid at any cost. So they both had extremely good reasons to keep this to themselves, to ensure their little deal stayed just between the two of them.

"Oh, my ... my little maid seems quite excited," Kotomi murmured with a soft giggle, fingers probing at the woman's covered slit, exploring and curious -- most of the experience she had with another woman's cunt was only what she did with Tae the other day, but the doctor was pretty instructive and helpful. One hand stayed right where it was between Sadayo's soft thighs, while her fingers
delved beneath the panties to stroke over heated flesh directly, the other slipping up to give one of the maid's modest breasts a squeeze through the layers of the maid outfit, her touch certainly possessive and demanding, yet ... curious. Explorative. She wasn't about to ask anything of Sadayo that the woman wasn't willing to give, but she was certainly going to prod and explore to see where the boundaries were.

"But I suppose that's not much of a surprise, hm? You get very excited at the opportunity to serve your Mistress, right?" Kotomi continued, regarding the older woman with a slightly-lewd grin. Yes, Kotomi knew that the bulk of Sadayo's attitude was because of the money shelled out -- perky and bright and agreeable, just like a maid was always supposed to be -- but her body couldn't lie entirely, could it? The fact that Sadayo was noticeably wet against her fingers ... that had to be a sign that it wasn't all entirely an act. Right? There had to be some part of her, at least, that was totally into this.

Kotomi had Sadayo figured out, alright. Not that Sadayo herself would ever admit to such -- or, really, to be entirely truthful, she didn't exactly understand her own desires, either. Tae was a woman experienced and hungry at what she wanted, the submissive determined enough to help craft a future domme for herself, hopefully. For Sadayo, she never really put much thought into it, other than the fact that she liked to make people happy, and that wasn't a bad thing, right? Even -- even then she had others pay for the special service, making them happy, whether that was on her knees with her pretty lips put to use, hands guiding her pigtails ...

But with a 'Mistress' like Kotomi? That was new. On another level, too: every time she did the extra service for someone, they were entirely selfish lovers, those old men. Using her and taking her before leaving her the extra money and a tiny extra tip. So when Kotomi's hands roamed over her body, it caught her even further off guard. "Nnh -- M-Mistress!" the older woman squealed, gasping, her eyelids fluttering shut at those fingers exploring, teasing away. Oh yes, Becky found herself a fair bit damp, and only seemed to be growing more so, those lower lips only barely fully covered behind the tiny slip of silk between her plush thighs. It -- at least to Sadayo -- was almost a little embarrassing how her hips wiggled and squirmed, reacting to the first foreign touch down there in some long, long time ...

And then those hands squeezed her modest breasts, those soft mounds that filled out her outfit, just the right amount to fill Kotomi's hands, more or less. Her nipples were stiff, plump and obvious with arousal, poking out beneath the dark fabric of her maid's outfit; two more little signs that, even with her nervousness, she seemed to be enjoying herself. Squirming, wriggling about in Kotomi's lap, Becky gasped as her Mistress asked her a question -- just how excited she was to have the opportunity to serve her Mistress -- and again she gave that demure little glance downward: "Y-yes, Mistress," she murmured out between little gasps and pleasured sounds, little squeaks of enjoyment. Oh, did Becky like to squeak in particular, the cute little yelps escaping her!

"You're quite a lovely woman, Becky. I'm lucky to have you as my personal maid," Kotomi teased before she leaned up to let her lips press against the flesh of the maid's neck, just above the decorative bow wrapped around it, trailing small kisses while she openly fingered the woman.

Oh, she's going to enjoy having a maid.

Lovely? Oh. Oh my. "Nnha- Mistress!" Kotomi didn't possibly mean it, right? A mousey thing like her. Especially considering the ... suspicions she had around Kotomi and Ann Takamaki's interactions. She had a lot of students, sure, but those two stuck out -- and seeing the way the two chattered and at times, outright flirted with one another -- Sadayo wasn't an idiot, even though she still wasn't entirely sure. Why on earth would Mistress -- er, Kotomi! -- want anything to do with her, if she and Ann were as friendly as they appeared?
But all the thoughts in her brain flittered away in an instant, her eyes shooting open wide as Kotomi's lips abruptly captured her own. Becky didn't respond for a few, very long moments, before she practically melted against the younger woman, wide eyes fluttering slowly shut. As Kotomi was quickly learning, everyone kissed just a bit differently: Ann was eager, yet equal, if clumsy and inexperienced. Tae's kisses were hungry, demanding, yearning to take what she so desperately needed. For Sadayo, though, her approach was much more quiet, submissive, but with experience behind it, her own tongue meeting Kotomi's, teasing across it, beckoning it deeper, forward, to -- god help her -- take what belonged to her, for the night.

For the night.

For now.

Right -- Becky?

Kotomi couldn't really be happier with how it was all turning out. If the agency had sent another maid -- a typical maid, even with the special services added on -- it just wouldn't have been as fun; the fact that her maid happened to be Sadayo Kawakami, her homeroom teacher, made it all the better, all the more delightful now that she had the small woman in her lap, squirming beneath her roving, exploring hands. Even with their age difference, Kotomi got the idea that the woman wasn't exceptionally experienced -- sure, she undoubtedly had a number of partners in the past, but the way Becky blushed and squirmed as though she was so unused to having hands on her, as though she was unused to someone actually interested in her ... all of it was a little fascinating to the student. Plus, there was no doubt that it was a great learning experience, getting the opportunity to explore another woman's body so intimately.

And let's not underestimate how good it felt every time she heard 'Mistress' from the maid's perky, bubbly voice.

Kotomi felt Sadayo's quiet, uncertain submission through the kiss -- certainly a far cry from Tae, who had been so insistent, so demanding; Sadayo, meanwhile, seemed unsure about what it was exactly she wanted or whether or not she was even allowed to have it. But that's how a maid was supposed to be, right? Rare that a maid like Becky would have the opportunity to even consider what she might want, instead of what her Mistress might want.

Her hand never left its warm, insistent spot between Becky's thighs, two fingers pressing deep within the woman, finding the spots within her that got the most reaction -- the best squeals, the most squirming, the most clutching of the woman's walls against exploratory digits. Becky might not have been used to that kind of close attention, but Kotomi really was utterly focused on the maid's pleasure. Both because she wasn't a selfish lover, and because this really was a great opportunity to just get some solid experience in with another woman, especially in a more guiding sort of capacity -- a more dominant style. Of course, the fact remained also that Sadayo herself was a very intriguing woman, with her obvious dichotomy of money-desperate teacher with a flawed self-image and cheerful, bubbly maid.

And oh, did Becky squirm and wriggle about in that lap, the older, smaller woman writhing about as those fingers, those hands continued to explore over her soft form, exploring every little sensitive nook and curve of her body, continuing to cause those adorable squeals, squeaks and whimpers to leak from her lips, mewling into Kotomi's mouth as their tongues danced together, Becky's own yielding and inviting and submissive to Kotomi's advances.

"Good, just like that," Kotomi murmured, breaking the kiss, her breath warm against Sadayo's flesh. "All I want is for my maid to enjoy herself, understand?" Kotomi might have been a shy girl before everything happened to her, but recent events certainly helped to pull out her latent confidence --
hell, her latent dominance, if this and her desire to enact retribution on Tae was anything to go by. Plus, there was the whole 'get involved with multiple other women while kinda-sorta involved with Ann' thing; observant Sadayo would be correct in guessing something existed between those two students.

Oh, fuck, Kotomi still needed to talk to Ann about all this. Well ... maybe she'd understand? Maybe she'd get it. Fuck it, Kotomi sure wasn't thinking about that in that moment, not when a lovely little maid squirmed in her lap.

Panting, gasping in the aftermath of the kiss, Becky's eyes fluttered open slowly as Kotomi murmured quiet words of praise to the older woman. Fuck, Sadayo - why the hell did *that* send such a chill through your spine, why did that make your heart flutter? Kotomi was *her* student, things were supposed to be the other way around -- and it wasn't like she hadn't gotten such praise from the men she worked for, that she gave special service to. Why -- why did it feel so good with Kotomi? More questions. They died on her lips, though, at feeling that breath on her neck, on her flesh, just giving a nod and a weak, whimpered little, "Yes, M-Mistress."

And those fingers. God, Sadayo, how long had it been since someone else has touched you *there*? Probably over half a decade, when she swore off partners after her last garbage boyfriend at the time. And even then, his hands were rough, demanding, only working her body up to sate his own needs, never her own. Kotomi's hands were insistent, controlling, sure, but ... maybe it was just because Kotomi was another girl, or maybe it was something else, she didn't know -- Kotomi's hands just had something softer to them, of wanting to bring the older woman pleasure. What a new, insane thought to her. And yet, she certainly didn't complain as she melted in Kotomi's grasp, whimpering and writhing, having gone from damp to soaked in a very, very short time due to the girl's attentions.

"You don't get this often, do you?" Kotomi kept her voice low, lilting, even as her lips explored downward. She hooked fingers into that lovely maid outfit to tug it down enough to reveal Sadayo's modest tits, lips and tongue gracing that soft, neglected flesh. "You don't get ... attention often, I mean."

Becky was a little bigger than Kotomi when it came to the bust, but not by a lot, blessed with just enough to fill the girl's hands about right, bouncing free from the tight maid outfit when pulled back. "Nn -- hnn!" Shaking her head, Becky's bouncy brown pigtails jostled about, the maid getting quite squirmey indeed. "N-no ... Mistress. It. It's been a very l-long time since. Someone. Else -- d-did -- nnha! -- a-anything like this." Very long.

Kotomi was certainly insistent, controlling, dominant, possessive ... but she was doing it in a way (or intended to, at least; she knew her inexperience might show through!) that seemed more to lead Sadayo to her own pleasure, rather than seeking to use the maid's body for her own enjoyment. Which isn't to suggest that Kotomi wasn't getting any enjoyment out of this; far from it! There was little that brought Kotomi more pleasure than the way Sadayo squirmed and writhed in her lap, the taste of her skin, the feel of her warm wetness clutching around the student's driving fingers ... fuck, it turned her on so much to know she was exciting a woman twice her age. The attention wasn't on Kotomi at the moment, but she was pretty hot and soaking beneath her own skirt. Of course, she didn't seek the maid's services or attention in that particular way. ... Not yet, anyway.

"Must have been awhile, if you're getting this worked up by one of your own students," Kotomi teased gently -- sure, Becky was her maid for the moment, but there was no getting past the rest of their relationship as well. Her lips found Beckys taut brown nipples, suckling them testingly, even letting her teeth close around them to tug a little, as though trying to find out just how sensitive the maid was.
Kotomi found out that Becky's nipples were quite sensitive indeed, the older woman's voice practically hitting the roof with how she squealed, especially as teeth bite and tug playfully at those nubs, and Kotomi couldn't help but notice how Becky practically soaked her skimpy little panties from the attention to her tits.

So many questions buzzed in Becky's mind, but it was truly hard to focus on any particular one with just how fucking good Kotomi made her feel. Ohhh, God, she brought up the student thing too, and that did get a full shiver from the older woman, as the younger girl brought up the taboo nature of their little ... deal. And yet, in such a short span, what started as mostly horror and fear and a little bit of excitement and curiosity totally twisted around in the other direction, hadn't it, Sadayo? In all honesty, she had so briefly thought of blocking off any requests, finding excuses if Kotomi called in again, requesting for her. But now ...

"Tell me about it, Becky," Kotomi murmured, not ever ceasing her assault, though she obviously intended the maid to talk while undergoing Kotomi's pleasure-focused explorations. "Why so long? And ... mnh ... have any of your 'special' clients ever been women, before? Your Mistress wants to know more about you ..." Sue her, she was curious -- curious to know whether she was a first for the maid, curious to know if the fact that she was a girl had anything to do with just how wet Becky had gotten. Or maybe it was because Kotomi was her student, the taboo nature of the act adding a lot to it? Or ... fuck, Kotomi wasn't sure, and she got the idea that Becky probably didn't really know either.

Regardless, Kotomi wanted the maid to open up and talk to her, even in a moment like that -- partly because she adored the sound of the maid struggling to talk through her little squeals of pleasure, and partly because she genuinely wanted to know more about the woman.

Mistress wanted you to speak, Sadayo. "I ... it's been a long. Long time, Mistress. When I was younger I used to date a lot ... but every guy I was with either turned out to be a ... a -- oh, god, hhna! -- a total jerk. Or would have to leave for a j-job somewhere else. Or was seeing another girl b- behind my back. So eventually I just ... gave up, a-at some point. Fuck! Nnh. So ... other than a f-few butt pats, and things like that, M-Mistress is the f-first to touch me like this in. Years. Many years." Oh fuck. Oh fuck. She felt it building, felt herself coming to a boiling point, her hips writhing, grinding and bouncing harder, needier in the lap of her Mistress ... "Mnh .... and I ... I've had standard service, to help a few wives, but -- M-Mistress is the only w-woman to ask for the ... special. Service ... I -- I've been with another before -- hhnn! -- but that was. Just a little experimenting in c-college. Oh, fuck!"

Sadayo's whimper and moan-filled explanation really made a lot of sense, didn't it? If she had a bunch of bad experiences, swore off men after that ... and if it really had been a number of years since she had any real sexual contact ... no wonder her body was basically begging for it. But after that night, after their time together, would she still be so ... pliable? Or would it sate long-dormant needs and then that would be that -- Sadayo would think better of the deal she made with one of her own students, call it off, end it. It was possible, though of course Kotomi preferred the opposite to happen -- that she ended up helping Sadayo to realize exactly what it was that she was missing, that it would end up making her want more.

Because, after all, despite Sadayo's poor self-image, Kotomi really found the woman quite cute, both physically and emotionally -- there was a lot for Kotomi to explore, and Kotomi found herself all too excited to do exactly that. "Mnh, I see ... but you certainly don't seem to mind that you're with a Mistress now." And a Mistress half her age, at that!

Squealing, her head rolled back some, Becky panted and blurted out something Kotomi was very much aware of already. "G-gonna cum, Mistress, gonna cum, oh, fuck, fuck!"
For a moment, Sadayo thought back to the last time someone really made her feel like -- like this. Like Kotomi was doing now. Such intense, quivering pleasure, so entirely focused on her. That was nearly a decade prior, the last lover that hadn't been entirely selfish, that had made her feel wanted, that had made her so wet, so dripping and aching with need and desire -- and, of course, how he eventually moved away. They promised to stay in touch, to see one another, but as the weeks turned to months, the contact eventually dried up and went quiet. And hadn't it been that feeling of rejection, of abandonment -- was that what sent her into the arms of so many other terrible men?

Of course, those deeper thoughts weren't anywhere nearby. Not right now. Not when she felt it building, felt her climax ready to crash forward. Some part of her still couldn't believe it, still couldn't believe her own student was doing this, that she was mewling and whimpering and calling her Mistress, and that some part of her, yes, somewhere in her, wanted this, wanted the younger girl to order her -- not just for the money, nice at it was - especially if it involved feeling like this, oh god, yes. It was at that moment, dangling over the edge, waiting to hear Kotomi's response, that she decided she would take the next call. And maybe the one after that, too. And so on. So long as Kotomi kept quiet about the situation as promised.

But the poor maid had gotten a little too worked up to even tease properly at this point ... and of course, Kotomi's mind flashed back to her time with Tae, remembering when she was the one in that position, utterly desperate to cum, and forced to wait, forced to pleasure Tae before being allowed her own release. Kotomi knew she could do the exact same with Sadayo -- she could get the maid to drop down and bury her face between Kotomi's thighs -- Becky might complain a little, but she undoubtedly would still follow an order from her Mistress.

Instead, though -- "Then cum, my little maid. Cum for your Mistress," Kotomi cooed, encouraging, punctuating her exhortations with another, slightly harsher (though still not especially painful) bite to that sensitive nipple, a third finger joining the other two within her needy, tight cunt, her thumb stroking over the other woman's sensitive little clit. "Go ahead, let me feel it ..." She could have done what Tae did, but ... Kotomi just knew that Sadayo needed something like this. Kind, gentle treatment and release, touch and attention from someone only interested in her pleasure, not Kotomi's own.

After all, with the little deal they struck, Kotomi knew there would be plenty of opportunities in the future for her to really draw out Sadayo's natural submission.

But for right now? Mistress told Becky to cum, and that's exactly what she did. The older woman squealed, almost borderline screams for a moment, before she silenced herself as her face went for the space between Kotomi's neck and shoulder, face nuzzled in close. Those wide hips rocked like mad on Kotomi's digits, and if Kotomi and Tae made a mess of one another, Becky was a dam that violently burst as the maid experienced the most powerful orgasm she had in nearly a decade or so, the older woman seeing stars for a moment. Quivering and shuddering for quite a long while, Becky's hands -- having mostly been idle at her side or in her lap through this -- dug her nails into Kotomi's back, arms clutched around the younger girl, clinging for dear life.

Yes, she needed a bit of a minute. Twitching, quivering, a fair little bit of drool dribbling down Kotomi's neck, Becky -- Sadayo -- whimpered and mewed, babbled a little, but repeated the same thing over and over and over again: "Mistress ...! Mistress ... ooh ...!" Now that was an ego booster, Kotomi thought: getting a woman twice her age to cum her mind out in her lap, whimpering her name as 'Mistress' over and over and over ...

The sensation of the woman in her lap cumming her fucking brains out nearly brought Kotomi herself over the edge, but she wasn't quite that worked up, leaving her mind relatively free and clear as she coaxed Sadayo through her orgasm, her fingers slowly stilling within the other woman as
juices poured all over them and into her lap, staining her skirt (and what about the couch? this wasn't even her apartment, this was Ryuji's!) -- ah, but that was just something that went along with the territory. That's just how she knew she did a good job.

Good job, Kotomi, you really nailed this one. In ... multiple ways, at that! No sarcasm! She really felt pretty fucking happy with herself in the moment, having given Sadayo the pleasure she so desperately needed -- pleasure and attention and affection, given that she was blatantly starved of all three. Who would have thought Sadayo would get what she needed at the hands (and lips, and tongue, and ...) of one of her own students?

Once Becky starts to come down from that climax, Kotomi gently drew her fingers out of the woman, sitting back upright as her hand slipped up into the woman's hair, cradling her against the crook of her neck, letting her rest and recover. Ah, and hearing 'Mistress' over and over again -- ensuring she knew that she was the one who gave this woman what she needed, surely placing her squarely in that role in Sadayo's mind -- oh, it gave Kotomi no end of delight. Not just sexual delight, either; it warmed her heart, it made her genuinely happy to be able to be the one to do this for her teacher-cum-maid.

To be her Mistress. Maybe ... maybe in more ways than one? But that ... that was something she could think about in the future. That can come later, after they had some time to really think about what happened.

Once Sadayo was mostly calmed down, she granted the older woman a small, gentle kiss, before: "Thank you, my little maid. I won't be needing anything else from you tonight." No? Weren't your own panties fucking dripping, Kotomi? Well, sure, but she knows she could handle that on her own; she wanted to ensure this first time for she and Sadayo together was solely about the older woman, solely about ensuring she got what she needed -- adding an element of actual service into it would just muddy the waters. In the future, though? Oh, fuck, yes, Kotomi looked forward to that.

For now, that was probably the best call; even after a good little while to catch her breath, Becky still seemed dazed, a glazed look in her eyes. But the maid also seemed ... well. Happy. Even if it was a bit ditzy and distant looking, the smile on Sadayo's face was one of the biggest, and actually legitimate Kotomi ever remebered her teacher having on her face. Still quivering, shaking a little with the effects of aftershocks -- God, she really made one hell of a mess, didn't she? -- Sadayo nodded, happy to go along with Kotomi's decision that they were finished for the evening.

Once the two dressed and freshened up -- as much as they could, anyway -- Becky saw herself out, but not before turning back and rising up on her feet, delivering a quick smooch of the lips, her face still flushed. "Thank you, Mistress. And ... I hope you call on your maid again." There was a heartbeat or two of a pause, squeezing her hands together in front of her as she gazed off to the side, a smile at her lips and red in her cheeks. "... A-and soon."

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Back at school, Ms. Kawakami seemed to have an extra little pep in her step, though she seemed to go to great lengths to avoid direct eye contact with Kotomi, her cheeks burning at every such instance. And yet, as she walked through the rows one day, handing out a pop quiz, did she give an extra little wiggle of her hips after passing Kotomi's desk? It was a touch awkward, and the older woman was blushing by the time she got back to her desk, but someone certainly seemed to remember their encounter quite fondly.

Yeah, Kotomi knew she would be calling on Becky soon enough again, no question ... but before that, she had a particular blonde model that she needed to sit down and have a talk with.
The Talk, The Girlfriend

But then Ann returned.

Not that she was ever entirely far away or out of Kotomi's life, given the two constantly traded texts back and forth furiously -- including a snapped shot of the blonde, stacked girl in a very tiny bikini top, getting a good view of those heavy tits from a sideview, showing them jutting out so delightfully. Beyond that, though, Ann was delighted to hear how Kotomi's day went while chattering about her own, about all the other models around, and the beach, and the food, and so on, and about how excited she was to see Kotomi again and would she like to catch lunch somewhere or something?

The bubbly girl cheerfully tossed her arms around Kotomi the next time they met, squeezing her close and giving her a brief kiss on the lips. Just to drag things out a little longer, Ann utterly insisted on lunch first before getting down to real talk, and the girl simply tore into the burger she ordered, chewing away. As good as the food was at the hotel she was at, the portions the modelling agency provided were simply way too small, and she hadn't had a single chance to get a decent bite. She did provide a few tales of the retreat, and more than once giggled and teased Kotomi about all the other girls she was around, how many of them were so stacked as well ...

"But, so, hey! What's up? Sorry, I hope that wasn't super rude of me! I just really had to have a good meal in me, first." Nodding, and with a determined look on her face, Ann pushed away the tray in front of her, hands folded together on the table in front of her. Looking quite serious now, she had her full attention on Kotomi. "What did you want to talk about? I know you said it was kinda serious before I left. What's up?"

It was all fun and games when she was in the middle of things -- when the eager, willing Sadayo was in her lap, when Tae had her fingers exploring in exactly the right places -- but in the light of day, Kotomi couldn't help but look back and wonder if she was really doing the right thing. If the path she was on was really the path that she should be taking. Especially given that, given the tone and pace of their flirtatious texts, given the little pictures Ann had shared with her, Ann certainly seemed to think they have something ... between them. Something special. And, even though Kotomi had been distracted with other girls recently, she still looked on their time together extremely fondly -- there was something special between them, she thought.

There was just ... also ... something special between Kotomi and Tae, and Kotomi and Sadayo ...

Kotomi just wasn't entirely sure why she should limit herself solely to one partner. Assuming, of course, that they were all okay with it -- and Tae basically came out and said she was fine with it if Ann was -- and then Sadayo, well ... she seemed like the type who would be happy so long as Kotomi was giving her any attention at all ... fuck. Regardless, Kotomi did have a responsibility to talk about all of it with Ann, to not let the lovely blonde go ignorant of everything Kotomi had been doing.

The moment arrived, and Kotomi hesitated a moment. "I know we haven't exactly sat down and talked about ... what we're looking for with each other," Kotomi started, hands fidgeting a little in her lap. How was she supposed to broach the subject? How was she supposed to talk about it, especially with someone as (seemingly) innocent as Ann?

"I like you, Ann -- a lot. And I really want to keep seeing you, outside of ... y'know." She gestured vaguely -- outside of Phantom Thief stuff, she meant, and hoped that was obvious. "But while you were gone, there were ... a couple other girls, and I thought you should know." What she didn't
mention is that those 'other girls' were grown-ass women, but ... that particular detail wasn't really pertinent in the moment.

For Ann's part, all of this was also so new to Ann. Oh, sure, there were some boys here and there, and they were fun, but Kotomi was the first to really make her feel ... good. Safe, in a lot of ways. Something about being around the other girl just felt all right and proper, and while she would never doubt Ryuji or even the cat, hell ... she knew, more than the others, Kotomi had her back. Just like she had Kotomi's. She hesitated to call Kotomi her girlfriend, not without talking to the other girl, but ... was there any other word that summed it up as accurately? Ann wasn't aware of one, at the very least. But whatever it was, she valued what they had so very, very much.

So it's when Kotomi confessed to Ann, when she mentioned the ... other encounters, that Ann lost a little of that bubbly self for pretty much the first time since their first encounter. "I ... see." The blonde model murmured the words, her hands squeezing a little on the table as she glanced away, biting down on her plump bottom lip. A lot went through her mind, but the moments of silence ticked by, Ann's face didn't really give away much, needing a moment to work through her thoughts.

Kotomi was just about dying while she waiting for Ann to work through her emotions and feelings about Kotomi's confession; if she thought she was uncomfortable before, that was nothing compared to the way Ann so visibly lost some of her typically cheery, bubbly attitude, and for a moment, Kotomi regretted the whole thing. How could she have done this to someone she cared about? And ... Kotomi found that she didn't doubt whatsoever: she genuinely cared about the other girl. Enough to use that 'g' word?

Maybe.

While Ann went silent for awhile, Kotomi started to speak up, to try and explain herself, but Ann silenced her with a single finger and Kotomi just tried to wait ... still fidgeting a little, doing her best to just wait and be patient while Ann puzzled things out.

"Kotomi ... I like you." A good start, at least. "Like. I know we've known each other only for a little over a month or so, now. But. Whenever I'm with you: I feel ... safe. I know you'll look out for me. Take care of me. Maybe that's silly or childish -- and this is just some kinda puppy love." She sighed a moment, before she gathered herself, shaking her head. "But. I've felt that before, and I know what it feels like. This ... isn't it, I don't think. I'm pretty sure, anyway, you know? Even seeing texts from you when I was away made me smile so much!"

"But ... I'm not gonna lie. It ... stings, a little? What we have," she said, and at least she spoke in the present tense, right ...? "I. I want what we have to be special. And hearing that you were with other girls, the honesty means a lot, but ..." The hands withdrew from the table, and she squeezed herself in a little hug. "I don't just want to be something on the side for you, Can you ... can you promise me that?" And, oh, the tears made their inevitable appearances, little bits of moisture collecting in her eyes. "I don't even mind if you see other girls. Just as long as you're honest about it. Really, it's kinda flattering. My girlfriend, being such a girl magnet?" A little sniffle and giggle, mixed in with a smile. She didn't even seem to notice her use of the 'g' word.

"But. Can you promise me? That even with -- others -- you'll still ... be there? For me?"

Girlfriend? Really? Kotomi never either been or had that before, despite her vast interest in women -- she always was just too shy, too introverted to ever try anything, to go out on a limb and approach a girl she had a crush on. With Ann, though? With Kotomi finally coming into her own, with her finding out who she really was, what she wanted, what she was looking for? It finally made sense for her to have one, to be one, and honestly ... Kotomi struggled to think of a better candidate for that position than Ann Takamaki.
Kotomi reached out, taking one of Ann's hands between her own, a warm smile on her lips. "Of course, Ann. I promise I'll always be there for you. My partner in crime and my girlfriend? I'll always want you at my side." She never had a girlfriend before, and now that she did -- now that they decided, now that they made it official -- it was a pretty good fucking feeling, she couldn't lie. Not to mention how fucking hot her girlfriend was -- Kotomi sure as fuck never imagined she'd date a model of all people! But Kotomi had a lot to appreciate about Ann beyond her incredible good looks, given her warm, cheerful personality, her loyalty, the bright mind destroying the image of what people might assume to be an airhead ...

"I promise. You and me; no matter what else happens, we'll be together." She punctuated her declaration by leaning forward for a small kiss, as if just to seal her promise, to confirm that she meant exactly what she said. Even with the fun she discovered with other girls, she really didn't want to be without Ann's support and closeness -- she filled a niche that the others certainly didn't. Tae and Sadayo were ... intriguing in their own ways, to say the least, but the idea of them being her girlfriends just didn't feel quite as natural as Ann in that role. Not that it would have been impossible, just ...

Plus, there was also the confirmation that Ann was fine with Kotomi exploring things with other women, given honesty and openness ... and given that she would never neglect Ann. Which, to be honest, was basically unthinkable.

"You promise?" Ann asked, sniffling a little still, but that full smile returned on her face once more, the peppy blonde beaming. She didn't let Kotomi go quite so quick, a playful little nip at the other girl's bottom lip to keep their lips locked for just a second or two longer, her fears put at ease. Kotomi helped remind her who she was, that happy person she loved to be -- she felt just right around the other girl. So yes. Yes, it was something more than a childish little puppy love; she believed that truthfully. She'd have hated to lose all of that!

And Ann really did fill a particular niche, didn't she? Tae was a woman who -- at least for the time being -- was all about taking what she wanted and providing a touch of instruction for Kotomi. Sadayo, Sadayo was the good little maid who wanted to make her Mistress happy, a chance to use the things that Tae passed to Kotomi. Ann didn't fall in either of those camps, an eager equal of sorts, able to give and take a bit in just about any realm, from physical to emotional.

"So! Come on." All giggles and warm smiles once more, the blonde girl leaned in, pressing against the booth table, those fat, ample tits squeezed against the hard surface, practically popping out of her shirt. The little grin that flickered on her face when Kotomi glanced down at them informed her that yes, Ann very much knew what she was doing. "Dish. You don't have to tell me everything, butt, I want some details, at least! Did you have fun? What kinda fun? Did you grow ... did you have ... you know," she murmured, voice dropping to a whisper, "... your cock?" Ann decided to hold back teasing about the idea of a threesome for the moment, at least.

Though Ann seemed to rethink that after a bare instant. "But ... maybe we shouldn't take about this here. Wanna get out of here? We should walk off lunch. Or something like that!" Ann chirped at one point and paid for the two of them, withdrawing a bit of cash from a hefty little wad of bills from her purse. Kotomi walking with her, maybe a touch behind her at a point or two, it showed off just how the model is dressed: a shirt that displayed no small amount of eye-catching cleavage, and short shorts that exposed quite a lot of her thighs! And that very same girl was walking down the street with Kotomi, hand in hand, swinging their grasp happily to and fro. The hot model. Kotomi's girlfriend.

Her girlfriend! Her girlfriend who happens to be a model! Oh, there's no small amount of pride and ego wrapped up in that, and she can't deny the appeal of walking down the street hand in hand with
lovely Ann, ensuring everyone knows that this average-seeming schoolgirl landed a girl as hot as Ann.

Yeah -- Kotomi knew she really should thank the circumstances, or Igor, or whatever all led up to this.

Ann wanted details, though, and to be honest, Kotomi found herself pretty excited to tell someone. And if there was anyone in the world she could tell it all too, it'd be her new girlfriend, right? Kotomi didn't hesitate to detail everything that happened with Tae -- why she went, what happened, the deal they struck, and of course Kotomi ending up beneath Tae begging to be allowed to cum -- as well as what happened with Becky, discovering her identity as Sadayo, and of course paying to have some special services with the lovely, cute maid ... ending up with her homeroom teacher squirming around in Kotomi's lap with some fingers within her.

Ann was quite delighted as well at all of this. Smiles and giggles and even more bubbly than normal, really letting those hands swing about as they walk through the streets, tits bouncing about in her lap. Again and again, the model caught her girlfriend stealing glances at her body, and again and again she just kept shooting back a grin at Kotomi, and a bump of the hips, once, when Kotomi nearly walked into a pole at one point during her staring. Ann was intensely flattered at just how fucking hard the cute, dark haired girl had the hots for her, and even moreso that other girls wanted her girlfriend. Her girlfriend. Oooh. Even thinking about it made her tummy flutter.

That wicked grin only grew all the more as Kotomi provided detail, with Ann giggling or gasping at various points in her stories, nudging out a few more details here or there. "Wow. She just pushed herself on you like that, huh? Maybe I should dress up gothy for you one day, or something!" Oh, how she laughed at that, shooting Kotomi a lash-fluttering wink, before continuing on with the maid story. "Oh yeah? Let me guess, kinda the opposite of the first situation: she was a docile, sweet little thing you took control over, I bet! I know I'm s'posed to be Panther, but are we sure you're not a sexy tigress or something? Rowr!" And the giggling started all over again.

Still, Kotomi blushed as she related all of this -- blushing, and often unable to keep her eyes off of her girlfriend's incredible figure -- both Sadayo and Tae were immensely attractive in their own way, but Ann just had that whole conventionally-beautiful thing happening (and those tits!) and Kotomi found a lot to appreciate about that. "They were both all in the ... y'know, the real world. So it was just ... regular me." Was there a hint of disappointment in her tone about that? Like being regular Kotomi wasn't quite enough for her? Oh, absolutely; her own body was cute and appealing enough, she learned, but she felt much more complete when in the Metaverse.

"Hey. Hold on." Ann finally broke the swinging hand-hold for a moment, stopping and turning about to face her girlfriend. A hand rested on Kotomi's shoulder, the other reaching up to gently cup her face, running a gentle hand across her features. "Look. You're beautiful in there, and you're beautiful out here." She paused, dropping her voice a touch before continuing. "I don't care what you have between your legs, or how big your tits are, Kotomi. You're beautiful no matter what. Got it?" And with that, she took the other girl into her arms, squeezing her tight and kissing her right there on the street corner, to a mixture of 'awws' and grumbling from people that passed by.

Girlfriends out and about, heedless of the opinions of people around them -- they had no intentions of hiding who they were, and Kotomi appreciated that willingness of Ann's to make it very obvious that they were together. Like, romantic together. Dating and everything. Even though Kotomi still struggled with the idea of Ann really, genuinely being her girlfriend, when she was a model and so much more attractive than Kotomi ...

But Ann addressed even that -- that she was interested in Kotomi for who she wass, no matter what
else, and though the girl blushed so deeply, she happily returned the kiss here in broad daylight, feeling Ann's generous tits squishing against her own and butterflies fluttered within her both from the public nature of their affection and Ann's sentiment in general. She really ... really did like Kotomi. Better not fuck this up, girl. "Not quite as beautiful as you ... but I'm glad you still like me the way I am." Even outside, in the real world, where she was simply more average and forgettable than anything else.

Ann gave a wry little smile, but continued on. "Still. I know how much you liked being in that other world, like that -- and it was fun. Kamoshida's Palace kinda fell apart and then some, and we can't go back; it's not findable on the Nav at all. I know Mona was looking for something, but ... I guess for now we're kinda stuck in the real world, huh?" She gave a squeeze of Kotomi's hand once more, to emphasize the point with an unsaid word: together.

But Kotomi found herself distracted; Ann brought up the other world -- the Metaverse, where Kotomi's body really did feel complete, where she got to have that oh-so-wonderful cock and a figure more fitting of her desires, and while it was true that they couldn't go back to that Palace, there was another option, she thought -- and what better way to test it? Who better to do it with than her girlfriend and also the one woman she entangled herself with who already knew about her life as a Phantom Thief?

"About that ... come on, I wanna test something." She squeezed Ann's hand before tugging her along -- now Kotomi had a destination in mind: that weird, ghostly blue door tucked into one of the alleyways, usually attended by one of the tiny wardens -- given that none of the others had ever mentioned the Velvet Room, she assumed it was just for her, but ... if it worked like she hoped, then it would make everything easier, wouldn't it? She'd have the ability to swap between her bodies whenever she wanted, which -- as Ann noted awhile back -- just made her that more versatile as a girlfriend.

Except -- except that time, neither of the twin wardens stood looking bored outside of it. Just moments prior, there would have been if Kotomi had peered at the door, that door that only she could see. But, as was -- somewhat -- explained, the Velvet Room was linked to Kotomi alone, a manifestation of the power of her soul, existing through her. So it made a little sense that the wardens were aware as well, and being present would ... get in the way of this inmate's particular rehabilitation. And, despite the loathing they might have had for her, the rehabilitation came first.

At first, Ann seemed totally lost: she couldn't see anything. "Ummm. Did you want to hang out here, or..." But then, as Kotomi approached the door, her girlfriend gasped in surprise as, seemingly from the ether, the blue door slowly flickered into being, much hazier for the blonde model, but just enough that she was barely able to make it out. "Woah. Is this some sorta secret ... club?" Something like that, Ann.

The fact that neither of the twins stood at the door was a good sign, Kotomi thought -- maybe they knew somehow that they should am-scry. Further, Ann remarking that she can actually see the hazy blue door was a good sign, too -- it basically confirmed that they could go in together, but there was only one way to find out if it worked the way that Kotomi hoped it did.

So they plunged in together, one right after the other.

The moment she walked through that door, Kotomi was back to her Metaverse self, and not just her normal Metaverse self, either. No, not there, in the place where her power was at its peak. No, when Kotomi walked through the door, just like every other time, her body changed, shifted, swelled. Her modest, meager tits became simply enormous, two massive globes of titflesh that easily dwarfed her
head a couple times over and then some, huge wobbling mounds that pushed out so far, spilling out of her prisoner's uniform, the size that made Ann look tiny. Then there was the fact that she was just so much more padded, so much more ... excessively feminine all over, from her thickened, fuller ass to her ultra-wide hips, and so on. Not to mention the easily more than a foot of cock barely stuffed down her pants.

But. Kotomi wasn't the only one to have changed.

"What the hell ...?" The Metaverse, when it came to Kamoshida's Palace, at least, involved everyone having their own selves changed by their own cognitions. That was still true to some degree, but there, in that small space and when Kotomi was very much aware of Ann being with her, her own heart, her own soul, her own latent desires had much more sway over those entering her domain. Ann was mostly herself, still, except -- to put it bluntly -- her tits grew quite a fair bit bigger. Not anywhere near the level of Kotomi's filled out self, no, but having gone from 'big' to 'a decent bit bigger than her head' was still quite the change, and by the strange energies of the place, her top somehow -- somehow -- kept the oversized mounds within.

"Kotomi -- where -- what?"

"There, it did work. Just like I thought, Ann --" The words died on Kotomi's lips when she turned to regard her girlfriend and saw the way the blonde's tits have ... grown as well. Dramatically so. Not as massive as the mountains she had in her ill-fitting prison's getup, but definitely noticeably larger than they were on the outside. "Whoa ... I didn't expect that." But apparently subconsciously hoped it? She was pretty fixated on her girlfriend's breasts, after all, so given that this was kind of her cognitive space in a way, her expectations had an effect on the other girl? Maybe, maybe.

"It's ... it's like my own little section of the Metaverse, or something like that. It's sorta hard to explain." She tried her best, though. "It's a place that counts as mine, with my own cognition ... affecting me." As was obvious -- if her appearance in Kamoshida's Palace was anything to go by, the body she possessed there was exactly the sort of body Kotomi wanted for herself. Dramatic, impressive, eyecatching ... massive. Massive in just about every way. But would Ann still like her this way? Or would she think that Kotomi is going a little ... overboard, with all of everything?

"Huh ... I ... I guess that all makes sense?" Ann responded, mostly to herself. Her head turned this way and that, peering about the strange place she found herself in. The door was still locked, but that didn't mean much when there remained plenty of room for the two of them in the little cell -- and of course, there was always that big, soft looking Velvet Room colored bed. All that said, Ann couldn't help but have her focus ... distracted by the changes to her body, peering down at them. Her own hands beat Kotomi's inevitable groping to the punch, grabbing and squeezing at her own flesh testingly, something that drew a surprised moan from her lips -- "Nngh!" Sensitive, too.

Kotomi hands -- unshackled that time, she noticed -- went immediately up to join Ann's, to sink into the bountiful flesh of Ann's bosom, a little noise escaping her lips at the feel of the other girl's incredible tits -- they were big and soft elsewhere, but in the Velvet Room they were just so much more, feeling that fat length down between her thighs starting to thicken and swell with slowly mounting excitement. Maybe she should have given Ann a moment to consider all this? Yeah, well ... on the other hand, titties.

Ann didn't have a whole ton of time to react or to piece everything together -- Kotomi basically leapt on her, two pairs of hands eagerly exploring those expanded tits. "Nngh -- K-Kotomi!" she gasped, wriggling and stumbling back, reaching out for Kotomi and taking the darker-haired girl with her -- down onto the bed, as it so happened. Kotomi eagerly fell down onto her girlfriend on the bed, both hands excitedly groping and squeezing where they could, tugging Ann's fattened nipples through her
"Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod, b-be careful, s-stooopp!" But by then, it was too late: with Kotomi atop of her and mauling at those tits, and with Kotomi's own set pressing into them, an orgasm rocked through Ann just from that, the girl arching beneath Kotomi, gasping and squealing out in such maddened pleasure. They both made the discovery that Ann's tits were quite a lot more sensitive in that bizarre place to go along with their increased size, as Ann reached a fast, potent climax just from having her girlfriend attack those sensitive, vulnerable tits, Kotomi's cock rapidly coming to press heavily against Ann's thigh.

The fact that Kotomi's girlfriend seemed to enjoy those changes, ooh ... but then again, why wouldn't she have enjoyed them? It was basically a peek right into Kotomi's mind, finding out exactly what the girl liked and was especially interested in. And, well ... this tableau proved itself a pretty accurate representation of Kotomi's fantasies. Her own body so full and feminine -- but for that massive cock between her thighs -- and Ann's body so exceptionally stacked, displaying her breast-centered focus. When Ann got a second to catch her breath, though: "Kotomi! Oooh ... ooooh!" And not one to let herself be outdone, she pushed, fought back, working and tumbling and trying to roll herself on top instead. All the while she -- purposefully, mind you! -- crammed their oversized busts together, two massive pairs of tits grinding and squished together for space, letting Ann experience a girl so much bustier than herself win at such a titfight. Still, she grabbed Kotomi's hair and tugged, bringing their faces in close for a hot and heavy kiss as she tried to work her way on top. "God, Kotomi! You're so fucking big!" she groaned out after her hand brushed along that massive cock crammed down her prisoner's outfit. But instead of freaking out or growing shy, her hand squeezed along that massive length, shuddering at the size of it beneath her fingers ...

"Is this how you see me, you naughty girl? Is that why I changed, hmmm?" Ann panted, gasped between kisses, her eyelids heavy with desire. God, she never came from just having her tits played with before -- THAT was new! "Your -- mnh -- busty girlfriend ...? You said you liked them, but I didn't know just how much!" Oh, she wasn't upset at all, flattered if anything ... and it just gave her even more ammo to tease Kotomi merciless with. She knew her girlfriend liked 'stacked', sure, but not to that level. Oh, no. But this? She knew she could use that information. Oh, yes. "I ... ooh ... I really like your tits, Ann, I hope you don't mind ..." Kotomi groaned, her full hips bucking a bit to grind her hardened cock against Ann's groping hand, her mounting desire more than evident -- already she was hard and hungry, that cock definitely quite a bit larger than the last time Ann had seen it, for better or worse ... but Ann didn't really seem to mind. Hell, she seemed to like it, even! And it surely liked her, the way it throbbed so heavily beneath the blonde's exploring hand, seeming like it was just about to rip right out of the overstuffed prisoner's getup she found herself in every time she entered the Velvet Room.

"See how ... how fast I get hard, thanks to you? Your tits are so amazing, here or out there ..." They were just ... larger in the Room. Larger and more sensitive. It was her cognitive world; what better place for her to explore things beyond the limits of reality?

Both girls giggled, gasped, moaned out as they bumped and ground together with the stacked blonde on top, pushing her enormous, heavy tits into Kotomi's even bigger, fatter pair beneath. Her thighs, beneath those tiny denim shorts, were a soaked mess from her intense, breast-focused orgasm just a few moments prior. Their previous encounter in Kamoshida's Palace had been a brief little thing for multiple reasons: feeling one another out, both having their first real girl-on-girl experiences, worrying about the others coming back at the wrong moment. In the Room together, however, Ann got the feeling they wouldn't be interrupted anytime soon, meaning the girls potentially had hours to themselves.
"Mind? Mnnh ... why would I mind? I see you looking at them so often. Ooh, you poor thing. Especially when I'm bouncing all over the place during battle, that has to be rough for you to focus, huh?" Ann's teasing switched back and forth a bit between a sultry murmur and the giggling, gasping girl she was. Oh, this was just too much fun! She drove some of her brief boyfriends wild, sure, but this? This was an entirely new level. Of course she felt just how much more ... hung Kotomi was ... to put it fucking lightly! She felt just a tiny bit of fear at the idea of taking something so big, but if the strange realities of the place were anything to go by, she thought it might not be so rough. And -- God! -- it's so big! Her hand stayed at Kotomi's thigh, squeezing, already pumping and slowly working that fat slab of cockmeat through her leggings.

"My ... mnh, my wonderful, busty girlfriend ..." Kotomi gleefully returned every one of those kisses, caught up in the passion of the moment and the raw lust from being with her girlfriend -- her newly, massively stacked, girlfriend, at that! Her hands certainly never left those tits for longer than it took to strip Ann's shirt from her body, seeking to get those massive mounds out into the open and into hands directly.

Hmmh. If the place worked as Kotomi said -- "Oooh! C-careful, they're sensitive!" Ann didn't quite complete the thought as Kotomi tugged off her shirt, those massive globes of flesh wobbling, jiggling free into the air, so much bigger than her pair outside, easily so. "Nnngh! K-Kotomi!" she whined, tossing her head back as her own hands began to reach, began to tug, while she tried both to grind and ride atop of the girl beneath her and strip her at the same time, a clumsy act at best. Still, she managed to tug Kotomi's top free, and was in the process of working that cock out when she finally took a second to catch her breath and actually slipped away from the other girl, sitting on her knees on the bed with a hand up.

"H-hold on a sec! I -- I have an idea." Ann took a breath, imagining how silly it would sound to say what she was about to say ... but, again, was it any stranger than anything else the last few weeks? "Stop for just a sec. I want you to, um. Think. About me. Really hard. Can you do that for me?" she asked, adding a sexy bat of the lashes at the end, reaching with her hands to heft up her expanded titflesh. "Think about these. About me. All of me ..." And even as she spoke, Ann followed her own orders, closing her eyes shut and thinking of herself, of herself through Kotomi's eyes, at just how much Kotomi loved those huge tits, how they could have been even bigger ... at how the rest of her could have been. More. Of hips and rear and thighs and lips and curves and femininity that could have been so much more.

"But I just want you so fucking badly, Ann ..." Kotomi whined a little. 'Holding on a second' seemed like the hardest thing Ann could ever have dreamed of asking Kotomi to do in that moment, given ... well, given their whole situation. Hold on a second? Wait? Keep her hands off of her girlfriend's tits, even for the space of mere moments? Very difficult, that, given how big and soft and fat they became, seeming like they were just begging for Kotomi's thorough attention -- attention she very much intended to give those beautiful tits! For as long as Ann allowed her! And given that time didn't really seem to be a thing in the Velvet Room, on top of the fact that there was no chance whatsoever that could have been interrupted ...

Ann asked her to wait, and Kotomi did just that, eyes hungrily lingering on the blonde's big tits, unable to draw her attention away, especially when Ann started playing with them herself ... and asking her to ... think about her? To think about all of her. Kotomi stared, thought, imagined: the blonde's tits were already so big but they really could have been so much more, couldn't they? And not just her tits, either, but the rest of her -- her hips, her ass, even those plush lips of hers, so inextricably tied up in Kotomi's memories of that first titfuck and blowjob in the Palace ... every bit of her could have been greater.

Not that she wasn't immensely attracted to her girlfriend regardless, even totally out in the real world
-- the girl was a model, for fuck's sake! -- but in a place like the Velvet Room, where she wasn't only allowed but encouraged to let her fantasies run wild? Why not?

And, as the resistance of Ann's cognition fell and began to willingly, eagerly line up more and more with Kotomi's, Ann's body began to take that more idealized, pictured shape in Kotomi's mind ...

Kotomi's eyes widened as she watched the girl before her start to take on more of the proportions from her idealized version of the girl in her mind -- those tits swelled in Ann's hands, gaining a number of inches, soon matching and then even outsizing Kotomi's own pair by a small margin. Kotomi's fat cock twitched, throbbed in delight and excitement as the rest of her girlfriend changed, too: parts of her rounded out, becoming that much more impressive as Kotomi's cognition no longer met any real resistance from the other girl, becoming their new reality.

Cognitions and wills and hearts and minds and resistances and so on and so on. Just a few short weeks ago, none of it would have made any sense at all to Ann. Yet, even as she mentioned her plan to Kotomi without fully explaining it, even as she hefted her fattened tits up to her lips, giving Kotomi a sexy, lidded gaze as she lapped at her own nipple (holy fuck they're so sensitive now!) it just ... all made sense, all the pieces having fallen into place at once. If Ann was right, and this was where Kotomi's will was, more or less, the strongest it could possibly be ...

"O-ohhhh!" The blonde gasped, fluttering her eyes open to gaze down at herself. Yes. Yes, she was filling out, and at a spectacular rate. Having been smaller than Kotomi just a few moments before, her massive, soft globes of titflesh expanded and swelled out to surpass even Kotomi's tits, almost to the point of spilling into and filling out her lap if she were sitting properly, visible from whatever direction Kotomi might gaze at her girlfriend from. But the rest of her changed as well, filling out elsewhere, her ample set of hips growing wider, wider, and wider still, surpassing even Sadayo's own birthing hips. Ann even wound up propped up slightly, too, as the curve of her bubbly ass widened and grew, giving her a thicker, rounder behind. Her lips, already so plump and full, ripened ever further, seeming to even gain a fresh new coating of cherry red lipstick. Even her hair changed, growing a little thicker and bouncier -- though that might have been more Ann's doing, if anything.

"Ohmygod, it worked!" Ann gasped -- it all made sense to her, it did, but seeing it actually work, well. Fuck, even her lips felt more sensitive, the thickened pads brushing together at her words. She barely had time to celebrate, didn't even have time to shoot Kotomi another smoldering, sexy look before the other girl was on her, both toppling back fully on the bed once more. "Nnngh! K-Kotomi!" she squealed as her girlfriend's face wound up buried between her fat, enormous tits, and already from licking and biting and kissing, she sensed another climax building, writhing beneath the darker haired girl.

With her face and hands buried in Ann's expanded titflesh, the raw, thick reality of her cock rubbing against the other girl's thigh, smearing her drooling precum over the model's skin ... Kotomi was beside herself with excitement and lust. "I can't ... oh, fuck, Ann, you look amazing." she mumbled against the blonde's flesh, as desperate and needy for the other woman in that very moment as she had ever been for anyone in her entire life.

Even if Ann wanted her to wait, to perform some kind of other experiment, Kotomi wasn't sure if she even could at that point -- her girlfriend, sporting the figure of her dreams, was right here and totally open to groping hands and lips and tongue and ... oh, god, she wanted so fucking badly to be inside of her girlfriend. Everything about Ann's body was perfect, flawless, hand-crafted to turn Kotomi on the most, and it sure as fuck worked.

Her lips found one of Ann's nipples, suckling hungrily while her hands roamed over every inch of the other girl's expanded, perfect body, touching and feeling and groping and squeezing -- and the
sensitivity! Apparently part of Kotomi's fantasy, part of her cognition for herself and those she brought into the Room, was to have all of the expanded flesh be exceptionally sensitive, those bodies extremely easy to turn on and arouse -- and it certainly worked for the both of them!

"H-hold s-still for a sec!" Ann panted out, not to stop Kotomi, oh God, not anymore, not with how fucking good it all felt -- from Kotomi's actions to just feeling the air of the place on her expanded form, being so full, so thickened felt so good -- but so her quivering hands could finally reach between her (thickened, plusher!) thighs. Ann reached for that fat, drooling mass of cockmeat and tried her best to guide it to her wet, soaked pussy. God, even just feeling the massive head up against her lower lips made her whimper with need, but she tried to help line Kotomi up with her. "Kotomi," she gasped, reaching down into her cleavage, tugging Kotomi by the hair, to look up at Ann, to see the lust, the hunger, the need for her girlfriend in the blonde's eyes. "F-fuck me!" she gasped, begged, pleaded, already beginning to arch beneath her girlfriend, trying to hold off for a few seconds longer ... God, she hoped she was right about fitting, trying to focus her hazy thoughts on that, just in case!

Dragged up from Ann's tits, Kotomi saw the matching lust in her girlfriend's eyes. "My Ann," she groaned, the tip of her fat cock rubbing against Ann's very obviously wet and ready pussy -- before her own substantial hips thrust forward, forced herself in, sliding her cock into another woman for the very first time, and she was absolutely not ready for how fucking amazing it felt. Way, way better than she thought it would -- was that part of the cognition, or does fucking just always feel that incredible? No easy way to tell, and in that moment, she didn't give a shit.

Kotomi should have been too big to fit easily -- hell, she should have been too big to fit at all -- but with Kotomi's cognition ruling everything in their environs, it worked because she so desperately needed it to, soon letting inch after inch of that thick cunt-stretcher push further and further into her girlfriend while she moaned in delight, in rampant bliss at the feel of Ann's tight walls clutching her so intimately.

"F ... fuck ... oh, fuck, you feel amazing, Ann ..." Kotomi groaned, unable to do much else while she acclimated to the raw, powerful sensations of simply being inside of her girlfriend. Was this how it always felt, though? Was this why guys were ... the way they were? No fucking wonder, if fucking was always like this. She found fucking another girl with her regular body -- as she'd done with Tae, with Sadayo -- fun enough, but this ... this just felt right. This just seemed like how it should have been all along.

Her hands clutched tightly against Ann's inflated, overwhelming tits, even as her hips pushed inexorably forward, seeking to bury herself entirely in her girlfriend's cunt. "T ... too good, it's too good, love ...!"

Ann just felt so soft beneath Kotomi, now. Not that she didn't before, of course, so soft and feminine, but now she was that and so much more, almost excessively so, granted with the figure of Kotomi's dreams, so much soft, yielding, feminine flesh for her to press against, for her fingers to sink into. Honestly, it was sort of absurd how fucking stacked Ann was; with such an enormous pair of tits, the blonde girl almost seemed like an afterthought beneath so much flesh, two enormous, soft, sensitive mounds that jiggled and wobbled with their every move on the bed, so much fat titflesh to paw and squeeze and tease. And, fuck: if Kotomi was getting used to her body in the Metaverse, Ann found herself able to sympathize. Everything felt so good even when Kotomi wasn't pawing away.

But Kotomi found herself very much a woman possessed, working away at those tits, and despite her best efforts Ann couldn't hold back, squealing, practically screaming, not needing to be quiet in Kotomi's sanctum, letting the sounds of her intense, raw pleasure ring out at her girlfriend brought
her to a second climax in the space of just a few minutes, even before Kotomi was able to get inside 
her properly, the bed and her thighs beginning to become quite a mess of her juices.

"Kotomi! Kotomi!" the blonde, curvy, idealized girl cried out. No, Kotomi wasn't her first, but she 
was something way, way different from the much smaller guys that could barely last thirty seconds 
with her. With Kotomi, she felt filled to the brink, that tight, wet inner passage squeezing so tight. It 
must have been partly the work of the strange cognitions at play, considering Ann was a perfect, 
glove tight fit for that fat length of cock that fed into her tight slit. "Kotomi!" she wailed, her lover's 
name on her lips again and again, her widened hips bucking, writhing hard, desperately trying to 
push the other girl to the hilt. (No way was she thinking about things like Kotomi perhaps pressing 
against the entrance to her womb ...)

At some point during all this, Ann hit another peak, practically chaining off the last one, her climaxes 
having started to run together. Ann's body wrapped around Kotomi, arms, legs trying to squeeze the 
other girl close to the model, buried into the hilt and squeezed against her enormous, mountainous 
tits, panting and gasping and whimpering all the while. "Fuck me, Kotomi! T-take me, love! F-fuck 
your super stacked girlfriend!" she babbled, though her voice was uneven, her eyes hazy, losing 
herself to that lust, wanting nothing more in the moment to spend the next several hours in positions 
very like the one she was currently in. If Kotomi had that desire for such bodies ... what other 
delightful things lurked in the girl's mind? And what lovely things remained hidden in the darker, 
fantasy corners of her own mind? Exploring all of that, all of one another, in true, private intimacy 
for just about as long as they pleased ... oh yes.

It was absurd how stacked Ann truly was, and yet ... she was exactly what Kotomi fantasized about. 
All of it was exactly the sort of thing she spent her whole life dreaming about about ever since she 
awoke to her true sexuality, to her genuine desires: a massively busty, extremely voluptuous woman 
pinned beneath her, ready and willing and eager and lustful, and that's exactly what she got. 

Oh, how lucky she was to have someone like Ann!

Thrust deep within her girlfriend, soon all the way to her very hilt, every last inch of her cock buried 
inside of Ann's unnaturally-accommodating pussy, the tip pushed against (but not quite having the 
length to push past, curiously enough, despite the disparity in their sizes) the entrance to Ann's 
womb. Kotomi lingered there a moment both to get used to the sensations, especially when she felt 
Ann cum around her, those walls clutching at her ever more tightly, nearly bringing the poor, 
inexperienced girl to a climax already -- she just wasn't used to having a cock, especially not one as 
sensitive as that! -- and she also took the opportunity to claim Ann's lips a moment, kissing the other 
girl deeply, hungrily, as her hips started to move once more, drawing her length several inches out 
and plunging them right back in. Deep and hard, she fucked her beautiful girlfriend, and the kiss 
broke after a few moments to allow a moan of simple, sheer delight, a wordless demonstration of her 
powerful love and desire for the other girl.

Ann found herself all too happy, all too hungry, delighted to kiss Kotomi back, soft lips melding 
together in lustful passions, and oh God did her lips taste good with whatever lipstick that was, and 
God did they feel sensitive pressed against Kotomi's own. Each grind and drag of their lips together, 
each bit of drool swapped adding another little whimper atop all of her moans, moans which were 
swallowed up in that hot, wet kiss. The hot, blonde model practically drooled at her girlfriend's lips, 
tongues twisting together in that intimate dance. All as Ann was fucked, truly, for the first time, every 
deep, hard thrust, every push in or out of that fat, throbbing prick into her body sending those absurd, 
overly-excessive feminine curves wobbling and bouncing, jiggling all over the place beneath 
Kotomi.

"Fuck ... nnh, fuck, Ann, you're so fucking beautiful, so amazing ..." she groaned, breath running
ragged while she plowed her way into the busty blonde. Kotomi drew her head back to help make watching those massive, squishy tits easier, eyes glued to those mounds bouncing heavily with every rough thrust into Ann's wonderful folds.

"You're amazing, Kotomi! Ohmygod, ohmygod, Kotomi! P-please don't stop!" she agreed, panting, probably on her ... fourth? fifth? climax by now, all of them starting to run together. Ann felt as if her mind was starting to get away from her, blissed by so much pleasure. Drool dribbled a little from her chin, tiny droplets taking suicidal leaps into the sheer canyon that was her rack, enormous, simply massive, squishy mounds of flesh never seeming to cease, thanks to Kotomi's thrusts. They were simply nothing short of a mind-boggling amount of tit, the twin, wobbling masses ripped straight from the deepest, most stacked of Kotomi's fat-titted fantasies. Could she have added more to Ann? (Yes.) What about bringing Tae or Sadayo here? Or. Or. Or. The possibilities of this place ...

Oh, there's no doubt that Kotomi had other desires -- other women that caught her fancy, other ways of interacting with those women like the way she was with Sadayo, but in that moment ... all that mattered to her was the simple love and sensation of fucking her busty girlfriend, of driving herself in again and again, that massive cock throbbing oh-so-hard inside of the blonde as she neared her orgasm -- she wanted to draw it out as much as she could, but Ann just felt too fucking good. Hot and wet and tight, so much better than she thought possible.

In that moment, the only thing she wanted was to be with her girlfriend. Other permutations, other explorations could wait -- the purity of that experience was the only thing that mattered to Kotomi right then.

Well ... that and releasing the ache in her fat balls, too. An ache that had been building and building, now recognizable to Kotomi as this was the second time she felt that primal need to empty them, and Kotomi barely was able to wrap her mind around the fact that she got to do exactly that deep inside of her lover. "I'm gonna ... you're gonna make me ..." she gasped before burying her face in Ann's vast tits, her hips working her way fully inside of Ann's wonderful cunt, even as her cock felt like it somehow grew even thicker, even harder in the moments before she started to erupt within the other girl. Much like the way she coated Ann's face and tits with cum back in the Palace, this was that much more of a deluge, poured directly into her girlfriend, again and again as Kotomi clutched so tightly to her beloved's beloved tits.

It didn't help that each time Ann climaxed, again and again and again, that was a new, hard, tight squeeze of her soft, vice-like walls, clenching down tight on that enormous cock hammering away at her insides. So many different sounds rang out: Kotomi's own heavy breathing mixed with Ann's and the titty blonde's shameless, happy squeals -- and the sound of so much soft flesh on flesh and Ann's wet, dripping hole. Two girlfriends, locked together, bodies twisted, changed to such feminine, over-excessive ideals, twisting and writhing together in lust and love and desire and need for one another. Ann could barely hear, barely understand Kotomi quite properly as those fat, bloated balls swung forward again and again before finally clenching up, before finally beginning to empty their load. Even during that, even as thick rope after rope sprayed into her, she never stopped clenching, holding on to the girl above her for dear life, smothering her face into her fat tits, crying out over and over as they came together, writhing, her hips still bucking, thrusting away ...

Could there be a moment more satisfying than that? Could there be anything in the world that Kotomi would enjoy more than that raw, passionate fucking -- pounding her girlfriend's cunt, flooding her with seed in a way that Kotomi never, ever imagined she'd be able to do. Who would? Plus the way Ann clutched to her, the way Ann seemed lost in climax after climax, the way she begged for more and more, for everything that Kotomi could give her ... yeah, it was hard to imagine anything outdoing this.
But she was still new, right? She was still learning exactly what she was capable of, and beneath her once-shy exterior, Kotomi discovered herself to be a girl with quite a lot of desires, interests, curiosities.

Not to say she was thinking about any of that in the midst of her climax, no -- she wasn't thinking of anything other than the raw pleasure of emptying her balls into her girlfriend, flooding her with cum, before it finally ended what felt like an eternity later and she was left slumped atop the blonde's tits, gently and instinctively kissing and suckling the vast flesh before her, her hips finally stilling against Ann's own, though she didn't draw herself out right away; she just wanted to enjoy herself. As much as she could.

To put it one way, Ann was utterly exhausted when they finally came off their peaks. Ann clutched the other girl tight to her enormous tits, petting through her hair -- twitching, still experiencing aftershocks, especially as Kotomi's lips still worked away at those sensitive masses of titflesh, drawing fresh little tremors now and again. Exhausted, sure, but the most blissful, intense experience of one's life by a few miles will do that, as Ann simply enjoyed basking in the aftermath with her girlfriend, squeezing her tightly, rocking a little here or there, the bed beneath them such a mess of Ann's juices and Kotomi's cum.

Kotomi lingered for some time right there, soon drawing up a little bit to rain a number of light, gentle kisses against the other woman's plush, unexpectedly tasty lips, glorying in her affection and mutual sensations of a good, solid fucking. What else could a girl want? "You ... mnh, you're fucking amazing, Ann. Can't believe how good it feels to fuck you like this ..."

Which is why neither of them was exactly in a huge hurry to move on, though it needed to happen eventually: time was weird in the Velvet Room, but bodies simply grew tired at some point, even augmented ones like Ann's and Kotomi's. After some time, after awhile of just mutual cuddling and kissing and making out and titsucking, they had to get dressed and leave the Velvet Room and return to their real lives ... leaving Kotomi more than a little disappointed at having to assume her regular, average body once more. Small and nearly-flat and slender and -- most of all -- without the fat bulge between her thighs. Ah, well, maybe keeping it rare would keep it special and exciting ... or maybe that was just a way to deal with the disappointment.

Indeed, it was almost evening when they emerged from the Velvet Room, quite late! Ann briefly pinned Kotomi to the alley wall, kissing her deeply, feeling her up, and thanked her for a lovely time.

Just in time for Morgana to seek out Kotomi and inform her of a lead he'd stumbled upon ...
The President, The Masochist

And time passed. Where one thing ended, the Phantom Thieves soon had their next objective, the heart of a terrible painter using and abusing his 'students', stealing their work for his own profit. It was in that second Palace that Kotomi actually started to note that her body was starting to change in the Metaverse, and indeed, the more and more she built her links with those in her life, the more her body reflected her power. By the time they made the first delve into that second Palace, her 'normal' Metaverse self had gained an inch or two of cock, and at least a cup size or two up top.

Of course, even when they triumphed -- adding the artist Yusuke, or 'Fox' to their ranks in the process, given he went through his own awakening in the process -- life continued. Sadayo continued to blush and avoid Kotomi's gaze at school, albeit with a bashful, happy little smile, and was all too eager to serve her Mistress whenever she called. Tae was ever the hungry woman, always seeming so deft at turning around any attempts to turn the tables so far, with Kotomi always winding up beneath the hot doctor. But even then, she only barely had time to see either of them, considering how often Ann wanted to be with her. Not just for sex -- though there was plenty of that, both in and out of the Metaverse -- but just to study together, or catch a movie, or dinner somewhere, or even hang out. Probing more into Ann revealed the model was nowhere near the ditz she often appeared to be, having a decent head on her shoulders. Ann was also an affectionate one that loved to kiss and pet, more than one break taken in the second palace for heavy makeout sessions, much to Ryuji's eye-rolling and playful teasing; though the boy did, at least, seem to Kotomi to be grateful that there was another guy on the team now.

And then things changed again. While celebrating their latest victory, Makoto Niijima came crashing into their lives. Everyone knew of the young student council president, one of the smartest people in the entire school -- many teachers included -- and with a hell of a reputation to match. Even those that called her nasty words couldn't deny her abilities or her beauty. Cutting an imposing figure, crowds parted for Makoto as she walks through the halls, always such a stern look on her face, small heels clicking with her steps. Her school uniform didn't do much for her figure, but it was a very difficult task indeed to hide the rather ... round, ample nature of her rear, particularly beneath her skirt and dark tights. (Though as rumors went, more than one guy wound up with a bloody nose -- or worse -- trying to comment or grope!)

As such, it was a little surprising to Kotomi when the older girl called her in ... but of course, it was fucking Ryuji she had on tape, blabbering about being a Phantom Thief, ugh. And so, with a triumphant smirk on Makoto's face, Kotomi was forced to take her to the others. A lot of grumbling all around, but Makoto caught the attention of the little group with her proposition: she'd keep their secret if they managed to bring down a specific target: a mob boss who had been targeting students. Talk about a high profile job!

Of course they accepted; what other option did they have? The job ended up a little ... fumbled ... in the mob boss Kaneshiro's Palace with Makoto's -- or Queen, as the group named her -- awakening. The sheer force of will that Makoto displayed, beating in the face of shadows with her fists, was more than a little terrifying and yet, in some way, a bit attractive to Kotomi. The group ultimately welcomed her as a member, and the Phantom Thieves went their own ways for the evening to rest up for the eventual heist ...

Kotomi was pretty unsure about it initially; Makoto was certainly rather cute (and with a great ass!) but having someone as prim and proper as the student council president knowing so much about them and their activities left her a little uncertain, though they all agreed that Makoto had to become one of them at this point.
Plus, seeing her in action ... it was pretty impressive. Imposing, even, a little bit. Strong, powerful, with a will that impressed even Kotomi. She needed to get to know the girl a little better before she felt really comfortable around her ... which made it an easy decision to come see Makoto when the girl invited her, uncertain of Makoto's intentions, but, hell, she wasn't about to back down from something like that.

The place Makoto invited her to, it turned out, was a rather fancy apartment complex, and Makoto brought the younger girl up to her place, with Sae out for another few days for some assignment or another. "My treat," she said of dinner, providing quite a bountiful little feast -- albeit one obviously from a convenience store. "And ... sorry about before. Blackmailing all of you." But one more apology waited as Makoto eventually brought out her laptop:

The video on the screen was ... well. Several different scenes of Kotomi. Kotomi with Ann, the two making out in various places, not only across school but across town, including a few brief moments of where such advanced beyond a makeout session. Not only that; video of encounters with Sadayo and Tae, with Kotomi drawing the maid into Leblanc or managing to get a kiss and a grope out of Tae when leaving the clinic. When the video finally ended, Makoto said nothing, not right away, the older girl glancing away with a hot blush in her cheeks.

"How ...?" Kotomi didn't bother trying to deny it -- it was painfully obvious that it was her. Plain as day. "Where on earth did you even get this footage?" she asked, glancing up to Makoto with a look of uncertainty ... only to see that blush. Blushing! "What's this about, Makoto?" Her secret exposed -- Kotomi was actively fucking multiple women, two of them full adults. Her relationship with Ann was obvious enough from their time together in Kaneshiro's Palace, but the other women ...

"I followed you. How do you think I got the recording about all of you talking about being the Phantom Thieves?" A hint of smugness lurked in her voice, though it lost something with how brightly Makoto blushed, how she glanced away, and the prim and proper girl seemed -- for once -- unable to sit still. "Don't take this the wrong way: you're not very good at hiding things. What if your ... partners ... knew about one another?" Makoto didn't say it strictly as a threat, but as a plain, curious statement. Of course, Makoto only had footage from a distance of every encounter, nothing close, nothing about the discussions had with Ann about having numerous partners ... "Aren't you worried about that in the slightest?"

Well, Makoto was pretty correct on one mark: Kotomi was very, very bad at hiding things. Sure, it was Ryuji that got them caught in the first place, but as she indulged with her partners, she had gotten a little bit less worried about being particularly discreet. It didn't honestly come as a surprise whatsoever that Makoto had all of that footage, but what Kotomi wasn't sure of right away was why Makoto showed her that video. Some kind of blackmail thing, she thought at first, especially when Makoto so casually mentioned that her partners might find out about one another, and Kotomi just grinned at that despite herself.

"They know. They all know exactly the kind of woman I am and what I want." Unlike Makoto, Kotomi had gotten very good at steeling herself, at displaying her natural confidence, at looking the other girl right in the eye. "Ann knows exactly what I do with the others, and she gets so wet when I tell her about what I've done." Truth, there; it seemed to Kotomi like Ann enjoyed the fact that her girlfriend was such a pussy magnet.

A magnet that, in all actuality, included Makoto Nijima. Student council president. The borderline genius that constantly got the highest grades every time exams rolled over, both in her year and the school as a whole. The girl with the ability to pick any college in the country she wanted, and countless others overseas. The one who took two different self defense classes, pushed her body, and wasn't afraid to get into a scrap if needed. The girl that could play a few different instruments and
helped out organizing numerous different activities and drives by her class. The one who, despite her best efforts, so often came across as cold and uncaring, despite her deep, warm heart. The girl who, despite her best efforts at doing just about everything, still got the finger pointed in her face for failing. The girl who cried herself to sleep more nights than she cared to admit, having so much on her plate but ultimately powerless, knowing full well she was a pawn for the adults that used her, like the principal, and her sister being so uncaring, and, and, and and and and --

-- and is it any wonder, with all of that, that Makoto needed a stress valve of some sort? How many nights did she spend alone, her sister out of the apartment and at the office or somewhere else? How many nights did she spend with her laptop open, eyes glazed over from watching, from reading, from listening to all sorts of things? How many nights, chatting with strangers, hand between her thighs, whimpering, fantasizing about someone strong, someone taking away all of those worries and just blissfully letting her submit. Fantasies involving one or several strong women binding her arms and legs and having their way with her. Of crawling, wearing little but leash and collar -- the one she sometimes slipped around her own neck and pulled -- as her fat ass bounced and moved about in the air behind her. (And, in her darkest, most lonely, most depraved nights, the thought of Sae being the one had crept in at places, though she still grappled with that thought.)

But Kotomi wanted to know what the hell this about, and Makoto got to the point, as she so often did. "L-Look. I've seen what you do with other girls. With Ann. With the others. I want to do that. With you." God, her hands were shaking. (Actually, her whole body was.) But she came off cool and collected as she turned to Kotomi. (Actually, Makoto's lip trembled, and moisture in her eyes seemed just about to fall; she looked like she was about to cry.) And of course, she did nothing to betray the fact that she had the collar and leash in a cabinet just behind and to the left of Kotomi. (Actually, Makoto's eyes kept glancing over to it.) As it turned out, Makoto was an absolutely terrible liar ... except to herself, smothering the voices that told her otherwise.

"Please." To her mind, the word came out calm and cool and collected as she always was, but in reality it was practically a quiet whimper, the poor girl practically paralyzed with fear and excitement all in one. "I know this is on short notice, so. You don't have to give me a reply right now, or tonight, but I would love to hear your response once you've decided. Once you decide about pleasuring your Queen." There. Proposition delivered, dominance asserted -- yeah.

Everything was going just fine. (God, she was a wreck.)

Kotomi, of course, was left a little bit surprised and sort of bemused at Makoto's proposition; what the older girl wanted was the last thing Kotomi expected. Or ... was it? Wasn't it only natural that the newest girl wanted her just as badly as the other women in her life? That's just how these things went -- these girls wanted her for one reason or another, and it just made sense that Makoto wanted in, herself.

But she wanted in ... in a very particular way. Makoto played it off like she was coercing Kotomi into pleasing her, but it was an easy matter for the leader of the Phantom Thieves to see through Makoto's false bravado, to see and hear the uncertainty and anxiety lacing every word and gesture. She wanted you, Kotomi; she wanted you badly. What would you do?

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" Kotomi started, a languid smile spreading across her lips as she stepped closer to the other girl. "When we all decided your code name would be Queen. Fit you completely, doesn't it? Prim, proper, in charge, deserving of such respect. Just seemed so natural that you would be Queen, right?" Makoto finds herself having the younger girl approaching, with -real-confidence in this arena, the one place Makoto knows nothing about, never touched beyond her own hands (so very, very often...) and a few smartasses trying to grope her.
"Of course. What else would I--" Abruptly, Kotomi reached a hand up, seizing a handful of the other girl's hair and yanked sharply down, forcing Makoto's head to tilt back, revealing her pale throat to Kotomi's lips. Teeth teasingly sunk into that tender flesh more in emphasis than anything else.

Makoto's reply dies on her lips as Kotomi's hand went for her hair, taking a thick handful and yanking, drawing a harsh, almost moaned, whimpered cry from the girl, her eyes squeezed shut and her heart pounding at a million miles an hour. And then Kotomi's hands were all over her, those lips at her neck, squeezing, groping her, and good God did she practically tear herself apart within, that quiet voice becoming a roar in her mind, telling her to bend the knee, to just give in ...

"But this is what you want, isn't it? The way you're shaking ... you want to be taken, don't you?"
Kotomi growled against Makoto's skin while her other hand slipped up to give one of the girl's tits a rough squeeze through her school uniform, her touch insistent, demanding, and oh-so-possessive.

Kotomi possessed no small amount of natural dominance, brought out by the women in her life; Tae showed her again and again what she would like to do to others, and Sadayo deserved a more gentle sort of domination, but Makoto ... oh, she could just tell. "You don't want to be Queen around me, so don't play at being a lie around me."

Kotomi doesn't even know the half of it.

Makoto, like the rest of them, had an awakening to her true self -- for the most part. There were still secrets, questions in the depths, and none so far with more unlighted depths than Makoto. Her awakening taught her that she had the ability to take what she wanted -- what she wanted -- and not what the adults around her wanted for or from her. But one step deeper, deep down, it was being that puppet, that toy for someone else that was what she really did want. In reality, she couldn't bring herself to face it, to acknowledge that double side of her. That part of her that took so much time, trapped in her depraved fantasies.

And so it was that she really, fully believed it was going well, even as that dark, twisted part of her whispered in her mind that she was just weak, vulnerable, that Kotomi would take everything from her, use her until she was dried up, utterly, completely: and that, most of all, she'd love every last moment of it.

"Nnghh. You -- you will obey -- your Queen!" Makoto managed out with a throaty growl -- a weak one, but a growl all the same. Her own hands flew to Kotomi's and pulled, yanked, tried to reverse the situation. And in a situation like that one, perhaps, Kotomi had something of an even match, as Makoto was quite strong and knew exactly where to pull, how to manipulate, attempting to dip and throw the younger girl behind her, toward the couch just a short distance away, or the well carpeted floor. "Don't fight this!" she barked, more and more energy coming to her, ready for a full on brawl with Kotomi. This, it turned out, was what she needed deep down: she needed to be beaten and broken, finally, before her ultimate submission.

Part of Kotomi really did expect Makoto to just up and give in to Kotomi's superior will -- and, ultimately, she was extremely glad that Makoto didn't. That she was willing to make a real fight out of this. That she was willing to pose a genuine challenge to the leader of the Phantom Thieves. Kotomi just laughed when Makoto announced that she's going to obey her 'Queen', at the very idea that Makoto held any real authority here. No, the class president really wanted was obvious, and Kotomi was all too happy to give her exactly that.

"You might be Queen, but I'll always be the leader. You will always, always bow to me ..." she growled, caught a little by surprise by Makoto's ferocity and strength; if this was a contest between Makoto and Kotomi of a few months ago, it would have been no contest, no way she could beat the older girl. Instead, though? After months of fighting, of exploring dangerous Palaces? That sort of
thing had a tendency to help whip a girl into shape, making it an actual, real contest.

For a while, Makoto gave as good as she got to the younger girl, squeezing, smacking, biting, punching, tumbling around with her, twisting and tugging on this or that to try and gain an advantage. Nor did Makoto tire out after two or three minutes, as the brawl lasted nearly a full ten minutes of rolling about back and forth across the ground, growling and taunting one another, before Kotomi finally won out with Makoto exhausted, panting, whimpering beneath her, trying to glance back and up at Kotomi with wide, wide eyes, waiting to hear and see what came next.

By the time Kotomi finally had the older girl pinned to the floor, she ached in a number of locations and would undoubtedly be sporting a fair few bruises before long. Left gasping for breath, her knee pressed firmly down into Makoto's back, the other girl facedown on the carpeted floor, Kotomi's hands fixed around Makoto's wrists to keep them right where they were.

Kotomi leaned down, grinning triumphant, her lips brought near to the girl's ear. "You lose, Makoto. This is what will happen every time you choose to go against me; don't ever fucking forget that." Her teeth abruptly gave a harsh little tug on the sensitive flesh of Makoto's ear, as though in emphasis; honestly, Kotomi's panties were sopping wet beneath her uniform skirt from the excitement of the little contest. From the raw delight and thrill of winning, of proving her superiority and dominance over another girl ... and not just any girl. Makoto Niijima squirmed beneath her knee, ultimately defeated.

And oh, how Makoto squirmed alright, having found herself in one of her longtime fantasies. Sure, it would have been one thing if she just submitted, but for Makoto, it also made the older girl all the wetter at having been bested, beaten at such a contest, trapped beneath Kotomi. Such a compromised position, too, as Kotomi got a lovely view of that amazing ass. That ass was just so ... round and full, easily more than Ann's, a proper fat, bouncy, juicy rear that filled out so much space behind her, pushed her skirt out lewdly a little when she walked. And now Kotomi gazed down at it, those bouncy, thick cheeks that filled out her tight black tights so enticingly ...

"Best to give in," Kotomi continued after her brief distraction of that ass, moving to draw herself upright once more, though never taking that knee from Makoto's back. "Best to accept that you're going to give yourself to me. To your very own Queen." Was she seizing the girl's title from her? Kotomi deserved it; she earned it, she felt. "Say it. Don't make me wait." She punctuated this by releasing one of Makoto's hands before she suddenly and harshly brought her hand down in a slap to Makoto's lovely, rounded rear -- she might have been a tit girl as she proved with Ann, but that wasn't to suggest that she didn't appreciate Makoto's bottom-heavy figure as well, with that noticeably full, round ass of hers ... not to mention in her Thief's outfit, seemingly tailored to show off her dramatic curves much the same way Ann's was designed to show off her tits. "Say it, and I'll think about letting you please me tonight. If you're lucky."

"I... nngh... I...!" To the end, though, Makoto was stubborn, squirming and twisting beneath Kotomi, though the struggle was pointless, she lost. The words whimpered at her lips, too quiet to be heard. Kotomi demanded it of her, ordered her to do so, her two sides twisted and turned internally in one final battle, in one final attempt to let her walls remain, one final attempt from allowing her deepest, darkest, most intimate vulnerability be seen. And then Kotomi spanked her, delivered a blow across that wide rear. The sputtering from Makoto's lips stopped, her eyes wide; she felt her flesh burning from the impact, her flesh rippling for that brief moment. And finally -- finally -- she submitted.

"You are Queen! You are Queen!" she gasped out, desperate, practically crying it out, only biting back her yell by remembering -- at the last second -- that she had neighbors. And there, finally, the dam came undone, collapsing all at once as Makoto broke down into sobs, her shoulders slumping, but an unmistakeable, quivering hint of joy in her voice, as her two halves finally converged. As the
strong-willed, dominant, unyielding Queen finally surrendered. "Please make me yours, Queen. I beg you. Oh, God, I beg you, please! I want this. I want this so bad. Take me. Take from me. Use me. Please. Please. Claim me. Take me as yours. Please!" she sobbed, shuddering beneath the other girl, her thighs rendered asopping mess.

Makoto really did have quite the amazing ass, and it certainly didn't escape Kotomi that that harsh spank to those lovely, full cheeks was what brought the girl over the edge into submission. Perhaps it was sensitive? Perhaps that was just such a sign of possession, of dominance, of authority that Makoto knew she had no choice but to give in? Kotomi wasn't sure, but it was definitely something to consider, something to keep in the back of her mind.

Makoto wasn't the only one sopping wet -- when she broke down, when she spilled out all of her fantasies and desires, everything she wanted Kotomi to do for her, the younger girl found herself definitely more than a little excited, indulging a part of her she never really knew existed. Dominating Sadayo was fun, but a much more ... gentle, affectionate affair, and while she adored servicing Tae, she knew she was truly a dominant at heart, though the depth of Makoto's desires did surprise Kotomi just a little. This was something she wanted for a long, long time, wasn't it? Makoto had been craving someone to come along and do something like this for awhile, and ... and apparently the things she witnessed Kotomi doing with her girls was enough to convince her that Kotomi was that girl. The girl she wanted to give herself to.

"That's better. You'll always belong to me, Makoto ... you'll always belong to your Queen." Oooh, yes, she knew she could get used to that. Seizing the girl's title away from her ... that had been quite a good move. Not that it would change the dynamics of their group -- Queen would still obviously be Makoto's codename when working as a group, Kotomi knowing better than to try and push this outside of time they had alone together -- but when it was just the two of them? Oh, Makoto surely knew who's in charge between them.


Kotomi narrowed her eyes. Surely she didn't still have some fight in her? No, no -- she could tell that the girl truly gave up, that she gave in to her true desires -- there must have been something very interesting that her newest acquisition wanted her to see. "Don't move." It hardly needed to be said, but Kotomi rose, going to that cabinet ... and it took her barely a moment to realize what Makoto wanted her to see. On one shelf, Kotomi found a collar and leash. The collar, to put it bluntly, was very pretty. Pink and glittery and feminine, and very tight looking, with words emblazoned in bright, white letters across it reading 'Bitch' -- and a spot for the pink leash to be clipped to. It was something of a laughable, gaudy thing, the kind of thing a girl like Makoto bought for her fantasies, the kind of thing someone brand new to such a thing in reality thought actually looked good. "Please..." Makoto begged from her place on the floor, her voice a pathetic, needy whimper.

The sight of that gaudy leash and collar drew a smile to the girl's lips. Gaudy as fuck, and certainly wouldn't be Kotomi's first choice if she were going to collar the girl, but for the moment? It'd work.

Kotomi returned with leash and collar in hand, delighted to find that Makoto hadn't moved a muscle, her eyes lingering on the generous swell of that lovely ass -- fuck, Makoto was such a cute girl. "This is what you wanted me to see?" Amusement in her tone. "A little much, isn't it? Doesn't fit your look at all. But I like the sentiment."

God, Makoto really provided a lovely vision on the ground like that. Her body was slim, tight, tighter than Kotomi's own, exceptionally well maintained, which meant that juicy, wide swell of an ass only pushed out; that it was so, so much more prominent on her form, twin globes of soft, bouncy flesh
standing as such a stark contrast to the rest of her. And, oh, how they stuck out with her in such a position, filling up those tights! But true to her word, Makoto didn't move an inch, exactly where Kotomi left her on the carpet.

The fact that Makoto even had the collar without her secret being exposed was a miracle in and of itself, having been quite a production through a friend of a friend of a friend to pick up a package in secret, ordered on a public computer with a throwaway card. A dripping mess when she ordered it, she picked the first thing that jumped out and her, and as such ... well. The collar was a gaudy bit of junk, and in all honestly it looked like it would fall apart with much too hard a yank, but that never stopped Makoto from wearing it around her neck one bit so many evenings alone, toying and abusing her body.

"I -- I'm sorry, Queen! It's all I have, all I had, all I could get," she stammered at a breakneck pace, terror edging in her voice, such raw, pure fear that she might already be losing the thing she so secretly hoped for, fantasized about for so long.

Dropping back down on the floor next to Makoto, the older girl soon felt that pink collar slipping ably around her neck, but Kotomi didn't fasten it just yet -- didn't complete the gesture. "Bitch, too ... you really think you've earned this? Think you deserve the right to be your Queen's bitch?" Kotomi laughed a little. "You saw what I do with my other girls. You saw what we do together. Do you really think I'm going to go through all the trouble of claiming you, when you haven't even shown me if you can please me properly? A little presumptuous, don't you think? You've seen them, you know what hot pieces of ass they are ... what can you give me that they can't? What do you bring to the table, Makoto?"

Makoto listened to her Queen speak, listened as Kotomi told her that she was getting ahead of herself, and God, she felt so stupid. So, so stupid. "I'm sorry, Queen! I -- I'm sorry! I'm -- I'm not ... I'm not ..." she started.

But then Kotomi issued her final command: "You can move if you need to," she said, drawing the collar away, denying Makoto that privilege just yet.

What happened next were the actions of a depraved, desperate person. Makoto practically tore up the carpet from how fast she climbed along it, that fire from earlier returned to her eyes, mixed with the wetness of tears. The thick-bottomed girl practically toppled Kotomi over by impacting with her legs before scurrying up them quickly, sending Kotomi onto her own much less padded ass, though her thighs spread willingly enough. And so, right there, in the middle of the apartment she shared with her sister, Makoto Niijima found her way up Kotomi's skirt, her head beneath it. Between her thighs.

No hesitation, no holding back as the older girl yanked Kotomi's panties to the side and practically shoved her face into Kotomi's wet cunt, tongue and lips already at work. And whatever else might be said about Makoto, the girl was good -- while a touch clumsier, she was only just shy of Tae's level, having watched hours and hours and hours of how to do this. If there was one thing Makoto knew, it was how to study, her tongue delving in again and again, teasing and working those lips, that clit.

And so intense. Driven by an emotional need to feel that connection, to have this -- to such an unhealthy degree. Tears still rolled down her cheeks as she worked so eagerly, terrified that Kotomi would pull away what little she gave so far. Makoto could really have used someone around that moment to help calm her emotional storm -- but, be honest, Kotomi: you were a bit too busy getting eaten out harder and more intensely than even the last few weeks, too busy being fucking worshipped down there, weren't you?

"Fuck, Makoto ..." Kotomi groaned, a hand reflexively going down to the girl's head, threading fingers into her hair, encouraging her to stay right there, to continue eating Kotomi out -- Makoto
was a little clumsy, though certainly much more intense than the other girls she'd been with. "Right there -- just like that. Good, Makoto." The use of the girl's name seemed almost ... pointed, in a way, as though she specifically didn't think the girl had yet earned another title. Though she was well on her way, if this was the sort of treatment she could expect from the prim and proper student council president.

This? This was right, wasn't it? Natural. Over the last couple of months, she had girls practically throw themselves at her through various means, all wanting to have a piece of her. Ann, her busty and lusty girlfriend that she was able to hang out with in the afternoon and catch a movie with, then fuck one another for hours later that evening, a fusion of lust and love mingled together. Tae was the object out in the distance, the hot doctor that always wound up with Kotomi beneath her, domination with a tender and gentle touch, yet able to get what she wanted. Sadayo was the cute little thing in her lap, the object for Kotomi to mold and shape, teaching the maid/teacher to love her own body while including service for Kotomi. Makoto, really, was just the natural evolution to all that, wasn't she, Kotomi? The girl who begged you to own her. To use her. To make her your own, out of sheer, raw need.

No, Makoto wasn't very skilled, but where she lacked experience given that this was the very first time she ever did this, she had intensity and knowledge in spades. The more moments that ticked by with the older girl's head between her legs, the better she got, putting countless hours of study to the test and then learning from doing, learning spots that made Kotomi squirm or gasp out. God, something felt so natural, so right to Makoto about being on her knees like that, head beneath a woman's skirt (and despite Kotomi being a year younger than her, Makoto used that word in her mind: a strong woman as opposed to a weak girl like herself) and serving her. Though in her mind, it was more of a worship, if a very ... intense sort of worship.

"Don't stop ... mmh, fuck, don't stop, I'm gonna ...!" It didn't take Kotomi long -- she wasn't exactly a pent-up kind of girl, no, not with the regular release she got from her girls, but ... the simple excitement of what was happening, the unexpected nature of Makoto's eagerness, her desire to prove her worth to her new Queen, and the fact that Makoto's tongue felt really good inside of her all added up to Kotomi reaching and cresting the wave of her first climax pretty quickly, the hand on the back of the girl's head keeping her pressed right there while her juices spilled over Makoto's face, hips grinding as she rode out her orgasm ... but even once it faded, even once she was left breathing heavy, she didn't let Makoto go just yet. If Makoto was going to be her new plaything, she needed to put the girl through her paces, right? Find out just what she was capable of. How dedicated to Kotomi she truly was.

... Sure, any experienced domme would have recognized Makoto's overly-emotional desperation and immediately seek to get to the heart of that before indulging in something like this, but Kotomi simply wasn't an experienced domme, unfortunately.

Makoto practically wept as the younger girl climaxed, face and tongue and lips becoming quite the mess of Kotomi's juices. Her whole world, at the moment, was so Kotomi-focused, that her head so trapped between her thighs, the hand in her hair holding her tight for longer and longer and longer, Kotomi was all she breathed and saw and felt and heard by that point, practically dizzy with elation (and slight shortage of oxygen).

"Mmh ... not bad ... a pretty good start. I wonder what other use you could be to me." Kotomi mused to herself, the hand on the back of Makoto's head sliding down beneath the girl to give one of her tits a squeeze through her clothing, as if just feeling the girl out ... literally. "I mean, I assume your body would be mine to enjoy whenever I want, but that goes without saying, doesn't it?"

Finally, Makoto was allowed to withdraw, the older girl's chest heaving for breath, her stare hazy
while Kotomi spoke down to her. (Appropriately so?) Desperate, whimpering, she arched her body, pushing the soft, small mound into Kotomi's probing hands, glancing up at her -- her Queen. "W-what would you have me do, Queen?" she asked, breathless, her voice practically dripping with trembling, whimpering adoration. To say she'd do anything would have been a slight overestimate -- but only very, very slightly, indeed. "Name it, my Queen. Please ..."

Honestly, the fact that Kotomi was already involved in something similar but so much more gentle, more soft and affectionate, so much healthier with Sadayo Kawakami should really have tipped Kotomi off that something was very, very wrong here. Of course, in that moment she was just riding the high of being in control of a girl who literally threw herself at her, Makoto craving such abject submission from her ... and it spoke directly to her budding ego. That this was just how things were, apparently. Women wanted her, women craved her, and it was only natural that someone like Makoto would come along, begging to be claimed, begging for Kotomi to use her as she desired.

Of course, that wasn't a natural expectation at all, and if Kotomi were a little more experienced, a little more level-headed, she could surely have handled this and turned it into something healthier.

But she wasn't. Instead, she was a sixteen-year-old girl with a rapidly bloating ego, and here with Makoto she had a girl begging to be taken, so of course the situation had a strong chance of getting a little out of control. That first climax certainly helped her out, but there was little to no chance that Kotomi was done just yet; once Makoto pulled out from between Kotomi's thighs, she tugged on the handhold of one of Makoto's perky little breasts, seeking to draw the girl up on her knees, and once she was there, Kotomi's hands went to quietly but efficiently unbutton and remove and discard Makoto's clothing, piece by piece, rendering her more and more exposed and naked before Kotomi's eyes as she continued.

"You are eager to please, and that is good -- but you saw me with the maid, yes? You saw someone also eager to please. Eager to call me Mistress and do what I want." Kotomi considered a moment, her fingers still working ably. "Of course, she isn't mine the way you desire to be, but it's similar enough. You, though? You'd be mine. My plaything, my fucktoy, mine to use to get myself off or otherwise sate any of my whims. Your own pleasure ..." She smiled, soon drawing Makoto's bra off, leaving her naked from the waist up, and Kotomi couldn't resist the urge to lean in and briefly take one of the girl's nipples into her mouth, suckling teasingly, even biting down on that sensitive little nub, both of her hands sliding around Makoto's tight waist to fill themselves with the lovely curves of the girl's ass. She squeezes that rear, sharp and possessive, granted to both while she indulged herself, a little groan issued from her throat.

The older girl did nothing beyond squirm and arch in an attempt to make Kotomi's work in undressing her easier, slipping off bit by bit of her school uniform, removing her bra and letting those small mounds bounce free, complete with stiff nipples. "Nhh -- Queen!" she gasped at the feel of teeth against her nipple, her body so intense and hot. God, the older girl seemed like she was burning up, so very heated, burning with what she repressed for so very, very long.

Kotomi lingered there, but not overlong, drawing back a little while her hands went to work stripping Makoto of her skirt, her leggings, her panties, one by one. "Your own pleasure is meaningless. Secondary to my own, or whoever else I choose for you to service." Already she was talking about sharing the girl, effectively -- letting others play with her toy. If nothing else, Makoto was perfect threesome fodder. Makoto nodded, over and over as Kotomi spoke, talked down to her, told her what her plans were -- how she differed from the other girls. A fucktoy. A pleasure thing. Her own pleasure secondary. Yes. Yes. This was what she (thought) wanted more than anything, her depraved fantasies made real.

"Every inch of you would belong to me. These lips, these tits, this cunt ... that fat ass ..." As she
mentioned each, she brought up a hand to brush against each in turn, though she gave 'that fat ass' a sharp spank. "They would all be mine, and mine alone. Is this what you want, Makoto? Do you desire so badly to be your Queen’s bitch?"

Makoto had a fat ass. There was no other way to say it, really, beyond that. Almost all of the rumors and stories were true: Makoto Niijima had sent numerous boys to see the school nurse after squeezing or smacking it in passing. So many boys with bruises -- or in a few cases, broken noses in retribution. It was always her public embarrassment, constantly trying to battle with her skirts to pull it down over those plump mounds, her rear staying so delightfully plush and round and bubbly and **thick** despite how tight the rest of her form was. Of course, what the rumors always missed, what nobody knew, what she never told a soul was how -- in the aftermath of many such incidents -- she retreated to the private restroom in the student council office, dealing with an aching wetness between her thighs. Attention to that ass, so round and full and juicy and fat, just drove her so endlessly up the wall. Especially with the way she always felt so many, many eyes on it, all the time...

As such, when there was more attention to that wonderfully plump ass: "Nngghgh!" Makoto cried out loudly, a little too loud with neighbors nearby, not knowing if they were even home or not. Those hands felt so amazing on her soft moons, squeezing and digging into the warm, plush flesh beneath them -- but it was the spank, the smack across them that delivered the really loud cry, and Makoto instinctively pushed her body, arched herself out as best she could to present those round, wobbly cheeks up to Kotomi's hand. It was a very delightful sight indeed as Kotomi pulled back those tight, black leggings, revealing inch after inch of pale, soft flesh -- goodness, those leggings were tight and filled out so very well. (And, no surprise, the panties that Kotomi peeled off of the girl were dripping and soaking wet.)

"Yes, Queen!" The older girl didn't hesitate for even a moment as Kotomi asked her. "Please! Make me your bitch!" Begging, whimpering pathetically, she nodded her head. "Please. Please let me prove it to you, Queen. I -- I'll do anything for you. Your -- your -- fucktoy. Please. Name it. Anything." And then she babbled, things spilling from her lips as that fear of losing what she gained again began to creep in, desperate to do anything to cling to her progress. "Keep me in your room as your pleasure toy for a week straight. Make me drink your piss. P-parade me around as your fucktoy whore. T-tie me up and share me with anyone. Anybody. Please. Anything, Queen, let me serve you!" Her voice was borderline hysterical by the end, the lost, broken girl clinging to what she viewed as her salvation for dear, dear life.

As Makoto so desperately listed out the things she would gladly have done for her Queen, Kotomi's amusement -- and arousal -- only continued to climb. What on Earth happened to this girl, that would have made her like this? That would have made her so utterly focused on service to another? Even Kotomi's ego wasn't quite swollen enough to imagine that she was just so amazing as to solely inspire something like this in another girl -- something happened to her, something made her that way, something made her so utterly desperate for affection and approval that she would do anything for it. Mind, Kotomi didn't necessarily believe that it was her problem, that it was her responsibility to fix, and if Makoto wanted so badly to give herself to Kotomi, she wasn't about to turn that down.

"I've heard what you've done to those who thought they could get away with feeling this ass up," Kotomi continued casually, as if totally disregarding Makoto's desperate begging. "You'll continue to do exactly that to anyone who dares to touch my property without my permission, even though I know you love it ... you love being treated like a piece of meat, don't you? But if I did it -- even in the middle of the hallway at school -- you'd welcome it. You'd beg me for another." Makoto even suggested as such -- parading the girl around as her fucktoy whore. But could Kotomi ever actually do something like that? Would she jeopardize everything Makoto worked so hard for: her grades, her station, her position, the respect she worked to earn? Oh, Kotomi wasn't telling, but it was certainly
fun to push that far, to discuss humiliating Makoto in public like it would just be one of her duties.

Makoto was broken, with the problem only made worse by ignoring that fact. While it was true that this was technically a step forward -- with Makoto finally facing, admitting to the dark desires that lurked so very deep within her heart, that she turned to again and again for comfort, admitting them to another person -- this was, if anything, only enabling her issues. She clung her entire emotional state in such utter desperation to another, the first time she ever felt the ability to do such, laying everything out on the table like that. Everything. Including her status, all the work she did, just for what she saw as real, actual attachment. No, Kotomi: that wasn't healthy at all. Not one bit.

But, fuck, did it feel so right with those strong, dominant hands on her ass, feeling up her round, bouncy rear, now fully exposed to every grasp, squeeze, grope or smack Kotomi delivered across it. Each one, each action drew a new, different whimper or gasp from the bottom heavy girl, a new little set of wriggles and squirms to try and deliver that round rear back up to Kotomi's hands, shamelessly aching and desperate for more attention to it. Just like Ann had a pair of fat, bouncy tits that never seemed to fully stop moving whenever she did, Makoto's fat ass jiggled and took a moment to settle back into proper place after being disturbed.

"Of course, you'd beg me for another no matter where we were when I spanked you, I'm sure. I see how much you enjoy it when I touch and tease, buttslut that you are." Quite the pair they looked in that moment, with Makoto completely naked and Kotomi still fully clothed, reinforcing the very obvious power dynamics. One of her hands slipped between those lush cheeks, letting fingers tease against the girl's tight hole, testing, curious -- it didn't seem to be quite as virgin tight as she anticipated. But why so surprised, Kotomi? The girl had obviously been fantasizing about a situation like that one for some time, so it surely wasn't impossible that she would have done that kind of exploration on herself. Which, if she was being honest, was pretty fucking hot too. And gave her a handful of ideas.

"Yes, Queen!" Makoto agreed, though it was obvious to both of them that the squirming, naked girl would have agreed to just about anything by that point. Already, in her mind, Makoto could picture the scenes at school: some idiot boy walking behind her and taking a nice handful of that fat ass, only for Makoto to rearrange his face -- and then for her Queen to come up to her not even two minutes later, whimpering, mewling like the submissive little bitch she was, arching, urging her Queen with her body to take her fill of those plump, juicy cheeks. Or of that tight little hole between them that Kotomi teased, testingly, eliciting a little cry of delight -- how many nights had Makoto spent with a toy in one, or even both holes ...?

"We'll have to get you a proper collar, too ... one that suits you. One you would never remove." Kotomi considered even as she amused herself with the girl's fat ass, adoring every little reaction she got, every time the girl's body quivered in her grasp. "I imagine we could go a step further, something a little more permanent. Get you a tattoo, perhaps? Brand you as mine? I want everyone to know that you're taken, that you're claimed, that you belong to me. You're no longer a free girl -- you are your Queen's fucktoy and nothing more. Understood?"

Makoto burned redder yet as Kotomi brought up the idea of getting her a new -- permanent -- collar. Something not so gaudy, hopefully, as the glittery pink, Bitch-proclaiming abomination she had bought before. "W-where would you brand me, m-my Queen?" God. A brand. A tattoo? The idea made her wetter yet between her thighs, and her mind couldn't help but touch on the thought of her older sister discovering such ... oooohhh ... "M-maybe on your... b-buttslut's fat ass, Q-Queen?" she stammered out, so unsure of providing a suggestion. "I -- I belong to you, Queen. Yours. Your slave. Your fucktoy. Anything you would ask of me is yours. My mind, my body. A-anything for you, my Queen."
It wasn't healthy, but it sure as fuck was hot. Kotomi had never felt quite like that before, so in control, so powerful, having a girl like Makoto so willingly devoting herself entirely to Kotomi's service, to her pleasure, to her whim. Fuck, it felt amazing, and it was certainly clouding her better judgment with how simply excited she was to be doing it. To have that be the direction her life took. Anything and everything Kotomi mentioned, Makoto seemed to gladly accept and run with, and there was something very, very appealing about that.

Even though it shouldn't have been.

"Oh, yes ... something on this fat ass of yours, to make sure everyone know that you are your Queen's property. That this ass and the slut attached to it belong only to me. Something for you to show off, when I bring you to play with and please my other lovers ... so they know, so they can see just how deeply you've given yourself to me."

"Kotomi giggled at that, imagining -- just imagining what Ann might have thought if Kotomi suggested a threesome, if Ann went along with it, if she saw proud, tough Makoto begging for Kotomi's affection, for her abuse, all while sporting her Queen's brand ... oooh. Would that be a step too far? Perhaps it was something for them to work up to.

She considered a moment before withdrawing, leaving Makoto with one last harsh spank for good measure. "You have toys, don't you? I want you wearing the largest one that you have in your ass to school tomorrow. All day. I want you to come find me at some point, to show me, to ensure I know that you're doing what you're supposed to be doing. You will beg me for a spanking, to abuse your fat ass until I'm satisfied, and only after that -- after I give one to you, right there in school --" Not necessarily in public at school, but she didn't specify one way or the other. "-- only then will I allow you to be mine. Do you understand, Makoto?" Forcefully sticking with the girl's name, as if to drive home that she didn't yet quite belong to Kotomi -- it wasn't official until Kotomi was satisfied with Makoto's service.

As she spoke, one of her hands delved beneath her own skirt, within her sopping panties, openly stroking herself as she laid out her orders -- literally, literally getting off on treating Makoto that way. It was just too fucking hot, too exciting to have that level of raw power over another person, to know she could surely have set out any list of instructions and Makoto would still have fallen all over herself to obey them.

Of course Makoto had toys. Each and every one of them had a complicated story behind it, of how she smuggled it in or how she got it past her sister, of what store they all came from. (Including the one stolen from her sister's room, but, again that was another secret she kept so very, very closely under wraps.) Even as Kotomi made her demand, provided her orders for the following day, the older girl nodded along, already casting her mind to which of her toys would be most fitting for the task at hand. Her eyes widened, though, at the sight of Kotomi literally getting off at ordering her like this, and her reply took a moment to spring from her lips, dizzy with arousal and happiness. "Y-yes, my Queen!"

But just like with Ann and the Velvet Room, all fun eventually came to an end. The clock struck, revealing it to be later than either of them realized -- Kotomi might have had some relaxed rules from her guardian, but there was still the general curfew to be wary of. Perhaps that was just perfect, though, letting Makoto stew in her thoughts for the next day ...

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Whatever else Kotomi knew or thought about Makoto after their evening together, there was no denying that the girl was a valuable addition to the team, strong enough to go toe-to-toe with Ryuji when it came to smashing shadows. She also, of course, was incredibly smart.

Kotomi wasn't even thinking about the previous night when a student from the office interrupted the class she was in, the nameless, nervous first year girl telling Kotomi that the office on the third floor
requested her. Shaking like a leaf, the girl said nothing to Kotomi's probes, just saying that she was
told to bring her to the office and was following suit with that request. Except -- as they moved
through the empty, quiet halls and climbed up the stairs, to the third floor ... instead of turning toward
the office, the girl continued walking up the stairs to the door leading to the roof. That Makoto,
before joining the Thieves, had promised she would lock, and had done so -- with a key the
trembling first year handed to Kotomi. "Y-y-y-you're actually supposed to g-g-g-go in here!" the girl
squeaked before running off, her nerve breaking.

Well.

As usual, the roof was a bit windy, a touch cooler than the ground floor, though the academy seemed
to be pretty quiet at the moment with classes ongoing. There were a few people going about here or
there, a member of the staff or a student running messages, a delinquent slipping out of class, and so
on. Plenty of chances to do some people watching from the vantage point of the roof. But then, that's
not what caught Kotomi's attention.

Makoto Niijima, the prodigy, the student council president, the brilliant girl with so much strength,
stood against a wall, her arms bracing her against it. She did not react to the door to the roof being
unlocked and opening, and Kotomi saw right away the reason why: the older girl wore what
appeared to be a rather thick blindfold and headphones, blocking out light and sound. Despite her
quivering, the girl presented herself quite well, the back of her skirt pinned up crudely, and her dark
tights tugged down -- and, mmmh, what a lovely view, those fat, twin cheeks spilled over the fabric,
somewhat -- and allowing the viewer a look of the rather ... impressive base of the fat toy crammed
into her tight hole. Kotomi heard the girl whimpering, gasping quietly as she stayed put ... just how
long had she been up there, presented like that?

Of all the ways that Kotomi expected Makoto to follow her orders -- oh, and she
did expect Makoto
to follow her orders, the girl made it extremely clear that she would have done anything to belong to
Kotomi -- this certainly wasn't it. She figured, maybe, the girl would have found her, shown her the
toy in her ass, maybe in some empty classroom or something after school or during lunch or
something like that. This? This was so out of left field, she had no idea the summons from the little
first-year was even remotely related until she was encouraged to head up to the roof.

Where Makoto Niijima waited.

Ready, waiting, and apparently totally oblivious.

Of course it was dangerous. But Makoto, even before her submission, had a key weakness as
evidenced by the way she charged into situations she wasn't even remotely prepared for. Brilliant and
talented as she was, there was no understating that the girl was a little ... hot-headed and ultimately
reckless during situations. This rooftop rendezvous definitely fit the bill, having come up with the
plan late into the night, having gathered up the headphones and blindfold and prepared herself. Being
student council president gave her a degree of ... flexibility that most other students simply didn't
have. How long had she been up here? She wasn't sure, but long enough that being deprived of sight
and sound for so long addled her sense of time. Was it thirty minutes, or two hours?

A good domme would have taken Makoto aside at that point, chastised her for taking such incredible
risks, made it clear that those were not appropriate lengths to go to satisfy her desires ... but Kotomi
was not a good domme. Kotomi was a very egotistical, inexperienced domme, and as such, she ate
that kind of thing up with a spoon, legitimately impressed and turned on by the display before her.

She didn't bother speaking up -- Makoto couldn't have heard her anyway -- simply locking the door
behind her before striding up right behind the girl. Kotomi's hands slid over the luscious curves of
her ass, admiring the look of that obviously sizable toy in her ass. Stuffed right in there. Oh, Makoto
had obeyed, and the tableau before her couldn't be hotter; Kotomi's cunt grew hot and wet in her own panties already as she reached to take hold of that flared base, tugging it just a bit out of the girl just to see how thick it really was.

God, that toy was a beast. Rather impressively thick and wide, it stretched out that tight hole damn well, one simple tug on the base revealing just how much Makoto must have done to herself, how much the older girl must have trained to fit such a thing inside of her. Sharp, quiet little gasps escaped her as Kotomi tugged and forces it in and out of the girl, her knees buckling slightly, but remaining strong, keeping her position. Kotomi soon pushed it back in, satisfied -- and she wasn't particularly gentle about the whole matter, either.

"Can't believe you did all this. Anyone could have found you, and then how would I have gotten to have my fun?" Kotomi murmured, though she knew the girl couldn't hear her -- not with the way she blocked out her senses. She found it little exciting that Makoto came up with that particular twist, though, as the girl surely had no idea exactly what Kotomi intended to do. No idea when each touch would come.

Ah, and what a lovely image Makoto provided. That fat ass spilled out over her just barely tugged down enough tights, letting those thick cheeks hang out, so well presented. Her own cunt was a dripping mess, both her leggings and the lighter fabric of her panties, tugged aside, were shamelessly damp. At being so exposed. A vulnerable, presented plaything. Makoto almost jumped when Kotomi began to toy with the blinded, deafened girl, but to Makoto's credit, after the initial jump, she kept herself in position, though her legs did spread out a tiny bit farther, hips pushed back, trying to present to who she hoped was her Queen.

Speaking of, Kotomi's capable hands moved to bend Makoto forward a bit more at the waist, which forced that fat ass out even further -- all the more inviting, enticing. Her hands drew back, leaving Makoto without sensation for a solid ten seconds ... before the first strike came, her hand slapping down on that big butt hard enough to leave a red handprint in its wake. Another -- another -- Kotomi spanked her plaything, heedless of all else, each strike jostling that toy in her ass.

And Makoto couldn't help herself.

"Q-Queen!" Makoto squealed, her thighs brushing together, too overwhelmed. She hits her peak, technically the first climax another person ever brought her to, as she now leaned entirely against the wall, spasming and gasping out, whimpering as she rocked in the throes of her pleasure, fully confident that Kotomi was the one standing behind her with that familiar touch, that familiar roughness. Yet still, through it all, she tried to keep herself in position, upper half leaning heavily against the brick wall, bent over at an angle, wide hips and fat, reddened ass presented ...

Oh, Kotomi was one lucky girl.

She adored everything about that tableau, but ... she knew she shouldn't. She knew she shouldn't have indulged in that, she shouldn't have enabled Makoto like that, she shouldn't have encouraged the girl to risk her entire future, her whole life, just to sate their mutual desires. It was unhealthy at the very least, and it wasn't like Kotomi was desperate for action -- she already had three girls in her life extremely willing to get her off.

And yet, there she was. Because she didn't get that same rush of power with any of the others -- not even with Sadayo, who she had found that she was coming to genuinely care for on top of their Mistress/maid dynamic. But this? This was just ... raw, primal indulgence. The one in control, and the one being controlled. The Queen and her slave.

That spanking went on for some time -- even when the girl came, even when she shuddered and
struggled to maintain her position, even when her untouched cunt drooled down her spread thighs, Kotomi didn't stop -- again, again, again, until that fat, jiggling ass was bright red, until her hand ached from the constant contact, until she felt that Makoto simply couldn't handle much more of that treatment -- she was still new to being a slave, after all! The spanking came to a sudden, abrupt end, and poor Makoto -- deaf and blind as she was -- found herself effectively alone once more, the seconds dragging on into a few minutes. Would she move? Would she take off that blindfold, would she look around?

Or would she be faithful and wait for her next orders?

Kotomi bet on the latter, and Makoto proved she was a good girl, even though she quivered in the aftermath of such a harsh spanking, such rough treatment. The thought to do otherwise didn't even flicker across her mind, though she did shift position once or twice in trying to keep herself presented, unsure as the seconds ticked by; was she standing there, her ass still stinging for -- one? three? five? minutes?

Soon, she felt Kotomi's hands sliding up along her back, up toward her head, where she tugged off both the headphones and the blindfold, restoring her senses and bringing her back to the here and now, letting her lay eyes on Kotomi's smiling face. Makoto gasped as her senses were abruptly returned to her, letting her hear the sounds of the academy around her ... and letting her see the face of her Queen, her heart pounding thunderously in her chest.

Kotomi took the girl in her arms -- Makoto's been through a lot! -- and drew her up, helping to support her though she certainly didn't tug her panties or leggings back into place. Without a moment's more hesitation, she leaned to kiss the other girl, deeply, hungrily, letting her teeth sink into Makoto's lower lip, tugging it a little as she pulled back.

Poor Makoto was overwhelmed, though happy and comfortable and relieved to be in the arms of her Queen -- and kissing, too, hungry and desperate and eager, pleased that she seemed to have pleased Kotomi, awash in emotional fragility.

"Very good. I accept you, little bitch; you belong to your Queen now." No collar to commemorate the occasion? Not right that moment. But ... it would have been a lie to say she hadn't given it some thought.

A moment later, Kotomi abruptly reared back her hand and slapped Makoto across the face, her smile fading some, even while her other arm still held Makoto steady. "However, I did not give you permission to cum, and you'll be punished for that. Put yourself back together; you'll be hearing from me soon."

Oh, Kotomi thought had done this right. She thought did a good thing, giving Makoto what she wanted while indulging her own urges. In that moment, Kotomi was so fucking proud of herself, even as she finally released the girl, giving a swat to her reddened ass, and simply exit back through the door that lead back inside the school, leaving Makoto to pick up her own pieces. Because ... that was how Makoto wanted to be treated, right? She didn't want the soft, gentle domination that Kotomi gave Sadayo -- Makoto wanted something much, much more like what just happened.

A stunned look never left Makoto's face as Kotomi walks away with that smirk. Woozy, exhausted from the experience, the bottom heavy girl stared for a long moment even after Kotomi left, gone back into the building. She barely managed to fall back on her ass, drawing her clothing back into place as the tears slipped from her eyes, so tired and vulnerable and so, so confused. Of course she wanted rougher treatment. Craved it. But that didn't mean, even as she so eagerly sought the role of fucktoy, a thing to pleasure her Queen -- that didn't mean she wasn't still a person with emotional requirements and needs to be comforted. Especially in the fucked up, broken state she was in.
Unknown to Kotomi, Makoto did not return to her classes for the rest of the day.
Kotomi decided it was a pretty good time for her to visit Tae -- they had quite a few clinical trials, as Tae put it, and Kotomi found herself growing more and more fond of the gothy doctor ... and more and more determined to turn the tables. Every time she tried to push herself on top, the doctor always somehow turned things around on her, ending up with Kotomi on her back and Tae's pussy in her face with quiet insistence that she pleasure the good doctor. Which she always did, mind, but her experiences with Sadayo and then with Makoto started to tell her that she really could turn the tables on Tae, if she played her cards right. Because ... that's what Tae ultimately wanted, right? She never said as much, but ... the schoolgirl just got that feeling.

And it wasn't that submission didn't appeal to her -- she was always brought to powerful orgasm by the end of their sessions together -- but it was more that domination came much more naturally. Plus, she just sort of wanted to see if she can do it at all.

For the moment, Kotomi was settled in the doctor's lap, certainly a few inches shorter than the older woman and smaller in general, her hands eagerly exploring Tae's body, stripping her little by little, deft fingers slipping beneath her white lab coat and dress to tease at Tae's handfuls of titty or delving down beneath her skirt to stroke her lovely cunt, her lips all the while caught up in hungry, affectionate kissing, Tae's lap full of warm, excited, eager high school girl.

... Something was wrong. The gothy doctor felt it, felt something different in Kotomi. Not that she entirely disliked it, mind: there was a new confidence in the girl, something changed. It was in the big things, sure -- the way Kotomi kissed, the way her hands roamed over Tae's body, how she wiggled in her lap. But there was more to it, too, the way Kotomi held herself as she walked, the hint of a smirk on her lips ... all of this was very hot to the doctor, the hint that her crazy plan might be working. Yet, something about it all suggested a red flag, something about that confidence seeming more like -- cockiness ...

Regardless, they kissed and pet and squeezed away, Tae's hands slipping beneath Kotomi's clothing to help the dark-haired girl out of them, bits of clothing forming a familiar pile on the floor of her examination room. Those dark nails dragged and drifted across Kotomi's skin, lips pressed tight to the other pair, tongues battling, twisting together wetly as Tae gave back as good as she got, including a couple of fingers seeking out Kotomi's slit and digging within, greedily. Tae had something that none of Kotomi's other lovers had, a joy and confidence in what she did mingled together, a legit care and tenderness mixed in with zero fear about feeding her hungry, eager lusts.

"I've ..." Kotomi started, letting the kiss break, her chest heaving with her excitement and arousal. "I've been thinking, Tae." Whoa -- she almost exclusively had been calling her Miss Takemi ever since their first time together. A confident little smirk found its way to her lips, and one of her hands slipped up to tug meaningfully at the goth doctor's spiked collar. "It's about time I replaced this with one of mine, don't you think?" Damn, Kotomi, going for broke right out the gate. And yet, her experience with the other girls ... she genuinely believed it would work. "I'll be getting one for another girl I know anyway, and ..."

God, Kotomi's new confidence was fucking hot. But that hand went to the collar around her neck, and Kotomi couldn't help but notice Miss Takemi's mood immediately changed. Was this what Tae wanted? In a way, yes. Of course. Kotomi wasn't wrong there, not at all. But like this? The older woman went stiff, barely seeming to react to Kotomi's kisses, her hand frozen on the younger girl's thigh.

Of course Kotomi had no idea what she was doing. The sheer arrogance, while slightly arousing,
simply boggled Tae's mind. And so, for the first time since they met, more or less, her cool, collected character cracked, though the sound that rang out was more 'hand hitting face' than glass shattering.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" the older woman demanded, her hand stinging after delivering such a smack across Kotomi's face.

Kotomi really believed she was doing the right thing. She believed (rightly, unbeknownst to her) that Tae wanted to be dominated, that she wanted Kotomi to turn the tables on her, that she wanted Kotomi to go from a submissive, eager girl to a forceful, confident domme, and she genuinely believed that today was the day. Her confidence-cum-arrogance buoyed by her recent interactions with Makoto, who she also genuinely believed she was doing the right thing with, Kotomi decided that it was time to just go for it. It worked so well with all the other girls she'd been with, why wouldn't it work with Tae? She came so far from a shy little lesbian when she moved to Tokyo to someone with four girls she was regularly sexual with, and of course that was going to do a lot for a girl's ego.

But it misled her this time, didn't it? She thought she knew what she was doing, she thought going for that obvious symbol of intended submission would be absolutely the way to go, but she could tell from the moment she touched that spiked collar that she misplayed her hand. Kotomi expected Tae to laugh it off, to end up with Kotomi on her back like they always did, but what she didn't expect was the harsh slap to her young face.

In that instant, her confidence utterly shattered.

She didn't pull away from Tae's lap, but she went stiff in her straddling position there, eyes wide behind her glasses, and a shaking hand went up to her reddened, stinging cheek. She honestly struggled to keep her watering eyes from spilling over into outright crying. Not from pain, no -- at least, not just from pain, but she did exactly the same thing to Makoto a few days ago and it would have been pretty shitty for Kotomi to not be able to take what she dished out -- but from ... just from the raw shock of it. Shock that Tae slapped her like that, shock that her tactic backfired so harshly, shock that a girl wasn't just happily going along with Kotomi's will.

"I ..." she mumbled, reeling from Tae's abrupt harshness. Tae had never been anything but calm, in-control, guiding Kotomi toward their mutual pleasure with an experience that Kotomi envied, but it felt in that moment like Kotomi saw the real, genuine her for the first time since they met. She managed to muster up a bit of her anger and indignation: "I thought that's what you wanted!" You thought wrong, Kotomi.

"Makoto begged me to collar her." Was it a good idea to go and namedrop one of your other girls like that, Kotomi? Exposing her for the slut she was? Probably not, but she was too shaken to really think properly. Nor was it really going to help her case to boast about one of the other girls she was with, like it was some kind of competition. "It seemed like -- like you wanted it too." Her tone filled with hurt, her pride and ego utterly wounded after that harsh rejection -- but everyone's gotta experience rejection sometime, Kotomi. Today was just her day.

Deep down, Tae knew there was a better way to handle the situation. Really, if the same thing that had happened to Kotomi -- girls and women throwing themselves at her -- had happened to Tae at that age, she would have gotten cocky as fuck, too. And of course, the rational part of Tae's mind knew Kotomi couldn't know just how incredibly important that collar was to her, nor could she have known how rude and careless that little gesture was. All of that was what her usual cool, collected self would know and reflect, sitting Kotomi down to rationally explain to her: the world she helped nudge Kotomi toward with little explanation.

Tae was not that calm and collected woman.
"You have no clue what the fuck you're doing, do you?" It was all Tae could do not to cry, either, wetness building in her eyes, just barely keeping the tears back. She removed the younger girl from her lap, pushing her back -- not hard, but not gentle, either -- so that she fell back onto the examination bed, the doctor standing over her. "Do you think this is just a fucking ... a game?" Fuck, she was pissed, her hands twitching, balling at her sides, quivering slightly where she stood. She stepped forward, gazing down at the girl with anger and coldness.

No, Kotomi honestly had no idea what she was doing. Everything she managed thus far was just what she had been ... feeling out, so to speak -- following her instincts, going by reactions, letting her growing ego guide her. Sadayo, after all, never really seemed unhappy -- nor did Ann, and even as extreme as Makoto's tastes seemed to be, she didn't seem unhappy with Kotomi's treatment. So how could Tae have the gall to say that Kotomi didn't know what she was doing?

Because she just fucking didn't.

Pushed back onto the exam table, Kotomi's anger and indignation were quick to retreat, leaving her a suddenly scared, uncertain high school girl being pressed by an adult on things she almost certainly did wrong, and then Kotomi did cry. She just couldn't help herself, tears forming and falling beneath her glasses as she stared up at Tae, too stunned to manage a reply right away, having found herself pinned down on the exam table.

"What did you do to her?" Spat as an accusation at Kotomi. God, she was terrified. Afraid of what she may very well have had a hand in unleashing on some poor, unsuspecting and vulnerable girl. Makoto. And how dare Kotomi utter her name like that, breaking what should be such a valuable and sacred trust! There was just so fucking much Kotomi didn't know -- Tae knew she should be a mentor, an example, but she just couldn't help herself, anger and outrage winning out.

Kotomi didn't respond right away, and Tae was on her in a flash; there was no holding back or playfulness to her actions. The older woman pinned her down, but this time no kisses were incoming. Her voice found a strange, sensual purr to it all the less as she spoke her threat: "Tell me every last little fucking detail, girl. Or I will make you talk." And Kotomi knew by now, such a threat was very credible, indeed.

"She ... I didn't ... it was only what she wanted!" Sure about that, Kotomi? Absolutely fucking certain? Without a doubt, could you say that you didn't remotely misconstrue what Makoto wanted and needed? Scared and overwhelmed, the whole story spilled out of Kotomi -- not the Phantom Thief stuff, thankfully, not the fact that she was a literal criminal, but only the stuff about Makoto, how she invited Kotomi to her home and asked to be one of her partners ... and how things escalated so quickly from there. The collar, the girl's eager, almost crying submission, how she seemed so desperate for Kotomi's affection and approval ... and, of course, everything that happened on the school roof.

To her credit, Kotomi didn't leave out any details, nor did she skew them to make her own actions look better; whether that was from an innate sense of justice or whether Tae was just that intimidating in this moment, it wasn't clear, though Tae was really, really fucking intimidating. Kotomi had never seen the doctor like that -- she always seemed so cool, so calm and in control, always seeming to have a handle on the situation, but this? This was very much unlike her, and it had a pretty harsh effect on the high schooler.

"... and ... and so I thought I could do it to you, too." Kotomi finished her story, her tears never really stopped, and as she told it -- as she had to put everything into words and look back on it semi-objectively -- the seed of doubt was sown, and she wondered whether she really was giving Makoto what she wanted ... or whether she was just giving her what Kotomi thought Makoto wanted.
Oh, fuck.

The tears hurt. No denying that: it was a fucking knife to the heart, watching the girl break down, the tears streaming down her face. Again, Tae couldn't help but think of a younger version of herself, stumbling into the world of sexuality with little understanding of how things worked. How fucking lucky it was she found a mentor to take her under her wing, her care, to help her come to an understanding of what it was she wanted. And she couldn't help but think of how critical this moment was, that she provided the same for Kotomi, but she still boiled so goddamn hotly that it was hard to think straight.

The older woman pressed close to Kotomi, their bodies touching, skin against skin, but other than her breathing, her face so close to Kotomi's own, Tae remained mostly still, keeping her pinned. She listened to every word, every last little detail that came from Kotomi, and it only darkened her mood further. About how so much went ... wrong. The doctor only hoped that Kotomi hadn't done any lasting damage to the other girl, that it wasn't too late to salvage the situation.

"You idiot girl. You don't have any clue what could have happened, do you?" Again, her voice kept that half sensual, half dangerous purr to it. "Did you even think for a second about what would have happened if someone else walked up there while you were having your fun? Did you even consider that not only could you have ruined your own life, girl, but the life of someone who has put their trust in your foolish hands? Did you? Because I don't think you did, girl!" Girl. Girl. Girl. Quite the fall from Queen, as Tae pressed the point of Kotomi's youth over and over again. Kotomi was just a sixteen-year-old high schooler, after all, and her experience relatively brief; it only made sense that she would fuck up pretty royally. Just unfortunate that she had to harm another girl in her arrogant explorations.

"Or did you even consider her emotions?" Poor Makoto was ... broken. A girl trying to fill the void between the shattered pieces with something in such an unhealthy way. "Did you even talk to her about what she wanted, what she really wanted? Because so far, from what you've told me, you've done nothing but treat this like a game, like something to get off with and discard. That might be fine in your fantasies, but you have to remember that you're dealing with real people when you do things!" Boiling, boiling over, Tae shifted her grip, fingers digging into Kotomi's hair -- far from the first time, but it was a hard, deep grip this time, almost painful.

It really couldn't be emphasized enough that Kotomi had no idea what she was doing. Everything she managed, she managed on her own, for better or worse ... which, apparently, seemed to be mostly worse. Tae's current demeanor was intimidating enough on its own, but that coupled with her submissive habits toward the doctor ensured that just trying to leave, to escape this retribution, didn't even occur to her. After she explained everything, after Tae's harsh judgment, Kotomi knew that she fucked up, that she really made a series of extremely wrong decisions when it came to Makoto -- don't you remember, Kotomi, even then? Even when Makoto first spilled out her desires to you, the way she cried, the way she seemed so weak and helpless and desperate? Shouldn't that have been a big ol' red flag? Obviously, but she was too caught up in herself, in her triumph and ego over gaining yet another girl to add to her collection to notice, to stop and think.

She knew, Tae knew that there was a better way to do this, not even noticing the tears trickling down her own face, making her gothy makeup smear. "Stand up. Stand up, and bend over the examination table, girl." Once again, those lips brushed against Kotomi's ear, the quivering words whispered to her.

"I'm sorry ...!" she whimpered from her shame and the pain of having her dark hair pulled, even though she knew that it wasn't Tae she should apologize to. But it was Tae taking her to task in that moment, and when the order came for her to bend over the table, fear flared through her mind ... but
not a desire to escape. Scared and worried about exactly what the doctor intended to do to her, but whatever it was, she surely deserved it. "I didn't ... I was just ..." No point in trying to excuse your behavior, Kotomi. You fucked up. Own up to it, make it right.

When bidden, she rose up onto shaky legs before turning to bend properly over the exam table; they'd gotten to the point of Kotomi being stripped naked before she made her mistake, so the schoolgirl was still exceptionally exposed when she did bend over, her pale, round little ass fully on display -- a far cry from Makoto's luscious round moons in a similar situation, and despite the situation Kotomi did think back to that wonderful sight, but any arousal she felt was thoroughly quashed beneath a mountain of shame and uncertainty.

At that point, it was hard to imagine that she could have ever thought she could turn the tables on Tae -- she might have guessed accurately that the woman was a submissive at heart, just the same way Kotomi certainly identified more with domination, but her latent submissive instincts always managed to rise to the forefront when she was with the doctor.

"I am going to offer you a brief window into what you did. On how you harmed her. And then, hopefully, you will never make that mistake ever again." Despite herself, Tae watched the girl move and bend over her examination table, watching the curve of her body and the way her hips and rear looked, pressing back and outward, but no joy or lust appeared in how she spoke or carried herself, even colder than when doing medical business before their playtimes.

"I am going to take desires that you seem to hold and twist them to my own end, while asking you nothing. To show you simply how wrong you were. I do not think you will enjoy this. Keep your head forward, girl," Tae added as she walked away, quietly moving to the other side of the room, looking for ... something. It was hard for the younger girl to tell exactly, as she didn't dare try to turn or look anywhere but the wall before her.

No doubt existed Kotomi's mind that she deserved this.

Even as scared and repentant as she was, she understood what she did wrong, she understood the risks she foolishly took, she understood that she might have harmed Makoto in her thoughtlessness. That doesn't mean she welcomed the punishment, of course -- who ever wanted to be on the receiving end of ... whatever it was Tae intended to do with her? But worse than her fear of the punishment itself was the raw shame she feels for disappointing Miss Takemi, who up until then had been nothing but kind, understanding, accepting ... a role model, in a lot of ways. The sort of domme that Kotomi herself wanted to be.

If she could ever get to that point. She had the raw appeal, it seemed, just ... she needed to learn how to do this better. How to interact with all of her different girls and not cross the line into abuse, the way she apparently did with Makoto -- oh, she knew she needed to sit down and talk with that girl, she needed to apologize and hope that Makoto didn't rebel and ruin the budding Phantom Thieves as would be so easy for her to do.

Finally, though, after nearly two minutes of waiting, after hearing cabinets and drawers open and shut, the doctor returned to where Kotomi waited. "You are going to listen to me very, very carefully, girl." Tae's hand seized hold of her hair once more, pulling her head back as the other hand rested against Kotomi's outthrust rear, keeping her in place against the bed, dark lips pressed to her ear, but her words so cold, so distant. "What you are about to feel next is going to hurt. I will not lie to you about that. But you are going to count each and every blow out loud for me, until we get to ten. Do you understand?"

Tae drove every thought out of Kotomi's mind with that dangerous but alluring voice, telling her that she was going to have to suffer a punishment. A ... painful punishment, by the sound of it, and
Kotomi told the doctor she understands. Count out each one, Kotomi.

Tae waited until she had agreement before she stepped back and took a deep breath. She hated this, but in her own mind, it was the best way to teach Kotomi. By showing her a small portion of the very sin she has committed. "Ready yourself. One. Two --" There was no three when Tae swung. But what made impact with Kotomi's ass wasn't the doctor's hand, rather something much more painful than that, the crop in her hand delivering quite a harsh, painful sting across the surface on one cheek.

And so she waited for Kotomi to count out the blow, before she continues.

And she did.

One.
Two.
Three.
Four.
Five.
Six.
Seven.
Eight.
Nine.
Ten.

It was not an easy task, especially once she got to around five, the poor girl rendered sobbing with pain, every strike of the crop undoubtedly leaving welts on her tender ass. It was hard, but the fact that Tae didn't continue until Kotomi counted it out was encouragement enough, and by the time the final one landed she all but collapsed on the exam bed, her ass aching, stinging, sore, raw, more painful than she could have thought. Was this -- was this how Makoto felt? Was this how it was for her, after her spanking on the roof? And then Kotomi had the fucking nerve to slap her and leave her, just like that -- if any one thing illustrated the mistakes she's made, it was that.

Goal achieved, apparently.

Each blow is accounted for eventually, even though it took the space of nearly an hour to drag each and every last number from Kotomi. Knowing what she was doing, at least, Tae took care not to go too overboard, at least: the blows were well distributed, if a little too much, too hard for someone new to such things like Kotomi. But what was most... confusing was how Tae dropped the crop the moment the punishment was over, and took out her cell phone, the sound of the camera shutter went off a few times in rapid succession, collecting incriminating images of Kotomi and that reddened, welting ass.

"Now then. How about I send these pictures to your guardian and several of your teachers?" Tae had no intention of doing so, and it would have undoubtedly ruined the both of them if she did; but then, that too was part of the lesson, wasn't it?

The unmistakable sound of a cell phone camera made her fear flare within an instant as she struggled to turn to look -- surely Tae wasn't doing what Kotomi thought she was doing! "N... no, please, y-you can't!" she managed, choked with sobs. If those pictures got out -- especially to her guardian -- on probation as she was, she undoubtedly would have ended up locked up. No question. They surely would have brought Tae down with them, so she knew the threat was a hollow one, but the idea of having her life absolutely ruined was terrifying enough. "Please, Miss Takemi, I'll...!"

"... Never fuck up like that again?" Tae offered, her voice finally softening at least a little. With a
sigh and a shake of her head, the doctor showed off the photo album on her phone to Kotomi, and one by one, went through each picture, deleting them all except the very last one.

Kotomi's relief built more and more with every deleted photo ... though some anxiety remained as she noticed one photo left over. What, as insurance? Or ...? Her thoughts derailed when Tae settled next to her, seemingly past her raw anger at what Kotomi had done, and the younger girl crawled up onto the exam table properly -- carefully, wincing at the lingering pain of her abused ass -- and let her head rest in Tae's lap while the woman explained herself.

"You know. This collar was given to me when I wasn't much older than you. She was the first woman I ever, truly loved." Her voice was almost back to its old self, if at a quiet whisper as she spoke, continuing to slowly stroke the girl. "She was the one that showed me so many, many things. Taught me what it meant to really put my trust in someone -- on both an emotional level and on a physical level. After quite a while, I finally took to my knees for her, and she granted me this collar. Do you understand why I'm telling you all this, Kotomi?" Her gaze turned to Kotomi, a sad little smile on her face.

"She left the country several years back, as I went my own way to be a doctor. Even though I've been with so many other partners -- though not many in the last couple years -- I still wear it. For her, and for me. That's why it's so significant to me, and why I so rarely, rarely ever take it off. So, you can maybe understand why I got as defensive as I did." The doctor chuckled and shut her eyes for a moment. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gotten so carried away. But, I thought it best I show you what you did, more than just tell you."

"Listen to me, very carefully. You have to fix this. You may not like it, but you created this mess, and it's your responsibility to clean it up. That girl -- Makoto. She is not in a good place right now. Not at all. Without meaning to, you took advantage of her fragile state. There's nothing wrong with ... using her, if that's what she really, fully wants. So long as you take care of her, before and during and after. But ... using this sort of thing to try and fill in the hole in her heart? That's dangerous."

"So. I think it is critical you go to her. Today. You need to have a talk with her, and apologize to her - and set some very clear, strict rules. She needs a firm hand to guide her, from what you told me. But you have to remember: even through the roughest, most kinky things you can do, it's still another person you're doing it to. And that means the before and after, too, like I said."

Leaning in, Tae delivered a kiss to Kotomi's forehead, before letting her lips draw down to her ear, murmuring, sensually now: "I will not wear your collar. But that doesn't mean I won't kneel for you, Kotomi -- when you're ready for me." And before Kotomi managed to work up a response, she delivered a full kiss on the lips, warm and passionate and deep, lingering for several long, long moments, pouring everything she had into it, all the emotion of the last hour or so all built up into that one deep, long lock of the lips.

Tae's reassurance that she would, one day, kneel for Kotomi brought her a lot of delight, a lot of optimism -- Tae, at least, wanted to keep seeing her, and saw potential within her! Which meant a whole hell of a lot to the girl in a vulnerable state like this, and she so happily returned that kiss, pouring all of her gratitude, her apology, her respect for the woman into that gesture, fingers clinging lightly to the doctor -- if ever there were a time that she just knew her bond with someone is deepening, that moment had arrived.

Laughing softly, Tae's eyes fluttered open and she pulled away to start gathering Kotomi's clothing. "Now -- c'mon. You need to go see someone." There's one last pause, though, as Tae added a smirking afterthought before Kotomi left. "Oh. Right. I think I'll keep that last picture, if you don't mind. For myself. You look cute with your ass so red ..."
Taking her clothing and quickly redressing once more -- and wincing as she drew her underwear over her welt-covered ass; sitting down was going to be uncomfortable for a little while! -- Kotomi blushed at the doctor's explanation for that last photo. Because she enjoyed the sight of Kotomi bent over, ass reddened, helpless and vulnerable. "It's okay if you hold onto it, I g-guess. Thank you ... Miss Takemi." She wasn't 'Tae' yet. Not yet. She hadn't earned it.

Determined, Kotomi headed out and immediately sent a text to the girl in question: a terse "I need to see you right now. Meet me at Leblanc when you're able." Sort of a risky destination, given their relationship, but ... Kotomi didn't really foresee any noisy exploits happening that night. Plus, she guessed that Sojiro probably wouldn't protest the idea of the student council president coming over to see after the delinquent.

Unsurprisingly, Makoto responded with her agreement almost immediately and made her way to Leblanc in less than half an hour. She was dressed more or less the same as she was that morning, clad in her skirt and tights and uniform. Meeting Kotomi's gaze was ... difficult, to say the least. Every time their eyes seemed to connect, she glanced away. While unaware of what exactly was going on, Sojiro wasn't totally clueless, raising a brow at the pair as they finally untangled themselves away from his lame (if well meaning) attempts at conversation, and the old man finally left for the night.

The fact that Makoto agreed so quickly to come see Kotomi was a little concerning in and of itself -- she should have been angry with Kotomi for the way she treated the older girl. She should have been furious! And yet, she came back without hesitation, even though Makoto knew she just might have been due for another punishment, as Kotomi mentioned to the girl before she left that morning. Still, Kotomi was glad for the opportunity to apologize, to make things right.

The very second that Kotomi laid eyes on Makoto, she realized the enormity of what she did. Of the way she took advantage of a fragile, damaged girl and used her to her own ends. She clearly needed a lot more affectionate care than she had been receiving, and Kotomi didn't even think about that until that moment -- until after Tae showed her the error of her ways.

The way Makoto couldn't quite seem to meet her gaze made Kotomi's heart ache, and all she could do was try to disengage from Sojiro, to help him realize that she and Makoto needed some time alone together without outright saying that. Fortunately, he got the picture quickly enough, and the moment he left, Kotomi turned to apologize to Makoto ...

... only to have the student council president beat her to it.

"I - I - I'm sorry!" she cried out, burying her head in her hands, the tears flowing freely. "I'm sorry I c-came when you d-didn't tell me I could!" The slap to the face, the cold dismissal by Kotomi: it had been weighing on her mind ever since, having left classes and gone home and sat in her bed and cried and tried to understand. But clearly, it had to be her fault. Right? That was the only thing that explained it all. Her fault. Her fault for ruining it, the thing she wanted for so long. Turned out, after being blamed so much despite such a flawless record, she learned to blame herself for things.

Kotomi stood stunned as Makoto actually apologized, as she broke down into tears, each one a new knife in Kotomi's heart. How could she have done this? How could she have harmed the girl like that? Taken her, used her, tossed her aside? In the space of a day, she gained such new perspective all thanks to the doctor, and she wasn't going to squander the opportunity to make it right.

"P-please Queen! Don't leave me --! I - I'll do whatever it t-takes to make it right. T-to apologize. Please!" And she was on her feet again, still crying, tears trickling down her face as she stumbled over to the nearby bar. She reached back, tugging up her skirt and pulling down her tights some, revealing the broad, flared base of that fat toy still stuffed between those thick, soft cheeks. "I - I
didn't take it out, y-you didn't t-tell me I c-could. Please ...!

And even then, Makoto showed her that the toy was still inside of her -- Kotomi's own ass stung still, but she couldn't even imagine how Makoto felt, being stuffed full all day! "Oh, Makoto ..." she breathed, stepping close. "We can take this out, now." Her hand went to that flared base, gently drawing it out of her -- her touch was much softer, much more caring than it was the last time they were together.

Makoto leaned against that hard surface, tears splashing down as Kotomi withdrew the toy. "N-no!" she protested at first, shaking her head -- why would she ever have wanted Kotomi to take the one, hard proof of loyalty Makoto knew she had? Thankfully, the younger girl's quiet, soft tone and gentle touch calmed the class president long enough for Kotomi to draw out the toy; really, it was quite a wonder she kept such a thick, long thing buried within her for all these hours. A pathetic, if kind of cute whimper left her lips as Kotomi pulled it free, those plump cheeks forced to part before coming back together.

Once it slipped out, once poor Makoto was finally left empty, she gestured to one of the booths. "Sit down, Makoto. Just ... relax a second. I promise I'm not angry at you."

Nodding, weakly, Makoto made her way over to one of the booths, putting her clothing back as she did so. Somewhat like Kotomi, she also winced, moving and even sitting a little strange feeling after having been stuffed so very, very full for most of the day. Makoto tried to gather her composure a little, sniffing, but every peak came with a crash, a fresh wave of tears trickling away. She was just so confused and a little lost at all of this. Was she doing the right thing? Was she not?

Kotomi took the toy to the sink behind the bar, briefly rinsing it off before leaving it there for the time being -- just don't forget about it before Makoto leaves, Kotomi! -- and returning to settle opposite the other girl. They could have gone up to her attic room, but for a conversation like the one she was about to initiate, she preferred the inherent separation of a booth -- easier to keep their respective heads clear.

"Makoto, I'm sorry." Kotomi had apologized a million times in her life, but never -- ever before -- had it been quite so heartfelt as that one. "I'm sorry for the way I treated you. You didn't deserve that, and ... it was wrong of me." To say the least. "I took advantage of you, and I absolutely shouldn't have. I understand if you don't trust me any longer, if you don't want me in your life this way."

"W-why are you apologizing? It's my fault!" Years of this warped Makoto into believing such things. The whole mess was all a lot of emotions wrapped up and buried for years, and it was a good thing they came to the surface, it really was, but there was a lot to work through before Kotomi would have been able to make any significant progress. To her credit, Makoto listened to what Kotomi has to say, but she didn't get it -- it should have been so obvious to the bright girl, but she thought with her aching heart and not her head.

"I don't understand! You -- you were just giving me what I wanted, y-you're my Queen!" The edge of desperation crept once more into her voice. What was it Tae said? Something about how Makoto was using ... all of this as a way to fill in the pieces of her damaged heart? It was almost a little sad, seeing the girl who proved herself so fucking strong the other 99% of the time broken apart like this. There had to be a middle ground of some sort, right? Some way to balance her incredible strength while providing an outlet for her submission. "W-why would I want you out of that part of my life...?"

"And I will continue to be your Queen for as long as you want me to be," she replied gently, a little smile making its way to Kotomi's lips. "But if we are going to do this, then we are going to do it right." Poor Makoto really did need a firm hand to guide her -- and a kind hand to reassure her, each
"Right now, I want us to be able to talk directly. Not as Queen and her servant, but as ... us. Kotomi and Makoto." She sought to push the power structures out of their minds ... as much as they could. Kotomi reached across the booth table with one hand, seeking to gently take one of Makoto's own. "I want to have this relationship with you. I want to give you what it is you need, what will fulfill you. I want to treat you the way you want to be treated. I want, most of all, to make you happy, Makoto. To do that, I need to know what you truly want, what you truly need from me -- from the girl who would be your Queen." If she was even able. If Makoto truly accepted her in that role. Her voice was steady, her eyes filled with concern, with affection for the girl across from her.

"I need you to know that I'm not going to reject you. I'm not going to abandon you. No matter what. You can tell me anything, Makoto, about what makes you happy, or what doesn't. What you want, or what you'll never want. This isn't just about me." That last ... that last was the lesson that she's truly learned. That Tae forced her to acknowledge. It wasn't just about her, it wasn't just about taking what pleasure she wanted from Makoto heedless of the girl's own feelings; even if Makoto thought she wanted that, the pain that she's suffering right here and now was plainly obvious, and Kotomi wanted to relieve her of that.

"I'm here for you, Makoto. I promise." Sort of a far cry from the encounter they had the previous night, but ... it just went to show how off base she really was.

Was Kotomi the right person for the job? Her earlier mistake with Makoto not included, there was a lot to make the argument that she might have been. Even acknowledging that the mistake was a big one, nobody's perfect -- and beyond that, the once quiet, loner girl had done quite the remarkable job of balancing ... well. Everything. Not just the various relationships, but fighting monsters and plunging into the palaces to steal the all important treasures. (God, that day just seemed like it lasted forever, and they were planning on visiting the next palace tomorrow ...) Plus, Kotomi cared. It might not have seemed like a lot, but it would have been so easy to just ignore the problem and leave it for Makoto to figure out on her own. The fact that every tear the girl cried was a dagger, another pain to the heart -- the fact that she was there trying to fix her huge mistake, actually wanting to try and clean up her own mess -- said a lot for Kotomi in Makoto's estimation. But Makoto just was such a mess ... was Kotomi sure she wanted to take this on, if Makoto agreed?

Makoto, for her part, stayed mostly quiet as Kotomi spoke, save for a few sniffles and the occasional whimper from shifting on her rear, still feeling quite awkward after so many hours of being so utterly full. Speaking as equals? Pushing the power structure away? That structure was part of what Makoto latched on to so hard. Someone to obey and to listen to, to allow all the responsibilities and difficulties of being ... well, her ... slip away from her. But ... talking like that, like equals, calm ... and with reassurances from the younger girl all helped to break through Makoto's various barriers. Allowed her to ... think, properly, with that brilliant mind. The first time she was really able to sit and think straight in almost two, three days, with her awakening and then the encounter with Kotomi and everything that followed. It was that moment that Makoto realized just how tired she was. Absolutely exhausted. Taking a breath, she squeezed Kotomi's hand.

"I'm sorry. No, hold on. Please." Returning the smile, she lifted up a hand to stop Kotomi's inevitable interruption and shook her head. "I'm not absolving you of fault, Qu ... Kotomi. But I should apologize as well. I ... don't think it was right of me. I invited you to my home, specifically so you could do ... what you did. In a way. Did you exploit me? Yes ... but I also created the situation for you to do just that, right? So at least allow me to take a little of the blame." That smile grew a little as she said so, though she glanced away from Kotomi for a long moment, sighing. "But. I. You're right. When you l-left me at school. You hurt me. Badly. Kotomi, I needed you to tell me that everything
was alright. But you abandoned me." Makoto's voice gained a slight, bitter edge to it as she spoke, seeming more and more properly herself, that stronger, self-reliant Makoto, as the words flowed. "In that moment, I -- I hated you. But even more, you made me hate myself. In that moment, you ... you, made me feel more a failure than anyone else, except maybe my sister." It hurt to say that, but speaking the truth slipped a weight from the older girl's shoulders, even as the tears came silently.

"Kotomi, I -- I wanted to do those things with you. You gave me something I was looking for, for so l-long. And when we kissed. Umnh!" Makoto shivered, taking a moment to savor the memory, even with the serious discussion. "But. I don't know if I trust myself. Or ... you, after what happened. Everything happened so fast. Um. But." And finally -- finally -- Makoto glanced back to Kotomi, nodding to the other girl. "I would like to keep exploring things. With you. Together. I know you're new at it too, right? As long as we take it slow -- very slow, for now -- and talk things out as we go. That's ... better, right? Just. Please. You have to look out for me. If I get -- get too deep like that. I have to know, before anything else, that I can trust you to pull the plug if need be. Whether that's in the moment or ... everything, us, as a whole. D-does that make sense?"

When Makoto emphasized just how much it hurt her to be abandoned like that -- oh, it hurt Kotomi. Hurt her quite a lot. She would have given anything to go back and fix that mistake, were she able, but what was done was done, and all she could do was try and do better from that moment on. "I want to keep doing this with you, too, Makoto. I do like the idea of you being ... mine." Kotomi grinned a little at that, her cheeks flushed some with the embarrassment of such an admission. "But we'll do it right this time, won't we? We'll take it slow, we'll feel one another out. I only want to do to you what you want me to do to you ... I want this to be about both of us."

Taking it slow. Of course Makoto still had her fantasies, those dark, lusty thoughts that lingered in the corner of her mind, and perhaps it went without saying, perhaps not, but most of the once mysterious figures in those fantasies now very much resembled Kotomi. Imagining the younger girl doing such lovely, delicious terrible things to her, of driving her to the brink and back, over and over. But. She understood now, understood that it wasn't good to just ... dive into the deep end, essentially. That she needed to trust Kotomi to do those things, to trust the other girl to take care of her properly, which -- being entirely honest -- neither of them was ready for. They needed to take things slow and learn. But that wasn't such a bad thing, was it, Makoto? Really, it could be quite fun, slowly learning together, really delving deep, together. To make the submission all the sweeter, with someone owning not just her body -- but her heart, as well.

And then Kotomi teased her, commented on how she liked that Makoto ... belonged to her, and her heart fluttered. Kotomi was younger than her by a year, and really ... that added a little spice to it, didn't it? Makoto found herself staring, her own cheeks blushing a brighter red, just enjoying the sight of the girl sitting across from her. How much did she watch the footage of Kotomi with her other partners, before calling her over? Quietly ... familiarizing herself with Kotomi's body. If there was one thing Makoto knew how to do, it was how to study and put that studying to good application. There was just something about Kotomi that caught her breath -- maybe it was the glasses hiding those wicked, teasing eyes? Or maybe it was the confident grin on her face, how soft those lips looked. Or. Or. Maybe one of a thousand other things that made her want to call the girl her Queen.

Makoto's agreement -- that she was willing to, effectively, start over and try things again much more carefully meant a lot to Kotomi. A whole lot. More than she could ever have conveyed, but her heart warmed within her chest, giving a little squeeze of emphasis to the other girl's hand. "We could even start tonight, if you feel up to it. Nothing rough, nothing complex --" she hurriedly explained -- it had been a hell of a long day, and they did have Kaneshiro's Palace facing them the next day! But it was something she wanted to address, given something that Makoto mentioned. "We could start with something very easy, very simple."
Kotomi released Makoto's hand, sliding out from her side of the booth, and moved to settle in next to the older girl instead, reaching up with tentative fingers to stroke over Makoto's cheek. "Is it all right if I kiss you again, Makoto?" She asked. She felt things out. She wasn't assuming, not simply taking what she desired -- maybe they'd get to that point sometime, where they were comfortable enough with one another for Kotomi to genuinely know what Makoto wanted, but it would take a lot of time and discussion to get to that point. Right now? Better if she took it slow. Better if she were careful.

"Um!" Makoto barely had time to react as Kotomi switched seats, sitting next to the bottom-heavy girl -- Makoto wasn't sure why Kotomi seemed to squirm a bit when sitting, but she got a good giggle at the fact that both of them were.

Oh, yes -- sitting was sort of difficult for the both of them at that moment, though she wasn't about to come out and say exactly why her own ass was a bit on the tender side. And poor Makoto, having to suffer so many hours with that surprisingly sizable toy stuffed in her ass -- and after the spanking Kotomi gave her that morning! -- but wasn't it a little hot, a little flattering to know she kept it inside all day, since Kotomi didn't give her permission to remove it? Oh, yes. And there was no doubt that Kotomi intended to abuse that tight rear more in the future, just ... more safely.

"Nnh ..." God. Those fingers on Makoto's cheek felt so good, and if her heart wasn't beating at an absurd pace before, it sure was now, learning that -- in a somewhat different way -- she craved that soft, light touch just about as much as the harder touches from before. "Kiss me? Oh. Ohh. Yes. I - I would like that. Very much, Queen." But Makoto wasn't just idle with such a proposition.

Kotomi's heart fluttered a little at Makoto so willingly calling her Queen -- even after everything, that particular dynamic wasn't going anywhere, and she really loved it ... she adored the sound of the word from Makoto's lips, the inherent respect and admiration that came with such a title, and most of all she loved the fact that Makoto still trusted her enough to use it. Wanted her to be her Queen. It wasn't a responsibility she took lightly any longer.

No, blushing a bright red and leaning in, Makoto was submissive as she kisses, her tongue yielding to Kotomi's advances, but she didn't roll over, either. She had an eagerness, a hunger to her kiss that she kept restrained in the moment. There would be time for such things later, she felt, she knew, as they explored their mutual depravity together. For the time being, her kiss was hot, passionate and wet, more the kiss of a lover locking lips with her beloved for the first time in ages than the kiss of a desperate, submissive slut. Makoto pressed herself close, closer still to Kotomi, practically into the other girl's lap as they kissed, wanting -- needing -- to feel that closeness. That tenderness and protection.

Kotomi leaned into that kiss happily, confidently, affectionately, her tongue pushing boldly into the other girl's mouth, adoring the obvious feeling of submission she got from the other girl ... but willing, excited submission, not the raw desperation from earlier. Kotomi's hand slipped down from the older girl's cheek, sliding down along her body to come to rest on Makoto's rear, giving a soft squeeze of that voluminous cheek -- fuck, she really loved Makoto's fat ass, no question -- but she was careful not to be too rough with it, given the ... ordeal she went through. Still, she wanted to show her appreciation, her affection, her interest, and her fingers gently sunk into that flesh as Makoto just about poured herself into Kotomi's lap -- Kotomi might have been a year younger, but she was an inch or two taller than the student council president, and other than her ass Kotomi was a bit bigger everywhere; that ass easily overflowed her lap, but otherwise Makoto was able to comfortably settle in.

Kotomi was Makoto's first kiss, and that moment was when she knew she was gone. Being a submissive thing to someone was one thing, but feeling that deep, tender, emotional connection was
what she really sought. And oh, it almost made her feel lightheaded as they kissed, lips pressed together so tightly, letting her arms slip forward to wrap around Kotomi's neck, drawing herself into the slightly taller girl's lap, utterly enjoying how ... good, how right it felt to have that fat, ample rear fill up Kotomi's lap, rocking down against it slightly. The hands to her plump, juicy cheeks drew cute, gasping little whimpers that leaked into Kotomi's mouth, quiet groans of pleasure from the older girl. Makoto proved quite reluctant to let it end, eager to keep their lips linked as long as possible, wanting to keep herself in this precious moment.

But ... Kotomi soon let that kiss draw to a close, gently pulling her lips away from Makoto's, a fire in her eyes and a grin on her lips. "There ... I think that's a much better place to start." Confidence returned to her tone -- the air of a Queen, but it was backed by blatant care and affection. "I think you should return home for tonight, however. It's been a ... long day, to say the least, and we still have quite a day ahead of us tomorrow; we both could use our rest, don't you think?" She gave the girl's rear a little pat, gently drawing the older girl out of her lap, before drawing up and out of the booth. "We'll have plenty of time to continue our ... explorations, and I'm excited to do just that with my loyal, lovely servant."

Oh ... better not forget that buttplug. That would be ... uh, troublesome.

Makoto smiled at Kotomi, though with an adorable demureness, head tilted down and peering up at Kotomi. "Thank you, Queen!" she gasped happily, joy singing in her heart. But yes, as with all things it came to an end eventually, though she stayed close to Kotomi even as they walked to the door ... and Makoto almost did forget the toy. Biting her lip, a wicked -- if slightly timid -- grin found its way back to her face, cheeks blushing one final time for the night. "Um. I ... I don't have any other way to transport it, Queen. Um. Would you ... do the honor?" She made it clear, though, that she was quite all right with the arrangement, and she really didn't have a way to carry it back, no purse or anything. That grin stayed on her lips even as her hands pressed briefly against the wall, reaching back to let her fat ass spill free one final time for the night -- gasping, giggling, whimpering with delight as Kotomi obliged and filled her up one last time before heading home.

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And so the team made their way deep within the Palace, fighting an entirely new group of monsters and beasts. Now Kotomi had two girls that she knew had her back completely, Ann and Makoto fighting hard to protect the one they cared for so intimately. But the Palace revealed itself to be quite the challenge, longer and more intense than anything prior to it, the long hallways and vaults seeming to stretch on and on -- they simply had to be getting close to the end, or so Kotomi thought, before the damn cat revealed they still had an entire quarter of the palace left when they called it quits for the day. There was no denying it -- even after letting the boys switch in and do some of the heavy work, the lot of them were utterly, entirely exhausted, their power and abilities spent. If nothing else, though, there was plenty of time left before their deadline ...
The Surprise, The Threesome

Chapter Notes

Hi everybody! Hope you're all enjoying the story so far! Just a reminder that, like all authors, I thrive off of feedback and welcome any kind of criticism or thoughts or -- god forbid -- praise that you might have to offer! If there are scenes between specific pairings you want, feel free to request them! I have a WHOLE lot planned, but I'm sure there's a lot that I haven't yet thought of!

Enjoy! Kisses, love! <3

Exhausted as she was, Kotomi had little on the mind beyond her bed. Cramped and a little dirty as it was, at least the bed was plenty comfortable, especially after such a long day. As such, it was a little surprising -- and intriguing -- when Ann sent Kotomi a text, asking if they could meet up at Kotomi's place. 'I know you're tired, and so am I. But... I had a great idea about how we can relax together. It's a little surprise that I think you'll like. Can I come over?' All she had to do was wait after replying, as Sojiro had already left for the night, leaving Kotomi alone.

Until Ann showed up. As ever, the busty blonde was delighted to see her girlfriend -- if a little drained from the day spent in the Palace -- indulging in a soft, lazy little makeout session at the door, always seeming to know just how best to lean against Kotomi so her tits pressed against the dark haired girl, letting Kotomi feel the soft, heavy weight against them, and Kotomi took the opportunity to lazily paw at those luscious, full mounds. Given that distraction, however, it took Kotomi a few moments, with her eyelids fluttering slowly open after the kiss, to notice someone else lingering in the doorway. Sadayo, maid outfit and all, stood there with a blush coloring her cheeks, glancing downward.

With a little grin on her face, Ann explained. "Wellll, I could tell something was up. You know? You never said who it was, just an older woman. But! I totally started to notice the way she got around you at school." Ann giggled, shaking her head. "So I asked her about it. It took a little doing, but I finally had her help me connect the dots. Don't worry. I promise I won't tell anyone, either. But, I figured, with how busy we were with everything today... we could both use a little bit of relaxation, huh? So. Um. I talked to her and agreed to pay double the... special rate, plus a little extra, using my share of the profits."

The little, disheveled maid watched with wide eyes as the girls lazily made out, hands roaming over one another's bodies, teasing and groping. Ann was as delighted as ever to let Kotomi play and tease those fat, ample tits, groaning a little as her girlfriend squeezed her there, eager hands holding Kotomi by the rear and squeezing right back, pressing their bodies tightly together. And the model looked -- and was! -- quite pleased indeed after explaining her little detective work.

For her part, Sadayo still couldn't believe she agreed to this. Before, she would have told herself that it was all the money, and it was a rather hefty sum indeed that Ann paid her. But, then, that wouldn't entirely be truthful, would it? The cute little maid found herself looking forward to and delighting at Kotomi's calls, pleased to see her Mistress once again, amazed at how easy that M-word tumbled from her lips. Their encounters together were so passionate and intimate as the younger girl taught the teacher that she could be loved, showed her the intimate possibilities of her body, made her feel
so many, many things. Along with *just* how happy she can make someone if the number of climaxes Sadayo had brought her Mistress to was any indication.

And, no, the money definitely didn't hurt, that was for sure.

Still. This was new territory for her.

Oh, poor Sadayo. Though she didn't mind that badly, considering the hefty amount of money she made off the night. Plus, she felt as if she could trust Ann, too, though now it was two girls that knew her secret. On top of that, her heart was beating like crazy, her cheeks burning hot at the idea of being the servant girl of not just one, but *two* of her students. (And yet, the slit between her legs dripped, adding one taboo on top of another.) Smoothing out her skirt, she beamed and slipped inside, cheerfully slipping up to Kotomi and raising up on her tiptoes, giving the younger girl a kiss. Kotomi happily returned that kiss, greeting Sadayo -- Becky, right now! -- with a teasing little grope of her hand slipping down to press against the maid's cunt through the layers of her skirt and panties, before drawing back.

"Hiii, Mistress~! Everything she said is correct! So -- Becky belongs to the both of you for the night, to help you relax!" A pause, before she added, quietly, a soft little giggle at her lips: "H - however that might be!"

"This is one hell of a surprise," Kotomi readily replied -- she was exhausted, sure, but a threesome with your girlfriend and your teacher-cum-maid was just something you didn't turn down. Ever. "Did I ever mention you're the greatest girlfriend in the world?" she teased Ann, before beckoning them both within, locking the front door to Leblanc behind them.

Laughing, Ann watched Kotomi take a turn with Sadayo, and the hot model gave a little groan at watching the two kiss, at watching Kotomi be so -- dominant -- with Becky. Fuck. She was glad she was right, as it turned out watching another girl making out with her girlfriend proved itself quite the bit on, already feeling her tiredness washing away with her libido kicking to life. "Oh, shush. I'd be the greatest girlfriend, maybe, if my tits were actually bigger!" Ann shot back with a teasing little wink. For now, though, the group made their way upstairs.

Upstairs, Kotomi bit her lower lip, as if unsure exactly what to do first -- she had been with several women at that point, but never more than one at a time! Plus, when she was with Sadayo, it was always such an ... intimate thing, always seeming to focus more on the maid's body than her own, but now ...

Even as Kotomi considered her options, Ann wasn't one to sit idle, using that initiative that Kotomi adored so much. "Nng! M-Mistress!" Becky squeaked as Ann slipped up to the maid from behind, nibbling at the older woman's neck, letting her hands slowly run along Becky's hips, her front, in full view of Kotomi. The little maid squirmed and gasped, nibbling her own bottom lip before Kotomi finally gave her order.

"Becky, mmh ... why don't you help us undress?" Ann and Kotomi both, before regarding the blonde with a grin. "You've really come a long way from just being 'curious' about being with a girl," Kotomi teased. "Never thought you'd make such an effort to go find my lovely little maid to come and service the both of us ..."

Ann playfully gave the woman a bump of the hips to urge her forward. Becky got to work quickly, even as Ann chattered back with Kotomi, Kotomi's clothing slipping away piece by piece, the blushing Becky delivering feathery, almost worshipful kisses across increasingly exposed skin. "I could say the same of you, too, you know! We've both come a long way from that first make out, huh? Oh, hey ..." Ann offered, leaning forward to both allow a lovely view of her deep cleavage to
Kotomi and to deliver a playful swat to Becky's ass, causing the maid to let out quite an adorable little yelp. Becky wasn't used to submitting to someone else, not like this, clearly ... and Kotomi imagined (correctly) that this was Ann's first experience or even nibble at a domme sort of position, so it was a little interesting to watch the two interact.

Kotomi's dynamic with each of her girls was fully established at this point, but ... bringing two of them in at once was ... new. Very new. Unexplored territory for all three of them, but seeing the easy way Ann interacted with Sadayo was more than a little exciting, finding that her girlfriend seemed all too ready to explore just about anything. Fucking a girl? Sure. Following Kotomi through a hazy blue door into a place that shouldn't have existed where both of them were so much more endowed than normal? No questions there. Inviting their teacher-slash-maid to come and service the both of them? Apparently that wasn't a step too far either, and Kotomi found herself very much coming to love Ann's explorative nature, her enthusiasm, her powerful libido that seemed to match her own.

"Mmh, you're right, you know ..." Kotomi spoke up to Ann, even as Becky went about stripping Kotomi of her clothing, little by little, shivers running down her spine at those feathery kisses to newly-exposed flesh, Kotomi idly and teasingly stroking Becky's tits through her maid's outfit, tweaking those cute little nipples. "You'd be perfect if you just had bigger tits. Those just aren't big enough for me." Her tone was, of course, lighthearted, teasing, with the mutual knowledge that they had the option to dive into the Velvet Room at any point to sate their mutual desires -- though she could only imagine what Becky must have thought, hearing them talk like this!

Ann laughed at Kotomi's teasing back about the size of the model's rack -- they had done a little exploring in the Velvet Room, with Ann making herself a little bigger and bigger on every visit, curious to see exactly where Kotomi's desire for such busty excess hit a limit. Their exploration took Ann almost to the limit of mobility, the strangeness of the Velvet Room still allowing her to walk with ease even with her lap overflowing.

Becky blushed at all of this, hearing the two girlfriends tease one another, the poor maid caught in the middle of it all. She couldn't deny a little twinge of ... inadequacy? ... as they commented, with her being the flattest in the room, even slightly smaller than Kotomi.

"But my slutty little maid is perfect just the way she is. Aren't you, Becky?" Kotomi grinned, leaning down to capture Sadayo's lips with her own, kissing her hungrily once Kotomi was rendered completely naked, her clothes left in a pile on the floor; her body wasn't anywhere near as exciting as she was when she was in the Metaverse, or the Velvet Room, but she had gotten quite a lot more confident in her natural skin as of late; there wasn't a hint of embarrassment in Kotomi to be naked with those two particular women.

The maid found herself gasping, squealing out quietly as Kotomi's fingers teased at her tits, finding and tugging her littles nipples so roughly. What really made her gasp, though, was the way that Kotomi spoke of her, to her, calling Becky her slutty little maid. Oh, gosh, did her cheeks burn at that!

"Minnff!" Becky gasped out as those lips locked into a hungry, passionate kiss, with the older woman melting into the liplock as always, eager for that feminine, playful affection. Even with Kotomi's body naked, her hands didn't stop, roaming over the girl's body playfully, teasingly, gently dragging her fingers all over her Mistress as they kissed. Yes, if there were any doubt about Becky's desire to be there, the kiss swept that away, the maid moaning and gasping into Kotomi's lips, tongue twisting this way and that in submissive tandem.

Breaking the kiss, she gave a teasing little spank to the maid's cute rear. "Now strip her, too. And be sure to take some time appreciating those big tits of hers -- she really likes attention to them, and
they're very sensitive." Kotomi flashed a teasing grin to her girlfriend. Still red as could be, Becky nodded, her voice quivering with plenty of emotion and desire all mingled in together, barely able to believe what she said next in that cheerful Becky-voice, "Y-yes, Mistress! Your s-slutty little maid will get to work on those tits!"

The moment that Becky went to strip Ann, Kotomi easily dropped down onto her knees behind the maid, her head poking beneath her skirt and fingers tugging the panties to the side, willingly burying her face into Becky's pussy, licking and teasing all while she fully expected Becky to carry out the order given her.

Ann said nothing at first, a huge grin on her lips as she watched Kotomi slip down onto her knees and sneak up on Becky -- and, unsurprisingly, Kotomi found Becky's skimpy little panties quite the wet mess indeed, her thighs damp beneath that fancy maid skirt. "Nnnh!" Becky squealed, jumping a little, but leaning against Ann and wiggling her wide hips, pressing back against Kotomi's face.

"You're so fucking mean!" Ann laughed, before her voice dropped to a purr, gentle hands taking Becky's face and guiding the maid's lips to her own, sharing their own deep, passionate kiss. Becky's fingers, trembling quite a bit by now, slowly worked to bring Ann to a naked state as well, articles of clothing littering the floor of Kotomi's attic room. Breaking the kiss, the maid swooped her face down and buried it between Ann's tits, causing the model to gasp out as well. Becky could follow orders plenty well all right, as her lips and tongue went to work on Ann's nipples, using one hand to play with those heavy mounds as the other helped to remove Ann's panties, leaving both younger girls naked and Becky still in her maid outfit. "Oooh!" Ann gasped, fingers digging into the maid's chestnut pigtails and tugging this way and that across her deep cleavage.

Kotomi could barely even imagine what it must have been like for Sadayo, her secret identity as a maid found out by not one but two of her female students, and then paid by the both of them to come and offer her 'special services' to the both of them. Still, it was obvious that Becky wasn't exactly opposed to any of this, judging from how sopping wet Kotomi discovered her to be once she dove beneath the maid's skirt, yanking those panties to the side to allow fingers and tongue to quickly go to work to tease and please the slutty little maid, even while Becky was hard at work with Ann.

Seeking to help Becky get past her shyness and uncertainty about being in this position, Kotomi focused the bulk of her attention on making sure she felt good, attacking that wonderful little pussy directly, knowing from their sessions together just the right way to touch her, to tease her, the best ways to get little squeals of delight out of her -- the right places to touch to get her whole body to tense up. Many of their sessions together had gone similarly with Kotomi focusing on Becky's pleasure, though she also usually had Becky dive between Kotomi's own thighs at some point during those sessions -- she had ridden the maid to a noisy orgasm on plenty of occasions already.

Drawing out from beneath that skirt a little, her fingers remained stroking Sadayo's pussy, thumb running over her sensitive little clit, watching in delight as Becky buried her face between Ann's big tits, filling her with no small amount of excitement and arousal to see her girlfriend's tits worshipped in such a way. "Turns out she's really good at this," Kotomi piped up to Ann. "I had to do a lot of teaching to show her how to please another girl, but I think it's paid off very well, don't you? She's a good girl, my beautiful whore of a maid ..." Using a term like that at just the right time could and had brought Becky to climax, as if she really, genuinely did get off on her position, on the taboo of what she became for her own student. Well ... students plural, now.

How many times had Becky repeated that title -- maid whore -- to Kotomi, babbling it over and over again in the throes of an orgasm? Sure, there was plenty of teasing about the situation as a whole here and there, but something about stating, out loud, that she was doing the service for money -- that yes, yes, yes, she really was Kotomi's little maid whore, something about acknowledging the
Becky wiggled and whimpered in response to Kotomi's attention, all too delighted to grind that wet slit back against those probing, teasing fingers, her pussy already so dripping wet. All while she went to town on Ann's big tits, kissing and licking and nibbling and squeezing and biting and tugging, which in turn made the top-heavy girl moan and cry out all the more. The action did come to a brief pause as Becky stiffened and cried out, squealing as she crammed her face into Ann's cleavage, claiming the first orgasm of the night -- and Kotomi was quite proud indeed to hear and see Ann clinging to their teacher, holding her close, whispering into the older woman's ear as she squirmed and writhed in the middle of her climax. Yep, hearing those words, beautiful whore of a maid -- that did the trick yet again, it seems.

"Y-you girls are just awful!" Sadayo laughed, panting as she finally pulled her face from Ann's tits to catch her breath, breaking character for just a moment, a happy little grin on her reddened face. "I t-thought I was supposed to make the two of you feel good!" Ann, meanwhile, reached down for Kotomi, pulling the girl up so that they could kiss and make out messily, the blonde eagerly letting her tongue wander to taste Becky on Kotomi's lips. And then the kiss opened up as the model dragged in the maid, a slightly awkward if messy and sensual affair as lips traded back and forth, all three tongues mingling in a hot, long moment of girl on girl on girl passion.

Brought in for that messy, awkward three-way kiss, Kotomi delighted in the amount of wonderful female flesh pressed against her; Becky's small but eager body, Ann's soft, heavy tits, the warmth and wetness of two other mouths and tongues and ... mmh. It was hedonism in a way that Kotomi could very, very much appreciate, her hands slipping down to squeeze and grope each of the other girls' asses, keeping the three of them pressed close for a few long moments of sweaty fun.

Pulling back with a little laugh, still breathing pretty heavily, Kotomi spoke up with mischief in her voice. "And you really should try having her eat you out -- she's gotten very good at that. Makes me cum right away, every time." Kotomi giggled -- talking about the maid like this was just so fun, exposing everything they did together to Ann, but there was an obvious note of praise, of affection in her tone; Kotomi really, genuinely liked Sadayo, and their time together was exceptionally important to her. Getting to share her with her girlfriend just deepened their bond overall, didn't it? "I wonder how well she could handle me if I ... y'know. Took her there." Took her to the Velvet Room. What form would Kotomi's cognition have imposed on her? A very good question, and one Kotomi was admittedly very curious about, but ... that would have involved revealing a lot of who the Thieves were in doing such a thing. It would be a big step, if she chose to do it! Best if she could get Ann's opinion on such a thing first.

Ann considered Kotomi's proposal. "Mmn. Do you think she'd be ready for ... that? She seems kind of eager. And maybe ..." Something in Ann's eyes seemed to twinkle, an idea she mused over, but kept quiet. For the moment. "Plus, I think we'd have more energy there, too. I say ... why not? If you think she won't be weirded out too much." Becky, her face still so very, very red, peered back and forth between the two, biting on her lower lip.

"Umh. What on earth are you two talking about, Mistress?" All worked up and ready to go, the little maid found herself very eager to please, indeed. And, hell, if the girls were going to spend so much money on paying for her ... w-well, she had better ensure they got their money's worth!

Bringing Sadayo in was a sort of risk, no question -- only Ann had been brought into the Velvet Room, and she already knew about the Metaverse and all of that beforehand; would Becky require a lot of explanation about things? It wasn't a matter of trust at that point -- she and Sadayo had so much dirt on one another that it was sort of a mutually-assured destruction kind of thing, and regardless she knew Sadayo was fond enough of her (and vice-versa!) that ratting one another out just wasn't
something they'd ever have dreamed of doing anyway. But even so, bringing Sadayo in was still risky -- and potentially overwhelming for the poor maid.

And yet ... Kotomi's lust tended to get the better of her, and if Ann thought it was okay too, then maybe it would be.

"It would be hard to explain, Becky. Easier if we just showed you, right? But ... that means we're going to have to go for a little walk." Which also meant getting dressed once more. After a long day in that Palace, she just wanted to dive into bed and get some blessed sleep, but now ... now she was way too worked up to drop the idea. "Where we're going to take you ... it goes without saying, but you can't talk about any of this to anyone. At all." She grinned, then, even as she snuck little gropes of the other girls, even mid-dressing. "But I think you're going to like it. You'd want to serve your Mistress as good as you can, right?"

The whole thing had Becky a little confused. Go for a walk? Why? Not that she was complaining or raising a stink about it by any means: she just had quite the lovely climax, and was being paid quite a bit of money for the evening by the girls, so ... why not? Though the older woman was definitely curious, to say the least. Sadayo wasn't a fool, and she knew a little about the group of students that had banded together, even if she didn't know exactly what it was they were doing together. Would this finally be an answer to those curious questions? Becky was eager to find out. "Ummm. Y-yes, Mistress!" Becky chirped, not missing a beat as they all got dressed once more, hands and lips occasionally mingling together -- Ann and Kotomi, Kotomi and Becky, Becky and Ann -- with the lusts of all three lit up from the evening so far.

Ann gestured for Becky to go downstairs, giving the maid a smack on the ass teasingly as she went. The blonde model pinned Kotomi to the wall, once more sharing a deep, long kiss, Ann reaching down to hold up Kotomi's leg around her waist, really going at it for a long moment. "Ooooh. You're so hot!" she gasped, panting. "But ... when we get into the room, I want you to do me a favor, okay?" Licking her lips, Ann spilled the details on her plan, and it was really quite simple. "When we get in there, I want what you have. A cock. For tonight. You can be bigger if you want, but I want to feel it too. Please~?" she asked, nibbling, kissing at Kotomi's face, her own libido burning away.

Kotomi was caught a little by surprise -- both by Ann's powerful libido, seemingly unwilling or unable to keep her hands or lips off of Kotomi for long, as well as by her little request. And a request it would have to have been; the Velvet Room was ruled by Kotomi's cognition, and while the personal cognition of those she brought with her could mitigate the effects she had on them, change her perception a little, a change as grand as granting Ann a cock of her own would have to have been something Kotomi wanted and agreed with -- she'd have to be able to see it on the other girl, herself. Kotomi nodded in agreement, already guessing exactly why Ann might want one of her own.

Fortune, additionally, seemed to be smiling upon them; previously, the only place she'd seen that hazy blue door was in the alleyway in Shibuya, which would have meant a train ride to get to, which was such a pain. And potentially a bit embarrassing, given Sadayo's current outfit. However, once they all piled out of the little cafe, Kotomi caught that telltale shade of blue out of the corner of her eye, and sure enough, further down the alleyway where Leblanc nestled, there was yet another one of those doors -- they all undoubtedly lead to the same place -- and neither of the little wardens perched outside. Almost as if the Velvet Room, as her own cognitive space, conformed to her needs as they arose. Convenient!

Ann expected them to go one way, before Kotomi gestured down the alleyway, a curious look on Becky's face the entire way there. As before, Ann couldn't see the doorway until she was almost up
against it, able to see it through Kotomi's will. To Sadayo, it looked like Ann was vanishing as Kotomi held the door for her, the maid giving a half yelp of fright before it faded into view for her. "Where ...?" she asked, nibbling her lip, briefly reconsidering, before slipping inside.

Inside, Ann's changes were expected, the blonde model's form filling out to be the oversexualized version of herself as always, so extraordinarily stacked ... as well as finding something very new indeed between her thighs. Yes, Kotomi had granted Ann her request, a sizable cock of her own; not quite as enormous as Kotomi's thick column of flesh, no, but plenty big for the purposes of the room. Real and thick and heavy, Kotomi knew Ann was going to have a hell of a lot of fun getting used to it, if only in their time together tonight.

Sadayo changed as well. What stepped through the door of the Velvet Room was a woman ... no. Another girl? Gone were any of the early signs of aging from Becky's face, any slight signs of the earliest wrinkles gone, along with the bags beneath her eyes. Gone was the soft, light, plump padding of maturity, body growing slimmer overall -- but curvier in all the right places, as she grew to properly fill out that maid's outfit, tits swelling, fattening out, her already considerable hips growing wider, fuller. Even her hair appeared to grow fuller, more vibrant, and the previously clumsy Sadayo seemed to walk a little easier in her heels. The older woman -- no. No, Becky looked to be around their age -- perhaps a year or two younger, even -- for the moment. And there was no mistaking the look of amazement on her cute, youthful face about her own transformation.

"Um, like! W-what's going on here?" The younger Becky stammered out from plump, pretty, painted lips, entirely lost. Hell, though, she felt better than she had in years, so many heavy weights and worries and aches of age having slipped from her shoulders simply by walking through the door. As it turned out, Sadayo's view of herself as Becky was very strong indeed, having always pictured a youthful version of herself to go along with the girly, playful name -- and, being in her Becky role at the time ... well. (And, curiously: what would happen if Sadayo thought of herself as Sadayo while in the Velvet Room?)

Kotomi couldn't help but take a moment to gape at the ... obviously much-younger Becky, at the youth she seemed to radiate, at the way her tits filled out her outfit in a way they struggled to do before ... her skin, her hair, her hips, her lips, everything about her is younger, more vibrant ... more. More of her in general. Already Kotomi felt that familiar swelling down between her own thighs, her outfit having stayed the same as it was outside, now -- when she visited the Velvet Room under the auspices of the wardens, she retained the prisoner's getup, but when she entered on her own, she learned to only change the way she wanted to change.

Sadayo always wished for, pined for her youth, though she was barely in her thirties yet -- being around students like Kotomi and Ann for so much of the day tended to do that to someone a little. Seeing them so youthful and full of energy all the time, bouncing and swinging around all over the place? Yeah, she always wanted that, to relive her youth and more. So, while she had no idea what was going on -- if and when she ever got an explanation, it wouldn't be too much a surprise that, totally in her maid headspace, this was the result.

And oh, god. Her libido. By no means was that to say she didn't have wants and needs outside of the Velvet Room, as Kotomi and even Ann could provide testimony to. But she was a slightly older woman who tired a little easier than the younger girls. While she was still getting used to her brand new body, at how much curvier, how vibrant she felt, there was also something stirring in her she hadn't felt in a good few years. The thought of her being younger than her students didn't even flicker across her mind, getting much too used to everything else at first.

Kotomi, meanwhile, only had eyes for Becky at the moment, thoroughly enamored with her new look -- part of it, at least, was Sadayo's own cognition of herself, so ... was that the way she saw
herself? Was that what she longed to be when she was a maid? Young, vibrant, curvy, the very image of an eager, sexy maid? It was definitely working, as Kotomi couldn't dream of resisting the urge to draw up close to the woman ... no, girl -- there's no way Becky was older than her at that point! -- taking those plump tits in her groping, squeezing hands and kissing Becky hungrily, tongue forcing its way into the girl's mouth. She drew Becky close, letting the girl feel both Kotomi's massive tits against her own as well as that thickening bulge press up against her thigh.

"Fuck, Becky," Kotomi all but growled in lust against the girl's lips. "You look ... mmh, fantastic. You can feel how hard you're getting me, little maid." None of that explained anything to the girl, of course, but questions ... well, those could be dealt with later.

"Mmnf!" The maid's squeals, her giggles were now so much girlish and youthful, too. But gone was the submissive squirming, as Becky found herself just one of a trio of horny, eager girls. While caught by surprise at first, she quickly threw her arms up around Kotomi, drawing in the other girl tight, lips and tongue working together. Gosh -- that thing between Kotomi's thighs felt so fucking big! And some part of her told herself she should have been wondering where the fuck it came from, but she was far more focused on wanting even more to have it inside of her.

It didn't help that Ann was quick to join in, either. Oh, she took a moment, letting the other two girls go at it, and getting used to her own cock -- gasping, groaning out as she felt herself up lewdly. And, feeling it throb between her thighs, particularly as she watched Kotomi and Becky grind and kiss together, so lustfully -- fuck. No wonder Kotomi's already passionate lusts only seemed to grow more intense when they came here! Slipping forward, Ann pinned the youthful Becky between them, both stacked, hung girls grinding against Becky insistently -- Kotomi kissing and rubbing against her from the front, while Ann nibbled at her ears and neck, grinding up against Becky's round ass.

Kotomi could only imagine what the other girls must have been going through. Ann had been to the Room before, sure, but ... this was the first time she had a cock, and from personal experience, Kotomi knew how big a thing (no pun intended) that was to get used to; she only hoped that Ann enjoyed having one just as much as Kotomi did herself. That it had the same effect on her that it had on Kotomi -- a boost to her libido, a quickly raging desire to use that new anatomy, to stuff it into the nearest willing girl.

And luckily for the both of them, there was a willing girl right here.

Kotomi pressed against her front, that fat cock of hers grinding against the maid's cunt through her outfit, Ann pressed up behind her, surely rubbing her own new cock against Becky's plush, youthful ass ... the maid was certainly the center of their attention right now, and Becky didn't seem to mind it whatsoever, judging by how her body reacted, by the way her pussy grew so hot and wet against her, by how eager and excited she seemed to be to lewdly make out with the both of them. Yes, libidos tended to run a bit higher in the Velvet Room, and they were surely all going to take full advantage of that; any exhaustion that might have lingered in Kotomi's body was long gone.

"Ooooh, Miss~tressss~!" Becky sang, joyfully, no longer needing to put on an act for that cute, sweet, high-pitched voice. She turned her head for a moment to lock lips with Ann, the two girls smooching and kissing noisily, messily. This time, there was no hesitation or embarrassment, pigtails swaying back and forth as she was sandwiched between the girls.

"Oooh, won't you fuck your slutty maid, Mistress~? I can feel how hard you are, Mistress! Won't you fill your slutty little maid whore with your fat cocks~?" The idea of saying such just ten, fifteen minutes ago would have been so embarrassing and had her blushing ... and, for that matter, kind of impossible. Now? Now she could barely contain herself. She just felt so fucking good!
For Ann, having a cock was a ... fascinating experience. Kotomi always joked that she finally understood why boys were they way they were, but now ... now? Ann got it. While not quite Kotomi’s size, the fat cock between her legs was still so thick and long and already hard as a rock, the swollen tip dribbling precum into her shorts, shorts which managed to cling to her widened hips, fattened ass and thick dick only through the magics of the Velvet Room. Every time she touched it, every time she turned a little so that the stiffness of her cock rubbed up against the fabric of her overtaxed denim shorts, every shifting of her swollen, cum-stuffed balls drew another little gasp from her plump, thickened lips. Almost every little movement reminded Ann she had a fat cock throbbing between her legs, let alone how it pulled along at her mind -- she’s always been a frisky girl as Kotomi could attest, but combined with the Velvet Room itself ... she wanted, needed to fuck. Badly.

God, Ann felt like she was going to cream her fucking shorts as she rolls her hips, grinding against the round bubble of Becky's ass. The 'poor' maid almost seemed to be drowning in titflesh, sandwiched between Kotomi and Ann’s enhanced figures as she was. Lips locked and tongues delved -- while the love and tenderness may still have existed underneath, of course, this? This was lust, a hot, burning need burning in all three of them as stacked, thick bodies ground and jiggled and fought for space against one another. Becky never stopped squirming, wriggling between the -- older, now! -- girls, reaching, grabbing, wanting to feel good, to make them feel good -- yes, yes! "Hear that, Ann?" Kotomi teased. "Our slutty little whore wants her Mistress to fuck her. I guess that means both of us." Kotomi's hands roamed all over the maid, soon pulling her out of that sandwich and pushing her down onto the large, comfortable-seeming bed that ever appeared for Kotomi whenever she entered the Room, helping to draw Becky up onto her hands and knees ... and then, the real question was which hole each of the other girls wanted first.

Because there was going to be more than one round. Obviously.

It didn't take long for Kotomi to decide exactly what she wanted. "Why don't you be a good girl and open up wide for your Mistress' fat cock ... while I stuff this slutty little cunt, like I've wanted to do from the day I met you." Oh, no doubt there. Kotomi showed remarkable restraint in refraining from doing so for that long, she thought, taking a lot of time to help Becky get used to her body, get used to the idea of receiving pleasure, get used to Kotomi before bringing her here and utilizing all of her carefully stoked desires and experiences for their mutual benefit; she just didn't think Ann would have been with her when she did, but this was one complication she was happy to accommodate.

"You're going to love having your cock sucked, Ann. I know I did, when we had our first time together ..." Kotomi drew up onto her knees behind Becky, tugging that skirt up over the girl's rounded rear and pulling her sopping, ruined panties down enough to reveal the maid's eager pussy, before letting Becky feel the head of her enormous cock prodding at those swollen lips -- fuck, everything about Becky was just so ... so youthful, so energetic, so eager. Like she had a body just made for pleasing and being pleased, girlish and lovely.

While Becky's body wasn't nearly quite as excessive as Ann or Kotomi's, her tits were still plenty fat enough to hang beneath her and press against the bed as she assumed the position. Becky couldn't remember the last time she felt so -- so fucking sexy like this. "Nnnh... Mistress~! You should have done that aaaaagess aggooo!" she whined, though not without a playful, girlish giggle. She wiggled those further widened hips, making her fattened, rounded ass jiggle about a bit for Kotomi, her wet, drooling cunt such a sloppy, eager mess as Kotomi began to push for entrance.

A body like that demanded to be used, and Kotomi didn't wait another single moment, hands on Becky's exceptional hips, tugging her back as she thrust forward, forcing herself into that tight pussy inch by inch. "Fuck your slutty maid, Mistress!" Becky begged, throwing a lidded, sexy stare back over her shoulder for a moment, crying out as Kotomi started to use her, thrusting in -- before she
turned her attention back to Ann.

"Mmmmm... w-won't you feed me your big, fat cock, Mistress~?” she groaned playfully. Ann took a moment, staring at the sight before her as her girlfriend began to fuck their teacher, hand slowly working over her own dick. Snapping to it, though, Ann moved quickly, grinning at Kotomi over the slut between them, even as her hands moved to take hold of Becky's big, bouncy, overexaggerated pigtails as handlebars.

"I know I blew you right away, but I don't think even I was as much of a little slut for you as she is.” Laughing between her moans, Ann wasted little more time and began to fill Becky from the other direction, cramming her fat, throbbing shaft down the maid's plumped up lips, her throat already beginning to fill and bulge out with the sheer size of the model's wonderful cock. With the absurd proportions of their bodies, leaning forward a little, the two girls added further sensation -- fat, heavy tits squishing and bouncing together over Becky's head as she got fucked, bounced about from both directions.

Having a cock really was a fascinating experience -- Ann now got some insight into why Kotomi seemed to enjoy it so much, why she adored every opportunity to come into the Velvet Room with her girlfriend, or even within the regular Metaverse, granting her the opportunity to have what she believed she should have had all along -- these dramatic curves, that gigantic cock ... they just felt so right. Granted, it was likely more of just a novelty for Ann, something for her to enjoy while they were here together with their teacher-cum-maid, but still.

If nothing else, having a cock -- even if for the evening -- gave Ann a fair bit of insight. Not just into Kotomi, though she definitely valued that most, but to all the boys who stared at her for so long when she passed them in the hall, the men who ogled her pictures in fashion magazines, a glimpse of what ran through their minds, and how it ... had an effect on them. Like this. Getting so erect, with so much blood rushing in that direction that it was hard to really think about anything else but emptying out her balls, again and again and again. Coming to such a realization sent a brief, guilty little shudder of pleasure through Ann. For the moment, though, she concentrated on the task at hand ... Speaking of that maid -- oh, burying her massive cock into the youthful maid’s eager, sopping cunt was incredible. Beyond incredible. Fucking Ann felt fantastic -- the model's pussy felt phenomenal -- but there was a ... a tightness, a youthfulness to that version of Becky that really came through even in the simple ways that her pussy wrapped around her cock, taking inch after inch as Kotomi slid her substantial hips forward -- there was no way someone as small as Becky should have been able to take all of her dick, but that was just part of the beauty of being in the Velvet Room -- Kotomi's cognition ruled the roost, and if she believed something should work or happen, then it simply did, with the other two girls obviously happy to submit to her perspective. Fortunately.

Becky was tight. Oh so tight, the kind of tightness that very much should have made it absolutely impossible for Kotomi to stuff herself to the hilt -- and while it took some effort, inch after inch continued to vanish deeper into Becky, into the writhing, lustful maid, her hips never stopping for more than a brief moment with how they bucked and squirmed. Kotomi's cognition was so very strong here in the Velvet Room, but when combined with something so forceful as Becky's own cognition, of course it worked.

"Oh, fuck, Becky ..." Kotomi groaned, her hand cracking down in a harsh slap to the maid's lovely bubble butt, hips drawing out a little only to push further back in, sinking a little deeper with every thrust, until she finally buried herself balls deep, every last bit of gigantic, thick bitchbreaker inside of the youthful, lovely maid's pussy. All while she watched Ann do much the same from the front, stuffed her own sizable cock down Becky's throat, and that sight was much ... much hotter than she anticipated it would be. Like, way hotter, watching her slut of a maid get fucked from both ends,
seeing her girlfriend indulging like that ... when she met Ann, she never thought that the blonde would be up for those kinds of explorations, but she really lucked the fuck out when it came to a girlfriend, apparently. To know Ann would go that far -- bringing her the maid as a present, going with them to the Velvet Room, taking part in all of this ... mmf.

"Mmh, I dunno, Ann ... you're quite a slut for me, too," she teased, feeling her own gigantic tits squashing and rubbing against Ann's as they leaned in together over the maid, stealing quick, sloppy kisses with the cute model while they worked Becky over from both sides. "Remember how fast -- oh, Becky, do that thing with your hips again! -- remember how fast you were on your knees for me?" Teasing -- affectionate teasing. "But you might be right ... I don't think anyone's as much of a slut for me as Becky here is. Such a good ... a good fucking whore for her Mistress ..." Already, Kotomi felt her cock throbbing heavily inside of Becky as she pounded the girl from behind, that tight, hot pussy stretching around her girth, her luscious bubble of an ass bouncing and jiggling with every harsh thrust.

For her part, Becky's mind began to blank out somewhat, as she had yet another orgasm at some point, and then another as she went through the most blissful experience of her life, her entire body thrumming with pleasure, every nerve and neuron firing at full blast -- little wonder that she started to lose herself, her ability to think straight vanishing more by the moment, especially as her curvy, plush body bounced back and forth between the other two girls, over and over, making her hit another peak, and then another, and so on. Even as it got harder to concentrate, though, Becky didn't stop for a second, her birthing hips constantly writhing, wriggling away, working overtime to impale, to bounce herself, thick bubble butt and all back against Kotomi, even as new gushes of her arousal continued to dribble down to the sheets below. Nor was she idle with Ann, bobbing her head as much as the blonde allowed her, though Ann clearly had the control, tugging this way and that on Becky's pigtails, her own heavy balls smacking against Becky's drool splattered chin, the maid's shameless, slutty moans gargled and gagged out. Thankfully, as Ann and Kotomi found out, one needed to breathe a little less in the Velvet Room, so long as the cognition worked out -- and besides being fucked, perhaps, Becky wanted little more than to choke on the cock of her Mistress right that second, making such a lovely mess!

"Well, I'm a slut for you now -- just like you're a slut for me, too!" Ann teased right back, panting, not seeming to miss a second. And she wasn't wrong, was she? Ann and Kotomi were inseparable so much of the time -- how much time had they spent making out or between one another's legs in the bathroom at school, or sneaking off somewhere in public to feel one another up? As limitless as Kotomi's libido proved itself to be, Ann was with her every breathless, gasping, pleasurable step of the way, just as she was there in the Room. Quite the sensation, sharing the slutty Becky between them, their enormous tits crammed and crushed together, making out wetly, messily, gasping into one another's lips as tongues danced and hips bounced. "Mmmh. You might be right, but -- ooooh, fuck! -- I never took two at the same time for you, either, like her! Fuck -- Kotomi -- I ...!" And from the sound of it, the look of it, Ann wasn't far off from her end, either.

"Hear that, slut? Mistress is proud of you ... mmf, proud enough to leave you stuffed and dripping with cum from both ends like a good little whore. F -- fuck, this pussy ...!" Kotomi cried out, as she was soon overcome with a powerful climax -- she had been backed up a bit, after all, and their session at Leblanc only primed her that much more -- bucking hard against Becky's ass as she erupted deep within the maid, flooding her with her seed, balls churning heavily against the girl's thighs as she came -- and came, and came.

"N ngh -- take it -- for Mistress! Such a g-good whore -- choke on that c-cock for Mistress!" Ann cried out with Kotomi as she hit her peak at nearly the same time, and both girls stuffed Becky from both ends, fattened balls bursting and pumping out thick rope after rope of seed, filling her up so much -- Ann bucking and fucking Becky's face, grinding into it despite being buried so deep, her
clutch so tight on those pigtails, Kotomi grinding against Becky's lusciously plump ass, pouring such a fucking incredible amount of cum deeply inside of her. Eventually, though, Ann stumbled back, still cumming -- but Becky, to her credit, didn't miss a beat. The youthful maid turned, twisted, cum still dribbling from her fat cocksucking lips, hefting up her heavy tits to let Ann paint them and the rest of her face ... and Kotomi rapidly followed suit, drawing her behemoth of a cock out of Becky's wonderfully tight cunt, both hands stroking her massive length as she rains down the last several spurts of seed down onto Becky's back and hair. "Nnghhk --" Becky gasped, gurgling down the last bit of spunk at her lips, before she started to babble: "Paint your maid-slut, Mistress! Paint my big titties with your cummm~!"

All the while, the rest of the Velvet Room was silent, letting every smack of skin on skin, every drooling kiss, every choking gag, every moan and whimper ring out around them.

Becky seemed to be -- in a good way -- entirely out of her mind by that point, babbling and gasping and mewling shamelessly as both Ann and Kotomi painted her down with rope after rope of that hot seed, looking like quite the mess by the time they both finish -- her face and hair and back and heavy tits a mess of cum, with more of it dribbling from both pairs of the girl's lips, her belly somewhat visibly rounded out from having so much cum dumped into her from both ends. And yet, Becky pleaded, begged for more, both arms gathering up those heavy tits, her mouth open and tongue out the whole way through ... finally panting, gasping as Ann and Kotomi's splurts weakened to dribbles.

By the time it was over, Kotomi was left panting, her massive tits heaving as she reached out to trace fingers over the maid's body -- especially those lovely breasts, smearing her and Ann's mixed cum over her flawless, youthful skin. "That's ... mmf. Fuck, you look amazing like this," Kotomi couldn't help but tease the girl. "Like you were born to be a cum-hungry whore, choking on your Mistress' cock ... you looked so fucking hot like that, too, Ann, fucking her face ..."

Who would have ever thought her first threesome would have ended up like this? She and her girlfriend pounding their teacher from either end? Kotomi adored all of her girls, absolutely, but Ann ... Ann was her girlfriend. Ann was her true equal, Ann was the girl she just couldn't keep her hands off of (or tongue or fingers out of, or ...), always finding some excuse or another to slip off somewhere and enjoy one another's body. Ann was the one who always seemed to be up for absolutely anything, who wanted to help Kotomi explore each and every one of her interests and long-repressed kinks.

A long, sloppy, cum-tinged kiss with Becky shifted into one with Ann, and then even one with all three of them, their bodies squishing and rubbing together, smearing cum over one another, messy and indulgent in all the best ways, her hands exploring one pair of fat tits and then another, even teasingly stroking Ann’s fat cock -- but ultimately it was Becky that was their mutual focus, putting the maid through her paces, truly having her earn the money she made tonight.

"Thank you, Mistress!" Becky burbled, already busying herself cleaning herself up somewhat -- hefting those heavy, fat tits to her face and making a lewd show of slurping up that cum. Despite being put through her paces, despite cumming -- three? four? more? -- times in just that cycle alone, Becky didn't seem to be tired in the slightest, even as the two girls chatted around her for a moment, catching their breath. Ann laughed, teasingly dragging her dripping, still swollen, fat cockhead against Becky's face and hair, in between delighted pets. "Mmmnh. I see what you meant about getting my dick sucked. No wonder you like it when I'm on my knees for you in one of the safe rooms. And fuck, you looked super hot taking her from that end, too!" The blonde model giggled between pants, a delighted, pleased grin on her plump lips.

Ann never missed a beat. It didn't hurt that she had some repressed desires of her own, always taught
that, even when using, showing off her body, to be good and all those things. She broke those rules at some points, having her brief flings with guys in the past, but those were nothing compared to Kotomi. And, really, Kotomi was so sweet and delightful ... what was there not to like about the darker haired girl? Whether it was holding hands together as they walked through the city -- or catching a movie together and making out -- or heads between one another's thighs at the other's cunt -- or, well, plowing and fucking their teacher silly, Ann loved every second of it all, finally seizing her desire to live life to the fullest, sex and friends and girlfriend and all.

But the night was still young, and the rules of the Velvet Room meant there was plenty left to do still. Even with the temporary break, the fire in all three of them burned so hot still, neither Ann nor Kotomi going soft, and Becky still seemed so very eager, tongues and lips and bodies melding together, shameless moans and gasps ringing out as hands explored soft, oversexualized bodies. Notably, Ann gave out a gasp as Kotomi's hand teased the blonde's cock, and Ann shot the girl a look -- one Kotomi recognized as the lidded, hungry look Kotomi gave Ann when intending to bend the blonde over and have her way with her. It likely wouldn't be that night, but the seed was planted: Ann wanted her turn at fucking Kotomi at some point in the future. Oh, yes. But for now? For now, Becky was their focus. They did pay quite the little fortune for the girl, didn't they?

Sort of hard to tell exactly how long the night went: time was strange in the Velvet Rooms, hours passing away as time moved slower in the real world. So many different positions and various things were attempted, from Becky trying to take both Ann and Kotomi's fat cocks in her mouth at once -- it worked to some degree, but even cognition had eventual limits -- to being pinned between them as both her cunt and ass were stuffed, to Ann and Becky titfucking Kotomi together and making out messily with her dick in the middle, to one final, long, tired pounding before the three collapsed, exhausted but delighted, kissing and squeezing and writhing together in bliss.

That said -- there was one final bit of business to deal with as they freshened up and prepared to leave. Woozy and delighted, Ann shared one final makeout session with Kotomi before slipping her way out. Becky, though, her outfit back on, stared up at Kotomi with her hands on her hips, a defiant look on her youthful features:

"I don't wanna go."

And, to be honest, Kotomi couldn't really blame the girl. The older woman didn't feel super attractive outside, and she had to deal with her long teaching job in the morning, leaving a place where she felt so beautiful and sexy and perfect ... hell, Kotomi sympathized, considering her own desire to stay in the Metaverse, in her more ... proper, form. But, exhausted as she was, Becky was more a paper tiger than anything, barely holding that position before her shoulders slumped, though with a smile on her lips as she agreed to leave, finally heading toward the door.

But -- as she went to the door, Kotomi did quite the double take as Becky's reality blurred. What stood before the exit wasn't the youthful Becky, but instead a mature, motherly figure ... excessively so. Still in the maid outfit, but there seemed to be ... a softness to this Becky -- no, it was Sadayo, now. Everything about her was more rounded, plumper, from thighs that now rubbed together when standing, to the even rounder, juicier curve of her ass -- and her frontside, well. Sadayo didn't seem to notice the way her tits near doubled in size, or how milk dribbled and stained the front of her overworked uniform ... or how the maid uniform stretched far enough to contain an enormously, gravid belly, the older woman looking to be a few months overdue with triplets, an absolutely stunning vision of older, matronly fertility.

But then they were out the door.

All good things came to an end, and that included one of the most pleasurable, exciting nights of
Kotomi's young life -- but, fuck, they had a long day as Thieves even before all of this, and a girl had to get some sleep sometime.

It just made her wonder what tomorrow was going to bring, the way her life had been going lately.

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Three texts waited for Kotomi to check as she collapsed into bed that night: one was from Ann, a lovely picture attached of her collapsed in bed with her tits front and center. Another is from Mishima, the silly nerd, explaining that he totally had something lined up for Kotomi -- something about publicity? ... and one from Makoto, selfie stick and all, of her fat ass, along with a note of 'not wanting to rush things, but a little gift for you' included.

As to the next day, Sadayo seemed to have cooled down a little in class. No longer did she wiggle her hips around Kotomi, and she finally -- finally -- managed to meet the girl's eyes regularly. But there was something strange as she called the girl out and asked to see her in the hallway for a moment. Kotomi was quite surprised indeed as the older woman reached up to pull her down into a long, deep, wet kiss, pressing their bodies together. "Thank you for last night. You can catch up on your sleep a little, OK? I won't call you out for it ..." And, thank goodness, Sadayo seemed to have switched her lesson plans to the period to be entirely for silent reading -- and in front of Kotomi, Ann took the opportunity as well to catch an early morning nap, her head down on her desk, snoozing with a smile behind a book.

The Palace went well after school, thankfully -- the remainder was a slog, but the team finally found the treasure. The dynamic changed a little, though, as now Kotomi had two girls on her team that look to her, sneaking off during safe room breaks to make out with Ann, or to pull Makoto into her lap, or so on. Neither girl seemed to mind the other, though they hadn't had time to have fun together yet -- something that would have to change in the future, and soon, right?
The Journalist, The Recording

Chapter Notes

This one is a little short and I apologize; it just ended up too long if I kept it with the next part and there really wasn't a better place to separate them. The next chapter will, at least, be the longest one yet and I'll post it as soon as I can, once it's edited.

Of note: as if this current writing, I have plans for every female character in the main cast, plenty of ideas for side scenes between them, and I'm even planning a P4 crossover event at some point. Everyone's taken care of ... except Chihaya. I can't come up with a single interesting angle for her and it's killing me, so if anyone has any remote suggestions I would be glad to hear them.

But for the time being, Kotomi found herself plagued with texts from Mishima, having to relent and agree to meet this journalist to finally get the guy off her back! His directions lead her to a near dead little bar in the Red Light District. Kotomi noticed along the way one of the many fashion magazines on a stand sporting a very familiar blonde on the front, her stacked form in a very tiny, revealing little swimsuit -- was that the photoshoot she had attended with Ann so many weeks ago? Either way, Kotomi found the bar -- Crossroads -- easily, though it seemed quiet with only one customer and the bartender within. Ichiko Ohya, dark haired much like Kotomi, the slim woman sat slumped at the bar, quietly nursing a drink ... though Ohya's eyes lit up at the sight of Kotomi making her way into the bar. Kotomi started to speak up to greet the woman, but she couldn't get a word out before the older woman -- though not by much, maybe barely in her 20s -- passed a business card onto Kotomi.

"So you're my informant for the Phantom Thieves, huh?" Ohya's words were obviously a touch slurred. "C'mon! Let's grab a seat. You want something to drink? ... How old are you, anyway, kid?"

Was she ... drunk? Already? Well, it was a bar ... maybe it would be easier to keep hold of the power in this dynamic than Kotomi thought. "Sixteen, so no drinks for me," Kotomi replied, settling down on the stool next to the reporter -- she was already on probation, so no point in risking everything by doing something as dumb and unnecessary as underage drinking. "Yeah -- you can just call me Kotomi. I heard you were looking for some information on the Phantom Thieves -- what for? Writing a big piece on them?" Play it cool, Kotomi. Kotomi didn't know how Mishima might have described her to Ohya, though -- hopefully the dork didn't go all out and make it obvious that Kotomi was one.

Ichiko being drunk probably made this markedly easier, however.

Ohya was pretty slim and cute, wearing a tight t-shirt that showed off curves roughly equal to Kotomi's own limited amount. She seemed quite friendly, cheerful, eager to talk with Kotomi about plenty of things, related to the Thieves or not, speaking -- and cursing! -- freely about this or that or the other thing. She was certainly drunk all right, seeming unable to sit still and with her slurred words. She only continued to nurse her drink as they spoke -- glass refilled once, another time. Even with Kotomi's refusal, Ohya ordered the girl a soda -- and a hefty appetizer plate filled with all sorts of fried goodies for the both of them, which the reporter tore into ravenously while Kotomi only picked at it.

But what caught Kotomi's notice right away about the woman was just how ... sloppy she seemed to
"Soooo. They say the Phantom Thieves go about stealing hearts, but the police are still fucking clueless about how they do it. Hold on ..." Ohya mumbled, swearing as a number of things spilled out of her bag, from various cosmetics, an old wrapped up sandwich, receipts, a few CDs, and the notepad she was looking for in the first place. "Hah! Here it is. Let's see. And -- hey! Make sure you don't share any of this, OK? Very secret stuff from the police. Let's see ..." Ohya peered at the notepad in front of her, flipping the pages throughout, nursing her drink -- was she flirting with Kotomi? Something about how she glanced at the girl, how her lips parted when drinking -- no. Kotomi was probably imagining it, right ...? Was it just all the other girls in her life that made her mind go that direction?

"'Psychological evaluation reveals massive shifts in personalities following the event termed, quote, stealing of heart. Recommended for further evaluation and continued monitoring of status, pending investigation of law enforcement into criminal acts.' Even the shrinks are fucking stumped. So." And now the older girl leaned in, a grin on her lips, and for the moment Ohya's drunken state seemed to vanish -- though her slurred words remained -- as the reporter zeroed in on her scoop, hungry for the information. "That kid told me you knew someone in the Phantom Thieves. I know, I know. You can't tell me who they are. I get it. But if there's anything you doo wanna tell me, I promise your name will stay tot-a-ally out of it. What are they like? What do they want? C'mon, spill it!"

Either way, Kotomi grinned a little when Ohya rattled off the police report along with the revelation that they're utterly fucking stumped about how that stuff was happening. Probably for the best; no need for the secret of stealing hearts to become public, better that the Phantom Thieves' methods stayed under wraps, especially for the time being in their early days.

"Yeah, I'm friends with one of them. I don't get told a lot, they're really secretive about how they do it, but ... honestly, it's about justice." Kotomi went on like that, describing what her 'friend' told her about the Thieves' aims to reform society one heart at a time, seeking to find people corrupted by their own desires and set them straight, that kind of thing. It was honestly pretty fun, finally able to just up and tell someone about what they had been doing while keeping the veil of anonymity -- if this worked, they really might get some solid public support. If Ohya believed her, if she could write some good stuff about them, anyway.

But even as they chatted, Kotomi couldn't banish the idea that the older girl was ... flirting with her? Hitting on her a little? Nothing blatant, nothing overt, but ... that's just what it seemed like. Maybe she was getting a little full of herself with the other interest she's had from women, but there was no doubt in Kotomi's mind that she was getting very similar vibes from this girl, too.

"So is that enough for an article, do you think? Or are there ... other things you want to know?" She grinned teasingly with that, her tone taking on a slightly more ... knowing, seductive tone, something she had plenty of time and opportunity to practice with her other girls. Potentially bad form, Kotomi, hitting on a drunk woman, but ... just hitting on. That's all. Odds were Ichiko wasn't interested in a high school girl beyond what she told the reporter about the Phantom Thieves anyway, so it was fine. Ohya's sloppy nature certainly wasn't tickling Kotomi's dominant bone, no ma'am.

For her part, even with how sloppy she was, even with how drunk she seemed to be, Ohya's pen
scribbled away like mad as Kotomi spoke, a fire blazing in her otherwise hazed eyes, capturing every word. Whatever else might have been going on in her life, whatever mess or difficulties she might have had, Ohya seemed to take her duty as a reporter seriously, at least. The older woman's drink went untouched for quite some time as Kotomi went on, Ohya's pen never slowing down, flipping to the next page as one grew full, and so on. Ohya spoke up and asked questions as Kotomi started to grow silent, probing this way and that -- eager, curious, but respectful, never more than one or two prods when Kotomi seemed to dance away from any question that got too close.

"Okay. So. Let me see if I have this right." And Ohya did quite the job of reading through the notes she just took, basically repeating what Kotomi just told her word for word with surprisingly few errors, despite -- as Kotomi glanced at the notebook -- an incredibly messy handwriting, made all the worse by shorthand. Yet whatever system she used worked.

But where Kotomi expected Ohya to catch onto her flirting, the drunk woman either ignored or missed Kotomi's suggestive tone entirely. "Hmmh. Anything more. No, I think that's about it for now. You've given me a lot to write on, and I think I can put together a piece with what you've given me, alright? But, y'know, if you have anything else you have in mind that might help me out, you have my card, 'n here --" Ohya mumbled, reaching for a napkin to sloppily write down a phone number different from the one on her card. "This is my cell that I keep on me, okay? Text or call if you have any more info for me. Uh, I didn't want to send you anything direct, but that nerdy kid already gave me your number, but I won't call or text unless you do, kay?"

Kotomi found herself a little disappointed by Ichiko's silent rejection, but not overly -- her ego wasn't quite so massive anymore that she couldn't handle a little bit of rejection, and she knew not every cute girl that walked into her life was going to want to fuck her. Just ... most of them, apparently. Ah, well -- she knew she could always call Makoto over when she got home if she was left feeling a little unsatisfied.

Grinning as she slipped from her seat, Ohya gave Kotomi a wink, even as she swayed. "But really! Thanks for all the info, kid. I gotta catch the last bus out of here, so I'll see you around, alright?" The reporter made her way to the door, before stopping and plucking what appeared to be a rather greasy looking burger from the mess in her bag. "Almost forgot my breakfast."

Ohya seemed to Kotomi to be quite the cheerful mess, and there was plenty of debris to drive that point home: several glasses, the empty plate of fried appetizers, a couple of torn out pages of Ohya's notebook ... and a couple of things she dropped and never picked up. A few bits of cosmetics, some crumpled bits of paper ... and one of the CDs that spilled out of her purse. It had no formal label, though someone -- Ohya, the handwriting suggested - had written 'H / M + S 0023 / C' in big, black marker as its only title.

It was only after Ohya vanished out the door and Kotomi makes to leave as well that she noticed the leftover CD with the rest of the detritus that Ohya left behind -- Kotomi threw away the obvious trash, but she held onto that disc out of curiosity, unable to make heads or tails about what the label might mean. No clue.

Obviously, the right thing to do would have been for her to text Ohya, let her know she left it behind, return it to her, no harm no foul.

But she did just buy and fix that laptop from the thrift shop near Leblanc, and Kotomi, if nothing else, was quite the curious girl; she could glance at its contents before she returned it, and Ohya would surely never have been any the wiser. Plus, it was probably something really boring, like archives of her old articles or something like that -- nothing that would have been of any real interest to Kotomi, surely. Surely!
Which is why she inserted the disc into the laptop's drive the very moment she got home: just to confirm to herself that it was nothing, that it was boring and something just to give back at the first opportunity.

"Welcome, and thank you for purchasing Hypnosis: Mistress and Slave, Recording 23." A smooth, sexy, female voice purred to Kotomi as the recording began to play -- there wasn't any video, just audio. "On our scale, this material is rated 'C' for a deep, deep trance experience, featuring submission, masturbation and degradation for Mistress. This recording will take you to the limit of what we can offer without our more advanced sessions. This recording will not leave any lasting triggers on your subconscious. Once again, we thank you for your purchase. When I finish speaking, the next thirty seconds of this recording will be blank, save for a hum to break you from your trance if you are on loop. Please stop the recording now if you do not wish to enter the trance." Who would have thought that a voice reading off instructions could sound so sexy, every word, every syllable seeming to drip with hot, feminine arousal. And, say ... didn't the voice sound faintly familiar?

"What in the fuck ..." Kotomi mumbled to herself as the recording started to play. Hypnosis? Mistress and slave? What the fuck even was this? And why ... why did Ohya have it? The questions, honestly, kind of answered themselves -- Kotomi had some personal experience with enjoying Mistress/slave-type interactions, and the reason Ohya had it was likely that she was ... well ... into this. That this was just her secret fetish. That was the most likely explanation, anyway, and while there were other possibilities -- the disk was someone else's, she found it, etc -- they seemed pretty improbable. This was Ohya's, and the journalist was apparently into ... being hypnotized by a very seductive-sounding woman.

That voice, too, was markedly familiar. Very familiar. Kotomi quickly realized exactly who's doing the speaking here -- she heard Tae use that exact voice on plenty of occasions, especially when she firmly stopped Kotomi from turning the tables on her, ensuring that Kotomi remained on the bottom and submissive to the lovely doctor. Sure, the recording was obviously older, but when she gave it some thought, she was totally able to see the doctor doing something like this, especially for money. Yeah, there was no doubt in Kotomi's mind that it was Tae on the recording, serving as ... as Mistress, to the listening slave.

Who apparently was Ohya, for whatever reason. Why would Ichiko have been into something like this? Why would she have wanted to be ... hypnotized?

True to the recording's word, the voice stopped, and a gentle, low-key hum played out for the next thirty seconds exactly, ended by a quiet chime. "Thank you again for your purchase. Now, listen, carefully, to the sound of my voice. Close your eyes. Relax, into your bed or seat, listening to the sound of my voice. Follow it, let it surround you as you begin to drift, to a warm, quiet place with no distractions, sinking deeper and deeper and deeper. Losing track of the world around you as you slowly breathe in -- and out. Finding that deep, quiet place as I count down from five ... four ... three ... two ... one ..."

Even with her curiosity as to the contents of the disc sated, she didn't move to turn it off -- maybe it was because the voice was Tae Takemi that she allowed herself to fall into it, allowed that voice to move through her mind, to seize the vulnerable parts of who she was the way Tae always managed to do so successfully. Maybe her defenses were naturally lowered when she heard or thought of the good doctor, conditioned by all the time she spent servicing Miss Takemi.

Or maybe she was just horny and pent-up from her rejection at Ohya's hands; either way, she proved remarkably vulnerable to the sinful, dulcet tones of the woman guiding the hypnosis on the recording, Kotomi's eyes fluttering closed. It felt like Tae's words were skilled fingers reaching right inside of her, stirring her up, getting her worked up, getting her aroused, all with just the simple
power of her voice.

Regardless -- it worked. Kotomi had been hypnotized before, had no idea what it was like or what to expect, but there was no doubt that -- by the time the countdown ended -- Kotomi found herself thoroughly in trance, open and vulnerable to the voice on the recording ... ultimately, in fact, to the only woman she ever truly submitted to. The only woman she wanted to submit to, even if she did have fantasies about turning the tables one day.

"That's a good girl." The voice purred, a youthful echo of the very thing Tae had whispered, moaned into Kotomi's ear time after time in the present. "Falling so deep into trance for Mistress, into that warm, dark, quiet place. Breathing in, out, so very, very steadily, not thinking about anything, your mind totally clear, falling into total, empty darkness, with no outside sounds or worries -- with only the sound of my voice reaching you. Falling deeper, deeper. Such a good girl for Mistress, yes, oh yes. Not even thinking about it, your hands moving, slowly, on their own now, removing any clothing you may still be wearing, leaving yourself totally naked in five ... four ... three ... two ... one ..." the voice murmured, trailing off, allowing the background noises of the recording to fill the room, quiet moans and gasps and other gentle, sexual noises mixed in with slowly played music, all to bring the mind deeper to that empty, aroused space.

It ... worked. Holy fuck, did it ever work. Under trance, and with Tae Takemi of all people taking the role of her erstwhile Mistress, Kotomi had absolutely no chance at resisting anything the voice on the recording told her to do. Every word spoken drilled right into her open, receptive mind, finding herself growing wetter and hotter at every passing moment, giving herself more and more to her 'Mistress'.

Such as she is.

"That's a good girl. Naked for Mistress. Exposed for Mistress. This is where a good girl like you belongs, isn't it?" If Kotomi were fully aware, she might have realized that Tae's heavy, breathing voice, mingled in with the others on the recording, indicated pleasure of her own -- she was likely masturbating while recording. "Exposed for Mistress. On display for her, mmm, hungry eyes. So empty, so blank, so warm, so horny, deeper, deeper, following my voice. Feeling so warm. Go ahead, my little slut. Reach down and touch yourself, one finger, now, slowly tease yourself, let your finger dip in, mmmm -- gentle, now, slooowwww. Feeling all your thoughts slowly drift away, dripping from your hot, wet cunt ...

Her arousal rapidly hit a fever pitch as she played with herself, but only ever as the voice on the recording instructed her. Sure, her greater mind might have known that there was no Mistress present, no one to care if she didn't do what she was told, but her greater mind was pretty fucking out to lunch at the moment, leaving only her raw desire and eagerness to please the woman who placed herself for the moment as Kotomi's Mistress.

"You want to rub yourself harder, don't you, my dumb, empty, happy little slave? You may speak, alert but asleep, responding to Mistress. Speak, girl." The voice purred, and the background noises were louder now, countless woman moaning, gasping, babbling just beneath Tae's voice, lost in empty, blissed out orgasmic pleasure. "Mmmm. You just want to fingerfuck your hot, wet little pussy again and again, don't you? Oh, no, you little slut, you know Mistress won't let you have it that easy."

The recording continued on such a line for some time, threading, urging Kotomi to touch herself but not giving her entire permission to go wild, leaving it to one, eventually two fingers as her other hand was instructed to tease, to torment one of her tits, working her nipples.

Kotomi teased herself, one finger and eventually two teasing her eager, sopping pussy, already
drooling down onto the bed beneath her, playing with one of her modest tits, moaning in simple, sheer delight – and raw frustration at not being allowed to cum when she really wanted to cum. But she was used to that kind of thing, wasn't she? Tae never put her into trance the times they were together, but she still received that kind of treatment, being told exactly how to pleasure herself and Tae, being told when she was allowed to cum and when she wasn't, so ... this session spoke to her in ways that any other voice on that recording simply wouldn't have.

Strangely, it made her feel closer to Tae in some way, even though the voice on the recording wasn't meant for her and was the doctor several years prior regardless, but still -- it was as though she got to see another side of Tae. A side of her that happily -- excitedly, by the sound of her voice -- did this kind of thing for anyone who cared to listen. Knowing what she knew about Tae, it really wouldn't have surprised her if the doctor got off to this even while she was doing it, knowing the woman herself was genuinely a submissive at heart even while she played the part of the in-control Mistress.

All as Tae whispered, purred, murmured such softly degrading things, though the recording slowly began to amp up in intensity, going from 'little slut' to 'filthy fuckpig' at a crest when finally allowing Kotomi her first climax, before dialing it back, putting her under full trance again, the cycle repeating, but with less time until the peak -- and again. And again. Nearly two hours later of this, the climaxes were barely minutes apart as the hot, ragged voice, moaning away herself, barked and panted and purr her final orders.

"You are nothing. Nothing, my empty, pathetic little mindslave. Cum for Mistress. Again. Again. Again! Again! Again! Again! Again! Lose yourself, empty yourself for Mistress, writhe in pleasure and empty every last ounce of your identity out through your hot, wet hole!" Everything reached a crescendo as the sounds urged the listener to rub, to thrust, to work their hole like a mindless animal lost entirely on pleasure, the Tae on the recording squealing and panting out as she secretly did the same, writhing, blissing her exhausted self out and letting her own mind surrender and --

"Thank you for purchasing our track." Tae's voice spoke out, much more calm and collected, almost sounding bored. "We thank you for taking this experience. If you are still under trance, you will slowly begin to awaken at the sound of the chime ..."

... as the bell rang, almost like Kotomi's alarm. Kotomi was left sweaty and sticky and naked and lying in a cooling puddle of her own juices, panting from the exertion and excitement and adrenaline fading, while the recording continued on, chattering about other recordings available for purchase, and a (now defunct; Kotomi tried) website to visit. All Kotomi was able to wonder was why the fuck Ohya had something like this. Why she left it behind (probably an accident, that) and ... what Kotomi was going to about it.

She already knew she was going to mention this to Tae, that she stumbled over something like this, maybe tease the doctor about it, but she was more focused on what she was going to say to Ohya. The woman would doubtlessly find out it's missing, and then probably guess that Kotomi peeked into it to see what it was, and then her secret desires would become known. What to do, Kotomi? Simply return it to her, maybe tease her about it, let that be that? Oh, no -- now she couldn't get the image out of her mind of lovely Ohya in this position, squirming and naked as the voice in the recording rendered her, however briefly, a worthless fuckpig the way it had done to Kotomi.

Perhaps, if she played her cards right, she just might be able to use it to her advantage. Tell Ohya about her own desires, their shared interests ... mmmh. Kotomi hoped that that might work.

Either way, she texted the number Ohya left her, advising the woman that she had something of Ohya's and she would like to meet at the bar the next night. She had successfully winged everything
else, she could wing this too, and now that she was armed with some insider knowledge ...
The Demonstration, The Doll

Ohya didn't respond until nearly ten the next morning, sounding pretty confused in the text, but cheerfully agreeing to meet with 'her new favorite little source' delightedly. There wasn't much to do that day, after all, as Makoto and Ryuji carried out the plan of delivering the calling card for the heist the next day, and Ann somehow managed to keep her hands off of Kotomi for the afternoon -- okay, mostly, she did slip her hand between Kotomi's thighs for a brief, mutual fingering as they studied, exams seeming to loom closer and closer by the day. Makoto was submissive around Kotomi, but the older girl's voice, her manerisms grew quite hard indeed when talking about studying, making very clear her 'playful' threat wasn't very playful at all if Kotomi scored poorly ...

It helped that even Kotomi had plenty of distractions around her, but they were all pretty bright and cheerful and helpful. Except for maybe Ryuji. Even if Ann snuck her hands between Kotomi's thighs, or how Makoto's skirt seemed extra short this afternoon, bending over to glance at some books near their quiet table in the corner of the library, nibbling shyly on her bottom lip as she did so, showing off for Kotomi but still wanting to take things slow. Still, though, there was a mutual desire to ace the exams, and whatever Ann or Kotomi couldn't figure out, Makoto was all too happy to help while studying for her own exams -- having a whole different set to worry about, being a third year and all. There was a lovely goodbye to the girls, and Ann, testing the waters a bit, allowed her hand to linger along Makoto's voluminous rear -- the submissive girl glanced to her Queen to see if such was okay, and Kotomi of course nodded -- before they went their own ways.

But soon enough, evening rolled around and Kotomi headed up to Shinjuku to meet with Ohya, anticipation, excitement, and no small hint of nervousness roiling in her mind. Mostly, she just didn't want it to come off like blackmail, which she was very aware that it might if she didn't approach this correctly -- she had no desire to blackmail the woman and nothing she would blackmail her for. Make it obvious that you were only doing this out of shared interests, Kotomi!

Ohya more or less seemed the same, if maybe a drink or two less in, more tipsy than outright drunk. There was quite the hefty burger on her plate, half-eaten, that she continued to dig into, only stopping mid-bite to offer a wave to Kotomi before chewing away. She still appeared to be quite the same mess, tee and jeans and her dark hair somewhat out of place. Looking a little closer now, Kotomi was able to make out the dark bags under the woman's eyes. Still, Ohya more or less seemed her cheerful, colorful self, a big grin on her lips at the sight of Kotomi.

"Hey, kid! Guess what? I got up super early today and totally tore through the stuff you gave me. My editor and chief love it, though don't think it'll be front page or anything. A nice little human interest story, something to give people somethin' to hold onto in these dark times: Phantom Thieves, Agents of Justice! Yeah!" Ohya grinned between bites, seeming quite pleased with her work, almost bouncy, even.

"Glad you could use the stuff I gave you," Kotomi replied with a warm grin as she plunked down into the stool next to Ohya's. "I'll probably have some more info for you soon, if you're still looking; there's word that the Thieves have another target in mind."

"But, hey! You said I left something behind, right? Thanks for letting me know. What was it?" Ohya asked, tilting her head curiously; it really seemed she had no idea what went missing, or she was a fantastic actress when under the influence of a few drinks.

Kotomi hesitated just the barest moment before reaching into her own bag, withdrawing the CD, and setting it on the bar in front of the reporter. "You left this behind," she stated oh-so-simply, getting the idea that Ohya didn't even notice its absence. Why would she? Maybe it wasn't even that
important to her, just something she bought on a whim, for all Kotomi knew.

"I'll be honest ... I didn't quite think you the type, Ichiko." First name, no honorific? A bold choice, but something like this was going to need a little bit of boldness. "But it's a pretty good choice. I, ah, enjoyed it, too." There was a hint of blush on her cheeks at that admission, remembering how good it felt to just ... go into trance, to surrender herself to the voice on the recording. "But I suppose we all have our thing, right, Ichiko?"

The silence in the bar was deafening, if not for the tinny little jukebox that continued to slowly play away some old, long forgotten tune. Ohya said nothing as Kotomi spoke, said nothing as the younger girl's cheeks blushed. Her own filled with some degree of color, and her lips opened once, twice, though no words came from her. Desperate to find something to latch on to, Ohya made quite the show of returning her notebook to her purse, her breathing growing a little audibly, visibly heavier. Just how fucking drunk was she last night, that she let some fucking kid find out her ... her secret? Ugh, the her of so long ago was right that she just shouldn't ever have carried such in her purse, and yet she couldn't help herself, could she?

Taking a deep, deep drink from her glass -- practically draining it in one go, all the way -- Ohya finally found her voice. "You listened to it." There was none of the cheer, none of the delight from just two short minutes ago in her voice, her words cold and empty and afraid, though she tried her best not to show it as she tried to reach for the CD. "Look, how much do you want? I -- I can't pay you much, but name your price, kid. Whatever it takes to make this disappear, for you to forget all about it." Shifting, Ohya's eyes flickered up, away toward the clock above the door, lingering for a long moment before returning her unsteady gaze back to Kotomi.

Oh, nice work, Kotomi. You told yourself not to let this come across as simple blackmail, and here Ohya clearly thought that it was simple blackmail; the urge to facepalm was strong, but she resisted. Still, there was no doubt that she was somewhat thrown off of her game by Ohya's reaction, and she knew she needed to do some quick damage control before this was smothered before it could even properly start burning. So to speak.

"I'm not looking for money or whatever, Ichiko." Her blush remained, but her voice was steady, even, and low. "I'm not really looking for ... anything like that. I'm not going to expose your secret, I just wanted you to know that I did listen to it, and, ah ..." She shrugged a little, helpless. "It's pretty good." To say the least. Massive understatement. Fuck, she came so many times the night prior, spurred on by the voice on the recording, by her temporary Mistress ... it got her a little hot just to remember it. And a little hotter to imagine Ohya in such a position, now that she confirmed that the CD really was something she wants to keep secret -- and since it was a secret, that means that Ichiko was really into it.

Ohya's own heart beat heavily in her chest, as this was entirely new ground for her, too. She was always sloppy, but she still couldn't believe she let herself get to the point where one of her informants -- a kid -- managed to find out one of her deepest, darkest secrets, about the thing that had such a deep, deep hand in her life. So of course, her first instinct was to think that Kotomi wanted to leverage her knowledge against the reporter, because that's how it went in the business. Still, Ohya's position -- while still tense, upright in her seat -- seemed to relax ever so slightly as Kotomi allowed her to take the CD back, quickly stashing it away in her bag. That said, it was still very possible that Kotomi could have made a copy of the recording, to let it loom over Ohya's head ... something like that could utterly ruin her if Kotomi got it out in the right way.

"And I suppose what I'm really getting at ..." Spit it out, Kotomi. Don't make the poor woman suffer any longer. Then again, Ohya rejected her yesterday -- whether intentionally or not -- and Kotomi had no reason to imagine that another attempt would go over any better just because they might have
had some mutual interests. "Tell me a little more about it. About why you like it, what appeals to you. And, perhaps ..." She grinned a little then, having recovered her confidence, gotten back on track. "Perhaps let me know if you're in the market for an actual Mistress to try that on you." Not to suggest that Tae wasn't an actual Mistress or anything, just ... actual in the sense that it might be different to have said hypnotizing Mistress in the room with her while it was happening, instead of just a recording.

"If not, I understand. If you want to walk away and forget this happened entirely, I will, too -- we can simply go right back to you being a reporter and me being your source." What were the odds Ohya would agree to something like this, though? Especially given that Ichiko seemed so fond of referring to Kotomi as 'kid', reinforcing the fact that Kotomi was, what ... six, seven years Ohya's junior? A significant gap, albeit not one insurmountable, as shown by her relationships with Kawakami and Tae -- for Kotomi, what's one more adult woman to add to the list?

Ohya listened to Kotomi speak, her usually grinning lips snapped in a straight line, trying to betray nothing in her expression -- doing mostly alright, save for the color in her cheeks, her eyes remaining steady. (Though they continued to glance up at the clock, almost every minute or so.) And then Kotomi made her proposal, her entire facade cracking in an instant, her eyes flying open wide, and it was quite clear to her that Kotomi was ... suggesting herself for such a role. Ohya understood that very much indeed. The idea had such a terrible taboo to it, but she didn't dare -- her life hadn't gotten that off the rails, into such a mess. Had it?

"Well. That's a relief. My competitors would call you an idiot for not using the dirt you have on me."

Ohya finally managed with a quivering, fake-as-fuck laugh, a little smile finally gracing her face. Still, though, she glanced away, chewing on her bottom lip, distracted -- both in thought and by her continued glances at the clock. Shifting nervously about, and unable to believe she was going to say what she was about to say, Ohya took a deep breath and spoke, her voice incredibly quiet -- needlessly so, considering how dead the bar was.

"I like it. Because it's someone else taking ... control. Of me. I dunno if you know, kid, but my life is kind of a mess. But ... when I'm listening to those recordings, it's like someone else giving order to the chaos, y'know? They're not ... all about masturbating. Or being called filthy things. There's one to empty my mind while I clean. And stuff." Ohya's discomfort was palpable as she fidgeted, yet her posture continued to relax very, very slowly, as if letting a weight steadily slip from her shoulders. "But I think it's ... sexy. Not just someone telling me what to do -- that doesn't do it for me. It's not enough. But just ... overriding me like that. Brainwashing me. Erasing me. Being blank is ..." Ohya drifted off, a pleasant, distant look showing in her face for several long seconds, before a shudder passed through her, shaking her head. "Well. It's nice, alright?"

Glancing back to Kotomi, Ohya raised a brow, trying to come off as cool, collected, though she had a suspicion the girl knew Ohya knew Kotomi meant herself for the position. "Er. When you say if I'm in the market for someone ... was there somebody you had in mind? Is there someone you might know, or something ...?" The words sounded lame, pointless -- and Ohya would note the gap was only six years, thank you very much!

Why were you volunteering yourself for that position, Kotomi? It wasn't like she knew the very first thing about hypnosis, about putting someone under, about wiping someone's mind the way Ichiko said appealed to her so thoroughly ... and yet, the idea just seemed vastly interesting to the younger girl. She was already so thoroughly in control of others, between Kawakami and Makoto, this just seemed like it was taking things a step further. Why not give it a try?

But first she knew she needed to convince Ohya to give her a try, which didn't seem to be as easy as it was with the other two adults. Ichiko played dumb, pretended she didn't know that Kotomi was
very much suggesting herself, and Kotomi rolled her eyes a little. Still, the fact that Ichiko wasn't laughing it off and saying no right out was promising, right...? "You know who I meant. But, I suppose..." She made a show of considering something, before leaning in a little toward the other woman. "It's a little unfair that I know something about you, while you don't know anything about me. What do you say we balance the scales a little bit?" Kotomi grinned.

"I have some experience being a Mistress already; I have a pet of my very own." 'Pet' might have been going a little far, but it honestly wasn't that far off from what Makoto was to her -- or what she was on her way to being, now that they were exploring one another's true desires in that direction. "I mean, you're right, compared to you I'm just a kid... but give it some thought, Ichiko. Wouldn't it be nice to let someone real blank your mind, help you relax..." Her dark eyes glittered behind her glasses. "Help you get off." She leaned back a little, then. "Someone able to tailor things to your specific needs. But if you're satisfied with recordings, I understand; just... don't write me off yet."

Ohya's life was a goddamned mess. Absurd hours, too much alcohol and foods that were terrible for her -- recently her jeans had gotten a little snugger, suggesting that her metabolism may no longer have been keeping up. Her bank account looked nothing short of atrocious, barely managing to limp by, mostly thanks to so much free food on her ever growing bar tab. Her tiny apartment was a wreck, her car barely ran... and so on, and so on. Maybe it wasn't the best idea, but those recordings that Kotomi stumbled on were the only thing that had given her life any sort of solid structure at that point -- constant, daily instruction to keep her life in decent enough order. (And numerous evenings spent in a happy, empty -- yet, unfulfilled bliss.)

Ohya listened quietly to the younger girl. The reporter's first instinct was to scoff at this kid talking about having a pet, but their eyes met for a long moment, staring into Kotomi's own through those glasses, and she found her breath catching in her throat a little, her thighs instinctively squeezing slightly together beneath the table. It was insane, wasn't it? And yet, the temptation was so very, very strong. Stuttering, stammering, her cheeks burning a hot red, Ohya opened her mouth, before her eyes flickered to the clock once more.

"Fuck. Um." The tipsy woman rose to her feet, purse and all, nervously glancing around. "Listen. If... if you're serious about -- all that -- you just said, you should... come with me. Real quick." Oh god. Oh god! Was she really... was she really going to do this? Her heart pounded in her chest as she began to walk away from the table, not toward the exit, but towards the bathroom instead, very much assuming that the cocky, cute kid was going to follow. Even as she walked, her hand slipped into her purse, fishing around for something as she vanished into the bathroom. She waited for Kotomi to follow her into the decently maintained, if dimly lit little room... and locked it behind them. Ohya's cheeks were as red as can be while she removed an old fashioned CD player and some bulky, noise canceling headphones from her purse.

Kotomi couldn't stifle the delighted, triumphant little grin that rose so easily, moving quickly to keep behind the older woman -- the third older woman she was getting sexual with, at that! Lucky girl Kotomi just seemed to draw them in like a magnet, and that was something that she was far from upset about -- especially considering she was apparently equally able to draw girls her own age, too, with Ann and Makoto both so eager to be hers. Who could blame Kotomi for getting a little cocky? A little... but Tae's lesson resonated hard within her, and she was able to channel that cockiness into simple confidence, into properly finding ways to please her girls and not only herself.

"L-look. I... I have to... every six hours..." Ohya murmured more to herself than anything as she settled on the edge of the toilet seat. "It's my instructions." Shaking hands carefully, gently flipped through an entire stack of the CDs, before seeming to pull one almost at random and setting it in the player. "Just... don't think it's too weird, okay?" Fidgeting and a little uncomfortable, the reporter took a few deep breaths before putting her headphones on and hitting the play button. Nothing
seemed to happen at first, other than Ohya closing her eyes and mumbling quietly to herself --

-- until, after several long seconds, Ohya's eyes flickered open. Except it was clear to Kotomi she was no longer entirely present or aware any longer: her gaze seemed to go on forever, hazy and clouded. Any nervousness -- anything at all, really -- slipped from the older woman, and her hands almost mechanically removed her clothing, bit by bit, leaving her utterly naked and exposed before Kotomi -- and clearly not caring one bit. Ohya's bottom lip hung open slightly, a trickle of drool beginning to leak from the woman as she stared off, empty, her identity gone as she babbled, repeating phrases along the lines of 'empty mindslave' and 'entrhalled fuckpig' as her hand teased herself, already quite damp.

Kotomi watched -- oh, fuck, she watched, watched Ohya's hand snake down to her bared pussy, watched the reporter play with herself, and even just this spectacle was enough to get Kotomi hot, too, appealing to the voyeur within her. The idea rose within her that she could take advantage of this -- Ohya was clearly under trance, clearly lost within emptiness, only following the commands and filthy language from the CD she was listening to, and it would have been tremendously easy for Kotomi to ... help. To add to this. But should she? She didn't know exactly what she was doing yet, and while she didn't think she could fuck things up too badly, she decided that it wasn't a good idea to step in until she knew more about Ichiko and what she needed and wanted.

Regardless, even while spectating, Kotomi didn't resist the urge to let her own skirt drop down to the floor, her hand rapidly buried within her own panties, teasing herself to the sight of Ohya teasing herself. "Mindslave ... fuckpig," she echoed with a delighted grin -- seems like that was the kind of thing Ohya liked. Rendered empty, mindless, degraded ... mmf, that's hot. She already pictured herself utilizing this -- helping Ichiko realize who she really was, who she wanted to be, give her the true order in her life to help her piece things back together instead of continuing to spiral out of control ... yes, she could do it. Absolutely she could do it.

But today? Not today. Today was instructive. Today was for Kotomi to watch and learn ... and listen in, coming close to press herself gently against Ichiko's front, her modest tits against Ohya's, both girls openly playing with themselves while Kotomi sought to listen in on the commands Ichiko was receiving from the oh-so-seductive voice -- Kotomi was in no danger of falling into trance herself at the moment, she was just ... curious.

And, oh, the filthy things that dribbled from Ohya's lips as she repeated the hypnotic, lusty murmurings slithering into her ear, teasing and degrading her. Mindslave. Fuckpig. Empty pleasure toy. Brainjacked whore. Braindead doll. And so on, and so on, a fair bit more extreme and constant than the recording Kotomi listened to. At one point, the recording apparently gave Ohya permission to add in a second finger, the empty woman going at a steady pace of teasing, of rubbing away at herself, barely any announcement or working up as she came, almost certainly with permission, barely a shudder passing through her body, barely any interruption in her carefully led pace before resuming normalcy.

That continued for a little while, probably closer to ten minutes or so, with Ohya's peaks getting closer and closer together, drooling over herself so openly. And then she was on the floor on all fours, gurgling and babbling her self-degrading filth, the CD player roughly tugged along by her headphones thanks to her slow pace. She wandered around the floor a bit, not even seeming to notice Kotomi -- bumping into the girl and merely changing directions at random when Kotomi didn't manage to get out of the way in time. The reporter was absolutely and entirely gone.

Such a display didn't last long before it finished, however, as eventually Ohya seemed to find a decent spot -- or, more likely, the recording instructed her to do so -- before she practically collapsed forward. Still on her knees, her small breasts pressed against the tile beneath her, her cheek coming to
rest against the (thankfully quite clean!) bathroom floor beneath her, drooling and gurgling dimly, beginning to reach the end. Waving her round, if small ass around like crazy, her volume and pitch lost control as three -- no, four -- fingers plowed away almost violently at her sopping cunt, gurgling, babbling, swinging wildly from whispering to screaming about being an empty stolen-brained sow.

And then, with one final series of climaxes, with a set of brutal orgasms wrenched from her body, she finally collapsed against the bathroom floor entirely, twitching and shuddering in a pool of her own drool and juices. Nothing was said by Ohya, nothing seemed to happen for quite some time, other than quiet little whimpers occasionally leaving the reporter. Eventually, her eyes slowly, finally flickered open, glancing up at Kotomi weakly from her vulnerable position.

By the time it ended -- by the time Ohya was released from her trance after such a powerful, ending climax -- the poor bathroom floor, which thankfully had been pretty clean before this, was stained plenty both by Ohya's drool and by both of their juices -- Kotomi certainly didn't see the harm in joining in for that kind of indulgence. But what next, Kotomi? Did you still want to try and claim this girl, this hypnotized fuckslave? Did you really want to try and give her a more personalized experience, place yourself in the role of her new Mistress, impose your will on her mind in all the ways she secretly desired?

Were you really up to that kind of challenge, Kotomi?

By the time Ohya seemed to properly be out of her trance -- judging by the life and light returned to Ichiko's eyes even while she was still slumped on the floor -- Kotomi was dressed and made presentable once more, but she was grinning in obvious delight and amusement down at the reporter, squatting next to the woman. "And you do this every six hours?" It was a question with an undeniably note of teasing, but also a sort of ... professional curiosity. Like it was an important thing to know if she was going to be taking over in this role.

Kotomi held all the cards, and Ohya knew it as well. This wasn't Ichiko's plan, initially. Oh, sure, she planned to think it over, seriously even, but was ultimately going to decide against it, she thought -- but ... the time. When Kotomi texted her originally, Ohya thought she'd have plenty of time to retrieve the missing item that evening, before cheerfully retreating to the bathroom and her ... happy place. Gosh, with how empty the bar was most of the time until the very late hours, Ohya honestly found more privacy in the bathroom of the bar than her little apartment surrounded by other units. Other than Kotomi, the only other person that knew her secret was her friend at the bar. But then the meeting took turn after turn, and watching the clock behind Kotomi had practically sent a hot jolt to her slit every time the minute hand ticked forward, running ever out of time by the moment ... she had no choice.

Or that's what she told herself to try and rationalize it, but even internally she knew how... lame of an excuse that was. All but the harshest, most mind-melting of recordings that she was too scared to listen to -- the A and A+ and S classes -- had a clause within the instructions that life and security took absolute priority over being tranced. The slim reporter, as she came to, as she could fully grasp the world around her, did her best to ignore that quiet whisper in the back of her mind that a part of her did want someone real, someone she could touch or be touched by, to hold or be held by, and that she wanted Kotomi to see her ... like that. So vulnerable and powerless and utterly under the sway of another. It would have been so easy to wait until she got home to fall under her trance ...

Whimpering, still twitching and shuddering on the floor a bit, all Ohya was able to do for the moment was gaze up at Kotomi from her position, practically at the younger girl's feet as Kotomi stepped forward. She tried to speak for a moment, coughing as she found her voice. "More or less. Every six hours. The cycle ... allows for some flex and wiggle for things like ..." Not walking into the bathroom with a younger woman and writhing on the floor in front of her? "Sleeping. And things
like that."

Kotomi reached out, giving a light pat to Ohya's cute, little rear. A quiet little squeak escaped Ohya, making the tired reporter jump a little. "No wonder I always see you eating so much; this seems like hungry work." Oh, did she ever relish her position in that moment -- she had all the cards, she watched Ohya at her most vulnerable, her most open, and she knew she could very easily take over from where the CDs left off -- she could put the woman in trance, she could impose her own set of desires on the woman ... and she could help Ichiko. Help her put her life together, help her get ahold of herself ... while allowing her to indulge in her darkest fantasies, her desires to empty herself out and be filled only with the will of another.

Who better but Kotomi herself? "It was pretty hot to see you like this, though. You really do make quite the cute fuckpig, Ichiko." Oh, no doubt about that. Fuckpig, though ... that gave her a little idea, but it was one she stowed away for the time being. She reached out a hand to help Ichiko up off of the floor. "I believe I can give you what you need, and you won't need to keep shelling out for more recordings. What do you say, Ichiko? Want to give me a chance?" Before she responded, Ohya took up the hand extended to her, rising to her feet a little unsteadily.

Now on her feet, both Kotomi and Ohya were roughly at the same height, with Ohya glancing into Kotomi's eyes for a moment -- then glancing away, cheeks returning to their previous bright red as Kotomi commented on having ... enjoyed the show. That little voice in the back of her mind whispered once more, and Ohya mentally swatted it away, before admitting to herself that it was right: recordings were nice, sure, but what she really wanted was ... what she really wanted -- Ohya's uncertainty and embarrassment were delicious to the young domme -- poor Ichiko just didn't entirely know what she wanted, didn't even know how to ask for what she wanted, and she surely doubted that she could get it from someone like Kotomi anyway. But that just meant that it was up to Kotomi to prove that she was up to the task, that she truly could sate Ichiko's needs and desires.

"Um." It was a little awkward, standing naked in a bathroom, but Ichiko hesitated -- biting down on her bottom lip for a long, long moment of silence, before slowly nodding her head. "I. Er. I-I think I would like that. To try it. It's like you said, the recordings are nice, but they're just so ... impersonal. There's no connection there, I guess." The older woman shook her head, still not meeting Kotomi's eyes. Helpfully, Kotomi handed Ohya her clothing piece by piece, to help her while she continued getting dressed once more, hiding that average-if-cute body from Kotomi's ever-hungry eyes. "I, um ..." Alright, Kotomi -- what's your move here? She agreed, if a bit tentatively ... but now what, as she stood before you, timid and awkward and expecting?

Kotomi giggled in simple delight. "Wonderful -- I was hoping you'd say exactly that." She reached up to let fingers splay over Ichiko's blushing cheek, pushing gently but insistently to force her gaze back to meet Kotomi's once more. "I fully intend to try my hand at putting you into trance -- but before that, there's a few things we need to cover."

Ichiko's heart resumed its frantic, desperate hammering as Kotomi reached over to gently nudge Ichiko's gaze back over to Kotomi, her cheeks burning so hot as she gazed into the eyes of the other girl, saying nothing, listening attentively.

Kotomi paused, tilting her head a little as though considering, before: "Before I put you under and seize everything about you that makes you you, before I give you everything you crave and mold you into my personal fuckdoll ..." The vulgarity slid so effortlessly from Kotomi's lips -- whatever else Ichiko might have thought about Kotomi, she didn't find it hard to believe that the high schooler had some experience as a Mistress. Her tone, her posture, her choice of words all made it obvious that she had some experience being in control, some experience expecting to be obeyed. Her thumb
came to stroke teasingly, gently, significantly over Ohya's lips, her touch gentle, reassuring, but with an obvious certainty lurking just beneath the surface; she fully expected the woman to simply stand there and allow Kotomi to do as she desires. "... I want to make this personal, Ichiko. Like you say, those recordings are nice, but they're just recordings; they're a woman who can put you under, but she doesn't know who you are or what you need. I want to be that woman for you, but to do that, I need to know just what you need. I need to know who you are before I steal all of that away from you."

A weak little whimper came from Ichiko: the filth, the words that came forth from Kotomi sent a jolt to Ohya's already raw, overworked pussy, eyes flying open wide at how ... easily it seemed to come to the girl. And yet, as Kotomi's fingers rub, run across Ichiko's face, the girl couldn't even control herself, part of her numerous trances to react to such stimulation. Her lips parted slightly to gently capture the thumb, swallowing it down. Her gaze never left Kotomi, but the older woman managed to find a way to get redder still as she realized what she was doing, timidly giving Kotomi back her thumb.

Dealing with Ohya was reminiscent of dealing with Makoto, but ... Makoto never sought to lose herself, never wanted to be empty -- she just wanted so badly to belong to Kotomi, to have the younger girl seize hold of her leash. Ohya, though? Ohya seemed to want to give up her entire self, and that was a very different way of approaching things -- and one that came with its own set of risks. After fucking up with Makoto at first, Kotomi wanted to make sure she was handling this properly from the outset. Thanks to Tae's lesson -- the very same woman giving Ohya all of her commands up until this point, in such a neat coincidence. It's like poetry; it rhymed.

"But before even all that, I think we should find our way somewhere more comfortable than a bar's bathroom." Kotomi giggled, giving the woman's cheek a small pat before drawing away. "I have a little time left tonight; what do you say we head over to your place, hm? Let me get a little peek into who Ichiko Ohya really is."

Nodding, Ohya wasted little time in finishing getting dressed and heading out the door, leading the way home, Kotomi close on her heels. Her car was a mess itself, with countless pages of documents strewn everywhere, mixed in with what seemed to be a graveyard of fast food, countless bags of burgers and other things long since past seeming to be everywhere ...

It was a short trip, the bar seeming to be just out of walking distance from her place. Not that the neighborhood looked much better, the area looking a fair bit run down, rusted and empty, the stairway of her apartment building filled with flickering lights. Still, the older woman paid none of it any mind, or at the very least she didn't show any concerns for their safety. Eventually, they came to a stop at a little apartment on one of the higher floors. "Um. Sorry it's a mess. It's been a little while since I've listened to one of the cleaning recordings. So ..." Fidgeting, some part of her still not entirely believing what she was doing, Ohya opened the door and lead inside.

It was ... as she said, really. The apartment as a whole was barely bigger than Kotomi's attic room. If her car was a mess, her home was a disaster, from countless plates and alcohol bottles everywhere ... some seeming fresh, some seeming not so fresh. The cleanest area was around her laptop at an old table, most of the table loaded down with some food or bottle or another, though even where the laptop sat was loaded down with folders and stacks of paper and references for writing her pieces. The little entertainment area showed a decently sized television and a fading old couch in front of it, a variety of sex toys strewn about, along with numerous CDs and DVDs. Peeking about revealed only one side room, a tiny bedroom that was mostly all bed and a little dresser, with one final side door leading into her tiny bathroom.

Ichiko said she just hadn't listened to a cleaning recording for awhile, but that was a hell of an
understatement; Kotomi had rarely ever seen such a pigsty, and her distaste was all too evident on her face as she looked around. "I know I said I wanted to go somewhere more comfortable than a bar bathroom, but ..." She quirked her lips, letting it hang in the air; this may very well have been less comfortable than the bar bathroom, but they were there and she was going to deal with it.

"At least it's easy to see the sorts of things we're going to need to focus on. I thought I was just going to be rendering you a good, obedient empty-minded fuckdoll, but it seems like you're going to need a firmer hand that that, Ichiko." She punctuated this with a swift to Ohya's rear -- a 'firm hand' indeed. Fuck, what a mess, though; it was a little hard to believe anyone lived like that, but given the disarray in the rest of Ohya's life, it made a sort of sense. "Instead, I'll have to make you a good, obedient, empty-minded fuckdoll who gets joy out of putting things in order." Mostly a tease, but ... that was kind of what she had to do. Associate cleaning, associate putting her surroundings in order with pleasureable reward; it was a big challenge, but Kotomi was already putting the pieces together, imagining how she would manage to make it work.

It hurt Ichiko. It really, really did, hearing those words from -- no. No, Ohya couldn't quite think of the girl as her Mistress, not yet, though she got a sense that time was rapidly approaching sometime in the near future. Still, even with ... whatever Kotomi was, it hurt to hear that disappointment, watching the girl's disgust as she got a view of Ohya's life, pitiful and nothing as it was.

It almost made her want to cry, right then and there.

But it was what she wanted, wasn't it? It was what she tried to do herself, a way to find order, to let herself be filled with -- something else. But she needed help. No way around it by that point.

Kotomi's roving eyes traveled over the variety of toys Ichiko had scattered around -- fuck, she probably didn't even bother to clean those, judging by the rest of the apartment, Kotomi thought -- she just never imagined the woman would be that filthy. Well, no time like the present, right? "Come along." She reached out to take one of Ohya's hands, guiding her into the bedroom -- sparse, but at least a bit cleaner than the main room -- a place where they could sit and talk for a moment.

Which is exactly what she did. Kotomi gestured for the woman to take a seat on the unmade bed, and once Ohya did, the high schooler simply settled herself in the woman's lap; they were more or less the same size, so it was manageable. Sniffling a little, though, Ohya was a little surprised at the girl in her lap, feeling a strange mixture of shame and a slight tinge of arousal in the situation. "Let's start right here. It's easy to see your problems, Ichiko, but I need to know whether you even desire to fix them." While she spoke, her hands slipped idly down to the hem of Ohya's shirt, tugging it upward to get at the lovely little tits hiding beneath, her touch confident but gentle. "You do, don't you? You just need a hand. You just need someone to help you find a handle on your life, help you set things in order." The state of Ichiko's car and apartment made her believe that the woman just wanted an escape from her life and from herself, but Kotomi honestly didn't really want a fuckdoll who was going to be living in that kind of squalor -- much less one who didn't mind living like this.

"Will you help me instill order in your life?"

There was something about the way the younger girl -- and the fact that she was younger, yes -- laid it out all so effortlessly, easily on the table.

Ohya quivered and shuddered when Kotomi touched her -- the older woman wasn't without her sexual partners from time to time, but none ever in a position like Kotomi. None ever even so much as suggesting an offer to -- to be this. For her. Not that she had ever let any of them know, mind. "Nnh." Soft whimpers spilled from her as she shifted beneath the younger girl, trying to press, to arch at those gentle touches, not knowing how badly she needed such a hand in her life, "I ... I do. I do need someone. To help me. Please ... I-I don't want to live like this. Not any longer ... I've just
tried to fill the emptiness. Over and over, as best as I could, but -- but it's never worked. I thought I could ... could maybe let the tapes, the instructions take over, but I think they almost made it worse, taking them like that, I-I need control."

Whatever else might have been true, Ichiko was quite a cute woman -- mostly slender, but with some good softness in the right places. Kotomi found sitting in the woman's lap plenty comfortable, especially when Ohya subtly encouraged Kotomi's explorations, the woman's shirt tugged up over her modest breasts, and Kotomi's fingers easily found those mounds, teasing her little nipples while Ohya confessed so fully that she wanted help. That she wanted Kotomi's help in fixing things, in getting control over the mess of her life. Ohya seemed so reticent when Kotomi brought the idea up before back at the bar, but now that Kotomi had the opportunity to lay out her goals and prove through words and actions both that she had a reasonable basis as a Mistress, Ohya evidently changed her mind on that mark.

Poor Ichiko almost sounded like she was going to start sobbing as the tears began to roll down her face. Whimpering, she pushed her face into Kotomi's neck. "Please. I want -- I need you to help me. I want ... I want you to take control. I -- I'll give it to you. Help me find some order, s-some peace in my life, through surrender -- please?" She really did enjoy that emptiness, that being nothing for someone. But before, it was someone nameless to her, someone that couldn't properly instruct her, and how many hours did she spend in such a haze when she could have been cleaning or productive? Too much of a good thing -- or in this case, a good thing used slightly in the wrong way -- can be a bad thing, of course.

Kotomi was taken a little by surprise when the reporter fell into tears, and she let her hands draw away from Ohya's breasts to simply wrap her up in an embrace, cradling the woman tightly. Before all of this, she never would have thought she would see someone like Ohya -- a grown woman, an adult, an accomplished journalist, seemingly so capable and skilled -- break down like this in the arms of someone several years her junior, begging for help, begging to be hypnotized, begging for Kotomi to take control of her life and help her put things in order.

"Shh, don't worry, Ichiko -- I'm here for you. I'll give you exactly what you need. Just relax, close your eyes ... take a deep breath. Just listen to my voice." Her lips drew close to Ichiko's ear, her voice lilting, seductive, insistent; with Ohya's defenses utterly dropped, and with the way the woman was predisposed to falling into trance so easily, Kotomi was rather confident that she could manage to put the woman under. She recalled the voice on the recording that she heard -- Tae's voice that lulled Kotomi into trance so comparatively easily -- and she drew on that memory, that hypnotic tone, that repetition of language, getting Ohya to focus on herself, her breathing, on simply relaxing and emptying her mind.

Close her eyes. Take a deep breath. Yes, Ichiko knew this well, but there was something about the voice being whispered in her ear by lips so close that made the older woman shudder, her sniffles slowly coming to a stop as she focused, found her center once more. Her defenses were down, she was vulnerable, exposed to Kotomi, and had flat out asked her -- asked her to do this. Everything slowly faded away from Ohya as she breathed in, her harder breathing relaxing into a deeper, slower, steady pace, inhale -- exhale. And so on. She brought herself to that place that she knew so intimately; she just turned her brain off and let someone else -- someone real now - take control of things. Little by little, she followed Kotomi's voice, the older woman growing more relaxed, yet upright, ready to be commanded as Kotomi spoke.

It was actually pretty easy, really, and not just because Ohya was so vulnerable, such a mind-control slut: having listened to Tae, and with her experiences with the girls so far, falling into that lustful, gentle tone wasn't too difficult a task at all. And Ichiko -- before her mind slipped away, before she
became that blank, empty slate for Kotomi to press her will against, to begin working on -- listened to every word, fading away, empty with only the rope that was Kotomi's voice linking any part of her back to reality. And just like that, she was under, barely seeming to move, only the steady rise and fall of her chest to indicate that she was there at all.

"All that matters is that you listen to me, Ichiko. I know that you can be a good doll for me; a good doll who listens, who does what she's told. Empty your mind ... nothing else matters but listening to me, to doing what I tell you. I can make you feel good, and you want to feel good." Not that Ohya was going to have many wants before long, but Kotomi was still feeling her way through the shallow end -- she knew she'd dive in deep soon enough. "Be a good doll for your Mistress, make your Mistress happy ... all you need to do is do what I tell you." She hit on 'doll' again and again, seeking to have Ohya think of herself in such terms; a doll, a plaything, an empty-minded creation solely focused on her owner's will. Dolls were pretty, she continued in that lilting voice, the only thing piercing the haze of the reporter's mind; good dolls take care of themselves, good dolls want to be clean and proper so that nothing is in the way of pleasing a doll's Mistress.

Doll. Doll. Doll. It was a good word, and one of the words that the recording often hit upon, one that Ohya was so very familiar with. Already trained to repeat, the word slipped from her lips over and over as well -- quietly before going under, and then repeated with an almost dreamy, airy quality after she was tranced. "A good doll for Mistress ..." she repeated, slow, steady. "A doll to make Mistress happy ..." Dolls didn't need to think, didn't need to worry, didn't need to feel a lot of things. Only needing to take care of themselves, to look pretty, be happy, an empty little plaything for Mistress to use and enjoy -- which included the 'taking care of' part oh-so-much, alright, so that nothing, nothing else could get in the way ...

One of Kotomi's hands reached down into Ohya's jeans, tugging them open -- a tight fit, they, but Kotomi slipped her small hand into the woman's panties, stroking fingers over her slit. "It feels so good to be a doll, to just let your Mistress play with you. You're getting nice and wet, Mistress likes a wet and ready doll ..."

Already, Ohya was quite wet. There was zero reaction from the empty-minded reporter as Kotomi stroked, though she only grew damper, wetter as Kotomi teased her. "A wet, ready doll for Mistress..." she repeated back, vacant and empty and dreamily as before. Almost, indeed, as if by command, barely not even a minute later, Ichiko went from 'damp' to 'soaked', her slit drooling. She was putty in your hands now, Kotomi -- to be molded and reshaped, both in work and in pleasure.

Having that level of power over someone -- being that in-control, knowing that Ohya was absolutely helpless, that Ohya was fully under, that the greater part of her mind was simply gone, leaving room for Kotomi to step in and enact her will, to reshape the woman's mind as she desired ... mmf. It was exciting. Very exciting. She enjoyed every opportunity she had to be in control, to be the driving force in her various relationships -- with Sadayo, with Makoto, and now with Ichiko. Ichiko was just ... the deepest, so far. Ichiko was the one that surrendered absolutely everything of herself to Kotomi, and if the high schooler wanted, it would have been trivial to take advantage of that trust, that surrender ... but she wasn't that kind of person naturally, and Tae's lesson helped her keep her mind focused to ensure she didn't stray that way accidentally.

Too far, anyway; Kotomi was only human, she never did exactly this before, she was doing her best.

Kotomi cooed in delight at the feel of the journalist's slit steadily growing wetter against her fingers; she didn't dive within Ohya's slit just yet, simply teasing those lips, stroking the nub of her clit, easily able to tell she was granting the woman pleasure even if Ohya was too far gone to really display it. Associate pleasure with being a good doll: good dolls get to feel good, good dolls who take care of themselves and please their Mistress get to feel even better. Hearing her words echoed dreamily on
Ohya's lips set her heart to beating hard, but she kept her voice level as her words continued. "A good fuckdoll for your Mistress. Obedient. Nothing in your mind but Mistress. Doll wants Mistress to be comfortable, so Doll keeps a clean house. Doll wants Mistress to be happy, so Doll takes care of herself." So on, and so forth, Kotomi rendered Ichiko into nothing more than Doll, a brainwashed and happy fuckslave who existed for nothing other than her Mistress' pleasure.

Kotomi had yet to associate sexually pleasing her Mistress with everything else; one step at a time, she thought. Cleaning gave her doll pleasure and made Mistress happy, which in turn gave her fuckdoll more pleasure, so on and so forth. Ichiko's own gratification came from pleasing Kotomi, and the best way she knew how to please Kotomi was to obey her orders and make sure Kotomi was comfortable in every possible way -- but though Kotomi's own cunt drooled into her panties while still settled on the woman's lap, she paid no attention to herself, nor did she have Ichiko do anything about it; she wanted to focus solely on the task at, on helping Ichiko more than herself.

The other fun stuff could come in its own time.

It felt ... good. There was something pure to the feeling of near nothingness, with Ohya -- the real Ohya -- gone beneath the surface, lost beneath the waves of quiet pleasure, left as only -- perhaps -- some small part of herself able to look outward while her body and mind went on without her. (One might wonder, vaguely, how such a thing would play out in the cognitive world, perhaps -- what exactly would happen to this partner if brought to the Velvet Room?) For now, there was the focus on the present as Kotomi found herself with near ultimate power over another human being. While there was a chance Ichiko might have been able to break from her trance if Kotomi went too far ... with how far gone the reporter was, there was just no guarantee. So there she sat beneath Kotomi, an utterly empty blank, the inner workings of her mind exposed to whatever whim the younger girl had. If Kotomi's brief experience being under was any indicator, she could do -- almost -- anything, and Ohya would likely be none the wiser.

Kotomi knew she needed to be very, very careful. It was some Serious Stuff she was playing with.

Ichiko was clay in her hands, her body responding even as her mind could do little more than repeat words and instructions fed into it. She was a good doll, wasn't she? Yes. Yes. A good doll took care of herself, keeping things clean and orderly for Mistress. Good dolls didn't let their homes, their cars become such a mess. And just as before, as Kotomi spoke, the words continued to fall from Ohya's lips, repeated back in that dreamy, distant, empty voice. "Doll is a good fuckdoll for Mistress. Doll is obedient. Doll has nothing in her mind but Mistress. Doll wants Mistress to be comfortable, so Doll keeps a clean house. Doll wants Mistress to be happy, so Doll takes care of herself. Doll ..." Doll. Doll. There were plenty of things to work through, as Kotomi nudged and worked at some of Ohya's issues, instructing, guiding her subconscious to help Ohya along once she emerged from her trance later. One can only hope it was a good enough job!

The minutes dragged on, Kotomi only growing more insistent on just how important Mistress was to her doll's life and happiness; the idea of disobedience would surely never even cross a good doll's mind. "Doll will still be there too, even when Ichiko comes back; Doll still wants to please Mistress, now and always." Not that she was strictly sure that would work -- she was unsure exactly what she could and couldn't manage -- but she did want to make things a little more ... permanent, if possible.

"Doll will still be there too, even when Ichiko comes back; Doll still wants to please Mistress, now and always." Ohya repeated the words as Kotomi made her attempt to bring the two parts of the woman together -- taking the pieces already there, to try and make it so even when not under that trance, Ichiko still saw the younger girl as Mistress.

"Good doll," she cooed, "good Doll, you listen so well, you make your Mistress very happy. Cum
for Mistress, doll, Mistress wants you to cum nice and hard ..." Two fingers -- no, three -- slipped inside of the woman at the same time, encouraging her to go ahead and cum, go ahead and show her Mistress how good and obedient she truly could be.

Of course, a good Doll obeyed, didn't she? Kotomi barely had to dip her fingers into Ohya before the older woman's body twitched and spasmed beneath her, pushing herself without thinking, without realizing, deeper onto those fingers as she climaxed hard, making quite the damp mess of Kotomi's fingers and her own panties before she was done.

But she didn't keep Ichiko under for much longer than that, gently counting down from ten to slowly pull her out of trance and back into the real world, and she saw the difference immediately -- when Ichiko was in trance, there was just a raw emptiness behind her eyes, an emptiness replaced immediately by the light of thought, of consciousness.

"Nnnnh." Groaning, Ohya's eyelids slowly fluttered open, shaking her head a little. "Mistress?" she asked, quietly, though the word came from her lips with such ease. "Did -- did you put me u-under, Mistress?" She didn't even question the term she called Kotomi, though she mostly just seemed ... confused as her mind, shifted about to a decently radical degree, settled back into place. Still, she wiggled a bit beneath Kotomi and snuggled in against her gently, though peering behind her Mistress, she frowned at the sight of the sorry state of her living room -- ugh. She needed to get on that, pronto.

"There you are," Kotomi murmured with a light smile -- a smile that only grew when Ohya referred to her as 'Mistress' as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Did it work? Did she manage to let some of the 'Doll' personality remain even when she wasn't under? Only one way to find out, really, and that would be mostly if Ohya started to do something about the tidiness of her apartment.

Ichiko also didn't seem to remember anything that happened -- but that made sense; even Kotomi didn't remember anything that happened when she was under, just that it was hazy and felt good and that's about it. If that was all Ohya retained, then all the better, but she was also much more used to being in trance than Kotomi was. "You went under so easily, Ichiko, you really are quite good at this." Gentle praise as she reached up to lightly push some of Ohya's hair back, her touch gentle and affectionate.

Realistically, Ichiko knew ... something happened, that Kotomi did something to her, as the girl confirmed. Yet, even when her mind brushed up against the idea, she found herself not wanting to really call Kotomi anything but, and that was good enough for her -- it made them both happy, right? So why not? Still quivering, shivering a little from the aftermath of her trance, after such a powerful climax, Ohya simply ... enjoyed clinging to Kotomi for a moment. "Y-yyeah. I've been doing this for ... longer than I should have, probably, to be honest. Ever since ... well. Ever since something happened, years ago, everything fell apart. I always had a bit of an interest, but then I stumbled on some things on the internet ... and, well. You more or less know the rest from there, Mistress."

"All in all, I think it was a very successful first session. I mean, you certainly seemed to enjoy yourself," Kotomi teased, finally drawing her other hand out of Ohya's jeans, ensuring that the woman saw the wetness staining her three fingers before she licked them clean, a little moan escaping her lips at the taste.

Shivering at Kotomi's touch, Ichiko blinked, not even having realized that there was a hand stuffed down her pants, turning her head a little to watch her Mistress teasingly lick up her juices, eliciting a soft gasp ... but it was the use of the word 'doll' in particular that caused quite a powerful shudder to go through the reporter's body -- and yet, Ohya didn't really seem to notice it.

"But tell me ... how do you feel, doll? I know you probably don't remember anything, but ..."
Kotomi shrugged a little, curiously planting that word in the middle of the sentence -- curious to see if there was a reaction to it, but her tone could plausibly have been written off as making it just an idle little pet name. "I just want to make sure this will be a good fit for you, too." Plus this was the first time she ever did this and, despite her confident demeanor, she was sort of worried about fucking up.

"No ... I don't remember anything, other than a feeling of happy, blissful ... nothing." Shaking her head, Ichiko laughed. "But I feel ... good? Tired, like after most trances, but pretty damn good. Whatever you did, I think you did a good job of it, too. Um. Thank you, Mistress." The last part was added on after a moment's hesitation, Ichiko's cheeks burning a bit brightly, even with the happy smile on her face. Even though the term came from her lips easily, she still wasn't used to having someone ... above her, someone she can look to in that way.

Happy as she was, their little chat was interrupted as the sound of a growling tummy rang out a few moments later.

"Oops." Giggling, Ohya shrugged. "You did kind of interrupt my dinner a little bit, you know. Are you hungry? There's a nice little place down the street and I don't know about you, but I'm starving." The older woman's face and tone grew much more serious for a moment as her gaze returned to the messy living room just beyond Kotomi. "And ... I can't stand being in here. Not right now. Ugh. How did I let this place get so filthy? I'm not going to worry about it tonight, but tomorrow, oooh!" The laughter returned as she tilted her head. "I mean. I know dinner usually comes before getting fucked, mindfuck or otherwise ..." Yep -- even with the messing about in her head, still (mostly) the same old, cheerful and somewhat vulgar Ohya.

Kotomi nodded, pleased with the woman's response, but it was when Ichiko openly mentioned that she was disgusted with the state of her apartment that Kotomi truly relaxes -- that was the perfect sign that what she did stuck, right? At least a little. Sure, she could have had Ohya clean while she was in trance, but it would be better if she just placed those triggers in the woman's mind permanently, associating cleanliness with pleasing her Mistress in general, even when she was herself. Having her perform well only while under trance would have made her no better off than when she had the recordings, after all; Kotomi wanted to ensure there's something of a personal touch here, and it looked like she succeeded.

Before responding, Kotomi leaned in and kissed the other woman, her lips gleefully capturing Ohya's, her tongue even slipping between the reporters', a kiss of raw delight and possessive affection and simple triumph -- she accomplished something that she set out to do, and that always felt good. Plus ... it was kinda hot and exciting to hear Ohya call her 'Mistress' so naturally, so casually ... and she there was the silent reaction Ohya had to being called 'doll'. All very good, very good. Breaking the kiss after a moment, she murmured quietly against Ohya's lips: "Thank you for giving me this chance, doll. It means a lot to me that you'd give yourself to me like this." And she wasn't going to betray the journalist's trust -- not a chance.

But with the issue of dinner properly broached, Kotomi moved to draw herself off of Ohya's lap, offering a hand to help Ichiko up as well. "I'm starving. Turns out hypnotizing is hungry work," Kotomi giggled. Plus ... well, she didn't really like being in this apartment the way it was, either; she was hardly a fan of filth, and that was reflected in a look of distaste when she glanced out to the mess in the living room. "C'mon. You're gonna treat your Mistress, right?" Trance or not, Kotomi was firmly placed above Ohya, and she intended to revel in it -- plus, good to make sure that Ohya's newly-latent desires to please her Mistress stayed focused only toward her.

Ohya was all too happy to take her Mistress to the tiny little place down the street. Something new seemed to have come into the older woman -- not that Ichiko was anything but cheerful, but she
seem to have a lovely new pep in her step. (That is, once they left the tiny, wrecked little apartment, anyway.) The little ramen shop appeared to be nothing particularly special on the outside, but it proved to be quite the delightful experience -- in one part from just how good the food was, especially on their empty stomachs -- and in the other part because of Ohya herself. The reporter switched back and forth between keeping herself quite well fed, feeding her seemingly limitless appetite -- and doting, gushing to her Mistress, doing things from pulling out Kotomi's seat to letting the younger girl order for her. The 'M' word, all the while, continued to come effortlessly from Ohya as if it was the most natural thing in the world. All in all, both women quite happy, especially as the two shared one final, tender kiss before parting ways for the evening.
The Twins, The Turnabout

Thankfully, the heist into Kaneshiro's Palace the next day went off -- more or less -- without a hitch. It was one thing to tease while exploring the Palace, but everyone (mostly) managed to keep their hands to themselves during the big day. Yet, despite being the third time, the actual collapse of the Palace inevitably became a chaotic affair, the group managing to escape once again in just the nick of time, emerging from the Palace in a big pile of Phantom Thieves in a back alleyway -- no doubt getting a good giggle from the girls, with the way they were stacked with Makoto on the bottom, Ann having landed on her, and with Kotomi, of course, on top. What a heist! The first one was an entirely local affair, and the police had suppressed the Phantom Thieves angle of the second, but thanks to the efforts of Makoto and Ryuji, there could be no doubting who was responsible for the change of heart this third time. (Already, that little nerd Mishima seemed to be daydreaming at how busy he'd be after the news broke ...) For now, though, there was little to do but enjoy some well earned downtime until Kaneshiro made his public confession. All laughs and smiles, the tired group went their separate ways ...

Watching the sway of Makoto's fat ass and the bounce of Ann's tits as the others left, Kotomi barely had time to notice the faint flicker of blue at the edge of her vision, the telltale sign of the Velvet Room. But -- she wasn't thinking about the Velvet Room, was she? At least so far, it mostly only seemed to beckon at her call. Before Kotomi was able to ponder such a mystery for longer than a few moments, though, something heavy and forceful collided against her back, sending her stumbling forward into the Velvet Room. As she submerged into the very sea of her soul, Kotomi just barely noticed a stacked, smug little warden standing at the threshold ...

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Being restrained in the Velvet Room was nothing new to Kotomi: every visit when summoned or when there for the purpose of not increasing her bonds had her with her hands cuffed. This time, though, as she awakened once again in her glorious body, stacked and thick and hung, spilling out of her prisoner's jumpsuit -- Kotomi found herself bound to a very familiar looking and oh-so-comfortable bed. Thick, velvet fabric was wrapped around her wrists -- while it didn't stop her from moving her arms, the slim amount of slack kept her from moving away from the bed ... and despite seeming soft, flimsy, the material would proved itself resilient no matter how hard she tugged.

"Hmph. About time you woke up, inmate."

Seeming to emerge from the shadows of the room, Caroline and Justine, in all their spiteful, curvy glory looked in on Kotomi, ample busts pressed up against the bars of their charge's cell. As ever, the twins had the same looks on their faces: Caroline's twisted in a gleeful, hateful smile at seeing someone she so despised strung up and mostly powerless, while Justine looked as bored as ever, though even she couldn't hide the amused smile at the corner of her lips. Nodding to one another, Justine fished out a key from her cleavage, and -- with only a momentary pause from the twins as they had to push themselves through the slender doorway -- they slipped inside. "Our Master has tasked us with observing the progress of the inmate," Justine spoke, though the bored tone in her voice suggested she was speaking to the room at large instead of Kotomi in particular. Both girls arrived at the bed, though just outside of Kotomi's limited reach.

"You know. To make sure you don't get too cocky, inmate!" Caroline barked as both girls began to slowly walk around the bed. The girls took turns tormenting Kotomi -- and holy fuck they were quick, quicker than anything Kotomi had seen in the Palaces, suggesting that, despite their cute, soft appearances, her twin wardens were nothing to fuck with. At one turn it was Caroline, perched over
Kotomi with her fingers digging in so harshly at the girl's fat tits, while Kotomi's face was smothered in Caroline's own -- and then another, it was Justine, slim fingers wrapping around as much of Kotomi's dick as they could, through the jumpsuit, yanking and pulling away. "You've made a lot of progress -- for you, inmate! But we're concerned you spend your days a little too ... idle. Even when you're here."

Justine continued where Caroline left off, even as the twins twirled, twisted about, and Kotomi's pants were gone, leaving that twitching, throbbing mass of cock exposed ... which they gleefully took advantage of. Laughing, Caroline busied herself with Kotomi's fat balls for the moment, working up some sort of magic it seemed, as Justine spoke up. "Does that surprise you, inmate? You haven't been alone here. Not entirely. While we may not be present, we are still a part of this place. Nothing happens here that we are not aware of." Fuck, Caroline apparently knew just how to rub at those heavy, churning things between Kotomi's thighs, even as the stacked girl's hot breath teased across the tip of her cock. And, fuck: they had been watching everything Kotomi was doing this whole time? And -- and fuck did her balls feel bloated, despite having just been in here the other night for hours and hours and hours with Ann and Sadayo, despite having her recent escapades in the real world.

"So, inmate. Our Master has given us permission to make sure you're the tough stuff you should be!" Growling, Caroline shifted herself forward, letting the sheer wall of her immense tits crush against Kotomi's cock, even as her lips glided teasingly across the tip. "You get to be lucky enough to have us test you. Be grateful, inmate!" Caroline snapped. "For the next little while, you're completely at our mercy. You don't get to have one of your little climaxes until we say so!" Laughing, delight and sheer spite for Kotomi in her eyes, the little warden finally let her lips wrap around the swollen cockhead, beginning to wetly slurp it down and fuck it felt good, so confident and cocky and skilled at sucking Kotomi off, the tongue in Caroline's mouth seeming to know every little right spot to wiggle or dance about.

"What Caroline means," Justine sighed even as she took her place up top, beginning to grope at Kotomi's heavy tits, lifting the enormous globes with ease. "Is that she made it so emptying your balls is very ... difficult. You can, if you want. If you really, really focus on it, if you've had too much, inmate. But then: that means you've failed our little test, and there will be repercussions for that from our Master ..."

"So all I have to do is ... not cum?" Oh, fuck, that was going to be hard -- especially once Caroline wrapped her lips around her fat dick, letting several inches sink into her mouth, teasing the sensitive flesh with her talented tongue, her precum drooling into the warden's mouth. Still, Kotomi did her best to keep an element of cockiness in her tone: "Should be pretty easy, if that's all ... you two might have good tits, but that's all." Maybe taunting them wasn't the best course of action, Kotomi. Still, that was the tack she took, even though her balls did feel especially bloated -- even though Caroline actually was surprisingly good at sucking her colossal cock -- even though Justine seemed to know just how to handle her tits -- Kotomi wasn't about to just give in to these twin terrors. If it was raw will they wanted to test, then she was going to make them work for her cum.

Justine's hands didn't stop for a second; they roamed and glided all along Kotomi's enormous tits, the massive globes of the little warden's own set smushed haphazardly against them. With a little chuckle and spreading her arms out, she tugged Kotomi's jumpsuit top down, letting those massive mounds jiggle free ... and then, then she got to work. Her fingers found those fat, pink nipples topping Kotomi's mountains a second later, beginning to pull, beginning to tug at a certain pace, almost as if - -

And it was around that time that Kotomi felt two powerful wills beginning to push against her body. Was that what Ann, what Becky felt, when they were changed? It was strong enough to nearly rob
her of breath for a moment, to force her to gasp for air, and almost as if on cue, Kotomi felt those
simply immense tits begin to leak, to dribble hot liquid from her swollen teats. Was it too surprising,
especially if Caroline and Justine were, essentially, a part of this Room? Kotomi might have been the
owner, but when what was, in part, the room itself pushing back ... no, Kotomi wasn't ready to win
that fight. Not yet, anyway. (Plus: really, it wasn't that much a stretch for her already fat balls to be
even further bloated and full, or for her massive tits to be filled with milk ...) Either way, Justine
seemed simply delighted as Kotomi started to produce, the girl going to town at Kotomi's swollen,
milk-filled tits.

The heaviness flooded Kotomi's breasts, drawing an excited moan from the girl, watching in delight
and awe as Justine manipulated and teased and milked her gigantic tits -- her own will had given her
this body, but the lesson was quickly learned: if the twins wanted to change her in some way, they
could. No questions asked. And they did -- both her tits and her balls, each bloating in their own
way, rendering her even more vulnerable to their teasing, tormenting advances, white cream pouring
from her fat nipples onto Justine's tugging fingers, down over the mountains of her breasts.

Of course, Caroline wasn't just sitting around during all this, though. Kotomi had thought Ann was
skilled at sucking her off, but Caroline blew (heh) her out of the water. There was barely any
hesitation as inch after inch of Kotomi's massive, straining cock vanished past her pretty little lips, her
throat looking so full as she slurped, gurgled it down, her wet slurping sounds ringing out with the
sounds of Kotomi's tits so eagerly being milked. Caroline's head bobbed, back and forth, repeatedly,
tongue twisting so skilled in her tightly packed mouth. And then there was the factor that the portion
of Kotomi's dick wasn't being drooled on was pressed oh-so-tight against that sheer wall of titflesh
Caroline boasted, two enormous globes that roughly rivaled Kotomi's own, all on that cute, tiny
form. At some point, due to the friction and the constant rocking about, a button or two popped,
letting flesh properly glide against flesh.

Kotomi was helpless -- mostly, anyway -- but she could still enact small portions of her own will in a
more direct fashion, reaching with bound hands to tug at Justine's own massive pair, groping and
squeezing at the small girl's breasts, amazed at just how soft those mounds felt -- all while she was
dealing with Caroline's oh-so-skilled mouth on her cock. Who would have guessed the spiteful girl
would be so good at sucking dick -- especially a dick like Kotomi's? It didn't look like she should
have been able to take so much of Kotomi's towering erection, given how small Caroline was, but a
surprising amount vanished into the girl's working throat and so much of the rest of her trapped
against Caroline's own enormous breasts ... fuck, it was like she was drowning in perfectly-delivered
pleasure, and she felt that tautness in her balls, encouraging her to just give in, just cum like they
wanted her to.

But she didn't. Not yet.

Even while in control, Justine gasped and moaned quietly at Kotomi's grasp on the stacked, small
girl. So soft, so big -- there was no doubt those enormous mounds on the slim little wardens were
real, alright. So much soft fucking titflesh, causing so many countless buttons to strain and hold on
for dear, dear life, tiny little warden uniforms barely holding back all that sinful, curvy flesh on those
little forms. All while Caroline continued to take that dick, slurping it down, and indeed, she took
all of it, her lips kissing against Kotomi's fattened, swollen balls, slurping against them.

"That's right, inmate." Justine nodded, and the girl's lips were at Kotomi's ear even as she continued
to milk the stacked, bound girl. "How long can you last? How long can you hold out?" Laughing,
Justine paused one hand, before she reached back to develop a harsh smack across those gigantic,
milk splattering tits, making them wobble and bounce against one another lewdly, jiggling wildly for
some long moments. "Look at her, inmate. Look at her." Justine abruptly seized a handful of
Kotomi's wild, dark hair, yanked her face up into position so that Kotomi could look down at
Caroline sucking her off over the cliff of her own rack. (All as Caroline stared back, that sheer spite glinting in her eyes.) "Look at her body, inmate. You like us like this, don't you? You're such a tit-obsessed pervert, and it's all you think about so much of the time, isn't it? I could help you make her bigger if you wanted me to, inmate -- if you do something for me," Justine teased. Bigger? Both Caroline and Justine were big enough already that, when sitting, they'd fill their own laps ...

Despite everything else happening, she felt an embarrassed heat rushing to her cheeks at being so openly, so directly called out for being a tit-obsessed pervert. It was true, after all -- did those desires actually help to give the twins their forms? Was that because of her? Because there was no doubt that Kotomi preferred them looking like this ... or, as Justine suggested ... "B -- bigger?" Kotomi gasped, and Caroline noticed the way her cock throbbed harder in the girl's mouth at the very idea, betraying the truth of any protestations she might have tried to make. "I ... yes, I want to see her bigger, I want to see both of you bigger." No point in trying to deny it.

"What ... what do you want me to do, Justine?"

Justine's hands never stopped milking Kotomi for a moment. With how stupidly, absurdly stacked the dark-haired girl was, she felt what must have been gallons in those oversized tits, and by that point, the titsy warden had easily drained quite a bit from Kotomi ... and yet, no matter how many thick, rich streams of milk dribbled, poured, splattered from her fat nipples, the stream never seemed to end -- and how heavy, how massive her tits were, how full they were, never let up in the slightest. And, fuck, her balls felt so heavy, too, heavier than they normally did in this body, only seeming to grow more so as the moments ticked by, having started at 'backed up' and grew even moreso from there, balls practically churning beneath the occasional teasing touch from Caroline. It was almost as if the twins were trying to push her body to its limit, making her swell, making her feel so bloated and full, needing to be emptied so desperately ...

You liked them like this, didn't you, Kotomi? Did your desires help give them form -- this sinful, excessiveness on such bodies? And of course, Justine had her fucking number, driving home how obsessed, how much Kotomi simply adored such. And bigger? Yes. Bigger. Blinking, Kotomi's answer caught Justine off guard, though the stacked warden nodded. "Hmmh. Perhaps you have come further than we thought, inmate. It's good to hear you being honest with yourself ..." Tug. Yank. Even as she spoke, she didn't let up on Kotomi's nipples, trying to 'help' the poor girl with the pointless, doomed battle of trying to empty Kotomi's massive tits. But, ah ... there was a deal to be made, wasn't there?

"Mmmm. Well, inmate. I can't help you with myself -- but I can help you make Caroline grow." And speaking of Caroline, the girl between Kotomi's legs began to work into double time, rocking her body against Kotomi's fat cock, all while greedily slurping, bobbing along the several inches poking out of her cleavage. "You just have to do two things for me, inmate. You just have to focus, and to think of her bigger ... and then cum for me. Would you do that, inmate? You may lose and be punished, but I can guarantee you, inmate, she will be changed, larger ... permanently."

"Well, inmate? I'll give you ten seconds to decide. Ten. Nine. Eight..." 

The tits that Justine was urging her to make bigger, larger -- they already undoubtedly filled Caroline's lap, and yet Justine knew what Kotomi truly wanted ... more. Ever more. Even Kotomi didn't know where her tit obsession ended, when she would truly be satisfied, but there was no doubt in her mind that she wasn't there yet -- the twins were impressive indeed, but ...

"M -- more," Kotomi gasped, even as Justine laid out the terms of her little deal. Focusing her will was one thing -- perhaps they would relent a little and let her push against them -- but cumming? Wasn't that what they told her she was not supposed to do? Or maybe it was more like ... if she
managed to win a battle of the wills enough to change Caroline's body, they would deem that as winning the whole thing, in a way. But if she didn't -- if she just came -- that was just losing. Was -- was that how it worked? Hard for Kotomi to really consider it, given the pressure of a short time limit and the constant, relentless distraction of hands and lips and tits on her too-sensitive body -- it was all she could do to keep from cumming as it was, and as such: "Yes. Yes, I'll do it, I'll ... I want to see them bigger, they're amazing, I want m-more --"

Justine had commended her for speaking the truth, for being honest with herself, and that, at least, was something she doesn't have an issue doing any longer; she really was a tit-obsessed pervert (though not that she didn't appreciate the other aspects of a girl, given her fondness of Makoto, but ... yeah, it was safe to say breasts were her primary focus) and she wasn't ashamed to confess that to herself. Or to the twins, apparently.

"I'll -- do it. I can't hold back much ... much more, anyway ..." The whole situation was just too good -- too fucking amazing, too much of Caroline's titflesh wrapped around her monstrous shaft. Her eyes glued to that spectacle -- Caroline titfucking her and sucking the few inches that jutted up from her expansive cleavage -- she focused, imagining exactly what Justine goaded her into imagining: those tits swelling even larger. Fatter. Heavier. Bigger. Bloating ever more, and she saw that cleavage deepening, taking up more and more of her cock, Caroline's tits swelling out atop Kotomi's lower body more and more ... or did she just really want to see that? Hard to tell, honestly -- hard to tell if she was actually making it work or if her mind was fooling her eyes in that place where desires came true.

Either way, she couldn't help but fulfill the rest of Justine's little gamble, clutching harshly at Justine's massive tits as her orgasm finally overtook her, full hips bucking up against Caroline's watermelon-esque tits as she came, as her cock utterly erupted in the girl's cleavage, her beyond-bloated balls churning as cum spurt from that cock -- again, again, more than ever, as if the girls had purposely backed her up beyond anything she ever felt before -- more, more, feeling that climax stretch on into the eternity of over a full minute.

It was like a goddamn firehose that went off as those massive, bloated balls finally managed to get some relief, countless thick rope after rope of cum blasting out of the tip, straight into Caroline's surprised face ... and, ah, if anything else, wasn't that worth it? For the very first time, Caroline sported a genuine expression of something that wasn't pissed anger or delighted spite on her face, eyes wide with surprise. Still, not one to be outdone, the stacked little warden crammed her face down into her own cleavage, gurgling and slurping messily -- but even she had to pull back, panting, gasping as Kotomi practically hosed her down in her seed. And it made quite the mess; by the time Kotomi's output began to taper off, Caroline looked practically drenched with Kotomi's cum, in her hair and all over her tits ...

... tits which did not seem to have increased in the slightest in size, when Kotomi finally got a moment to catch her breath. Laughing, Justine practically cackled with glee as she slipped away from Kotomi, drawing down to join her sister. Despite the intense stimulation, Kotomi's cock twitched back to life from the spectacle, watching the two little wardens kiss wetly, swapping the taste of their charge, massive tits crushed, grinding together, spreading Kotomi's sticky seed all over one another, making a mess together.

Of course it was a ruse, Kotomi -- of course Justine would never have actually wanted you to succeed. She tricked Kotomi into cumming, and even as good as it felt, it felt that much worse to know she fell for it. Sure, her lust and desperation had been forced to even greater heights than she'd ever experienced before; sure, both of the girls' ministrations on her straining, oversexed body could surely have spurred her to orgasm regardless of her own will. And yet ... it still felt like the failure that it truly was. Kotomi was forced to confront the fact that her will simply could not win out over
the combined will of the twins ... not yet, at least.

Still, there was no denying the arousal that burned within her while witnessing the spectacle of the two lovely little maidens kissing, making out, one smearing the other with Kotomi's cum, two sets of gigantic tits squashing and rubbing and grinding together, enough to certainly make her cock twitch in excitement -- oh, what she wouldn't have given to plow the both of those, to make them both cum over and over, to leave them stuffed and drenched in seed, to force them to acknowledge Kotomi’s superiority ... 

"I can't believe the inmate fell for that!" Caroline joined her sister in laughter, the two sticky, stacked girls grinning and smirking up at Kotomi. "Truly, it was an effortless endeavor. The inmate did not even consider it might be a ploy." Still chuckling as they began to rise up, Justine slipped away, backing off from the bed as Caroline stood at Kotomi's side, the smirk never leaving her face for a moment. "You've gotten too cocky, inmate! Do you really think you can possibly rehabilitate, and change the world if you're that easy to fool? Tch. You're lucky that you've at least made some progress, otherwise we'd tell our Master about this!"

It was a valuable lesson, admittedly. And yet, Justine, standing off to the side, barely hid her own smile -- and provided a tiny little nod Kotomi's direction. Focus, Kotomi! And, indeed, the dark-haired girl focused and cast her mind and will forward and pressed against the cognitive brick wall that was Caroline -- only Caroline, specifically -- she found the tiniest of unprotected threads to pull, the smallest of cracks to sneak into, to press herself, her will against Caroline, and without Justine stepping in. Oh, dear, Caroline: who, exactly, was the cocky one again ...?

Why, though? Why would Justine have done this? She knew the inmate couldn't win out on her own, so she was intentionally letting Kotomi 'win' ... but why? Why turn against her fellow warden like this? All for fun, or ... was this some greater lesson that Kotomi couldn't yet grasp? Justine obviously had some sort of motive, even as she leaned back against the bars, watching this unfold.

As Kotomi pushed with her will, forced her thoughts toward changing Caroline, that cognitive wall didn't seem to be as invulnerable as before, a weakness opened up thanks in part -- no doubt -- to Justine. Caroline was already absurdly, obscenely stacked, the warden's little body making those tits - - already the size of bloated, overtaxed watermelons -- look all the more enormous, particularly as Caroline stood before Kotomi. Massive, fat, heavy globes of flesh that rose and fell with every breath, her uniform strained to its limits ...

Kotomi pushed as hard as she could, eyes glued to the warden's tits.

Nothing happened at first. "Hey! Eyes up here, inmate!" Caroline barked, leaning in -- and then practically stumbling backwards. One button went flying away violently, then another, and another. Steadily, inch after inch after absurdly, excessive inch of titflesh spilled and began to wobble free, the already immensely top-heavy girl beginning to grow more so, quickly, and for the first time Caroline really did seem to be off balance, despite having hefted around those huge things with ease just a moment ago. "N-nnggh!" she gasped out, panting, before toppling back onto the bed, now within Kotomi's reach -- the little warden's massive chest, those enormous tits growing, wobbling as they still swelled and swelled and swelled, bigger than Kotomi's, bigger than Ann's obscene pair.

Focused as she was, she didn't even notice Justine slipping out of the cell, swinging the door shut behind her -- the sound of the heavy metal door complete with the sound of a lock clicking shut mere moments later. "Justine!" Caroline cried out, confused. With a sigh and a little smile on her face, the other warden speaks, "You lectured the inmate about not getting cocky, did you not? Perhaps it is fitting that we should learn the same lesson. You will be a perfect example, I think, Caroline ..."

Caroline, who seemed to be quite a bit less mobile, unsteady on her feet considering the rather ample amount of added weight on her bust. "Oh. One more thing ..." Justine added, before snapping her
fingers -- and the silk binding Kotomi to the bed vanished.

Only once Caroline dwarfed even Ann's colossal Velvet Room pair did Kotomi let her will withdraw, a hint of triumph, of turnabout in her eyes, her tone. "Much better. Justine was right, I did want to see you bigger," she taunted, only to find herself no longer bound. Which just made this all the more curious -- was Justine turning on her ... uh, partner? Sister? Kotomi was unclear on their relationship, but up until now, they had presented a unified front in their goal of rehabilitation -- perhaps they weren't quite as unified as Kotomi thought.

Once she found herself unbound, however, Kotomi didn't waste time wondering why it was happening -- she simply sprang into action, taking the opportunity dropped in her lap. Well, 'sprang' might not have been the best word, given her own more-than-ample dimensions -- she sat up, wobbling into action, reaching out to seize Caroline's nipples, tugging her closer, just about into Kotomi's lap, relying both on the element of surprise and on Caroline's disorientation leaving her a little more pliable than usual.

"Fuck ... it's about time I got the chance to do this," she groaned, hands exploring the girl's gigantic breasts, squeezing and groping, tugging on those thick teats, her hands harsh and demanding on Caroline's tits. "You're both right ... I am a tit-obsessed pervert." If the shoe fit ... "It's because of me that you both look like this, right? You both have these gigantic tits because it's what I want."

Caroline's nipples were thick and swollen, much like Kotomi's own, and the warden squealed in surprise as the busty, hung girl 'sprang' forward to grab hold of them. "A-ah!" Even with her own proportions, Kotomi was still fairly strong and skilled in her own right, and it didn't hurt that -- not counting in the weight, the size of those massive, hefty tits -- Caroline simply didn't weigh all that much. Barely able to resist, Caroline could do little more than squirm, the hateful girl finding herself practically spilling forward into Kotomi's lap. There was an awkward moment as Caroline's face slowly turned upward to stare at Kotomi, still full of that hatred for the inmate -- but now a hint of uncertainty lingered in her gaze, not in control of the situation for the first time.

There was just so much of those massive, enormous mounds to explore, and Caroline gasped and squealed out, biting down on her lip to try and be quiet, but there was no fully hiding the sounds of pleasure she made as Kotomi's hands wandered. Gods, she was so soft, flesh spilling easily through Kotomi's squeezing, grasping fingers, so soft and yet so full of distaste for Kotomi. "S-stop it, inmate!" Caroline tried her best to sound intimidating, but her voice quivered between her gasps. "Y-you don't know anything about -- about us!" What a terrible lie -- Kotomi was pretty much right on the money, that the absurd figures of the twins was due heavily in part thanks to Kotomi's own desires made manifest. To be such showcases of excess taken to an extreme on such slim little forms.

Abruptly, Kotomi whirled (well, wobbled) around, ending up pushing Caroline onto the bed, on her back, with Kotomi coming to straddle the small girl, her massive cock slapping down like a heavy club to rest in the girl's more than ample cleavage, pulsing hard and hot against Caroline's lower belly. "And what I want is to fuck this busty little slut senseless."

The sudden motion drew out a cry of surprise from the titsy girl. On her back, she almost -- almost -- seemed lost beneath those gigantic mounds, jutting out so far in every direction in front of her. It was a testament to just how much she grew, that before, several inches of Kotomi's fat cock pushed through Caroline's cleavage, giving the girl plenty to slurp on ... but now, now that massive rod, when pushed all the way through that soft, squishy flesh just barely peeked out the end of that plush valley. Whimpering, gasping at the heat of Kotomi's long, thick cock pushing into her cleavage, Caroline wriggled beneath her, helpless. "D-do your worst, inmate!"

Fuck -- as much as Kotomi was enjoying the role reversal, the balance of power shifting in her favor
for once, there was also the raw physicality of the moment to enjoy just as much, with such a vast amount of soft, perfect, inhumanly-buoyant titflesh for her to enjoy as she desired. Her hands never drew away from Caroline's tits once the poor warden was on her back, once Kotomi straddled her with that massive, thick, burning-hot pillar of cock between her breasts. Precum drooled copiously already into that deep cleavage, and as amazing as it would have been to titfuck an enormous pair like this -- that wasn't what she wanted. Not right now. Not this time. Right now, she wanted to seize something that had previously been denied to her -- she wanted to do something that, she believed, the wardens would never have normally granted her the opportunity to do.

But Justine, at least for the moment, seemed to be on her side -- or, at least, opposed to Caroline, and the enemy of my enemy was my friend, and all that. Kotomi couldn't really fathom the power plays at work, the motivations the wardens had either individually or together, so she intended to do what she did best: seize moments, enact her will, pursue pleasure.

Fuck, those tits, though.

Two globes of absolutely flawless, enormous, soft flesh, that bounced, jiggled absurdly with Caroline's every harsh breath, every little movement making those mountainous mounds jostle about obscenely. Caroline tried to struggle -- and failed -- to get into a better position at one point, her arms reaching up to try to use her own fat, massive tits to leverage herself upwards. Which was just immensely amusing for Kotomi, watching at how the girl's slim arms didn't even come anywhere near close to fully wrapping about her own obscene chest -- buttoning up had been a struggle to reach before, but now ...

Kotomi laughed at the little warden's brave words. "Oh, don't worry, I will," she taunted, one hand sliding down from Caroline's tits to tug at the buttons on the girl's oh-so-tight shorts, ripping them open, tugging the garment down -- when she said she wanted to fuck Caroline senseless, she meant exactly that. Even though Caroline was pretty fucking tiny apart from her gigantic tits, Kotomi had learned that the Velvet Room was a place that allowed normal limits to be surpassed or ignored entirely -- she was in control here, she was the current, dominant will, and if she wanted her colossal cock to fit inside of tiny Caroline, then it was going to.

As she soon illustrated: she drew back, groaning in delight at the feel of that long cock draaaaaagging over all that soft, perfect titflesh, over the girl's lower belly, only to position itself at Caroline's bare, untouched cunt -- which, a little surprisingly, was definitely a little damper than Kotomi expected. "Don't worry, I'm sure you'll enjoy this," Kotomi murmured, relishing the reward of her victory. "All my girls do." 'My' girls, she said -- did she count Caroline among that number? Maybe, maybe not -- next time they met, Kotomi was certain the girl would be much more on guard -- but for right now, Caroline surely did belong to Kotomi just the same way as the other girls she claimed.

Oh, if anything, there was likely to be hell to pay for this in the future, Kotomi. While Caroline would surely recover, would surely adjust to her new size, Kotomi still had to deal with the twins -- both of them -- when accessing the Velvet Room even normally for non-sexual purposes. And even though Caroline didn't seem the scheming type, brash as she was, Kotomi knew she could likely find a way to make Kotomi's life ... difficult. Ah, but then, who could blame Kotomi for not thinking long term in this situation? She went from being totally powerless beneath Caroline and Justine to having Caroline on her back, pinned by the weight of her fattened, expanded tits and by Kotomi's desires. Who could blame her for not acting on such an opportunity, unknowing of when she might next have gotten the chance?

"Nngh - shut up, inmate!" Caroline tried to bark, to shout, though it came out as a whimpered, pathetic little sound instead. "D-don't think you -- you've won!" But what, exactly, was Caroline to
do? If the situation was anything even slightly related to normal, Kotomi's attempts wouldn't have worked -- she was just so fucking big and Caroline ... Caroline wasn't, being such a cute (if angry) little thing beneath the sheer weight of her massive tits. But this was the Velvet Room, where reality didn't exactly obey the rules it should have.

Her ample hips pressed forward, sinking that massive bitchbreaker into Caroline's tight pussy, forcing her to spread wide ... wide, wider still, to accommodate her. It shouldn't ever have fit -- Caroline was just so small, and Kotomi's cock was so fucking big! -- but it was going to work because she wanted it to. There was some resistance as Kotomi pushed, began to thrust forward into Caroline -- the warden's hips forced wider, wider, tits jostling with every push forward and motion -- but for the moment, Kotomi's will overpowered the defeated Caroline, and inch after inch slowly began to vanish into the impossibly tight, wet, dripping passage.

Her cock sank into little Caroline, the inmate surprised at how ... how wet Caroline was. Not dripping, not soaking, but quite a lot moreso than she would have guessed -- moreso than Caroline's spiteful attitude made it seem. "Ooooh, fuck," Kotomi groaned, delighting in the incredibly tight warmth of the girl's pussy. "You're actually enjoying this ...." Which part, though? Being helpless? Being fucked? Being nearly pinned beneath the weight of her own tits? Kotomi wasn't sure, but she was certainly enjoying all of the above. Once she started pushing a few inches within the girl, her hands slid right back up to those gigantic breasts, groping and squeezing as she pushed her hips forward, using those mountains as leverage -- fuck, they were just so huge! She never, ever thought she would get to experience tits that fucking big, and she relished the opportunity to do exactly as she desired with them.

Which part, indeed? Caroline's arousal honestly surprised herself as well: oh, she was pissed, now not only just with Justine and Kotomi, but with her own stupid body betraying her. Of course, there was a lot at play that neither the girls nor Kotomi had any idea about, about how Caroline and Justine were linked together, and in turn, so intimately linked to Kotomi as a part of the Velvet Room. That, as much as they were present to keep tabs on Kotomi, to be the wardens of her rehabilitation, their ultimate purpose was to serve the guest of the Velvet Room as faithful attendants. In time, perhaps, that might have been something Kotomi could come to learn and understand, and to properly tame the stacked little terrors, but for now -- for now, there was the present to live in and the pleasure to experience.

"Fuck, you're just so tight, Caroline," the inmate cooed -- the sheer size of her cock inside of the girl formed a bulge in Caroline's belly, but it was one completely lost in the shadow of the warden's tits -- all of Kotomi's focus was on those bloated, fat breasts, even as she came eventually to sink balls fucking deep inside of the girl's cunt, feeling like she was pressed all the way into Caroline's very womb. "Tight cunt, gigantic tits ... seems like you're my perfect girl right now." Oh, yes, she enjoyed this opportunity to be on top -- physically and in their power dynamic. Only for the time being ... but, fuck, it was a hell of a good time being.

"S-shut up!" Caroline sounded more desperate by the moment as Kotomi filled her, her fingers clutching, grasping at the sheets beneath her. Of course it felt fucking nice, being filled to such an extreme extent, so utterly stuffed ... but she could never have admitted that to the inmate, of all people! But it got harder and harder to even try to keep up the spiteful, hateful words, more and more sounds of pleasure escaping her lips, gasps and whimpers and mewls seeming to spill from her. It didn't help matters either that Kotomi continued to tease, to grope, to squeeze, to enjoy Caroline's fattened tits, those simply enormous mountains of soft flesh that helped to keep the girl so pinned down.

Kotomi leaned forward, drawing one of those thick nipples toward her, wrapping her lips around that fat teat, suckling and scraping that sensitive nub with her teeth, using and abusing Caroline's tits as
she desired. Her hips drew back, thrusting within, foot-long strokes into the small, helpless girl. Fuck, talk about dream scenarios -- and, honestly, Caroline was partly to blame anyway, Kotomi thought; she was the one who made Kotomi's balls so fucking full and bloated and desperate to be emptied. Just one climax, explosive as it might have been, was nowhere near enough for the inmate. Especially not with such exciting scenery for her to enjoy, as well!

"Nngggghh!" Squealing, Caroline seemed to be nearing a climax of her own, though the warden grit her teeth, snarled between gasps, squirmed and wriggled and writhed, impaled at the end of Kotomi's shaft. And really, considering the sheer size difference, considering the bulge in her belly that shifted the weight of her tits slightly, poking up beneath them, 'impale' was very much a proper term for it. She was such a tight, near vice-like fuck, every push, every thrust a small struggle in itself - both aided and not by the way Caroline writhed about erratically, seeming to switch at random between thrusting back against Kotomi's efforts and trying to squirm free.

Kotomi started fucking the little warden properly, beginning to take deep, long strokes into her, causing those simply massive mountains of flesh to wobble and jiggle, jostle about wildly, every thrust forward sending a tidal wave through that heavenly soft, curvy flesh, making it ripple and wobble like mad. At some point during it all, Caroline screamed out, wailing out in bliss and hate and anger -- as a violent, extreme climax slammed through her, writhing and babbling, her insane, chesty curves jostling like crazy.

Honestly, before all of this, Kotomi never would have considered herself capable of something like this -- before she entered this bizarre new stage in her life, the idea of forcing herself on a girl would have been utterly anathema. But now, with Makoto, with Caroline here, Kotomi had a lot of opportunity to find her confidence, her ego, her natural -- if long-repressed -- dominance, and now Kotomi was even able to find quite a lot of pleasure in this particular act. Partially because it was intensely obvious that Caroline enjoyed it despite her hateful words; partially because it just felt fucking good for Kotomi to do as she pleased.

Plus, it just felt good to fuck Caroline at all -- she had the tightest cunt of any of Kotomi's girls and the biggest tits -- two things that Kotomi had come to appreciate quite a lot. She fucked the girl good and hard, ramming that massive cock into her again and again, feeling Caroline actually brought to a hateful climax from Kotomi's rough, demanding ministrations -- ooh, yes, that felt good, to know she could get even Caroline off, knowing how much the tiny girl seemed to absolutely hate her.

"Tell you what ... I want you," Kotomi breathed against Caroline's titflesh, the nipple slipping out from between her lips, "to ask me to cum inside you. Beg me. I know it's what you really want anyway ... so just tell me that you want it, and this can all be over. Unless ... unless you want to keep going, Caroline ..."

Caroline seemed quite defeated. At some point during all the madness, her hat came free, her top a mess, no longer able to fit her enormous mounds, and she was a sweaty, whimpering mess. Still, even at such a low point, there was merely -- defeat in her eyes, not full on submission, that hatred still lingering, smoldering. "Nnggg golf --! N-never!" Caroline cried out in response to Kotomi, but it was such a weak, empty protest -- her body burned so hot, and something inside of her, something new, something deep within her urged her to give in, to beg, to serve ... what? What was that feeling? It gnawed, bit at her as she shook her head. But then, Kotomi had her caught in a little paradoxical trap, didn't she? If she didn't submit, didn't beg, then this would just have continued -- and Caroline was no stranger to how the Velvet Room worked ...

"Never? Are you sure about that?" Kotomi teased, her hands never ever growing still on Caroline's tits -- there was just too much wonderful, soft, bouncing titflesh for her to enjoy and squeeze and maul, adoring the way they jiggled and wobbled with every harsh, deep thrust into Caroline's cunt.
"Puh." The words sounded so strange on her lips, and Caroline almost seemed to be in whimpering agony as she worked it out, little by little. "Puh-lease. Please cum? Nnggh -- you -- you i-nmate! E-empty those fat b-balls into me, a-already!" she panted, briefly getting a touch of her fire back, though it ended in a series of mewling, gasping whimper.

Really, there were a few lessons here for Kotomi: that it was important for her to be careful not to let her lust consume her too deeply, lest she lose sight of her goals and ultimate salvation for mankind. (Whatever that last part meant -- Kotomi still wasn't entirely too sure on that cryptic message from Igor.) That even as triumphant as she had been of late, there was always someone else out there a little better, a little stronger, than could turn the tables on her. And yet, how much of that did she take to heart, considering Justine's betrayal of her sister to teach her a lesson? How much could Kotomi really ruminate on such important lessons, how much could she mull them over when she had such a tight cunt to stuff, and such a mind-boggling huge pair of tits to squeeze and ravage a bounce around to her heart's content?

More importantly, Caroline gave in. She even said 'please'! Sure, it was still filled with spite and hate, but ... it was still giving in. It was still surrendering to Kotomi's superior force of will, and that was a victory the dark-haired inmate intended to treasure for some time ... and, undoubtedly, a loss that would gale Caroline for some time as well. Either way: "Much better, Caroline." Oh, her tone was just so patronizing, too. "Learn to ask politely for what you want, and you just might get it." There was an obvious note of increasing delight on her face, a mixture of triumph and intense pleasure -- she couldn't resist much longer either, soon stuffing every last inch of herself into the girl, pouring pints of cum directly into the little maiden's womb, bloating her in yet another way -- before drawing out hurriedly, mid-climax, stroking her cock to let the rest of her cum spurt out like a fountain over Caroline's enormous tits, painting them that much more, leaving the little warden a sopping, dripping, well-fucked, cum-soaked mess.

Groaning, whimpering, even though the dark haired inmate pulled out of Caroline, Kotomi left her with quite the cum-swollen tummy, looking easily a few months pregnant, the swollen dome of her belly matching and completing the image presented by her already bloated, rounded out tits. Caroline barely seemed to respond as Kotomi finished by stroking her fat cock, spraying down Caroline's curved form ... while she was sticky before, she was absolutely coated now, dripping with fresh, hot spunk. The girl whimpered, gasped out, twitching a little, her eyes closed shut -- still pissed, but exhausted for the moment.

Kotomi fell back on her well-padded ass, gasping for breath ... and oh-so-triumphant. "Fuck ... that was so worth it."

And just as quickly as she vanished, Justine reappeared in the room, the cell door unlocked. Quick on her feet as ever, despite her own ample endowments of the bust, Justine gave a grunt of effort as she picked her sister up from the bed, arms awkwardly spread out at carrying the sticky, cum-stuffed, whimpering girl. "It would be best if you were gone for now, inmate. And perhaps best if you stayed away from this place, at least for a little while." Justine only paused for a moment, turning at the exit to the cell -- needing to, considering how much flesh, both her own and Caroline's, she had to stuff through the tiny entrance -- to offer a small smile to Kotomi. "Ah. And thank you for helping me teach Caroline a lesson, inmate. She should not have fallen for such a thing, and will hopefully be on guard in the future."
The Bitch, The Toys

For once, Kotomi's free time -- when there wasn't a Palace hanging around her neck -- was actually somewhat taken up. Oh, sure, there was plenty of time now that the Phantom Thieves no longer had to delve into the dungeon of the mafia boss, but one member of their group proved incredibly insistent on an even greater threat looming. "And none of you would want to get into trouble for failing your exams, would you?" Makoto smiled sweetly as she faced each of the group in turn, though the glare in her eyes was anything but sweet -- even briefly letting that cold, harsh gaze fall across Kotomi's face. If there was one boundary Makoto made plenty clear, it was that what they had together took a bit of a backseat when it came to studying. She still was the student council president, after all.

So the group studied with their bizarre dynamic. That wasn't to say Makoto wasn't entirely opposed to a little fun here or there: oh, no, not at all, if the very short skirt she wore to their study sessions was any indication. And 'Queen' took plenty of opportunities to show off the round curve of her fat, wide ass whenever she was able to slip it in -- whether it was bending over a little far over the table at the library, or reaching for a plate or mug on the top shelf at Leblanc. Of course, there was also always the fun after the cramming sessions: Ann and Makoto both vying for Kotomi's attention, sometimes at the same time. Makoto was a little shy with Ann around, though one particular evening, coming back downstairs to see them out, Kotomi found the two in a heated make-out session.

Kotomi found herself wondering, and not for the first time, just what the boys in the group must have felt, being surrounded by cute girls but having those cute girls only interested in one another.

There were plenty of moments over the last several days, the last few weeks, of course. Ann was still always delighted to have Kotomi's time, and more than once the two beauties were caught by the rest of the group making out, and the two just barely managed to untangle from a good pounding of Ann just in time to get their clothing readjusted before Ryuji stumbled in. And while not quite as bold, Makoto wasn't a stranger, either, slipping into Kotomi's lap while cruising around Mementos, whimpering and gasping out in quiet, barely hidden glee with every bump of the tracks, making that soft ass bounce and jostle around in Kotomi's lap. She might not have been as stacked up top as Ann, but Makoto knew how to put her best feature to work!

All as her other commitments begged for her time, too. Tae sent word of a potential, promising breakthrough with her medicine ... while sending teasing messages about how cute Kotomi would look with her ass all red again. Ohya was silent at first, though after a couple of nights, Ichiko sent Kotomi a snap not of herself, of all things, but of her apartment -- and while it was clear much more work needed to be done yet, it was still a huge leap of progress from Kotomi's first visit. Even Sadayo got in on it, sending flirty texts to Kotomi, curiously inquiring on when they might have been able to visit "that place" again.

For this night, though -- the second to final night before finals -- everyone else had left except Makoto. With a happy little sigh, she finally relaxed, having spent the last few hours cracking the whip for the whole group. The transformation was astounding, the way her shoulders lost their tension, the way the smile on her face seemed to be just a little more genuine ... all because she had her fat, juicy bottom settled in Kotomi's lap, pressed in close to her already-stripped-down -- thanks to Makoto's work -- Queen. Her hands, her lips glided across Kotomi's body, slowly, sensually exploring. Worshiping. Makoto wanted to do more, but she knew fully well that taking their time was important. Vital. There had been some exploration, a little teasing here or there, on her knees for Kotomi -- but she wanted oh-so much more. Wanted to feel, to hurt so bad for her Queen.
A long study session (yes, exams are next week, she gets it, Makoto!) left Kotomi a little on the worn out side, but having her fat-assed pet plopped right down in her lap did quite a lot to revive her. Kotomi's hands wandered over the other girl, especially that plump rear, giving squeezes and swats in turn while Makoto worshiped her Queen's body -- they spent some time together, sure, but they hadn't really ... done a whole lot of proper exploration. After what happened when they met, after the lesson Tae taught her, Kotomi was hesitant to push things -- she figured being slow and cautious was better than going too fast, too far.

But they were both obviously eager to push forward, and they had plenty of time together in non-sexual situations, too -- enough so that Kotomi felt like she knew the girl a little more now. "My little fat-assed bitch," Kotomi teased. Oh, that name in particular always drew a pleasant sound from Makoto, even as her cheeks flushed red, nodding knowingly. Groaning, she bounced and shifted slowly in Kotomi's lap, and those thick, bubbly cheeks wobbled and jiggedled with every smack, squeeze and shake -- plenty of soft, fat, round ass for Kotomi to paw at. Plus, every little swat, every smack across that rear seemed to draw out new little sounds of delight from her pet, only making Makoto press into her all the deeper, causing her round rear to stick out a little further.

"Mnnhh --! Your fat-assed little bitch, my Queen." Belonging to someone -- like this -- just felt. so. nice.

Kotomi's fingers slipped between the plump cheeks of Makoto's ass, teasing at that tight hole nestled between. "Oh!" Gasping, her wide hips shifted a little further still, trying to wiggle herself back against the probing finger that teased at the hole so deeply nestled between those plump cheeks.

"You've been such a good, patient girl, and your Queen is proud of you. Especially proud when I saw you and Ann making out like that ..." She giggled softly, letting her lips brush over the girl's ear. "It's good to see you getting over your shyness about these things. You're very dear to your Queen, you know, and I certainly want you to be able to ... get along ... with my other girls." Wherever that number might end up.

The older girl's cheeks burned red at the mention of her little makeout session with Ann. "A-ah! I -- I'm sorry, Queen! She -- she made the advance on me, and she said you wouldn't mind -- that you'd like it, even. She feels so nice and soft ... I could see why she's your girlfriend," Makoto squeaked, leaving 'equal' as the unsaid word, "... when she was shoving her tongue into my face." Her uncertainty ended with a little giggle and a smile -- something that would have been unthinkable not too long ago while in the midst of something like this. While Makoto was all too eager to submit, she seemed at least to be finding her legs, her voice in the process.

Kotomi adored the girl's obvious shyness about being affectionate in public. Seeing Makoto and Ann together had been pretty exciting -- reminiscent of the time when she and Ann and Sadayo had quite a lot of fun together -- and Ann was right, Kotomi did like it. Fuck, Ann really was the perfect girlfriend -- always willing to explore her own whims as well as Kotomi's, willing to share her girlfriend with the other women in her life ... as well as enjoying those other women, herself!

"But. You've been a good girl -- always making sure your Queen can enjoy that wonderful fat ass of yours -- and I think it's time we moved things forward a little, don't you?" Yes, Kotomi had absolute control in their relationship, but ... even though she was the dominant one, she learned the importance of making sure that she wasn't crossing boundaries, not forcing things on the girl that she didn't want. Makoto wanted to serve, and it was Kotomi's responsibility to ensure that service came in a healthy manner.

Shuddering, Makoto pulled herself back from her Queen to look her right in the eye -- it took a moment, the task quite difficult, looking Kotomi in the eye as an equal while being submissive. The
brunette was silent for a moment, before she nodded, smiling. "Yes ... I -- I would like that, my Queen, if that's okay? I -- I don't want to push things too fast, but I ... I want to do more. With you. For you. Together." Shifting, wiggling, and goodness -- every little wiggle was a shift of that plump bottom in Kotomi's lap. "I'm okay with it. B-but only if it's okay with you, K-K-K-K ... Kotomi!" She felt it important to use her Queen's name, for something so ... important, between the two.

Makoto seemed to be taking the matter very seriously -- Kotomi's suggestion that they deepen their relationship, that they take things a step further, and she smiled gently when Makoto even used her name instead of her proper title; that was reassuring, knowing Makoto understood the gravity, the seriousness of the step Kotomi intended to take. They had taken it much more slowly, and ultimately that was for the best -- they understood one another better, they learned to interact with each other more naturally, and Kotomi had a much better idea of what Makoto really wanted ... on top of some good ideas about how to give it to her.

If there's one thing Makoto knew, it was how to be serious about a topic. It was amazing and honestly a little cute, listening to Makoto speak -- having just been so bold and in command of the group as the mentor while they studied, not even thirty minutes ago! -- and stutter, trying to find the courage to say Kotomi's name. Despite having said it so easily just that short little time ago, Makoto was quite skilled at compartmentalizing her two roles, student president and Kotomi's bitch, apart from one another. And while the older girl tackled her duties gladly, there was no missing the joy in Makoto when they were like this. The Queen and her faithful, mewling, eager to serve bitch.

"Relax, Makoto. I'm proud of you for handling this so well, for being so patient and understanding as we feel this out. But now, I'm -- I want more of you, little bitch." There was an intensity in her eyes, in her tone, belying a rapidly-mounting lust within the younger girl -- oh, yes, she had been excited to do all sorts of things with her little pet. "So I thought I might give you a reward for your patience, for being such a good little bitch for your Queen. But first ..." She considered, even while her fingers slipped in more easily than they would for any of her other partners, considering the older girl's already quite ample ... training. Whimpering, groaning, she tilted her head -- having pressed in a little to Kotomi again, looking up at her from her angle -- and listened closely to her Queen's order. Ann ... yes, Makoto did think the blonde girl was quite lovely, and had caught herself vaguely imagining those lips once more. Serve her, just as she would serve Kotomi? Ohhhh ... Kotomi felt her pet quiver against her with that command. "Y-yes, Queen! I will strive to serve her as well as I do you." There was one question, though -- "Should ... I call her a title, like you, Queen?"

Kotomi wasn't the only one that's wet, as Makoto was making a slow, steady, dripping mess of her Queen's lap, her own cunt already quite eager and sopping. "Nng! Queen!" Groaning out the words shamelessly, she tried to shift her hips to better provide an angle for Kotomi's fingers pressing into that tight, well-kept little hole, and indeed, those digits slipped in much easier than they would for any of her other partners, considering the older girl's already quite ample ... training. Whimpering, groaning, she tilted her head -- having pressed in a little to Kotomi again, looking up at her from her angle -- and listened closely to her Queen's order. Ann ... yes, Makoto did think the blonde girl was quite lovely, and had caught herself vaguely imagining those lips once more. Serve her, just as she would serve Kotomi? Ohhhh ... Kotomi felt her pet quiver against her with that command. "Y-yes, Queen! I will strive to serve her as well as I do you." There was one question, though -- "Should ... I call her a title, like you, Queen?"

Makoto's gleeful agreement to letting Ann be a sort of second Queen ... yeah, Kotomi didn't think the girl would have any issues with that particular order, and while she hadn't discussed it with Ann just
yet, she was confident her girlfriend wouldn't have any problems with that arrangement. After all, she did so well with Becky that night -- this was quite similar, and Ann already expressed interest in and attraction to the class president. The image popped into Kotomi's mind of the three of them in the Velvet Room together, each of them teasing and tormenting poor Makoto, fucking her senseless together ... mmmf.

"That will be up to her ... just call her Miss Ann for the time being. Treat her with respect." Not that there was any danger of that order going unfollowed.

Makoto was more than delighted to agree to Kotomi's proposition, for Ann to be a ... second Queen, of sorts. The memory, only a few nights old, lingered at the forefront of Makoto's mind: Kotomi was upstairs and all the others had left. Not even paying attention, not realizing she was there, Ann had slipped up behind her, murmuring sweet, filthy little things into her ear. Before she could even react, Ann had her arms around the older girl, turning her about so their lips could lock -- a hand slowly, slyly slipping up into the student council president's skirt, pawing at Makoto's fat, juicy ass -- and Ann had just managed to encourage Makoto's hands to play with her tits when the noticed Kotomi standing at the stairs. Ann was so ... soft and pleasant and bouncy, and she practically made a mess of Kotomi's lap on the spot with the thought of being ... between them. The plaything of her Queens, plural. Ohh, fuck. While she hadn't been to the Velvet Room herself, she was more or less aware of the activities there from chatter picked up on, and the idea of her beautiful Queens -- again, plural! -- stuffing her at once ...

Kotomi smiled, drawing her digits out of Makoto's ass and giving her rear a very harsh swat. "Good girl. Now, onto the bed -- face down, fat ass up. And when I give you an order, I expect to hear you say 'yes, Queen'." Oh, yes. With Makoto's agreement to push things further, Kotomi slipped further and further into her dominant persona (heh) -- and yet, there was always the obvious undercurrent of affection, of blatant positive emotion toward the girl -- she wasn't about to just abandon Makoto again, the way she did on the school roof.

Makoto tried to not think about their first intimate meetings too much. Oh, that wasn't to say there weren't pleasant memories to indulge in -- not that she hid it, per se, but Makoto never volunteered the information that she had gotten herself off more than a few times while fantasizing about how much her ass stung, or how it ached with carrying the toy inside of her for hours and hours. Still, those pleasant thoughts were surrounded with an emotionally raw shell, not easily forgetting how much she cried, at how ... desperate and broken she was. It was a slow process, but Makoto was patient, a patience which had mostly been well rewarded. There was something very pleasant at how Kotomi's attitude differed between Ann and herself. Oh, Makoto didn't miss the affection Kotomi had for her, by no means ... but the way Kotomi grabbed Ann, versus the possessiveness of her grasp on Makoto? The way their private little trysts in the palace differed? Makoto noticed those things, and fuck did it get her going.

Makoto barely had time to react before that hand came smacking down across her fat ass, causing the older girl to yelp with surprised delight. She nodded -- Kotomi didn't really have to add the 'yes, Queen' part; Makoto mostly had been doing that on her own! Still, some reinforcement was never a bad thing. "Yes, Queen!" Makoto gasped with delight, shifting herself out of her owner's lap and into the desired position. She presented quite the lovely picture, her face down in the bed, on her knees, letting those round, plump, fat cheeks stick up high in the air -- her cunt dribbling between her thighs, oozing with excitement.

Kotomi watched with delight as Makoto sprund into action, settling herself in the position Kotomi instructed -- face down meant she couldn't see what Kotomi was doing, though she surely heard the younger girl as she rose from her bed, moving to her desk to rustle around in one of the drawers, obviously looking for something -- a little "a-ha!" when she found whatever it was.
Makoto was a good, patient girl, her face pushed down into Kotomi's bed. God, it was almost embarrassing, but she felt herself getting wetter at smelling Kotomi's scent and what almost certainly must have been the smell of Kotomi's cunt ... goodness knows Kotomi had her fair share of orgasms here, either from her own hands or from Ann's eagerness or Becky's obeyed orders. Still, she kept herself patient, mostly still, though -- at least at the start -- she gives her hips an occasional little wiggle, causing those soft, round cheeks to jostle and shift, wanting to give her Queen something good to look at!

"Now ... I want you to hold still. You can move when I let you, but not a muscle before then," Kotomi informed the girl, soon drawing onto the bed behind Makoto, and Makoto took a deep breath -- knowing full well her Queen would surely have made such a task difficult. A thought which was proven quite correct when Kotomi leaned in to take a deep taste of Makoto's drooling slit, a long, languorous lick of that dripping cunt, and Kotomi couldn't stifle a little moan of delight issued against Makoto's straining flesh ...

... before she reached in, seeming to affix some little ... device? Something small and plastic, affixed with a hint of sticky tape directly against Makoto's clit. And then another and another upon each of the girl's nipples -- they were, of course, small remote-controlled egg vibrators, attached directly to the girl's most sensitive spots.

There was a quiet squeal from the bottom heavy girl and her fingers clenched at Kotomi's sheets, but to her credit, she kept as still as she could, even as Kotomi began to go about her work. The older girl was absolutely curious at what her Queen planned, but she couldn't even so much as look back, keeping her face good and planted against the bed. Though when the tape came on, Makoto began to get a decent idea ...

"There ... I certainly hope these work. You'll have to let me know, little bitch," Kotomi said so casually as she sat back on her heels, before thumbing the little remote that came with the toys she surreptitiously purchased the other day with exactly this situation in mind. Roughly ... a quarter power, she gauged; definitely enough for Makoto to feel it, especially given where they were, but not enough to be overwhelming right out of the box.

She might go overwhelming at some point, though; it was Makoto they were talking about.

"NHHGGN!" And yet, despite almost piecing it together, the sudden vibrations that rocked through her most sensitive spots caught her totally off guard. "Hnha! Q-Queen!" Makoto gasped into the bed and her body gave an involuntary twitch at first -- but, after that initial burst, she kept herself still, even as the little vibrating eggs quietly whirred and hummed along -- sounding out along with the harsh sounds of Makoto's breathing lost against the bed -- sending steady pulses through her trembling (but unmoving, for now!) form. God, did that damp, sopping slit ever drip and drool away!

Kotomi couldn't help but grin at the sound Makoto made, at the way she twitched when Kotomi switched on those little vibrators -- and yet, Makoto didn't move beyond that, clearly doing her best to follow her Queen's orders. "Good girl," she murmured, those little toys happily buzzing away as Kotomi leaned in to draw her tongue over that sopping slit once more, happy to get such a heady dose of the girl's natural scent, of the taste of her juices -- ah, but it went without saying that Makoto wasn't to cum without permission, right? That was, like, the most basic of the basics.

"Gnnhhh ...!" It took absolutely everything in Makoto's power to not push herself back against her Queen's face as her tongue came in for yet another long lick of that dripping, sopping cunt, her knuckles nearly turning white with the death grip she had on the sheets beneath her. Dealing with the vibrations or her owner's attention alone would be one thing, but dealing with them at the same time kept her so on edge, having to concentrate on not moving and not letting herself go too far, to not
climax without permission from her Queen. Resting her head against Makoto's fat, pillowy rear, the younger girl felt her pet trembling as the vibrators continued humming away.

"Now, how would you like to wear these in class?" Kotomi teased, thumbing the power up just a little more -- having the girl refrain from cumming wasn't much of a restriction if she wasn't receiving pleasure anyway. "I think that would be pretty exciting ... everyone sees you as the prim and proper class president, but secretly you're just struggling not to make a scene, to keep from gushing right where you sit. What would people think if they knew what a filthy little bitch you are?" Of course, Kotomi wouldn't get to witness such, given that they were in different classes ... but that made it that much more exciting, didn't it? Makoto wouldn't have any idea when it would happen, when she would suddenly be forced to deal with such an onslaught of sensation.

"Or even just when we've got the whole group together. They already know you're my pet, but ... mmm, never hurts to have a reminder, right?" Kotomi giggled, deft fingers stroking along Makoto's pussy while she let her head rest against the oh-so-soft pillow of the girl's ass -- those vibrators buzzing away all the while, a constant pleasurable distraction. "Can you imagine it? All of us together, you naked on your knees at my feet, me holding your leash ... nhh, that's where you belong, little bitch. Everyone would see what an eager little slut you really are." Now, would Kotomi ever actually do those things? Maybe -- maybe not. Hard to say. The idea of making Makoto's submission that much more public was admittedly extremely hot -- her own cunt was pretty desperate for attention at this point -- but that might have been a line unwise to cross. Either way, it was pretty hot to tease the girl about.

The topic that Kotomi touched on was an incredibly sensitive one for Makoto -- that is, she was well aware of that rigid line keeping the two halves of her parted. And, of course, Kotomi was right -- the entire group knew about their special little relationship, even Ryuji wasn't that clueless. It would have been hard to miss with the way Makoto settled herself in Kotomi's lap, the way she gazed at her Queen in their downtime, at how quick the bottom heavy girl was in scurrying to comply with Kotomi's commands. Really, if anything, their time together was the only time the two sides of her blend -- otherwise stuck between Kotomi's bitch when in private with her, or the harsh, commanding student president when out in public. The idea of blending them further is ...

Well. The idea was absurdly attractive to Makoto, even with how self-destructive it would have been. She worked so hard over the last several years, pushing herself to such a level, repeatedly the top of the class and involved in so many activities. Even those that disliked Makoto and thought of her as cold and selfish couldn't deny how skilled, how brilliant she was. Yet none of them, none of them knew the twisted, filthy desires within her. None of them knew that, had Kotomi pushed the issue when she was at her vulnerable, most broken point, that Makoto would have gladly thrown it all away, have walked down a crowded hallway on all fours with her fat ass in the air, naked, if her Queen wished it -- none of them. And yet, despite knowing now how terrible an idea it was, when it flickered across her mind, she couldn't help but drip, but drool. Yes, she enjoyed her position as class president and so on -- but she never felt so free, so happy as when submitting to Kotomi. Could she - - shed everything else, and do that, openly?

Maybe ... maybe someday. Maybe, when she was good and properly ready -- properly supported by Kotomi -- she could maybe make that leap. For now, though ...

For now, it remained an idea to tease and torment Makoto with. "Nnnhhh -- nhahaaa!" The fat-assed girl whined and whimpered as her Queen teased, lazily thumbing up the power just a tiny bit, making the buzzing eggs jolt all the harder through her most sensitive, tender of spots. Oooh, yes, the idea of blending her two sides got her going, though it was hard to tell if she was getting wetter just in general, because of the eggs, or the teasing from her Queen -- probably the whole lot. She whimpered, mewled a 'yes, Queen' into the bed beneath her, struggling to catch her breath, maintain
her even breathing, keep her calm and stay composed as Kotomi put her through such a challenge.

Abruptly, Kotomi drew away, leaving Makoto alone on the bed -- but of course, she still wasn't to move a muscle, and Kotomi knew her bitch would stay put until told otherwise -- only to return a few moments later, something thick and well-lubricated sliding directly into Makoto's tight-but-well-trained ass ... only to join in on the vibrating immediately after. "Just relax, pet. You're doing so well and your Queen is very proud of you, but don't cum just yet -- don't cum until I let you."

She at least got momentarily relief from Kotomi's teasing -- only for her eyes to grow wide, feeling that thick, lubricated toy slide with such ease into her well trained hole. "AAAAAAHNN!" And this time, she near screamed in surprise -- despite her shyness, Makoto was easily the loudest of Kotomi's girls, the older girl able to make quite the racket. Thankfully, her loudest noises were particularly muffled by the bed beneath her, screaming down into it, all she can do not to move. God, she felt like she was going to break soon, vibrating from the inside out, her cunt gushing, drooling, a mess down her thighs and beneath her, so close to moving, so close to cumming but she had to, had to hold on, had to stay still -- so absolutely desperate, but a battle she was likely to lose very soon!

The poor girl. Kotomi knew she was pushing Makoto hard, here -- she knew how sensitive the girl was, especially her fat ass, and she knew it was taking everything that Makoto had to keep from cumming without her owner's permission. Honestly, Kotomi was so very proud of her, but she didn't want to gush about how proud she was just yet -- better for now to keep the cool-but-cruel demeanor, to encourage Makoto to keep trying so hard to please her Queen. The poor girl was such a sopping, dripping, drooling mess -- drooling from both sets of lips, at that -- and Makoto wanted nothing more than to just surrender to the overwhelming sensations of those strategically-placed vibrators -- and her Queen's direct attention to her cunt, of course! But she was a good girl, Kotomi knew; she could never have dreamed of intentionally disobey her Queen.

"You'd love that, wouldn't you? Being on a leash for your Queen, wearing a collar so everyone knows just who you belong to ... that you're nothing more than a fat-assed slut who's found her place in the world." No, she wasn't about to actually enact these things -- the lesson Tae taught her ensures that she knew that some lines simply weren't to be crossed. Not so soon and not so easily, anyway; all of this kink was extremely hot for the both of them, but teasing about this was as far as they should go, at least for the time being -- there was little point in ruining everything Makoto worked so hard to build just for their play, and letting Makoto do such would reflect especially poorly on Kotomi as her owner.

But that didn't mean that it wasn't hot as fuck to tease the girl about.

All the ideas teased by Kotomi struck at Makoto's darkest, deepest fantasies. Even before meeting Kotomi, her fantasies -- the ones including being bound and gagged, being used by several women, and so on -- regularly included being marched, naked or nearly so down the hall of school, in full view of all her teachers and peers. Of course, she still had much the same fantasies, though now it was mostly Kotomi that held her leash in her daydreams! The younger girl was just so beautiful and strong, and just being around her made her heart and tummy flutter, let alone actively serving her Queen.

"It would be so wonderful, wouldn't it? You wouldn't have to live a double life any longer; you wouldn't have to hide your true nature. You could let everyone see the filthy, lewd bitch you truly are, the worthless little slut who wants nothing more than to worship your Queen."

Ohhh, it was a tempting thought. The idea of not having to balance a double life, of just living entirely freely as Kotomi's hot, fat-assed little bitch? Yes, a part of her wanted that, especially at the moment, with her mind so locked in submissive mode -- thankfully, Kotomi knew enough now to
just leave it at teasing, even if Makoto babbled her agreement to such an idea. Which, she did, of course, the words 'yes, Queen!' a constant on her lips as Kotomi continued to prod at the idea. It was in the middle of such an agreement -- "Yes, Quenffffffmmf!" -- when Kotomi yanked the older girl by the hair and crammed her face between Kotomi's thighs.

"Lick." Like she even really needed to give that command. And, indeed, the order was redundant, as before the word even left her lips, Makoto was hard at work, her tongue burrowing into Kotomi's cunt, lapping, slurping, breathing in her scent and her dripping wet arousal.

Ah, but there were countless things that they could do, plenty of ways to indulge their mutual adoration of humiliation, of rough and extreme play, without forcing her to out herself as the deviant that she truly was. Plenty of ways for them to enjoy one another that wouldn't ruin the rest of her life, and Kotomi already had plenty of ideas -- escalating ideas, ensuring that Makoto never had to do anything that she wasn't prepared to do. Nothing that crossed her boundaries ... until she wanted her boundaries to be crossed.

Makoto licked, nuzzled, worshiped with her lips, tongue and face at a near frantic rate, her sharp, loud cries of arousal lost, buried in Kotomi's cunt. There was plenty of time to worry about the more difficult things -- boundaries, slowly exploring the depth of their mutual depravity, feeling out the lengths each was willing to go to and maybe, with consent, slowly going deeper -- later. For now, Makoto's other side as entirely forgotten, worshiping at the sopping slit of her owner, her own body feeling like it was going to tear apart as she held on, longer still, desperate to obey but the vibrators just didn't stop working her over.

Fortunately, it didn't take Kotomi long at all to cum once Makoto stuffed her face between her thighs -- she was already so unbelievably primed from the remarkably erotic display of her fat-assed slut struggling to stay still, struggling not to cum, struggling to follow her owner's orders even under the assault of those vibrators on her nipples, her clit, stuffed into that fat ass ... oh, fuck it was so unbelievably exciting to be in control, Kotomi discovered. To be the one handing out punishments and pleasures in turn, to hold the reins, to know a girl like Makoto utterly worshiped her ... this was the position she was born to claim. This was where she truly belonged. She believed -- partially rightly! -- that her will was simply stronger than those around her, that she was a natural dominant, and that she would (eventually) have all of the women in her life kneeling before her -- even Tae. Someday.

But hadn't being with Tae shown you that you have some submissive instincts, Kotomi? Wouldn't it still be nice to have someone in your life that you knelt to? Not Tae, no -- it was absolutely evident that the doctor wanted her to take the reins, when she was properly ready -- but ... someone. Maybe.

Whatever. Either way, she wasn't really thinking about any of that -- she wasn't thinking about anything, quickly brought to a climax from Makoto's eager, talented tongue -- Makoto had several opportunities to get good at worshiping her owner's cunt, and she was both a quick study and extremely enthusiastic about her task.

At the very end, Makoto couldn't keep herself from moving, starting to writhe, to spasm a little by the time Kotomi finally, finally issued her order, her mercy, the younger girl relenting just a little. "Cum for your Queen, little bitch." There was a muffled cry into Kotomi's dampness (resembling 'yes, Queen' of course!) as she cried out again and again, her hands flying up to cling with that near death grip at Kotomi's thighs, the vibrators still not stopping even as her climax boiled over.

Makoto was, if literally nothing else, a very quick study. Sure, she started with little actual knowledge, and only hours and hours of watching videos and reading tips -- but in their encounters since the start of their relationship, Makoto took every opportunity to better learn how to please her
Queen. Arguably moreso than nearly any of her other lovers, Makoto knew Kotomi's body the best on an intimate level, knowing the best ways to use her fingers, her tongue. Which she did plenty, though she didn't exactly have the most composed sort of method, considering how wild she was driven with the cruel, cruel vibrators continuing to buzz and hum away, sending constant tremors through her even as she orgasmed. All while worshiping, tending to the pleasure of her Queen.

Same old Makoto, same old little, fat-assed bitch: noisy and near delirious as she screamed and cried out and came her brains out, face still firmly planted between her Queen's legs. As such, they rode their orgasms out together, Kotomi keeping a hard hand at the back of Makoto's head, forcing her tongue to stay where it was as they both came, as Kotomi squirt juices onto the girl's face, loud cries from the both of them intermingling in their mutual pleasure.

Almost at once the girl fell back onto her fat ass, still trembling, twitching, at the mercy of the vibrators a little while longer. That fat ass which Makoto had always been publicly ashamed of, but secretly enjoyed possessing, always secretly enjoying the hands and eyes at her skirts and leggings, watching her walk down the halls. In a way, that was where Makoto pushed her limits quietly: just because she wore those shorter skirts for her Queen at school didn't mean the rest of the student body hadn't noticed. Still, any outright murmuring was mostly nonexistent as Makoto was quick to dole out justice on any would be gropers or catcallers. And the fact that her skirts did still cover up everything plenty ... though there sure wasn't much leeway in her shortest of skirts!

Only once it was finally over, only once she released Makoto's head to collapse back on her ass, did she thumb the little remote to 'off', releasing Makoto from the torment of those vibrators, letting her have some time to rest and recover. Panting, breathing hard, Kotomi gently drew Makoto closer, to let the girl rest her head on Kotomi's lap -- not for more, but just to let the talented, eager little bitch rest for a moment, Kotomi even letting her fingers stroke through the girl's hair with obvious care and affection.

Truth be told, there really wasn't much of anything in Makoto's bright, brilliant mind at the moment, as the vibrators finally, finally! came to a pause, though it took her body several long moments to register the fact that they finally stopped. Whimpering, mewling in the aftermath of her climax, the bottom heavy little bitch proved all too happy to let her head rest in her owner's lap, snuggling in close. Her breathing was still hard, intense, as she tried to catch her breath, her body occasionally giving a slight spasm, having gotten too used to those vibrators in that brief time and needing to readjust.

"There you are, pet. Just rest now -- relax, take your time," Kotomi soothed, her voice much gentler than it was when they were in the midst of the act, having lost its hard edge of dominance -- she learned one lesson extremely well, that abandoning her little bitch after something like this was absolutely the wrong way to go. Makoto wanted to be used hard, but she was also a person who deserved love and care afterward, and Kotomi certainly seemed happy to give it. "You did so very, very well; your Queen is so proud of you."

"Thank you, my Queen..." Makoto whimpered out between pants, a soft shudder of bliss passing through her at praise from the girl she so loyally served. "That sure was ... a bit of an escalation." It was said with a half laugh, half moan as Makoto drew herself close, nuzzling at Kotomi's flesh. Plainly obvious that the girl was totally spent -- maybe not too terrible an idea to let her stay the night, at least for a little while! Plus, Makoto was thrilled at the idea - Ann stayed over at times (Ann was absolutely a bit of a bedhog, though some of her wakeup calls were fantastic!) Even Sadayo, on staying super late, stayed over once or twice instead of going home at three in the morning. (Sadayo, who very much was the cuddly type at night.) Makoto knew she would like that very much, indeed. (Makoto, of course, who, when sharing a bed for the first time, pulled away all to herself, too shy and not wanting to be a bother and all.)
There was little doubt that Kotomi was proud of her pet, her possession, her property -- her loyal, eager little bitch Makoto. Yes, the girl did such a phenomenal job pleasing her tonight, following Kotomi’s orders, staying put when told, rapidly bringing Kotomi to such a powerful climax even while suffering under the assault of those vibrators -- and, fuck, Kotomi remembered only belatedly that there's still one stuffed in her fat ass, though of course all the buzzing has ceased.

She rested there for a moment, simply stroking Makoto's hair, soothing the girl after her ordeal, happy to tell her how proud her Queen was, how they were going to go so much further together -- she was glad for Tae's lesson, to ensure she didn't ruin this relationship before it even really began, to ensure she didn't damage poor Makoto even further than she had damaged herself. After stripping the vibrators from her body, Kotomi did suggest the girl stay over for the night, sharing her bed -- Kotomi cuddled up to Makoto, happy to be the big spoon, keeping her body pressed tightly against that soft, fat ass ... and before Makoto slipped out in the morning, Kotomi got her to give one more thorough orgasm with that talented tongue of hers.
"This coffee is perfect -- you've really mastered the art of roasting the beans to draw out their maximum flavor. I knew --"

The voice of the girl at the counter was strangely familiar to Kotomi as she headed into the cafe after school, her bag slung over her shoulder, feeling ... well, feeling pretty all right about everything. Things were going well, right? In her school life, in her personal life, in her life as the leader of the Phantom Thieves. Makoto's support ensured she was doing well enough in her classes, her team's support lead them to three victories and increasing public opinion, and all of her girls seemed to be doing well enough in their relationships with her.

So why did Kotomi feel like something was suddenly so wrong? It was hardly the first time that Kotomi came 'home' to hear someone talking to Sojiro about his craft, but there was something ... strange ... about this particular girl. She looked pleasant enough, Kotomi thought, the girl seeming around Kotomi's own age and height with short brown hair, long bangs, and clearly wearing a blazer and uniform from a school that wasn't Shujin -- but, again, that was hardly surprising. On the stool next to her rested a bag with a monogrammed, stylized 'A', which only added to Kotomi's certainty that she knew the girl from somewhere. Her voice was calm, reassuring, and ... pleasant. Pleasant was the word that kept popping into Kotomi's mind, but that didn't stifle the feeling of something being ... wrong.

And yet, Kotomi could have sworn she had seen this girl before. Seen her and heard her voice. Just having a hard time placing it, whatever the deal was.

The girl -- whoever she was -- paused in her words and turned on her stool to regard Kotomi when she came through the door with its telltale chime, and her eyes clearly looked Kotomi up and down as though searching her over ... as though looking for something. Sojiro, behind the bar, seemed a little more short-tempered than usual -- he was usually pretty good with customers, though obviously there were some that tried his patience more than others, and whoever this girl was, she seemed to fit on that short list.

"Ah -- you're a student of Shujin Academy?" Kotomi nodded to the question; her uniform marked her as such, so it was hardly a brilliant deduction. Still, Kotomi couldn't help but feel a little ... uneasy, legs shifting a little beneath her pleated skirt. "Isn't that the school that has had those awful rumors swirling around about it? That teacher who confessed to abuse ... such an awful story." The girl continued on, and Kotomi swore she saw the faintest ghost of a smile on the girl's lips, but ...

"Oh, my apologies. My name is Toriko Akechi." Oh, fuck. In an instant, Kotomi knew why she recognized the girl -- Kotomi had seen her on TV a few times, apparently an 'ace detective' who routinely worked with the police ... and, evidently, had spoken out publicly against the Phantom Thieves, calling them nothing more than vigilantes with their own sense of warped justice.
Did that mean the police were looking for the Thieves more forcefully now? Did they know Kotomi was involved -- or, at least, did Toriko? Or was this purely a coincidence? Either way, Kotomi did her best to keep a stolid poker face and nodded a little at the introduction. "Kotomi Kurusu. It's ... nice to meet you." In any other situation, Kotomi likely would have been sizing the girl up -- she was cute enough, after all, with the press of a not-inconsiderable pair of tits beneath her buttoned blazer suggesting that Toriko had a cute body beneath her clothes -- but for whatever reason, Kotomi couldn't help but regard the 'ace detective' with no small amount of suspicion.

"Yeah, I go to Shujin, but I don't know anything about all those rumors," Kotomi continued with a small shrug. "The teacher was the volleyball coach, and I wasn't on the team or anything, so." Plausible deniability. Surely plenty of students at Shujin had only really heard rumors about everything that happened, even though Kamoshida had publicly broken down and apologized in front of all the students about the abuses he committed.

Toriko didn't reply immediately, seeming to consider Kotomi's words, the girl's gloved hands still wrapped around the mug of coffee Sojiro had made for her, so Kotomi soldiered on, doing her best to seem pleasant enough as well: "You're that ... detective, right? I've seen you on TV."

That, at least, got a reaction right away. "Oh, yes. I work with the police quite often, and recently I've been assisting with these cases related to the so-called Phantom Thieves. You've heard of them, haven't you?" So their name was really getting out there, Kotomi thought -- that was either a good thing or a bad thing, but Kotomi wasn't sure which one. Wasn't the whole point of getting into this mess just to solve the ills of society, to bring justice to those who thought themselves above it? Becoming known as that force of justice by the public at large ... it was nice to get a measure of recognition for their hard work, but it also exposed them to scrutiny.

This very, very uncomfortable kind of scrutiny.

"Yeah. I hear rumors about them at school sometimes, since they were said to be involved with the whole Kamoshida thing." Kotomi shrugged again. "I figure whoever they are, if they can bring someone like Kamoshida to justice, after everything he did ... maybe they're doing the right thing. I dunno." Kotomi has never really been the best actress out there, but she tried to come off as aloof as she could manage, just another student.

Just another student.

"Is that so?" Toriko fell quiet for another long moment, as if mulling over exactly how to feel about Kotomi, but of course she couldn't even begin to guess what was going on in the detective girl's head. Finally, Toriko nodded. "Well, all right. I suppose it's easier for you to try not to get wrapped up in a whole mess like that, right? I suppose that I should be going now -- it was nice to meet you ... Kotomi, was it?" Nod. "And thank you for this coffee -- it was wonderful. I'm so glad a cafe in this town adheres to such classical techniques." Sojiro, at least, seemed to like the compliment, but Kotomi couldn't help but feel how ... how fake Toriko seemed. Like everything was just a facade.

Either way, Toriko gathered up her bag, and the pleasant ace detective pushed gently past Kotomi to head right out of the door, and Kotomi sighed silently to herself.

Somehow she just knew that this was absolutely not the last she was going to see of Toriko Akechi.

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Sae Niijima worked extremely hard to get where she was.

She toiled endlessly, followed in her late father's footsteps, and ended up as a prosecutor -- not
exactly the most glamorous of positions, but she was able to apply justice to criminals, she achieved quite a lot in a male-dominated field, and she garnered some measure of respect from her peers all on her own. She also, mind, worked to raise her younger sister Makoto, and though the younger girl seemed to be doing well in her studies, Sae never eased off the throttle, insisting that Makoto's free time was spent on her studies.

She was, of course, totally oblivious to exactly what her little sister was up to these days -- being a masochistic pain slut for some other girl and a member of the Phantom Thieves -- but it was probably better that Sae never learned about any of that; Makoto did very well in hiding that particular aspect of herself from her big sister, as much as a very wicked part of herself told her to expose herself, to show Sae who she really was ...

Mmh. Anyway. It's Sae that we're following.

Tall, silver-haired, devastatingly lovely but with a sharpness, an *edge* to her that had successfully dissuaded plenty of gentleman callers, Sae focused on her job to the exclusion of all else. No personal life, no hobbies, nothing other than the cases that were handed down to her from on high.

Recently, however, Sae had been curious about these so-called Phantom Thieves, doing her best to investigate the cases they claimed to be responsible for, but of course all of her sources lead her to complete dead ends. The mental shutdowns, the changes of heart, she just *knew* they had to be related ... but she could never prove it. Not yet.

Still, it wasn't the condescension from her male peers, the trials of being what was effectively a single mother, or the dead end nature of her recent investigations that galled her the most.

No, what galled her the most was --

"I suppose you haven't found anything yet," Toriko Akechi spoke up to Sae, standing across the prosecutor's desk with that same oh-so-pleasant expression on her face, almost seeming as though she was *amused* by the fact that Sae's investigations were leading her nowhere. "Little surprise ... it seems these Phantom Thieves simply vanish into thin air. No traces left behind, no leads." Toriko shrugged a little helplessly.

What galled Sae most was, in fact, her work relationship with Toriko. A girl just Makoto's age, but treated as though she was just as important, just as trustworthy, just as *respected* as Sae, despite not going through anywhere near the amount of shit and trouble and difficulty that Sae did. Being ordered to work with Toriko, to work on the same cases together ... oh, that galled Sae *immensely*.

"We haven't finished going through all of the evidence from the Kaneshiro case. There's still the possibility --"

"There isn't." Toriko cut Sae off, so self-assured, so confident -- fuck, it was really the most frustrating thing in the world for her, Sae's hands clenching into fists beneath her desk. "Do you really believe you'll be able to find something that no one else has yet? I know you've come a long way, but there's no reason to believe yourself capable of an impossibility. Kaneshiro was clearly the work of the Phantom Thieves, and you're fooling yourself if you believe you're going to catch them with traditional investigative work."

This wasn't the first time Toriko had suggested something along these lines -- that the Phantom Thieves were somehow ... supernatural, or something. It was impossible! Just because they hadn't found any trace of who the Phantom Thieves were, that didn't mean that they *couldn't*. It galled Sae to no end.
Everything about Toriko galled Sae to no end.

Toriko continued: "No ... you're going to need to start thinking outside of the box, Sae." As she spoke, Toriko started moving around Sae's desk until she stood just behind the seated prosecutor, and those gloved hands snuck 'round to suddenly, smoothly fill themselves with Sae's modest breasts through the jacket of her business suit. A hiss of sensation escaped Sae's lips, her clenched fists not faltering or relaxing whatsoever ... but she didn't pull away, nor did she push Toriko away or chastise the girl.

She simply sat there and took it.

Well ... that wasn't strictly true. Against her better instincts, Sae felt herself arching her back just a little, subtly, as though to silently encourage Toriko's possessive grasp. She hated it -- she hated it -- or at least, that's what she told herself. "You're just going to listen to me." Toriko's smooth, self-possessed voice murmured right next to Sae's ear, a shiver running down the prosecutor's spine at the feel of breath against her sensitive flesh. "Because I know better. Isn't that right, Sae?" Toriko's thumbs stroked over the rapidly-swelling points of Sae's nipples through the layers of cloth, but it felt to the older woman like it was skin-on-skin regardless. Between her thighs, she felt herself starting to grow warmer, wetter already, as though it was a conditioned response.

Which was sort of what it was. This wasn't the first time Toriko made such overtures, after all, and no matter how much Sae told herself she would fight back or report the girl or something the next time ... she never did. She didn't then, and she didn't now. Toriko moved to confidently start to unbutton Sae's jacket and tug up the dark shirt she wore beneath, and the younger girl made a soft noise of delight when she discovered that Sae had eschewed from wearing a bra, just like she was told.

"Mmh ... good, Sae, I knew you were a good listener." Toriko's hands never stopped, they pressed against the prosecutor's bare flesh, squeezing and grasping the woman's surprisingly-full breasts with a possessiveness that passed very quickly into demanding roughness, tugging on Sae's dark nipples, drawing out more little cries and gasps from the impassive older woman.

"Y ... yes, Mistress," Sae squeaked out, her cheeks flushed with a mixture of arousal and shame -- she hated this, she hated this, but ... she couldn't bring herself to stop. It just felt too fucking good, too fucking amazing, too shamefully hot to be so utterly, thoroughly dominated by a girl several years her junior. Maybe it was Toriko's confidence, maybe it was her possessiveness, maybe it was her absolute surety that Sae would give into her ... whatever it was, it resonated with a part of Sae that she truly never knew existed.

"And you aren't wearing panties either, I hope." One of Toriko's hands slide down over Sae's flat middle to let a fingers delve beneath the waistband of her pants, discovering that -- yes -- she absolutely was bare beneath them, her cunt already sopping wet and staining the tips of Toriko's gloved fingers. "Oh, wonderful. This is such a good start, isn't it? You're going to be such a fun pet." Fuck, that just felt so good for Sae to hear, to be called.

"Yes ... yes, Mistress," Sae replied almost automatically, her shame fueling her desire -- which in turn fueled her shame -- it was neverending, and Sae didn't know how the fuck to get out of it. How to end this awful, exciting, thrilling loop. "I'll do ... what you want. Just ... please ...!" Sae's voice took on something of a whine, protesting when Toriko started drawing her fingers back out of Sae's pants, but the younger girl replied initially with a harsh twist to Sae's nipple, quickly silencing the prosecutor.
"That's right, you'll do what I want. Anything I want. After all ... you wouldn't want those photos getting out, would you?" The photos that Toriko took the first time they were ... together. Photos of Sae in all sorts of undress, photos of her gleefully licking someone's pussy -- Toriko, of course, had been wise enough to ensure she wouldn't have been recognizable in the pictures she used as blackmail. "You wouldn't want them getting to your boss ... your colleagues ... and certainly not your little sister."

It was that last -- the mention of Makoto seeing pictures of her tough, strong big sister in such a compromising, lewd, weak, submissive position -- that really got Sae to cooperate. There was just ...

"You ... you can't!" Panic flooded Sae's voice. "Please ... you can't ever let Makoto see me like this ..." There was no coming back from that. Losing her sister's respect and admiration was the absolute worst thing Sae could fathom, and there wasn't anything she wouldn't do to avoid that happening.

Nevermind that a tiny part of her mind ... liked the idea. Craved it. Wanted Makoto, more than anyone else, to see the real her, the weak woman crushed beneath the heel of someone younger, someone stronger, someone obviously more capable than herself. No more having to be (effectively) a single mother to her younger sister, no more needing to push Makoto to greatness -- greatness beyond anything Sae could have achieved herself -- no more responsibilities.

No.

She would never, ever let that happen. No matter what. No matter what humiliations came her way. All she needed to do was give Toriko whatever the hell it was that she wanted, make the younger girl -- her Mistress -- happy.

"She won't ... if you behave. If you're a good little pet, your little sister will never know what a filthy, shameful sow you really are." Even with such filth falling from her lips, Toriko's tone never wavered -- she was in control and she absolutely knew it. "Now ... why don't you show me what a good pet you've become? Your Mistress needs attention, Sae-sow." Smoothly, Toriko's hands withdrew from Sae's heated, shamefully aroused body, spurring a rush of disappointment and craving within the older woman, but Toriko didn't have to tell Sae anything else -- she hurried up from her seat, dropping right down onto her knees, and Toriko set herself down right where Sae was sitting, her thighs spread in welcome.

'It's all for Makoto,' Sae told herself as her head vanished beneath Toriko's skirt.
School that day, school the next, and they were still on a small break from Phantom Thief activity; no new targets had sprung up yet, and they liked to take a little time to scout out who would be best to take down. That nerd Mishima helpfully informed Kotomi that the "Phan-Site" was drawing more visitors than ever, people noticing the Phantom Thieves' efforts in bringing justice to a cruel world.

Things were going well, yes.

All too well.

Which was why Kotomi, honestly, wasn't all that shocked when the infamous hacking group Medjed made their play, calling out the Phantom Thieves directly; they were having too much good luck lately, and it was about time they hit a snag in the road. Not to suggest she wasn't worried -- the issue with an anonymous group calling them out, posing such an ultimatum demanding the Phantom Thieves turned themselves in or be responsible for the destruction of the Japanese economy, was that they didn't really have some single person to target, some Palace to infiltrate, some treasure to steal. Without the identity of whoever was behind it, they had absolutely no chance to take Medjed down - - and there was no way they were going to give into the rogue group's demands, either.

Additionally, there was no denying the way the morale of the group began to flag. It seemed to have everyone down, particularly as the days passed with no solution: Ryuji's dumb, loud self was oddly quiet. Yusuke, usually so calm and patient and quirky, snapped at the rest of the group more. Ann appeared to be stress eating more and always seemed so distracted. And Makoto, perhaps the brightest and potentially most able to deal with the issue, was doing her best not to crack under the pressure while looking into Medjed. And Kotomi's sex drive was shot! Sure, there was a little bit of fun with Ann, and it was always lovely having Makoto's fat ass in her lap ... but every day without a solution was another day closer to the terrible deadline.

And that's when the text came in.

Calling themself 'Alibaba', they posed their deal to Kotomi: steal their heart, and they would take down Medjed for the Phantom Thieves. Strangely enough, Alibaba seemed to have little idea on how the stealing of hearts actually took place, despite knowing a decent amount about the group. One thing lead to another, before the group stumbled into Sojiro's home late one night to get some needed answers for their suspicions -- only for the old man himself to find them sneaking around. Eventually, he bared his soul to the group, explaining who Futaba is and what had happened to her. About the death of her mother. Kotomi had no idea that the old man was keeping so much under wraps ...

Finally, armed with some information and a goal, the group finally sprung into action, their morale initially soaring! But then it was a fucking DESERT that the group -- curiously, still in their regular gear -- found themselves in. Ugh. Great. The heat was absolutely oppressive as they trekked across the desert, and Morgana wasn't equipped with any sort of air conditioning. Ughh. By the time the city and pyramid came into view, the girls -- the group as a whole, really -- were all simply a sweaty, miserable mess, Kotomi included. So it was a hell of a relief when the pyramid had actual air conditioning!

Actually meeting Futaba's Shadow brought Kotomi to a halt. She felt her heart crack a little as she listened to the shadow speak, so utterly resigned to her inevitable fate ... Kotomi had dealt with some issues before, but nothing quite like this. It became obvious fairly quickly that it would take a little more effort and work on her part. Still, she was yet to back down from a challenge, and she wasn't
about to start now, oh no. No, Futaba's Shadow might not have been actually opposing them, but speaking to her -- it? it was clearly not all of her, or was it? Kotomi barely understood the Metaverse as a whole, let alone a more complicated case like this -- quickly proved to have little purpose.

So the raiding of Futaba's Tomb began. She reasoned out that the workings of the Palaces were always a reflection of the inner heart of their targets in the past, right? Kamoshida's Palace was a castle, for instance -- revealing one part about him, but only on digging inside and delving within the castle was Kamoshida's twisted perversions revealed. Perhaps plunging deeper into the tomb would help provide some answers about Futaba.

Fuck. She hoped. If this didn't work out -- Kotomi tried not to think too much on Medjed.

"It's pointless."

Futaba's Shadow hadn't exactly followed them around; the Egyptian priestess-dressed girl somehow seemed both resigned to her fate and exceptionally shy -- upon giving the Thieves her initial explanation, her pronouncement that this was where she intended to die, that it was hopeless to try and help her because she didn't deserve it, she immediately faded into nothing.

But that wasn't to suggest she didn't watch their progress.

The true nature of someone's Shadow was something the Thieves hadn't quite figured out -- how much it related to the real person, what connection this Shadow Futaba might have had to the real Futaba -- was it just a being made of her self-perception? Her doubts and fears and guilt? Or was the Shadow her own separate entity? Hard to tell, really, and the Shadow certainly wasn't too forthcoming about anything.

Truth be told, the whole thing kind of broke Kotomi's heart a little. She knew -- or thought that she knew -- the story about Futaba's mother and the way she committed suicide. Knew about -- at least through Sojirio's guesswork -- the way Futaba believed it to be her own fault that her mother killed herself. Of course, Kotomi had some questions about the whole incident, some minor suspicions she just couldn't shake ... but either way, the sheer guilt on Futaba's shoulders, pressing down on her all these years ... would she, would any of them have wound up the same way? It hurt even further still, watching and listening to the Shadow of Futaba (who was kind of cute and so small, even if Kotomi had only seen her for but a moment in the real world) droned and murmured on about it being so hopeless, knowing that the old man did so much and worked so hard for her. It really put a lot of the conversations with him in the last few months into perspective ...

The Palace was the most dangerous one yet, necessitating frequent breaks in the safe rooms at the edges of Futaba's cognition -- she couldn't follow them in there, as morbidly curious as she was about them, but she did speak up just as Kotomi made to follow the rest of them into one of those rooms. "It's pointless." Her tone was just as dull as ever -- it wasn't even sadness in her eyes, it was simple resignation. Acceptance. "All of this. It won't matter." If this Shadow was just one aspect of Futaba -- her hopelessness, her guilt, her uncertainty -- then why did Kotomi recognize the faint gleam of something resembling curiosity in the eyes behind the Shadow's wide glasses? If she was past the point of caring, why was she even bothering to talk to Kotomi at all?

How much of Futaba was really in this figment? Furthermore, would anything that happened between she and the Shadow have any effect on the real Futaba? "You should return home. Accept your fate," the Shadow continued: accept their fate, accept what came next, because there was no point in trying to change things. Or so she believed. "Only suffering and pain arise from fighting inevitability." Futaba's Shadow drifted closer, her small, pale hand reaching up to take gentle-but-curious hold on the collar of Kotomi's thief coat -- she was noticeably shorter than Kotomi, and she was forced to tilt her head back a little to meet the older girl's gaze.
"Nothing is pointless." Kotomi grumbled, finding a slight hint of annoyance creeping in. Yes, her heart was broken for the poor girl, but the Shadow of Futaba seemed to be haunting them wherever they go as they plunged deeper into the Tomb, working carefully towards the next safe room. If she was going to follow them, she could at least have been a little more helpful with the puzzles and traps! Still, the dark haired girl found herself perplexed: Futaba's Shadow, obviously, was nothing like any of the others. Not hostile, at least not openly -- nor even seeming to direct the Palace save for that first door in their way at the start. "Hmph. If we'd just given up when things were pointless ..." Kotomi offered, hands on her generous, expanded hips, staring down at the younger girl.

"But you won't. Because you don't understand yet," the Shadow replied. And yet ... there was still that glimmer of ... interest. Interest in something other than her own failing state. Shadows were supposed to be nothing more than that one distorted view of oneself, and yet ...

Taking a breath to compose herself, the older girl tilted her head. The group needed a breather for a moment, anyway. "Because I don't understand what? Please, Futaba -- we want to help you. But you have to help me understand." How talkative, exactly, would the Shadow be in conversation? And defeating a Shadow was one thing, but this was entirely new ground for Kotomi.

Of all the people Futaba -- well, Shadow Futaba, anyway -- imagined would bust their way into her tomb, she certainly never thought it would be such a strange, motley group as the Phantom Thieves. Even her Shadow seemed to be something of a terminally shy shut-in, as beyond her initial 'greeting' to the Thieves, she had only shown herself when Kotomi was alone, as though she was the only one Futaba truly trusted. Such as now -- she held both Kotomi's gaze and the collar of her coat, looking neither happy nor sad, just ... resigned. This was how it was going to be. "Nothing you do here is going to change what's going to happen. I will die, and that will be all." Because that was what was supposed to happen. That was what she deserved -- for the crime of being the cause of her mother's suicide, Futaba truly believed she deserved nothing but simple death alone in her tomb.

"If you insist on continuing, however ... I suppose you can join me in death. It doesn't matter to me." Or ... did it? Kotomi thought she noticed just the faintest hint of curiosity -- of uncertainty -- in Futaba's eyes just before Ann peeked her head out of the safe room's door to see what was holding Kotomi up, and the moment she did, Futaba's Shadow vanished into nothing -- terminally shy, she.

The group continued their arduous, if not particularly long, trek into the depths of the pyramid, while Kotomi was sure that Shadow Futaba tracked their progress, seemingly out of some measure of curiosity about their success, morbid or otherwise. Could they manage? Could they -- somehow -- manage to prevail against fate?

Of course they did.

Though they reached the door to the treasure room, they couldn't pass beyond that -- the door that matched perfectly Futaba's door out in the real world, impossible to get past without Futaba's permission. She based her whole life on believing her room was both her safe haven and her prison, and no one got in or out -- not Kotomi, not her group, and not Futaba herself. They had to somehow coax the real Futaba to let them past this barrier, as Shadow Futaba simply watched here, impassive, before managing to speak up: "Only you." Kotomi, obviously. "No one else. She won't open her door for anyone, but ..." Maybe Kotomi alone? Too many people -- even the ones trying to help her -- would scare her into staying hidden, but perhaps just one determined person who could find the right approach ... "Bring her here. If you are going to see any success, you will need to bring her here." Kind of a tall order, that, given that even Sojiro hadn't been allowed in her room -- or even to see Futaba's face -- in a number of years.

Shadow Futaba wouldn't be of any further help, that much is clear. As the representation of Futaba's
guilt, self-loathing, and resignation, there was no chance that she expected Kotomi to succeed ... but nor was she going to go out of her way to try and stop Kotomi from trying, as the other Shadows they’ve encountered had.

Everything went as planned the next day, at least at the start. Makoto, Ryuji and Yusuke seemed to have become quite the team at whipping up their calling cards, something a still yawning Ryuji boasted about with a grin on his face. The others all took their position, gathered about closely outside, Nav-apps at the ready. Thankfully, the old man had been plenty alright with letting them go over to check on Futaba, amused and slightly touched at the interest the group seemed to have taken in his daughter. That said, it was all on Kotomi now as she entered the home, alone, the calling card carefully kept in her pocket. What, exactly, was she going to say?

"Futaba. Can you open this door for us, please? We -- I know you want me to do this. To help you. But we can't steal your heart unless you open this door." Pausing, stepping away from the door, Kotomi added after a moment's thought, "You can, uh, reply to me over text, if you feel better doing that." Deep breath, Kotomi. "Please. There's a ... barrier. I know it's painful. I know it hurts. I won't try to pretend I know what you -- what you've been through. What you're thinking. But some part of you reached out to us. I know you want to ... move on. To try and start healing. But you have to help us help you. So please ... open the door, Futaba? I'm the only one out here, I promise. It's just me and you ..."

Real Futaba was, of course, completely unaware of what happened within her Palace, of the progress the Thieves made through her defenses, of what her Shadow might have said to them. All Futaba knew was that the Phantom Thieves were trying to steal her heart, and though most of her didn't believe that it was really going to work ... there was a part of her, a small part, that hoped it did. That hoped Kotomi and the others really could cause a change of heart within her, to help rescue her from this tomb of self-hatred and misery and raw, unfiltered guilt.

She just ... had no idea how it worked. Or if she'd even know when it did work.

When she heard the voice outside of her door -- she recognized it as Kotomi's, given how long she had been listening to their voices -- she froze where she sat in her chair. Come in? Why did she need to? What did this have to do with stealing her heart? Not that she thought Kotomi has some kind of sinister, ulterior motive, just ... she didn't really prepare herself for this being an eventuality. Needing to face Kotomi -- after she already summoned the strength to ask Kotomi to steal her heart -- was a step she didn't expect to take, and she didn't respond for a long time. Well ... if Kotomi was alone, if it wasn't any of the others also ... just one person was okay, right? Futaba didn't know it, but she felt the same inexplicable trust toward Kotomi that her Shadow did, as though she just inherently knew Kotomi was trustworthy, that she genuinely did want to help Futaba.

Eventually, Kotomi heard a shuffling movement within the room, and the locked door clicked open just a crack, a sign of clear invitation for the older girl -- invitation that wasn't granted to anyone else in a long, long time. Upon stepping into Futaba's room, Kotomi found it to be a small, cramped affair, and rather on the messy side -- not quite like Ohya's, not with empty food containers all over or anything, just ... cluttered. Computer parts, toys, all that kind of thing just haphazard all over the place. Futaba's computer was a sprawling monster itself, a handful of monitors with countless windows up of all sorts of things. Overall, the place was small, gloomy, dark ... a tomb.

Futaba considered hiding herself in the closet -- if Kotomi needed to just come past the door, that would have been fine then, right? Then she didn't have to actually face anyone. But ... if anything was going to change, if anything was ever going to happen, she was going to at least need to learn how to talk to one person ... and if that one person was Kotomi, she could handle it. Small, redheaded, a pair of headphones slung around her neck, wide glasses, perched in her computer chair
with her knees drawn up to her chin, arms hugging her legs against herself, she peeked shyly, uncertainly, anxiously up at the older girl ... the older girl who she didn't expect to be this cute, some vague part of her thought, but she certainly could never dream of actually saying that.

"... okay. You're here. Is that all? Do you steal my heart now?" The poor thing looked like she was ready to bolt, or hide behind something, or ... fuck, she really didn't look like she was doing well. "Just ... tell me what you need so we can be done."

Goodness, the girl was cute, particularly in a petite, needing-of-protection kind of way. Despite being only a year or so younger than Kotomi, she was quite a bit shorter, roughly only up to her shoulders or so. And, to be honest, Futaba reminded Kotomi of her younger self a little -- and not just because of those thick, round glasses!: Back home, she had always been pretty intensely quiet and shy. Standing up to that asshole shifted her entire life, and only upon arriving to Tokyo -- and the bizarre circumstances that followed -- did she really begin to find herself. To admit to much of her inner self. To find strength in a number of ways, both inwardly and outwardly. (So sue her, she enjoyed the occasional afternoon looking at her trim, fit figure in the mirror -- running all those Palaces and Mementos kept her in tip-top shape!) No, she wasn't as bad off as Futaba, but without something major to shift her life ...

Meanwhile, Futaba wasn't entirely sure what to think about Kotomi; she heard the girl's voice plenty of times from the bug she planted within Leblanc, but she never really got a chance to see the girl before today. Before right now. She was cute, oh yes -- Futaba might have been a socially anxious wreck of a girl, but she recognized a cute girl when she saw one -- and there was something about her that just made Futaba feel like ... like Kotomi really could accomplish everything she said she could. Something about her that Futaba knew she could trust, that she could rely on, and those are feelings she hadn't felt since -- well, since before her mother died, and she wasn't certain how to deal with it just yet.

For a moment, Kotomi wasn't exactly what to say as she glanced down at the poor girl, much of her previous, held over annoyance slipping away. Really, all she wanted to do is give the girl a hug. "Um." Awkward, Kotomi! C'mon. You're the fearless leader of the Phantom Thieves. Say something inspiring, why don't you? "We're gonna help you out, okay? I'm really glad you opened your door for us." A smile lit her face before her eyes widened, her hand vanishing into her pocket as she handed over the fancy, stylized calling card. "Oh, right. You need to read this for us, alright?" Stepping forward, gently, carefully, Kotomi lowered herself down to a knee so the two girls cold look more equally into one another's eyes. One hand offered the card, as the other gently reached out for Futaba's shoulder, in an attempt to offer a little bit of the human touch. "Thank you."

Futaba didn't unravel from her position even when Kotomi dropped down to her knees in front of the girl, the redhead just looking over her knees with obvious uncertainty while Kotomi reassured her that it was going to be okay, that they were going to steal her heart and make everything better. "Read this ...?" she mumbled, reaching out to take the calling card offered to her, reading over the weird little message -- the message the others put together, about how they were totally going to steal her treasure and her heart, and Futaba couldn't help but giggle at how silly the thing was, glancing back up just in time for Kotomi to rest a hand on Futaba's narrow shoulder, eliciting a very obvious flinch from the smaller girl, Futaba seeming to somehow withdraw even more into herself for a moment -- human contact might have been a little much for her at the moment.

Kotomi continued, however. "Listen ... there is one more thing we'd like you to do. You don't ... have to do this one." Futaba's Shadow suggested it, but ... if they did the normal job of beating up the big shadow in the Palace, that should do the trick, right? Still, couldn't hurt to try, could it? "But, um. I'd like if you came with us? I think being with us when we steal your heart would be good for you
... but. I know the thought of doing something like that is probably scary. And I won't lie, it probably will be scary. So I leave it up to you ... will you come with us, Futaba?"

Go where? How did this work? Futaba had no idea about any of this, but there must have been a reason her Shadow said it would be necessary, right? If anyone knew what it took to fix things, to make things right, surely it would be her Shadow self. As it was, the very idea of leaving her room was frightening enough, but ... even with her fear, her uncertainty, her guilt and self-hate and terror, it was her raw curiosity that won the day here and now. Whatever else one might have said about Futaba, she was bright and curious and inquisitive, and the idea of seeing her own heart stolen ... well, she couldn't pass up that opportunity.

"I ... I'll go with you. If you think it's a good idea." If Kotomi thought it was a good idea. Why did she trust the older girl already, though? Why did Kotomi seem like ... like she really did mean well, like she really was going to be able to solve all of her problems, fix things? Futaba found a lot to admire about the leader of the Phantom Thieves, and it didn't really shock her that Kotomi had drawn so many other girls to her side. Oh, yes -- given that she bugged Leblanc awhile ago, Futaba was all too aware of the fact that Kotomi brought several different girls back to be ... sexual with. Makoto and Ann and Sadayo have all visited, and had all issued various cries of pleasure, had called Kotomi's name in the throes of orgasm -- Futaba was utterly shocked at first to hear such raw vulgarity, but ... suffice to say, she came to really enjoy listening in on those, little voyeur that she turned out to be, and her deepest fantasies started revolving around Kotomi. Around being one of those girls that Kotomi pleased, but moreover ... mmmh. That could wait. Not that she would ever be able to work up the courage to try anything, surely not! No way, no chance.

She gently slipped her legs forward, letting feet back down onto the floor, and the girl rose up onto her feet; her loose, long t-shirt obscured the tight shorts she's wearing beneath, and she gave Kotomi a little nod. "Do we go right now? How does this work ...?" What better way to explain this process than simply to perform it, right?

"Are you sure?" Kotomi asked, leaning in just a little. "I promise you, we'll do everything we can to protect you. But like I said, it -- it might be a little scary. It's a lot to take in. But I really do think, in the end, it'd be best if you came with us." But Futaba seemed game for this, at least. It was a lot of trust, especially considering that Kotomi hadn't really ... explained anything. But, really, was there any other way to do this, than to just -- do it? "Hold on to my hand tight, OK?" And with a text sent to the rest of the group and a few taps of the Nav-app, Kotomi and Futaba found themselves switching over to that other world ...

Once they slipped back into the Metaverse, back into Futaba's palace, once they were within her very tomb, Futaba found herself in her own cognitive world -- well, her Shadow still ruled here, but her own cognition affected her here still. Not that she knew all the details yet, but she was a bright girl, she'd pick it up. Her appearance was pretty much the same -- pretty much, apart from the fat bulge that formed within her tight shorts that remained mostly hidden thanks to the looseness of her shirt.

In the other world -- the Metaverse, or whatever. Futaba doesn't know how it all works, but already she's piecing together theories and guesses ... but even those are soon derailed when she realizes she has to face the rest of the Thieves.

Despite the various reassurances that it wouldn't happen, the group simply couldn't help themselves. While Futaba hadn't met them, she was ... familiar, to an intimate level, with the voices of Ann and Makoto. Bubbly, busty Ann, reserved, serious Makoto, loudmouth Ryuji, classy if self-absorbed Yusuke ... and of course, the weird talking cat. It was the last of those that piqued Futaba's curiosity the most, but Ann's eagerness in trying to greet and welcome her sort of startled the little redhead,
Futaba instinctively hiding behind the one person here she already trusted. "K -- Kotomi ..." she mumbled, but the older girl already seemed to have the situation in hand, tugging Ann back from her excited hug-centric greeting.

But they couldn't afford to stand around, apparently; Futaba's Shadow was nowhere to be seen, but the Palace's defenses were in an uproar, necessitating a mixture of speed and stealth as they hurried toward the treasure room, and in the midst of one of those desperate battles the rest of the group got into, Futaba found herself cut off from the rest of the group, isolated, and there was no measuring the fear and uncertainty she felt there. It was supposed to be her own Palace, right? Her own tomb, a representation of the prison she locked herself away in. And yet, she certainly didn't feel particularly safe here.

Meanwhile, the group finally found their target. It was nothing they ever tackled before, considering that it wasn't some form of Futaba's Shadow. No, it was some bizarre creature that calls itself Futaba's mother, the massive sphinx beast taking to the sky. The best they could do was fight it to an uneven standstill, though -- even with the powers of their Personas, there was only so much they could do against an opponent who soared so high above them and attacked in such an unpredictable fashion. Little by little, the group was slowly worn down by the relentless assaults of the massive shadow. Fuck! They couldn't have come so far, just to wind up short -- not like this! But then ... what can they do at this rate ...?

Unbeknownst to the rest, the little hacker finally had a run-in with her own Shadow, the part of her that represented her fear and guilt, and while she didn't want to deal with those painful memories -- her Shadow simply didn't let up, spurring her on in its monotone voice toward the conclusion Futaba knew was true all along: her mother's death was not her fault, it wasn't suicide, Futaba had nothing she needed to feel guilty over.

Forced to come to this personal revelation, she ended up awakening to her true self just like the rest of them had, with her own characteristic outfit (a black-and-green bodysuit that conformed to her slender body, save for the rather surprisingly-large bulge running down one thigh) and her Persona, from which -- she realized -- she wouldn't fight, but rather support, give assistance, navigate -- that was what excelled at, wasn't it? Guidance and help -- being out on the front lines was a little too much for the redhead.

This, though? She had this.

With her assistance, calling out orders, spotting weaknesses, parsing through information, the Thieves managed to take down the great beast posing as Futaba's mother ... and with her defeat came the inevitable crumbling of the Palace. So it was that the Phantom Thieves ended up dumped back into the real world in an unflattering pile, everyone back to their standard shapes and clothes, and ... and Futaba felt fine about it. Not totally fine, but with everything that just happened, with everything she learned about herself and what happened to her mother, it felt ... silly to want to run and hide from these people specifically.

So she was a little awkward -- okay, she was a lot awkward -- but she could manage, right? Fuck that, she was Futaba Sakura, and she had a new purpose -- she was going to find out the truth about what happened to her mother, and she was going to do it with the help of her new friends.

... Friends. Oh, she hadn't had any of those for a long, long time.

Exhausted after the successful completion of the heist, with the crumbling of her own Palace -- and with the understanding that Futaba would hold up her end of the bargain and stop Medjed from carrying out their threats -- the rest of the Thieves dispersed, heading back home, eliciting a little sigh of relief from Futaba ... though she certainly felt a little thrill deep within her upon seeing the parting
kisses both Ann and Makoto give to Kotomi. She had heard them -- heard all sorts of things they had done -- but she hadn't actually seen them together before, and she was already getting a bit of an understanding as to why the other girls were so drawn to Kotomi.

The goodbyes Ann and Makoto gave Kotomi were quite ... spirited, and perhaps a touch lengthy. Ah, but then, the group did just narrowly escape death twice, didn't they? Ann clung and groped hard, making out with Kotomi for a decent minute or two, right there in the hallway as Makoto and Futaba looked on. Of course, after such a display, Kotomi wasn't going to shy away from giving her little bitch -- that saved all their lives with her driving -- some lovely treatment as well. An exhausted Makoto whimpered and practically had to be held up by Kotomi as they kiss. Perhaps cutest of all, though: while they didn't kiss right there, on their way out, Ann made quite a point of walking very close with Makoto, slowly and possessively sliding her hand down the older girl's back to that fat ass, causing Makoto to yelp and blush in surprise. Admittedly, Kotomi caught herself watching the girls leave, swaying rears and all, the faint idea of a lovely little threesome in her mind before all collapsing together, exhausted.

It's true that it was ... a lot. A lot for Futaba to handle, a lot for her to deal with, a lot of information for her to take in. Considering her life up to this point was a lot of sitting alone in her dark room and roaming the internet, all of this going to another world, fighting a representation of her mother, joining with her Shadow self -- not to mention needing to be around a bunch of other people! -- it was a lot! Truth be told, Futaba was sort of exhausted after all of that -- or, at least, her body was, but her mind raced with everything that just happened, and she wasn't prepared to crawl into bed just yet. Nor was she ready to be alone, and the redhead tugged a little at Kotomi's sleeve. "Will you ... stick around a little bit? I have some stuff I wanna ask you about ..."

Oh, jeez: Kotomi hadn't even had a moment to think about how confusing all this must have been for Futaba. All of it happened so quickly ... the poor girl's head simply must be spinning, she thought. Goodness knows Kotomi was a mess after being thrown into the strange world of the Metaverse. Nodding, she glanced down at the smaller girl, offering a tired smile. God, the height difference between them made Futaba even cuter. She could easily cradle the girl's head to her bust if they hugged. "Oh, of course. I know all of that must have been ... a lot. Do you want to go talk back in your room?"

Kotomi wasn't massively tall by any means, but Futaba was definitely on the short side, even for her age -- she was just about eye-level with the older girl's bust, and there was certainly something ... exciting about that. Exciting and reassuring, all at once -- she didn't intend to, but she placed a great deal of trust in Kotomi already.

Either way, she nodded at Kotomi's suggestion, turning to lead the way back into the house and into her cluttered, dimly-lit bedroom -- the only light came from her monitors, and she plunked unceremoniously down in her computer chair, taking twin handfuls of the lower hem of her shirt -- not to pull it off, but just as something for her to nervously hold onto, her eyes fixated on the floor. "I -- that was exciting," she broached at long last. Where would Kotomi sit? Her unmade futon on the floor? There weren't many places to sit; she didn't really have a lot of company over, you know? "I think I get ... a lot of it. Most everything. I picked up a lot during the fight." Given that her specialty was information, that wasn't particularly surprising.

Taking a seat on the unmade futon was exactly what the older girl did, gently nudging anything out of the way as needed. Oof, yeah, she was a touch tired. "Yeah? Usually it's slightly better ... paced. We had to do a lot of fighting to get to that point. Every Palace has a whole lot of the ... smaller Shadows to go through first. It's a little scary, but exciting, yeah!" As for a lot of the finer details, though, Kotomi was happy to offer what little she might know that Futaba hadn't pieced together yet, about how the Metaverse worked -- mostly just mentioning the mysterious app on their phones that
allowed them to enter that other world. (Which, probably not to the surprise of either of them, was also on Futaba's phone at this point as well.)

She glanced up at Kotomi, a shy little smile on her lips. "But what I really wanted to bring up is about ... the way we change over there." We? Kotomi's changes were plenty obvious, sure, but Futaba, too, had changed -- in a way she didn't really expect, at that! She got it in retrospect, given ... certain interests ... but it was a shock in the moment, even if she didn't really have time to explore the magnitude of the change.

Kotomi had noticed the change on Futaba -- considering everything, it was hard not to! -- but with how distracted Kotomi was, she hadn't actually thought it through. Thinking on it for a moment, Kotomi supposed it made sense: Futaba's Palace was where Futaba's cognition was strongest, right? Much like the Velvet Room was a reflection of Kotomi's own heart. Or soul. Or whatever Igor went on about. At first, Kotomi struggled for a response -- thinking about how Futaba was younger, about what the girl might not know, and so on and so on. But ... then she thought about it for a moment longer still. She did just make out, rather sensually, with two other girls right in front of Futaba. And, oh, there was also the fact that Futaba's cognition seemed to involve a version of the redhead with a pretty fat fucking dick.

It was only a few awkward moments before Kotomi just grinned at Futaba, shrugging slightly. "Yeah. I noticed you ... changed, over there, too. I'm not entirely sure what it's all about, but I think since it was your heart -- your cognition -- you were able to more easily make some changes to yourself. Probably without really thinking on it, if I had to guess?" Another slight shrug, along with a tilt of the head, that grin not leaving her face for a second. "That was quite a change, too -- wasn't it, mnh? Not that you ... not that you really got the chance to do anything with it. About it." Was she -- teasing, Futaba? Oh, gosh, yes.

"You're a ... normal girl right now, right? Like me?" Futaba's bespectacled gaze flicked down briefly toward Kotomi's skirt. "But over there ... you're not. I wonder why." She blushed -- fuck, of course she was blushing! Physically she was as virginal as it got, though of course, as any child of the internet, she lost her innocence a long, long time ago. "I wonder why I changed the same way."

Laughing, Kotomi slipped away the hands from her lap, smoothing out her own skirt to show off that Futaba was correct. "Yep. Just normal me." Something that, admittedly, annoyed her ... changing back to her normal form after spending hours in the Metaverse in her more perfect, more proper form always felt a little sad. "I mean to put it bluntly, Futaba: I change to be like that over there because I wanted to be ... different. More. I think a lot of it has to do with desires and how strongly they manifest. I also think it's a little easier for me than the others, kind of like how I can change Personas and the others can't." Leaning in, that smug, teasing expression on her lips all the while, Kotomi concluded, "So ... some part of you, even if you didn't realize it up front in your mind, wanted that. That different you. Some naughty part, perhaps, mnh?" Yes, she was definitely teasing the girl a bit.

She never quite managed to banish her blush through Kotomi's explanation of what happened over there, what that other world was, and why their bodies might have changed. No doubt that Futaba noticed the change in Kotomi -- the way she got obviously more busty, more curvaceous, and of course that sizable dick -- so if Kotomi was right, if it was based on a person's given ... cognition, then that was just the way Kotomi saw herself. Big and voluptuous and in-charge in a lot of ways. So ... why had something similar happened to Futaba? Why had she gotten only the dick -- and a sizable one, at that! -- and nothing else? Sure, she had fantasized about it, especially after hearing Kotomi's exploits, and perhaps ... perhaps her change in the Metaverse manifested from her simple desire to fuck Kotomi.

Because of course that's what she wanted to do.
And on the internet, well, there were dicks everywhere, right? That was what helped to form her perception of sex, with plenty of her ... material ... devoted to girls with cocks using them on other girls. No wonder that was the way she saw herself, then. But she wasn't about to up and explain all of this to Kotomi right now, no -- she might have been willing to broach this subject indirectly, but she hadn't exactly gotten over her shyness and social anxiety enough to start waxing philosophical with Kotomi about why her cognitive self had a big ol' fat dick.

Kotomi's teasing hit the mark, deepening the redhead's blush, glancing up to meet Kotomi's gaze, even if only briefly. "N -- no, I didn't get to use it, you're right. Too bad my Palace exploded; I would've liked to the chance to explore it a little more." Without the imminent threat of the Shadows in her Palace, that is; she didn't know about Mementos or the Velvet Room just yet.

Seeming to hesitate a moment, Futaba considered ... before sliding forward off of her chair, moving to settle her small, slender self in Kotomi's lap. Everything Futaba knew came only from the internet, and manga, and visual novels, and anime, and ... all of that. As such, her instincts went naturally toward cliches, toward the sorts of things that worked on the screen, but there was no telling if it could work in real life, if Kotomi would welcome someone like Futaba plopping herself into her lap. After all, Kotomi had way, way more interesting girls in her life already, right? Little Futaba was just so small and flat and ... boring in comparison, she couldn't but think.

Futaba caught Kotomi entirely by surprise. Certainly, she thought she might tease the girl, and maybe, maybe things would lead somewhere later -- but she didn't expect this. Goodness, the younger girl couldn't weigh all that much at all, feeling rather light in her lap in comparison to, say, Ann or Makoto. Still, beyond a brief moment for her initial confusion, Kotomi wasn't exactly the kind of girl to turn down a cutie slipping into her lap. Oh, no, no, quite the opposite indeed. Sure, Kotomi was a little on the tired side of things, but, mmh, not quite that exhausted. Wasting little time, her arms, hands immediately went to work, slowly and gently drawing the girl closer against her.

As it was, her hands were very slow, very gentle, just letting themselves drag slowly, gently along Futaba's clothed back, the only bared skin she dared to touch -- for now! -- being any of Futaba's shoulders or the base of her neck.

Being able to fight down her anxiety enough to actually make contact like this was immensely difficult, but the second she felt Kotomi's arms sliding around her slender frame, she knew it was all too worth it. She looked to Kotomi as such a strong, resolute figure, a protector, someone brave who she could truly rely on. Pure admiration -- and attraction! -- pulsed through the small redhead, her arms slipping naturally around the taller girl's neck, drawing herself closer against Kotomi, feeling their tits squish a little together through their clothing; Futaba was small, but not entirely flat -- still, she was certainly a far cry from Makoto, much less Ann! And yet, Kotomi seemed to find her cute or attractive, judging by how easily she took to Futaba being in her lap, wiggling her pert little rear to get comfortable.

It was true that Futaba was slightly out of Kotomi's 'typical' sort of tastes, with exaggerated figures like Ann and Makoto more her usual sort of thing ... but even then those two were a far cry from her real tastes, the kind of thing she had gotten to play with in the Velvet Room with Ann and Becky, weren't they? And, mmh ... there was no denying that Futaba was cute. Being the older of the pair, plus the height difference of about a head or so -- all of it pushed both a protective urge and attraction to little Futaba. Plus, there was also the fact that the girl was obviously incredibly bright -- definitely a whole lot to consider in the girl.

Futaba wasn't about to pass up her chance to make her interest known; she was still getting used to all this, but at her core, Futaba was a pretty straightforward, blunt kind of girl, and the kind of girl who liked Kotomi. The older girl became very important to her very quickly, and the fact that she
really had moved to protect Futaba right after they stepped into the Palace meant a whole lot to the little nerd. Futaba made her confession to Kotomi with a teasing little grin of her own, but eye contact was still a little tough for her: "I heard you, you know. You and the others in Leblanc. I know the sort of stuff you do with all of them." Futaba giggled at a little memory.

"The stuff I --" Oh, hell. It finally dawned on Kotomi that, maybe -- just maybe! -- Futaba bugged the entirety of Leblanc, and not just the first floor. Of course, Kotomi had her fun with some of the girls on the first floor some late evenings, too, so either way Futaba would have known something was up. How many nights did the smaller girl sit up and listen to Kotomi and her partners? How many times had she listened to Kotomi and Ann finger or eat one each other out? How many nights had she heard her hand smacking against Makoto's fat, round ass? Not to mention, the vague, potential, possible angle of blackmail from the nights with Becky! (Not that, beyond the initial thought, she thought Futaba the kind to stoop to blackmail, mind.) Ohhh, and she was worried about being vulgar with Futaba!

Kotomi found herself blushing slightly, though the smug grin on her face only actually seemed to grow slightly: yeah, she had plenty of girls. Damn right. And the idea of being overheard, mmh, there was a nice thought to that, actually. "Oooh. You heard all of it, huh?"

Futaba nodded. "Like all the stuff you do to poor Makoto. You make her call you Queen and everything! But ... she always seems like she has a really good time, too." And Futaba, of course, wouldn't mind having something of a good time, herself.

Giggling, Kotomi nodded and agreed with the redhead. "Aaah, Makoto can be a little bit of a loud one sometimes. I wouldn't be surprised if you heard her all the way from Leblanc, but ... yes. That's part of the job of being Queen, taking proper, loving care of my little bitch."

The way Kotomi talked about Makoto ... so offhandedly referring to her as her 'little bitch' ... it sent such a thrill through tiny Futaba, but it wasn't a thrill of envy or jealousy ... at least, she wasn't envious of Makoto in this situation. No, there was a part of her -- a strong part -- that was envious of Kotomi, instead. Having that strength of will, that pull, to dominate someone the way Kotomi dominated Makoto ... oooh. Maybe it was the cock that gave her the courage? But ... no, she obviously did a lot with Makoto out in the real world, and thus without it. But maybe it gave her enough of a push initially ... Futaba certainly thought she would feel a little more confident with one, which probably had a lot to do with her cognitive self.

The term 'little bitch' was used quite affectionately, mind, as Kotomi so casually, offhandedly referred to her pet as such. Kotomi realized there really wasn't much a point in trying to hide anything or stop herself from being vulgar. How much filth, how many wicked little names for her girls -- teasing or in the midst of passion -- had spilled from her lips? Just how much of it did Futaba eagerly drink up while listening? Mmh, fuck, Kotomi had probably unintentionally given the girl a crash course in quite a few interesting terms and phrases by this point. And there still was the exact nature of Futaba's manifestation in the Metaverse: her big, fat dick. While Kotomi only managed to get a brief glimpse of that bulge, busy as she was, thinking about it now ... Futaba likely outclassed her between the thighs over in that world. Hell, if what she saw was correct/her eyes weren't playing tricks, the cute, shy thing in her lap very well might have been nearly as hung as Kotomi was in the Velvet Room! But ... there's no way. Was there?

And what does Kotomi think about it, exactly?

Mentally, she found herself reflecting, thinking on it for a moment ... and finding the idea of the sizing being both a touch humorous and ... hot? Picturing it in her mind made her shift slightly beneath Futaba ... though she was still yet to be on the other end of things. To be the one being
stuffed, taken. She did, of course, still owe Ann an evening in that position: it came up from time to
time, teasingly from the blonde, and the hunger in her eyes was pretty obvious! But how would
Futaba -- sweet, cute little Futaba -- have dealt with being in that position? The idea almost (but not
quite) made her laugh, though again ... it wasn't exactly unpleasant?

Mmh. She was too tired for such thoughts. And too busy with the adorable thing in her lap.

Kotomi's voice lowered somewhat to a sultrier sound as she continued to slowly stroke the girl with
one hand -- the other moving to gently grasp Futaba's chin. Gently forcing that eye contact. "Do you
want to have a good time, too, Futaba?" Her voice was quiet as she asked, before leaning in
downward slightly to go in for a kiss. She took it slow for the moment, little more just a gentle, soft,
slow kiss, letting Futaba set the pace or break it off as she desired.

Forced to meet Kotomi's gaze, there was still obviously an element of shyness, of uncertainty there,
but her excitement and attraction overpowered that shyness easily. "I -- I do want a good time, I --"
But she was cut off when Kotomi captured her lips, and she was simply stunned for a moment,
before starting to try and return the favor, to lean into that kiss a bit more. She ... wasn't exactly
skilled, not practiced, but it was obvious that she liked it, that her first kiss was truly a successful one.
Futaba whimpered a little when Kotomi's hand slipped down the back of her shorts, letting Kotomi
feel that round little rear for herself. fuck, Kotomi was just so ... so good at this, and Futaba's envy
flared.

Let's not fail to emphasize: Futaba was a virgin. Like, completely. Sure, at her age she had been on
the internet for a long time, she had long since been desensitized to the sort of content that was out
there, but there was a huge difference between playing with herself to videos and actually doing
something with another person in real life. She did have a helpful little bridge between those worlds
in the form of listening in on Kotomi's activities, which had helped her feel remarkably intimate with
the older girl before they met properly, as well as feeding into some of her urges, her desires, which
took concrete shape around Kotomi. Oh, yes, little Futaba was utterly fascinated with the leader of
their group, with the way she could apparently rally so many to her cause, with the way she could so
easily seduce multiple women at once, keeping them all happy and even happy to all belong to her at
once ... Futaba only ever thought that kind of thing happened in manga or whatever, but here she
was meeting someone just like that.

Here she was in Kotomi's very lap, at that!

She did allow one of her own hands to slide down Kotomi's front, tentatively filling her hand with
one of Kotomi's tits -- bigger than her own, sure, but much more modest here than in the other world,
she noted. Still ... far from unpleasant, she thought with a little squeeze.

Yes, again, it was true: Kotomi generally tended to like her girls with a little more flesh on their
forms. But Futaba went far enough in the other direction, being so cute and slender and petite, that it
wound up working in her favor. Something about the desire to protect the girl, mingled in with just
how cute -- and brilliant -- she was, it just all worked for Kotomi. And so she drew the smaller girl
closer, letting their bodies press together -- Kotomi wasn't the smallest of the girls in the group when
it comes to bust size, but only because of Futaba. Still, the contact -- especially as Futaba wiggled
around and makes her bottom all snug and comfy in Kotomi's lap -- drew a few pleasant murmurs
and gasps from the older girl.

Kotomi claimed those lips passionately, but slowly. Ever slow, gentle with Futaba, being careful to
steadily feel out the girl's boundaries for the moment. Something told her that she wouldn't need to
hold anything back with Futaba, but that was for later. For now, the redhead was exhausted on
multiple levels, so just some lighter fun for the evening. As Futaba leaned, pushed back against the
kiss, the older girl slipped her tongue forward, slowly, pushing gently at the entrance of her mouth. Her hands continued to keep themselves busy, squeezing that bottom, pushing on it to press her closer against Kotomi.

Now, Futaba had been masturbating for a good few years now -- she was on the internet enough to start to feel out her sexuality, what turned her on most of all, and being a little voyeur -- listening to Kotomi and the others -- was certainly one of the hottest things she came across. Porn was great and all, but listening in on those sessions had a reality to it that she hadn't really experienced before. And now ... now she was meeting the person responsible for all of that, the woman who had coaxed out so many cries of pleasure, voices begging for more ... and Futaba knew she wanted to be one of them, right now in this moment. But she also wanted to be in Kotomi's position, forcing her to cry out in pleasure ... mmh, but one thing at a time.

Her inexperience worked against her at the moment, as all sorts of new sensations flooded her body - - she was plenty used to playing with herself right there in her computer chair, but now she was properly sitting in another girl's lap, kissing and making out, with someone else's hands on her body - - first on her pert, round little rear, encouraging her body flush up against Kotomi's as they kissed, and then that hand sliding around front, delving right down to her pussy -- certainly wet and warm already, as excited as she was to be doing something like this for the first time in her life.

And she couldn't really imagine anyone being a better partner for her first time than Kotomi.

Her skin felt like it was on fire, her slender little body writhing in Kotomi's grasp, helpless against the older and more experienced girl's assault, leaving her plant and helpless and desperate for more, more, whatever Kotomi wanted to do to her, anything ... and as delicious as that kind of surrender was, she still wanted to be doing that to Kotomi. Soon. Soon, no question. She just ... needed to feel this out first.

Finally parting from the kiss, Kotomi's hands slipped up Futaba's body, this time -- and gently pressed her back. Away. But only after turning her body slightly, gently pressing Futaba back down onto her own futon. "Then I'll give you a good time. You've heard all of us gasping and moaning and screaming: it's only fair I get to hear the same, isn't it?"

"Kotomi ..." Futaba whimpered a little when the girl pulled away, panting from her excitement, her lust, and she didn't at all resist the older girl pushing her down onto her back.

And with that, Kotomi was atop, above her, lips beginning to deliver a barrage of kisses along Futaba's body, starting with the neck and working her way down, helping to strip her of clothing along the way. Naturally, she paid plenty of attention to the redhead's chest, kissing and nibbling and licking across stiff nipples, though those weren't her real, final target. No, she continued downward, kissing a path down Futaba's belly -- grinning up at the other girl all the while.

Futaba was just as slender a little thing as she appeared to be, her breasts barely modest handfuls -- though no less sensitive for it! Attention to her nipples drew moans from the redhead, squirming beneath Kotomi's practiced touch, feeling utterly overwhelmed and like she might have cum at any second -- it was just so much! Such a far, far cry from simply using her own fingers, that much was for sure.

Kotomi's lips, her hands roamed all over Futaba, fingers and tongue dragging together along her soft flesh. She explored every little curve and angle of the redhead's form on the way down, all the way down until Kotomi was gently grasping the younger girl's thighs, eagerly spreading them apart. Yes, she wanted to show the other girl a good time, all right -- partly as a thank you for saving the asses of the Phantom Thieves, partly from her genuine attraction to the girl -- and also because she knew Futaba needed this. After all those years, Kotomi was pretty fucking pent up and desperate -- she
could only imagine how badly Futaba needed an outlet, even if she didn't realize it.

"Don't hold back. I want to hear you ... you owe me my name on your lips, remember?" Kotomi teased, before her lips, her tongue began to work at Futaba's slit, delving deep into that pussy. Here? Here she held back a little less, wanting to make sure Futaba's first time was definitely one to remember.

Futaba couldn't help but cry out, a noisy moan once Kotomi settled between her spread thighs, the touch of that tongue against her heated, sopping cunt flooding her with pleasure -- pleasure that made all of the pleasure that came before it pale in comparison. Her narrow hips bucked upward, pushing herself against Kotomi's lips, obviously hungry and desperate for more. "Oh, fuck, fuck! Kotomi, it's so -- so good! Don't stop, please!" She wasn't usually this vocal, but ... fuck, she just couldn't help herself. Plus, the fact that Kotomi had openly encouraged her not to hold back, to ensure she heard Futaba's pleasure ... well, she was starting to get a hint how all of this works. How she might seize the dominant role in time. Even now -- even in the midst of pleasure, her hands eagerly groping her own tits, tugging on her own nipples, Kotomi's mouth on her pussy, there was a part of her playing observer, paying close attention to everything the older girl did.

Futaba was a pretty bright girl, after all.

Kotomi buried herself into Futaba's dripping pussy. Her lips, her tongue didn't stop even for a moment, tongue twisting, drilling into the other girl, using all the months of practice (particularly with Ann) to good use. Kotomi couldn't help but grin to herself as Futaba made good on the older girl's requests, her name on Futaba's lips as she cried out, again and again. Every howl, every shout by Futaba drove Kotomi on as well, reaching down to slip a hand between her own damp thighs as she feasted away on the other girl's cunt, finding herself barely even taking a moment to breathe. Finally feeling her tremble, hearing Futaba cry out again and again was quite the reward in its own right as her face became a juice slickened mess.

Even bright Futaba couldn't properly think about anything in the midst of her first orgasm at another's hands (or lips, as the case may be) -- she came, and she came harder than she ever had, her copious juices all but squirting onto Kotomi's face as she climaxed, Kotomi's name on her lips in a loud cry. Pretty tightly wound, the redhead -- it was probably a good guess that she needed something like this for a long, long time.

Futaba collapsed back onto her futon, small chest rising and falling with shallow breaths as she stared sightlessly up at her ceiling -- it was too good, too much for the overwhelmed, exhausted girl.

"Mmh. Somebody really needed that, huh?" Kotomi giggled, slowly untangling herself from her spot between Futaba's thighs, slowly sliding up the younger girl's form. Gently, she reached for Futaba, pulling her slowly close against her as she rode out the aftermath of her climax, cradling her close against her modest tits. Cooing, murmuring, she pet through that bright red hair while waiting for Futaba to slowly come back down to earth. "Here's to hoping it's the first of many, many more to come, huh?" With a purr, she drew Futaba into another kiss -- once she calmed down a tiny bit! -- and made out with her, slowly, deeply, letting her taste the flavor of her own slit on Kotomi's tongue.

For now, Kotomi just held Futaba, cradled against her. Listening to her gasp, whimper -- feeling Futaba's body against her own, feeling it twitch and shiver with after quakes, all in the darkness -- mmm, this was nice. She could easily have gotten used to this. (Being completely unaware, of course, of certain thoughts within the younger girl's mind ...)

Futaba had ... ideas. Plans. Instincts. Inklings. Goals. There were certain things she wanted to accomplish when it came to Kotomi, and Futaba wasn't the sort of girl who was just going to give up -- not anymore, anyway. She used to be that person, but then ... she had her heart changed. She saw
the truth of things, stopped lying to herself, and found purpose. Purpose when it came to avenging her mother's death, and purpose when it came to her vestigial social life -- with Kotomi at the center of both. Futaba found herself a little fascinated with the older girl -- maybe a little obsessed, even? -- and as much as she appreciated the figures of the other girls in the group, and something told her she'd be involved with them at some point or another ... it was Kotomi she truly cared about, Kotomi she respected, Kotomi she wanted.

Futaba did come back to herself eventually, instinctively cuddling up against Kotomi when the older girl pulled her into her arms, soft and warm and oh-so-comfy. "Kotomi," she breathed. "That was -- you were --" Words rapidly unnecessary as the girl let herself be drawn into a kiss, into a lazy, satisfied makeout session, hands idly and gently pawing at Kotomi's lovely body -- part of her thought she should return the favor, try eating Kotomi out, but ... to be honest? She was tired. Really tired. "Td, um ... invite you to stay here, but it's sorta cramped." To say the least. "I'll see you tomorrow, though ...?" It definitely sounded like a question, like she was hopeful. There were so many more things she needed to learn, needed to accomplish -- not least of which being the threat of Medjed!

But she'd handle all those when she wasn't bone-tired. Kotomi, for her part, did bid the girl goodnight (with a promise to see her tomorrow!), slipping out to head back to her attic room in Leblanc, and collapsed in bed herself.

As such, things progressed. Futaba fit her way into the team over the next few days, and while she didn't really instigate anything with Kotomi (especially not with other people around!) Kotomi did her best to ensure Futaba felt included, often with little kisses or murmured teasing to make the redhead flush. The hacker, of course, also handled Medjed -- literally within minutes, it was barely anything -- and with that crisis behind them, the Phantom Thieves could look to the future. Like the upcoming school trip to Hawaii, like continuing to build notoriety among the people of Japan -- the whole Medjed affair kind of put the Thieves in the spotlight, for better or worse! Fame was nice, but with it came stress, and Kotomi didn't hesitate to work out that stress on one of her girls -- her bubbly, busty girlfriend, her eager little bitch, even the submissive maid.

For the time being, things were okay.
But! We return to Kotomi when she was following up on a lead she got from Makoto -- the fat-assed girl was her eager little bitch, but in a lot of ways she was sort of the brains of the Phantom Thieves at the same time, and she mentioned hearing about a rising star in the world of Shogi, and suggested having such a strategist to learn from might not be a bad idea. Sure, a board game and fighting Shadows weren’t really equivalent, but strategy could apply equally to both -- Kotomi figured, either way, that it was worth a shot. Worst case, she was just out an evening -- best case, they got some help in their fights.

It happened after one of their sessions - that's just the kind of girl that Makoto was. She could be whimpering, bent over, her fat, round ass pushed out and taking abuse from Kotomi ... and then chattering about strategy not even ten minutes later while cuddling. Basically, talking shop, talking strategy was how Makoto managed to re-compartmentalize herself after such a session -- though it was, no doubt, plenty of fun to tease and make such a thing difficult for the poor girl. It was a little hard to discuss strategy for fighting Shadows when your owner was smacking and swatting lazily at your plump ass, after all. Still, Makoto managed to whimper it out, clearing her throat and mentioning the rumors she heard over the past few weeks.

Which was why Kotomi found herself in a ... a church, of all places. Not exactly the number one place she would have chosen to meet someone, but this was apparently where the girl went to play in peace.

Peace Kotomi was about to violate, for better or worse.

But, ah. Her fat-assed bitch gave her a lead, and it was Kotomi's duty to make sure her group had access to all the tools potentially available. The church in particular was a bit out of the way, so it's a lengthy little subway ride for Kotomi before arriving at the church. A very beautiful, peaceful looking place, it was so very ... quiet. There didn't really seem to be anyone around at the moment, the pews all presently empty save for one single soul in the front row. From afar, she matched the description: long dark hair and a dark blue school uniform. Lingering uncertainties were easily swept away, of course, as drawing closer revealed the girl slightly bent over a Shogi board, biting gently on her lower lip.

There was plenty about Hifumi for Kotomi to appreciate. She was quite beautiful, almost modelesque with how lovely, how smooth her features were, classically refined. And, speaking of being a little like Ann, it was hard to see from the earlier angle, but the Shogi-playing girl seemed to do quite the lovely job of, ah, filling out her uniform. She wasn't quite as busty as Ann, nor did she have quite as fat, as round an ass as Makoto -- but she was quite ample in both attributes, a much more balanced hourglass curve to her figure. Not that much flesh was shown, though, her uniform buttoned nearly to the top and her skirt a bit on the longer side.

Kotomi found herself a little ... uncertain, for once. A rare sensation these days, but it certainly still happened, and she wasn't entirely sure how to approach this girl properly -- how to recruit her, so to speak, without tipping her hand entirely and reveal right away exactly why Kotomi wanted Hifumi's help. After all, Kotomi didn't know the first thing about how to play Shogi, and she’d likely just end up embarrassing herself --

Oh. Yes, obviously, that was the way to do it. Inspiration hit her like a bolt of lightning, and she smiled warmly as she approached the girl, confidence quickly restored. Even so, Hifumi was quite a lovely girl -- easily among the ranks of her other girls, beautiful and almost ethereal in her appearance, though not without a rather healthy share of tits ’n ass to ensure things were properly
rounded out. Kotomi figured she would just be coming here for the strategy aspect of things -- and it wasn't like she was wanting for feminine company by any stretch of the imagination! -- but fate or whoever seemed to be delivering these lovely girls into her hands, and who was Kotomi to argue with such a gift from the gods?

As far as the girl herself, Hifumi didn't seem to notice Kotomi's approach at all, not for several long, long moments. In fact, she only looked up for a brief moment before returning her attention to the board in front of her. It looked like quite the complicated game was in progress. "Oh, hello." Her voice was soft, quiet -- respectful of the church around them, yes, but just soft spoken in general. "May I help you? I heard someone was looking for me ..." A pause, a finger rising to tap her lips for a moment, before she reached out and moved a piece on the board forward -- the sound rang out in the quiet church, as did her somewhat louder voice. "Hah! You don't stand a chance against the Dark Inferno!" Another pause, a bit of color flooding her face. "Ah. Sorry about that ...

Kotomi started to respond, but cut herself off at the girl's rather ... animated callout of her own attack -- as in, literally like something from an anime; Kotomi had no idea people actually did things like that in real life, and it took her aback just a little bit. "It's all right; this is what I came here for, after all," Kotomi ventured, moving to take a seat on the pew next to the girl with the Shogi board between them. Kotomi smoothed out her skirt, looking over the board -- it was utterly incomprehensible -- before lifting her gaze to the girl in question. Fuck, she was seriously beautiful -- she really, really didn't expect Hifumi to be this cute.

"I ... well, I'm something of a fan. You can call me Kotomi, and I was wondering if you might be willing to ... teach me a thing or two about Shogi. I figured there would be no one better to approach about something like this, so ..." Kotomi shrugged a little. There. Perfect in. Just tell her that she was looking for some pointers, and that worked both as an icebreaker and as a possible route to pick up some strategy. Plus ... it meant she'd get to spend a little time with Hifumi, and that wasn't a bad thing at all, given how lovely the girl was. Could Kotomi be so lucky -- could there be one more girl in her life who was open to some ... play? So to speak.

"I mean, if you don't mind having a complete newbie to ... play with." Was that a seductive tone, Kotomi? Oh, yes. Slightly so. Though Hifumi undoubtedly got plenty of attention as it was from fans, being both famous in her circles and as lovely as she was -- but then again, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Hifumi had plenty going on in her own life, too. She certainly adored Shogi, it had been her lifeblood and passion for several years now, but her mother ... well, her mother made things rather difficult for her. Almost every week was either a different tournament or interview, some thing or another to continue boosting her profile. All the attention was fun at first, all the people asking her about her and Shogi, but it just kept going. And going. And going. She wanted to make her mother happy, yes, but the thing that had been her passion now so often had so much pressure and so many expectations involved now. Well, she'd just have to keep smiling on and being the dutiful daughter, wouldn't she?

"Teach you?" Yes, she was always happy to help people get into Shogi, but teaching them directly? Her eyes widened a little, the request seeming to catch her somewhat off guard. Hifumi finally managed to tear her eyes away from the board, now glancing over at the girl sitting across from her. Already, she found herself sizing up Kotomi as a possible opponent: of how the dark haired girl looked a little wild and elegant all in one. Kotomi reminded her greatly of one with a gambler's spirit. Not to mention, she also noted Kotomi's own beauty -- the girl's thin, fit figure did a lot for her. While Ann had been openly struggling with figuring out her sexuality/had been pretty damn
suspicious and Makoto had been pretty much entirely all girls, Hifumi was much more confused and unsure. She never much had the chance to wonder, though, with boy after boy lined up by her mother to date. But then, she always thought that she just hadn't found the right one yet. Right?

"Ah ... I normally don't teach others ..." Unsure of herself, Hifumi fidgeted slightly, seeming to consider, all while nibbling and gnawing lightly on her soft lower lip. Not to mention, she found herself ... blushing slightly, again? But she wasn't entirely sure why. "But ... you caught me without a partner at the moment. I will teach you, Kotomi -- if, and only if, you allow me to also use some of our practice to try out some new moves on you. Is that all right?"

Kotomi grinned in delight -- ah, if nothing else, she'd hopefully be able to get some kind of strategic ideas from this; the game, after all, was all about tactics and positioning ... fighting Shadows was honestly very similar in a lot of ways -- she could tell that already. Or maybe it was just rationalization, an excuse to spend more time around this lovely girl? Kotomi doesn't examine it too thoroughly. "Wonderful! I'm sure you'll be an excellent teacher; it's an honor to be learning from the beautiful Shogi Queen herself." Just siiiiiide that little compliment in, nice and smooth; the way the girl blushed at so little, Kotomi was certainly getting some ideas about Hifumi. Filthy ideas.

Hifumi nodded, and her voice hardened as she got serious about her passion. "All right. I'm going to get all of my pieces set up, and make sure to copy mine, alright? Here, help me out ..." Hifumi's hands moved across the board, able to determine what went where with ease, despite the rather complicated looking position. "Oh, sorry!" Hifumi stammered out as hands brushed and bumped against the other in getting the board back into position. Finally, everything was set up in proper position, and Hifumi began her instructing, little by little.

Hifumi was just so cute! Kotomi got the idea that the girl was just as pure, just as innocent as she seemed -- like Shogi was truly her one passion, and her experience outside of the game was pretty lacking. That's how it seemed, anyway, which just enflamed Kotomi's own curiosity and interest that much more -- her natural dominant instincts flaring as she imagined what Hifumi might look like beneath her, writhing and moaning just like her other girls, Kotomi's name on her lips as she brought the Shogi Queen to another loud climax ... as they played, Kotomi purposefully let her hand brush against Hifumi's every so often, the smoothness of the other girl's skin certainly impressive and appealing. Imagining feeling that skin against more of her, Hifumi's bare body pressed right up against her own, hands filled with what looked like surprisingly plump tits ...

Of course, with such thoughts in her mind -- and her relative newness, and Hifumi's obvious talent -- Kotomi got utterly crushed. Still, she felt like she learned something from this -- even getting crushed could be a lesson, with Hifumi helpfully explaining things every step of the way, and Kotomi could see why she lost ... but it was going to be awhile before she actually posed any challenge whatsoever to Hifumi.

Hifumi, meanwhile, grinned from ear to ear, her face flushed slightly with color, seeming to have experienced quite a thrill in 'battle' even against a novice opponent.

Hifumi was indeed as pure and innocent as she seemed. She wasn't an idiot, and knew what sex was -- but it wasn't something she really gave any sort of consideration whatsoever of having. Hell, she'd only masturbated once or twice even, more out of accident than any sort of exploration. Thanks largely in part to her mother keeping her very sheltered, she very much was the lovely, soft, gentle looking image of classic Japanese beauty. Filthy ideas? It was less Hifumi had rejected such a thing, but more the fact she never had the capacity, the ability to think down the line that Kotomi currently was.

"Hah!" Despite all that innocence, that sweetness, Hifumi almost seemed to become a different
person when it came to Shogi. Mmh, despite knowing that she should have taken it a bit easier on a newbie -- and she did, truth be told -- but it wasn't anywhere even remotely close. Calling out her attacks definitely seemed to be a thing for this girl, easily going from explaining some rule or to piece to crying out some sort of attack that wound up with Kotomi losing several pieces in just a few short moves. It probably didn't help Kotomi's concentration, either, that Hifumi mostly stayed still save for such outbursts, which always caused quite a bit of lovely movement in the curvy beauty. With the match complete, her hand still on the final piece, Hifumi grinned -- a shy, guilty little smile as she glanced up at Kotomi. Right as Kotomi began to make her move, of course.

Their game -- and the interplay that went on between them -- left Kotomi a little ... restless -- but then, spending time around a lovely girl tended to do that to her in general, feeling a little warm between her thighs. Should you make your move, Kotomi? It was only their first meeting, and yet ...

"I really appreciate this lesson, Hifumi-sensei." Her tone was properly appreciative, but also with a hint of teasing, that look in her eyes as she regarded the model-like girl -- similar to Ann, yes, but where she was a busty, bubbly blonde, Hifumi seemed more the reserved, classical Japanese beauty, and that variation certainly spoke to Kotomi. "I learned quite a lot, though I think we'll need to play a few more times before we really have a game." Kotomi giggled quietly, doing her best to keep her voice down in the church -- oh, by the way, they were in a church, making Kotomi's impure thoughts all the more taboo.

But she was already pretty used to breaking taboos at that point.

"I was thinking of how I might ... repay you, though. Perhaps you'd want some lessons of your own?" As Kotomi spoke, she reached out to gently take Hifumi's hand, fingertips traveling lightly up along the other girl's smooth arm, her touch gentle but significant. "There are quite a lot of things I could teach you, if you were willing." Making a pass at the girl, yeah -- but of course, she knew if Hifumi drew back, if she denied her, if she turned Kotomi down, Kotomi would have of course backed down immediately -- she wasn't the kind of person to force herself on someone who didn't want her. And it wasn't really like she was struggling to find eager pussy anyway, right?

Again, Hifumi was no idiot: she understood that Kotomi was flattering, complimenting her quite a bit. But the thought that the darker-haired girl was doing it all to try and get closer to her in that particular way ... it didn't cross her mind. Not one bit. Nobody seemed to mind the two girls, as nobody came peering about with Hifumi's shouted attacks -- there were probably people off elsewhere, and anyone could have walked in at some point, like Kotomi did ... but for the moment, they had the church to themselves. It was part of why Hifumi very much enjoyed coming to this place when service wasn't in session, as it was so quiet and relaxing. Not even realizing yet that her private little sanctuary was in the process of being violated.

"Lessons of my ... own?" Hifumi legitimately had no idea what Kotomi might even be insinuating, blinking. What she did know, though, was that the fingers gliding up along her arm sent a tiny, pleasant little shiver deep within, though she paid it no mind, no consideration for the moment. Considering for a moment, the Shogi Queen glanced away, the ever faint blush on her cheeks deepening slightly as she stammered something out. "W-well. I ... I might have something in mind ..." she muttered, and was she -- was she trying to bat her lashes a little? Was she trying to look coy, or even seductive with her sideways glance at Kotomi? As it turned out, no -- though without even realizing it, Hifumi had quite the attractive little pout with her plump lips. No, what Hifumi had in mind wasn't nearly so filthy ...

"I ... oh, this is embarrassing. But do you think you could teach me how to, um ... kiss?" Oh, she couldn't believe she asked something so forward like that! "I mean! I get the sense that it's something you're ... good at?" Slight hesitation, a nibbling on her bottom lip and a shake of her head, a hint of
panic in her voice, cheeks burning bright. "Er, sorry! That sounded rude, I-like I think you go around kissing everybody all the time. I just ... my mother is always lining up different boys for me to see. They always seem to ... expect certain things. Like a girl that knows how to kiss them properly."

Nnnh, now you just sound silly, Hifumi. You're rambling a little, she told herself. "I'm sorry. I didn't -- I didn't mean to go on like that ..."

Hifumi's love for the game was obvious and earnest -- she really, genuinely enjoyed playing Shogi, that much was clear, but it was evident already to Kotomi that there was more to it. That there was more there. That there were some reservations about all of this within Hifumi's mind, but Kotomi -- despite making a pass at the girl -- wasn't about to pry into her personal business. She'd happily make out with the beauty, but pitying was a whole other matter. Still, Hifumi's enthusiasm for the game was both adorable and somewhat infectious -- Kotomi honestly had zero interest in the game before all of this, but just playing with Hifumi sparked her curiosity both about the girl and the game itself, and divorced from everything else she really was looking forward to her next lesson.

But right now, Kotomi focused on the girl -- the girl whose arm she was stroking meaningfully, the girl who seemed to catch her meaning and start blushing at something so innocent -- fuck, she was beautiful. Intensely so. Kotomi was honestly surprised that the girl was single, with as cute as she was; it didn't surprise Kotomi at all, however, to hear that Hifumi's mother was trying to set her up with all sorts of ... suitors. What a waste, though -- imagining Hifumi on the arm of some boy just felt wrong.

Now, Kotomi's arm instead ...

Kotomi couldn't help but laugh a little at the raw innocence of the request -- Hifumi looked like she was around Kotomi's age, and she wanted lessons kissing? Probably a little repressed, a little sheltered ... imagine if Kotomi told her all the things she'd been getting up to in the last few months. Ah, but that would undoubtedly scare her off, so she just nodded, smiling warmly. "I would be happy to help you, Hifumi. Everyone needs a little practice, right? Even I could use a refresher course sometimes." Hah! Untrue.

Deep down, Hifumi had quite the complicated relationship with the game she loved so very much. It was absolutely earnest and genuine, but there were a lot of other emotions mixed in as well. Her father -- such a brilliant player -- taught her the game when she was young, encouraged her growth in it, but passed away at a very delicate time. Her mother, then, stepped in and began to pick up the slack ... and while her father encouraged her for the love of the game, Hifumi's mother only had visions of a fatter bank account through her daughter. Always some tournament, always some photo shoot to go to, it was all about Hifumi's popularity and image as a star and not about the love of the game, though she desperately clung to such in her private practice. And on top of all that, there was a sneaking, terrible suspicion about her matches that hovered just at the faint edge of her mind, that she refused to consider ...

Still. She wanted to make her mother happy, having always been the good, quiet girl ever so respectful of her parents. It was always the same: her suitors always seemed quite pleased with being matched with the Shogi queen, but ... either they were useless idiots that Hifumi's mother batted away, or they grew bored of how sheltered, how innocent she was. So, yes! It probably sounded like a silly request, and it certainly sounded a little silly, a little awkward to Hifumi after suggesting it, but her eyes lit up with genuine delight and relief at Kotomi accepting her proposal. "Really? I ... I don't want to be ... strange, or anything. I mean, we've barely met, and -- and I'm asking you to do ... to do ..."

Kotomi grinned a moment and reached up from Hifumi's arm, gently splaying fingers over the girl's cheek as she leaned in over the board between them to press her lips gently -- gently! -- against
Hifumi's. Slow, light, and oh-so-significant, Kotomi kissed this obviously-innocent girl with warmth, with restrained desire, letting Hifumi get used to the simple press of lips against lips before she parted them, tongue slipping curiously, exploratory, within the other girl's mouth -- fuck, Hifumi's lips were really soft, full, pleasant -- she really did remind her of Ann in a lot of good ways.

The words died on Hifumi's lips as Kotomi moved in. Oh! Oh, Hifumi was thinking of lessons in the long term sense, working up to this sort of thing. She kissed a boy maybe once or twice, and other than an unwelcome hand groping her the once -- Hifumi never heard from, never saw the boy again after she told her mother of the incident later that night -- this was entirely new territory for her. Kissing, and with another girl? She knew it was a bit taboo, but she never did quite fully grasp why, either, at why so much of the older generation -- her mother included -- had so much trouble with it. Not that she ever thought about being with a girl like that, but mostly only because she never thought of being with anyone like that.

Ah, but then they were actually kissing! And, oh, Kotomi, you had to take the lead before, but this was definitely a bit of something more. Hifumi was quite honestly completely clueless how to go about this. "Mnh?" The Shogi queen squeaked out in surprise against Kotomi's lips, her own pair so plump and ripe and full. Hifumi pressed back against the kiss after quite a long several seconds, but to say she did so awkwardly was almost a bit of an understatement, turning her face a little too far and forcing their noses into a brief, but sudden collision -- before leaning forward a touch too far, even almost threatening to nudge, to knock Kotomi's glasses askew with the movement. And to cap it all off, Kotomi's tongue pushing forward caught her even further off guard, a quiet yelp escaping the Shogi queen, her leg nudging against the board between them and sending a couple of pieces scattering across the floor.

Yes, they were making out in church -- it was probably a poor idea, and Kotomi had to resist the urge to go any further, to try and get a handful of what looked like rather plump titty, but Hifumi certainly seemed like the sort of girl who needed to take this slowly. Very slowly. Ease her in. Sure, she only asked about kissing practice, but ... well, Kotomi was pretty confident she could coax Hifumi into doing a bit more than just kissing.

But they really needed to start with kissing. Even Futaba, who had zero practical experience with kissing (though plenty of hours spent on observation) was better at kissing than this; when Hifumi said she needed lessons, she really wasn't kidding. Still, even with the girl's obvious uncertainty and inexperience, that didn't mean that it was an unpleasant experience for either of them -- Kotomi even giggled a little at the other girl's missteps, but she certainly didn't withdraw or chastise the other girl for such; she made sure to gently guide Hifumi along through simple action, a turning of her head this way, a parting her lips just like this, her fingers light on the other girl's skin, helping to guide her.

Plus ... Hifumi was awfully nice to kiss, if only from a purely physical perspective -- her lips were soft and full, certainly moreso than Kotomi's own, and the girl's mixture of uncertainty and willingness to explore were quite fun for Kotomi to play with. Oh, yes, this girl was innocent, clueless, helpless -- she really did need Kotomi's guidance. And there was no end of things that Kotomi could teach the girl ... kissing was, of course, merely the beginning, though she was fairly confident that Hifumi's mind hadn't even ventured anywhere near that far just yet.

Fuck, Hifumi was going to be fun to corrupt. Er ... teach. Yeah. Teach.

But after a few long moments of gentle making out, she drew back, her hand slipping downward to rest on Hifumi's slender neck, a fire burning in her eyes and a smile on moist lips. "Like that, Hifumi? Is that the sort of lesson you were after?"

Hifumi was left with an almost dazed, yet pleasant little look on her face. "I -- I 'm sorry, I think -- I
think I messed that u-up pretty bad? That was -- that was pretty good though. I think? You definitely have a lot more ... experience with this than I do. Um. Your hand feels really nice there. I'm not sure why." The heavy curve of her chest rose, fell a bit quickly with her excitement, very strange, new -- but not unpleasant! -- feelings beginning to stir in her body. "You're the first girl I've ever, um ... kissed. And maybe the third person, ever." Hifumi actually giggled for a moment as she informed Kotomi just how little experience she had. But then there was hesitation, her eyes flickering away, but only for a moment, before meeting Kotomi's own once again. "Can you ... can you teach me, more? If I could get good at kissing for the suitors mother picks ..." A hint of eagerness crept up in her voice, though less sexual, still so innocent and unaware, but a little bit of the fire she had for Shogi at learning something new. Hifumi's mother was already looking, plotting for a husband for her girl -- and Kotomi was going to go and ruin all of that by showing her just how fun girls can be, wasn't she?

Drawn back, Kotomi kept her hand resting lightly on Hifumi's skin, fingers gently stroking along her smooth flesh, growing a little more sure of herself once Hifumi openly confessed to liking the feel of Kotomi's touch. "My, you really do need some lessons," she murmured with a grin.

"Uh-huh. I know kissing is important, but I've never really had the chance to ... learn." And it was true: Hifumi wasn't entirely straight, absolutely, though she never had the chance to discover that little fact. That being said, her time with Kotomi, brief as it was thus far, was going quite well ... she continued to ignore (or more likely, miss) the feelings beginning to stir, to come to life within her. Kotomi's touch did feel quite nice; she never had another girl touch her like this. But then, she never had any girl really touch her at all. Hifumi didn't even realize that her nipples began to stiffen, that her breath grew heavier -- and she was suddenly aware of how her thighs seemed to be pressing together. There was a lot going on, and Hifumi wasn't equipped to even understand what these new feelings were, let alone actually process and grapple with them. For now.

"Don't worry -- you'll be my Shogi sensei, and I'll happily be your kissing sensei," Kotomi continued, and her grin widened a little with obvious suggestion, seduction in her eyes beneath those wide glasses. "And ... whatever else you might want to learn." She got the idea that Hifumi wasn't entirely straight, despite talk of her mother setting her up with boys -- maybe she was, maybe she wasn't, but she absolutely hadn't had the chance to properly explore and decide for herself. Hell, if she was totally straight, she probably wouldn't have asked Kotomi for kissing lessons.

All Kotomi needed to do was help teach her how appealing a girl's touch could really be.

"Would you? I -- I'd like that, sensei!" Hifumi didn't miss a beat when it came to acknowledging someone superior to her in a field.

"Don't worry, don't worry. I'll teach you everything you need to know, Hifumi. Once I'm through with you, you'll be excellent at kissing ... and all sorts of other things." Kotomi giggled, her thumb stroking oh-so-gently over Hifumi's ear as she toyed with the other girl's hair. Oooh, it was surprisingly nice to hear the girl call her 'sensei' -- as ever, Kotomi thoroughly got off on being in control, in power, dominant; as innocent as Hifumi was, that just made it that much hotter to hear the girl naturally, willingly place herself beneath Kotomi. ... Figuratively. For now.

"We don't need to push too quickly right away, but I'm happy to share my ... expertise ... as much as you'd like, Hifumi. Though if you wanted to continue, we might be wise to do so elsewhere." Two girls kissing in a church was one thing, but Kotomi wasn't about to push her luck -- she didn't want to ruin things for Hifumi here or make the girl unwelcome. "Or if you'd like to wait for another day for more mutual lessons, that's certainly all right. But, I do want to say ..."

"Um. Why would we need to go elsewhere ...?" Hifumi blinked, and it was almost adorable how
clueless she was at all of this. "Nobody else is really here -- are you ... nervous about someone walking in ...?" That said, she did try and figure it out, nibbling on her full, pouting lip in such an adorable fashion.

Kotomi's hand slipped upward, threading fingers into Hifumi's long, perfectly straight, silky brown hair. "I'm very curious to see just how well you'll take to more kissing, and ... all sorts of other things." Did Hifumi even know what 'other things' might be? She seemed like exactly the sort of innocent to not even know what two people could do together -- especially not two girls!

"... O-oh!" The touch to her hair seemed to light things up a little for Hifumi. "Ohhhh ... that feels nice, s-sensei ..." A little visible shiver passed through the Shogi queen, her eyes fluttering shut a little and trying to lean back, to let Kotomi pet through that long, silky brown hair. "Um, I'm okay with continuing things today if you are -- did you ... have a place ... in mind?" Going home was a decent bit of walking and a subway ride.

Hifumi, of course, wasn't the only one getting a little worked up from all of this -- Kotomi's sex drive was powerful in general, moreso lately with all of the new opportunities open to her, and it really didn't take much to get her going at this point; the promise of an innocent maiden ready and eager to learn what Kotomi had to teach her was definitely doing the trick. Her own thighs pressed tightly together, feeling more than a little warm and wet beneath her short skirt, and though Hifumi dressed so modestly, she got the idea just from the girl's flushed cheeks and the tone of her breathy voice that she was undergoing something very similar. Oh, yeah, this girl wasn't straight -- bi at least. Just Kotomi's luck!

And as excited as Kotomi was becoming, she didn't really relish the idea of taking Hifumi back to her place; it was just a bit too far away, too long of a subway ride, too much downtime. But what other option did they have? They're in a church, after all; moreover, they're in Hifumi's preferred place to be on her own and practice, and even as worked up as Kotomi is, she's not about to risk Hifumi becoming unwelcome in this place.

But Hifumi has an idea of her own, apparently: "Umm. Maybe the confessional booths ...?"

Kotomi felt her cunt throb at the unintended naughtiness of the suggestion. Staying here ... but cramming themselves into a confessional? Those weren't exactly spacious, and the near-publicness of the situation ... ooh, fuck, that was hitting buttons that Kotomi didn't even really know she had. "Are you sure, Hifumi? After all, there's not a lot of room in there ..." Not that that bothered Kotomi, imagining the other girl's lovely breasts squashed up against her own -- sure, Hifumi wasn't as big as Ann -- and a far cry from either herself or Ann in the Velvet Room! -- but she was still plenty big and plenty appealing. "... not to mention, you'd need to keep your voice down." But they only intended to kiss, right? Nothing more than that. No way did Kotomi think about pushing things further. No way would she push her luck, no way would she try to tempt the Shogi Queen into exploring things she never even imagined.

Of fucking course she would.

The confessionals turned out to be pretty small. They weren't not hard to miss, the little row of booths all set up over in the back corner of the church. Nobody seemed to be using any of them, either. Blinking, the Shogi Queen nibbled on her lower lip a little, considering for a long moment ... though she still didn't entirely understand what, exactly, Kotomi was getting and teasing at. "You're correct, there isn't much room in the booths, but we shouldn't need much room for kissing, right?" Hifumi was quite brilliant, but it was almost painfully sweet how completely naive and innocent the girl was when it came to such mature matters.

"Let's ... mmh. Come on." Kotomi dropped her hand down to take hold of Hifumi's, her grasp soft
but insistent -- a quick glance around confirmed that they were alone in the small church for the moment, able to make their move without arousing suspicion as she rose and guided Hifumi toward the small row of confessional booths, slipping inside and tugging the Shogi queen after her.

A quiet little eep escaped those plump lips as Kotomi tugged Hifumi in, leaving them both together in the dark little booth. 'Crammed' was definitely the right term -- there was barely enough room for one person to fit in there, let alone two. Kotomi was small when it came to her bust, but Hifumi was only a little smaller than Ann, so as expected, the two were pushed, pressed together rather nicely.

For her part, Hifumi -- ooh. If the innocent girl wasn't feeling it before, she certainly was now being crammed in so tightly in the little booth with Kotomi. The feeling of the other girl pressed against her, thighs brushing and tits fighting for space, feeling Kotomi's stiff nipples pressing against her soft flesh ... mmh. Now the feelings were a little too much to ignore, particularly as the first drops of dampness began to spread between her thighs. "S-sensei ...?" The word wasn't quite a whimper, but it wasn't far, either. She barely had time to gasp the word out, her eyes so wide and unsure, before Kotomi was on her.

Kotomi didn't hesitate -- within that little booth, she pushed Hifumi up against the back wall, her hands seizing Hifumi's wrists and pinning them gently up against the wall as well as she leaned in to steal Hifumi's soft, plush lips once more in another kiss -- this one a little more certain, more forceful, hungrier -- this was a kiss with purpose, instead of just simple demonstration.

"Nnf --!" Oh, Hifumi was definitely soft and lovely, pressed up against her so -- from the hefty curve of the Shogi queen's tits, to even her middle. Ann had the more traditional model form of a slim waist and not much fat beyond her curves, but Hifumi was just pleasantly soft all about.

"S-sensei!" she gasped, again, against those lips. But as long dormant instincts within her body began to awaken for the first time, Hifumi tried to kiss back once more. Again, it was a little bit on the awkward side, but this time she was actually more using her lips than trying to weirdly rotate her face like last time. The poor, stunningly beautiful Shogi queen found herself almost dizzy in her position, as Kotomi was easily so much stronger physically; keeping her pinned against the wall was not a difficult task at all. All she could do was gasp, mewl back against Kotomi's lips -- and squirm, a little, as the new, heated feeling began to slowly spread through her.

Crammed in that oh-so-tight booth, their bodies forced tightly together in all sorts of places, Kotomi's own tits squashed up against Hifumi's markedly-larger pair, her thighs brushing right up against the other girl's ... she held tight to Hifumi's wrists, pinning her bodily against the back wall of the confessional. They were roughly the same size overall, but when it came to a comparison of their physical strength, it was absolutely no contest: all of that Palace delving did a lot for Kotomi's physique, and it was effortless to keep Hifumi right where she was even in the midst of her writhing.

Ah, this was all it took, wasn't it? Kotomi spotted the signs readily enough -- after all, it wasn't all that long ago that she herself was getting her first taste of this sort of thing with her lovely girlfriend Ann -- the girl's squirming and whimpering made it rather evident that Hifumi was enjoying herself. No wonder she hadn't had any luck with the boys, Kotomi thought vaguely. Hifumi didn't seem to be all that straight if she was getting so worked up already, being pinned up against the wall of a confessional booth by Kotomi herself.

"My dear student," she murmured heatedly against the other girl's lips, fire in her eyes, and she pressed one of her thighs between both of Hifumi's, letting it come to press up between the other girl's legs, rubbing directly against her covered cunt, confirming for Kotomi that Hifumi was absolutely into this -- her heat, her wetness were evident immediately, drawing a little moan of delight from her lips. "You're learning so well already ... but there's still several lessons in store for
you.” Oh, was she ever smug. Seasoned and experienced, it was so easy for Kotomi to seize control of the situation, to read Hifumi’s whimpers and movements, to feel out what got the biggest reactions from the other girl.

Hifumi felt so very, very warm. At first, she initially tried to rationalize it away: it was still summer, for one. Their bodies were so very close and tightly squeezed, and her full school uniform wasn’t exactly the best thing to wear in the summer months. But, ah, that wasn’t really what was going on, was it? No, a proper strategist shouldn’t make herself forcefully blind to what was right in front of her. She was finally forced to acknowledge that ... something, something was happening. That her body felt something new and oh-so pleasant, her panties slowly beginning to grow damper as the moments ticked by. The Shogi queen wasn’t yet entirely certain about what was going on, but she certainly wasn’t complaining or thinking about telling Kotomi to stop!

It really did make sense, though. Hifumi tried with so many boys, already having courted dozens thanks to her mother -- maybe a hundred or so by now, even. While many of them were sweet, she never really ... connected with any of them. Yes, she tried to force herself to feel something, to make her mother happy, but those relationships always ended the same, didn’t they, Hifumi? None of them came even remotely close to making her feel something like -- like this. It was here as Kotomi kissed her so forcefully, pinning her against the wall of the confessional, that the thought first entered her mind: what if ... what if her mother was wrong? What if Hifumi wasn’t just waiting for the right man ... and wasn’t into boys at all to begin with? The thought flickered in her mind, but was gone quickly, finding it difficult to focus on much at all right now.

"Nngh -- s-sensei!” Hifumi continued to gasp, to whimper, those plump, soft lips pressed so tightly to Kotomi’s own as they kiss. While the Shogi queen didn’t fully understand what was going on at the moment, her body’s deeply repressed instincts kicked forward a bit, making her squirm, making her wriggle, grinding downward against Kotomi’s thigh. Oh, yes, that bright, innocent girl was damp, not soaked or dripping, but steadily growing damper as Kotomi continues. Arousal was very much a new, exciting thing for Hifumi, and her hips, her body eagerly wanted to feel it more. "T-there’s more to learn than ... kissing, sensei?” The soft, beautiful, brown haired girl barely managed to whisper the words out between her deep, heavy, breaths.

"Kissing is just the very start. There is so, so much more that a good girl like you should know how to do." She released one of Hifumi’s wrists, dropping her hand down to splay fingers over one of the girl’s plump, full tis -- through her clothing, of course, but it was easy to discover her hard, jutting nipple, stroking her thumb over that sensitive nub. "Do you want to learn, Hifumi? Do you want to learn how good it can be?” Her other hand, meanwhile, dared to slip down over Hifumi’s soft belly toward the band of her skirt, fingers slipping just beneath that layer of cloth, stroking testingly, gently, exploratory over the Shogi queen’s panty-clad pussy.

Yeah, in a sense, she was sort of forcing herself on the girl -- Hifumi only asked for kissing lessons, and this was already going so far beyond kissing (though she was still doing some of that, her lips having alighted on Hifumi’s slender neck). And yet ... something told her that the girl wanted this, needed this, having been repressed for so very long. A truly innocent, pure maiden the likes of which Kotomi never encountered before, and it ... fuck, it was turning her on a hell of a lot, let’s be honest. She knew it would be trivial to have this girl wrapped around her little finger -- then again, she probably was already.

Oh, Hifumi liked when that hand came down to fill itself with that plump, ample tit. Like Ann, Hifumi filled Kotomi’s hand quite well, all that soft flesh squeezed against those probing digits. All that soft flesh save for her nipple, so obviously hard and stiff, the nub standing out beneath the thick fabric of her uniform. It drew a sharp cry from the girl, a cry that only rang out for a half moment before she bit it back, dribbling out in a hot little whimper. Her hips shifted, bucked, especially as Kotomi’s
hand wriggles downward, working beneath her skirt, seeking out that wet cunt. Oh, she was definitely getting wetter now, starting to be properly dripping at this point.

Hifumi didn't think her face could get much redder.

She was wrong.

Doing this in public -- well, sorta public -- did make this considerably hotter for Kotomi; sure, no one could see them, but it was hardly impossible that they could have been discovered here, especially if they made too much noise. And yet, Kotomi wasn’t about to suggest they stop -- she didn't want to ruin the momentum, and she sure as fuck didn't want to stop touching and tasting and exploring lovely Hifumi, who was proving herself to be quite the interesting partner. Brilliant in her own right, and yet so innocent and pure in so many respects -- she was the perfect target for someone like Kotomi.

Hands full of Hifumi, groping that plump tit, fingers playing over the girl's heated pussy through the layer of her panties, Kotomi reveled in every noise the girl made, knowing just how much of a struggle it was for Hifumi not to cry out right now. Especially considering her inexperience -- all these sensations were new to her, weren't they? New and likely overwhelming. Her lips trailed across Hifumi's slender neck, kissing and suckling and even letting teeth nibble into that perfect, smooth flesh, the urge rising heavily within her to leave her mark on this girl, to show that she was no longer the pure maiden that she was before.

Every time Hifumi called her 'sensei', it sent a little thrill through her -- a dominant position she enjoyed, and yet with the unique spin of being the instructor, the teacher, of having Hifumi look up to her. "That's right. Plenty more to learn, my good little student," she crooned against the girl's flesh, her fingers slipping beneath the band of Hifumi’s panties to stroke against her pussy directly ... ... and that's when Hifumi said it.

Distracted and flustered as she was, her body beginning to burn so fucking hot at this point, Hifumi wasn't entirely sure what happened -- or more accurately, why. It was a totally innocent slip, mind: Hifumi had only really one other woman in her life -- her mother -- with power over her. There was only one other woman in her life she looked up to, strived to please with everything she did, particularly when her father passed away ... so, was it much a surprise that the wires get crossed in her mind? "Yes! I -- I want to learn, m-mommy!" It was stammered out, whimpered as Kotomi continued to work her over, kissing and stroking away at the squirming thing -- and Hifumi didn't even seem to notice at first, a muted little cry escaping her soft lips from something Kotomi did. But then, her eyes widened in horror, her cheeks somehow finding a way to grow redder, hotter. She hoped Kotomi didn't hear her, but she knew that wasn't even remotely feasible. Still, she tried. "I -- I, um. Yes, s-sensei!" Oh, the poor, poor girl. She, quite literally, had no idea what she just did.

Kotomi froze right where she was a moment, certainly taken a little by surprise -- now that was a turn she didn't expect! It wasn't something she was ever called before, and she wasn't sure how to react at first ... but as her mind quickly cast over the implications, the repercussions -- poor Hifumi was surely mortally embarrassed to have made such a slip, but ... it came from somewhere, right? Some part of her had to ... want to say that. To call Kotomi that. To think of her in such terms. And how did you feel about it, Kotomi? It certainly didn't bother her, but she was torn for a split second over whether to pretend it didn't happen and downplay it, or ... not.

Hifumi wasn't one to rock the boat much, dutifully following along with authority. Yes, she had some ... questions about the way her mother was using her, that's true. And yet, it was a battle with her desire to just make her mother -- and any others with a bit of control in her life -- happy. And Kotomi slipped herself into Hifumi’s life, practically sweeping the Shogi queen off of her feet with
remarkable speed and ease. So it made sense to Hifumi, in retrospect, that the word slipped from her
lips -- but that didn't make it any less embarrassing, any less absolutely mortifying in the present.
Even as hopelessly naive as she was, she could understand how such a mistake could easily ruin this
pleasant, very nice experience that Hifumi very much wanted to continue.

Her heart hammered in her chest in the brief moments that Kotomi paused -- they felt like an
eternity. An eternity with those fingers lingering right along her dripping cunt, a touch that felt very
lovely indeed. She stared at Kotomi with wide, terrified eyes -- she didn't want this to stop. To end. "I
-- s-sensei ..." Hifumi whimpered, staring -- though there wasn't much else to look at in the tiny little
booth, considering how tightly crammed together they were. Fuck, with how tight they were, Kotomi
could practically feel the girl's heart beating away at a mile a minute, could feel Hifumi's chest rising
and falling so hard, so excitedly ...

Kotomi's fingers went back into motion, not drawing out of Hifumi's panties, her touch light and
curious and still very much there as she explored those untouched, virginal lips, feeling the girl's
wetness leak over her questing digits. "Then I'll teach you everything you need to know, little girl." If
there was one thing Kotomi could do, it was adapt to changes quickly -- she had explored all sorts of
new things, new aspects of herself, new interests she didn't even know she had over the last few
months ... perhaps this would be one more.

And then, blessedly, Kotomi's fingers resumed. Stuffed into Hifumi's panties, testing, teasing against
those virginal lips. "L-little girl?" Hifumi whimpered, though not unpleasantly, her eyes still so very
wide as Kotomi took the ball dropped in her lap and ran with it. Hifumi tried to process the
response, but found it so difficult to focus on much of anything right now, her hands trying to find
purchase, to grip at the wall behind her, groaning out as she ground and pushed herself, her damp
folds deeper and harder against Kotomi's teasing fingers.

"Just trust in your mommy, all right? I'll make sure you feel so good ... and you do feel good right
now, don't you? You like it when I put my fingers right in here ..." And with that, Kotomi pressed two
slender digits actually within Hifumi's pussy, fingerfucking the girl in a confessional booth while
placing herself as her mommy.

Trust in mommy? Oh, fuck. Hifumi definitely didn't understand why, not yet, but for some reason --
even though it made her face burn with embarrassment -- it sounded ... good? Yes. Yes, it did. "It f-
feels good, mnn ... m-mommy ...! Please don't stop!" Hifumi begged, finally reaching out with one
hand to grasp, to hold whatever of Kotomi she could, clinging to her desperately as her knees grew
weak. Still, she didn't stop, didn't stop squirming, writhing herself on Kotomi's fingers -- she was
doing a good job at keeping quiet, but the Shogi queen slowly grew louder, whimpering out for her
mommy.

Tonight got, uh ... very strange.

For the time being, Kotomi was happy to indulge this little ... twist, such as it was. She heard
Hifumi's mixed uncertainty and excitement in her voice, but it was obvious that this was a tack the
Shogi queen didn't seem to mind following for the time being. And when Hifumi called her 'mommy'
again ... ooh, that sent a jolt of pleasure right down to her clit, her own cunt untouched but sopping
in her panties, all of her attention focused solely on the lovely girl who proved herself utterly helpless
against Kotomi's advances.

Imagine how things looked from Hifumi's perspective. The lovely, beautiful girl had been practicing
Shogi quietly with herself, thinking idle thoughts while attempting to plan new strategies -- when
Kotomi strolled in. Before tonight, Hifumi hadn't even really masturbated before, hadn't even once
thought of getting involved with another girl. Hell, she hadn't even really been aroused at all -- and
yet? Now, here she was, practically pinned in a tiny confessional booth by Kotomi, whimpering and mewling with her name on Hifumi's lips, her plush thighs beginning to grow into a damp, sticky mess, all as she called Kotomi 'mommy'... yeah, Hifumi definitely wouldn't disagree with Kotomi's assessment of the evening.

Not that she was complaining.

"Now, now, you'll have to keep your voice down, little girl ..." Her breath was hot against Hifumi's ear, tits squashed heavily against one another as her fingers worked feverishly in Hifumi's pussy, giving her just what she wanted -- fuck, Kotomi really wouldn't have been surprised if Hifumi had never even masturbated before, so innocent as she was. "You don't want to get in trouble, do you? Be a good girl for mommy ..." Kotomi, of course, wasn't too experienced at, uh, this particular thing, so she was ultimately drawing on cliches at the moment -- but they seemed to be working regardless! Once they could sit down and properly discuss this, she could fine tune exactly what turned Hifumi on most, but for right now ...

No, Kotomi wasn't the only one horny as fuck and hot and bothered out of her mind right now. There was a lot of uncertainty from Hifumi, true -- but a lot of eagerness, a lot of excitement as well, as she just barely managed to keep her cries from becoming loud yells that would surely have echoed about in the empty church. Thankfully, even with her whimpers, her cries getting louder, nobody came to check on the girls, to find the source of the noise. Nobody came, for now, to discover the two pairs of feet visible beneath the swinging door of the confessional booth. Of how obviously close the two were.

"Unnhhh ..." Hifumi mewled pathetically, losing herself more and more to pleasure. She would have some theories soon, potentially, on where all of this came from -- or why it felt so good -- but for the time being, she didn't worry about it. She existed in the moment. "I -- I'll b-be a good g-girl for you, m-mommy!" Oh, even as she whimpered something so teasingly filthy, she still sounded so innocent, so earnest. Neither girl seemed to be entirely sure what they were doing in these roles, but both continued onward with what felt good.

"Go ahead, little girl. Cum for mommy. You need it so bad ... just let go, cum on mommy's fingers ..." Kotomi's filthy, vulgar talk continued, sweat beading on her skin in these tight, stuffy confines -- she knew fingering Hifumi to orgasm in a place like this was probably not the best choice to make, given that the girl wasn't likely to be able to keep herself properly quiet, but ... but Hifumi was going to need to cum, she needed a climax to be able to settle down at all.

"Ohhhh -- m-mommy! Mommy!" The word repeated itself, again and again on those soft, lovely lips, and her voice began to quiver, starting to lose control of her volume. Crying out, her hips bucked and writhed, squirming, impaling herself, practically bouncing on those digits -- her body grinding, still pressed tight against Kotomi's form -- as she worked herself to a desperate, fevered climax. Tossing her head back with a quiet little thump against the wall behind her, she practically screamed, the sound echoing out loudly in the quiet church, before leaning in, shouting, whining, whimpering against Kotomi's neck. That, at least, kept her mostly muffled, though there was a very long, few moments of beating, hammering hearts, waiting to see if anyone came. Thankfully, Hifumi's voice faded, her voice finally growing into a quiet series of mewls against Kotomi's neck. "Mommy ... mommyy ..."

Only once Kotomi's practiced fingers brought her little girl to a potent orgasm, Kotomi cooed in delight, riding it out with Hifumi, fingers slowly stilling in their exploration before gently drawing away, tugging her hand out of the other girl's panties, bringing them up to her own mouth to lick clean, tongue flicking over her fingers to taste Hifumi's wonderful juices. "There you are, babygirl. Don't you feel so much better, now? Aren't you so happy mommy decided to teach you?"
They were going to come to their senses very soon -- they were going to come down from their lust-induced haze -- and they were going to probably be too embarrassed to discuss this tonight, but ... for the moment, Kotomi still reveled in this development, in the odd little relationship they stumbled into.

Hifumi ... needed a moment. She made quite the mess of Kotomi's hand, those digits absolutely soaked with the remains of Hifumi's first real orgasm. Panting, she withdrew her head from Kotomi's neck, letting it press back against the wall of the confessional, staring upward as she tried to grope her way out of her lusty haze. And yet ... she still felt Kotomi so close against her. Felt the other girl, her mommy, also so very warm and hot and heavy. And such a task did cross off so many boxes at once: making her mommy happy, putting something she just learned to use, and indulging in more of ... whatever all of that just was. Fuck, it felt so good.

"Mommy ... want to make -- Mommy -- feel good ...!" Hifumi panted, and her hand was suddenly up Kotomi's own skirt. Her fingers sought out Kotomi's own damp, drooling lips and began to press inward on them, digging in -- and Hifumi proved herself, perhaps unsurprisingly, a natural. If nothing else, she was quite skilled at taking lessons taught to her, mimicking many of Kotomi's actions with near perfect accuracy, and adapting to Kotomi's form easily on the fly. While Kotomi could easily have stopped her little girl, overpowering her and all, Hifumi's other hand reached for Kotomi's wrists and tried to return the favor of pinning Kotomi against the wall of the booth, using the jutting globes of her plump tits to apply forward pressure. Her eyes peered into Kotomi's own, her gaze heavy, lidded. She had a taste of something, something she didn't quite know existed, and she clearly wanted more, as her lips went to Kotomi's.

Kotomi didn't resist, letting the other girl push her up against the wall, her thighs readily spreading for Hifumi's own questing fingers, letting her find her own utterly soaked pussy -- she was a good student, but there was still an element of clumsiness in her fingering that would only abate with practice. That said, Kotomi was already so thoroughly worked up from all of this -- and, especially, from the way Hifumi kept calling her 'mommy' -- that it didn't take her long to end up squirting all over Hifumi's hand, moaning noisily into their shared kiss, tits pressing firmly against Hifumi's larger pair as her hips bucked against the other girl's hand.

And so it was, as Hifumi panted 'mommy's' name into her lips, groaning, her fingers hammering away at Kotomi's wet, drooling cunt. Only then -- only when she managed to wring a climax in return from Kotomi -- did she finally whimper with a mixture of exhaustion and embarrassment.

Only then was it over -- only then did Kotomi try to situate herself a bit, stroking Hifumi's hair in a brief cuddle -- "Good girl, Hifumi. Mommy's so proud ..." she cooed, granting Hifumi one more kiss before they stumbled out of the confessional booth. Blushing, sweaty, finally having come down from her lustful haze, she could actually think about what just happened -- and, initially, she had a hard time meeting Hifumi's gaze. What the hell did they get themselves into?

Hifumi was the first to speak up in the light of day. "Um ... thank you. That was. Incredible. I ... I hope I didn't make things too ... strange?" Hifumi happily shared a blissfully cool water bottle with Kotomi, both girls quite the sweaty, sticky mess from their time pressed so tightly together. All the while, though, Hifumi's eyes practically glittered with admiration for the other girl ... "Umh. Please don't ... tell my mother about that. Any of it. Particularly that one part." Hifumi giggled quietly, before she glanced about, biting on her lower lip once more. "But I'd like to ... learn more. From you. Another night. If ... if that's okay ...?" Oh, please say yes, Kotomi.

Given time and opportunity to think about it, Kotomi knew she'd look back on this ... incident ... fondly. Hifumi was a beautiful, brilliant, pure maiden, and to not only get to play with her like this but uncover some hidden desires beneath the surface ... yes, it would undoubtedly prove to be a
memorable experience, and if she was lucky, it wouldn't be a one off. If she was fortunate. If Hifumi
didn't come to her senses and die of embarrassment and refuse to see Kotomi ever again ... or vice-
versa, for that matter. Kotomi had played around with being a Mistress, with being a Queen, even
with fucking her own teacher, but this? This felt like ... a step further, in some ways. Very unexplored
territory.

But hardly unpleasant.

"It was incredible," Kotomi readily agreed. Hifumi asked if they might do it again sometime, and
now Kotomi looked up to make eye contact with the girl, a grin spreading when she saw that
obvious eagerness and admiration written all over the Shogi queen's beautiful face.

"You really want to do this again? All of this?" Her intonation made it evident just what she referred
to, oh yes. "Perhaps we might do it somewhere where we don't have to worry about being
overheard, and where we could take our time ... but, yes, I would be delighted to do this again with

Exhausted and panting, Hifumi nodded to Kotomi. Yes. Yes, she wanted to do this again, badly.
Even as sweaty as she was, Hifumi's face was ever the picture of perfect, classic, demure beauty.
Now, though, there was a flicker, a spark in her eyes that wasn't there before, mingled in with her
admiration and respect for her ... sensei. Oh, she'd have to remember that, to call Kotomi that in
more public spaces, particularly as she took some time to ... mull over what exactly just happened.
Nodding, Hifumi bent about to begin gathering her things when Kotomi added in that last little
tease. The Shogi queen froze solid, and Kotomi could have sworn that -- along with a pleasant
shiver passing through her -- that those already soaked panties grew just a tiny bit damper still, just
from that ...
The next several days involved a whole lot of waiting, waiting for the deadline to come -- for the country to learn of the defeat of Medjed. The group was finally getting its stride back, and there was once more plenty of smiles and laughter to be had. It felt almost strange to walk around with such confidence as so many others around them constantly murmured in worry and excitement about Medjed's threat and/or the showdown with the Phantom Thieves. But for the group itself? Life mostly returned to normal for the moment.

Ann was her usual bubbly self, the blonde model seeming to have taken charge with making sure Futaba was well and accepted in the group, downright doting on the younger girl. She was ever eager to explore with Kotomi, always trying to find some new surprise or a new way to enjoy their evenings together -- both in bed and out. Her relationship with Makoto was coming along quite nicely, though! More than once now, Kotomi had caught the older girl blushing as she filled Ann's lap ever so nicely, her girlfriend having quite a lovely time toying and teasing with their mutual, fat-assed little bitch.

As for Makoto herself, she was also eager to keep exploring her relationship with Kotomi. Some gentle, teasing lines were slowly drawn out, and Makoto was thrilled (emphasis on too thrilled, sometimes) to prove her devotion. Having a nice, fat little toy plugged into her hole when she came to meet Kotomi for dinner or a movie proved a nice little compromise of sating Makoto's more exhibitionist desires. The bottom-heavy, fat assed little bitch squirmed ever so delightfully, now. Particularly when in Ann's lap, getting teased ever so mercilessly.

Futaba ... plotted, planned. All as she learned more about the group -- more than how they moaned, anyway. Kotomi found herself plenty protective of the girl too, trusting Ann absolutely with the redhead, but still ever keeping an eye on her, and always there and accessible.

Tae began to properly train Kotomi, continuing to explain exactly what was expected of someone wanting to be over others. The gothy doctor was quite the excellent teacher, drilling in valuable lessons such as aftercare and safewords, along with tips on keeping sane and healthy with multiple partners. (Keyword: communication.) And yet, she remained ever unobtainable, ever finding a way to bring Kotomi to panting heel -- for now.

Sadayo retained her confidence ever since that night in the Velvet Room. While she didn't make barely disguised passes at Kotomi in class, she called Kotomi out once or twice, instructing the class to read while doling out discipline in the hallway. Only to, naturally, go making out in a nearby supply closet that Sadayo managed to secure the only key to. Plus, it's not like her hair and outfit were ever not a mess, right? All while she remained the dutiful Becky at night, eager to serve the whim of her Mistress when called on.

Ohya made a remarkable amount of progress ever since that evening. Her home was near fucking
spotless now, kept in near perfect condition, along with her car. She still had some ... habits to kick, including drinking a little too much, but she was working toward bettering herself for her Mistress. More than any others, she was the easiest to shift, to twist to Kotomi's desires -- so easy to turn the girl into a drooling doll without her mind.

And while Kotomi hadn't met up with Hifumi again, the curvy, beautiful thing proved herself to be quite the texter. Much of what she sent was advice or thoughts on strategy, always happy to discuss when Kotomi asked ... coupled with some awkward attempts at flirting. Still, it was always cute to see the little heart emoji with an 'M' by it, right?

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Of late, Tae's sessions began to get a little more intense, however. The doctor seemed absolutely determined to get her special medicine working for Kotomi, and that involved putting the girl through quite a few trials. There was little doubting that Takemi was quite amused by the entire thing -- she had a delighted, slight smirk permanently on her lips while watching Kotomi run about as instructed or squirming beneath some machine -- but she took the job oh so seriously, too. Twice, now, Kotomi had found the older, gothy woman dozing at her desk, various papers and notes about Kotomi scattered everywhere. Progress remained ever on the verge of a breakthrough, but she had stalled.

But that was business.

Tae wasn't a fool: she was aware Kotomi learned that during the encounter weeks ago. Oh, certainly, Kotomi still had that confidence mingled in with the edge of cocky arrogance -- considering the circumstances, Kotomi would never be entirely free of it, and who could blame her? -- but it was much more controlled now as Kotomi understood the responsibilities she accepted. And Takemi wouldn't deny it ... the younger girl's cockiness continued to provide a delightful thrill. Even if her medical experiment seemed to have reached a dead end for the moment, her nudging and experimenting with educating Kotomi, shaping her into a more proper domme was going beautifully. But she wasn't there, not quite yet. Tonight, though, Tae had something a little special planned ...

With another day of testing completed -- including a lengthy series of jolts passed through Kotomi's body that went on for quite some time under Tae's watchful eyes -- the doctor administered some gentle aftercare, holding a panting Kotomi close. "Good girl," she murmured into Kotomi's ear as she finished her notes. Her touch was sensual, gentle, but not sexual, nor did it grow so, which was a little unusual for the doctor. Usually, she lead into teasing and playing shortly after the tests ended, but this time --

"We're going on a date tonight." Tae wasn't heartless, of course, having made sure to check with Kotomi earlier when making smalltalk that the girl didn't have any other plans for the evening. But the way it came out so effortlessly, as if of course Kotomi wouldn't -- couldn't -- have considered refusing.

"A date?" Kotomi echoed curiously, her excitement spiking a little -- all of their encounters so far were within the office, and the idea of actually going somewhere with Miss Takemi ... ooh, exciting!

"There's somewhere ... special that I want you to see. Somewhere very near and dear to me. But, mmh. There's a bit of a dress code ... you'll dress up pretty for me and wear this tonight for Miss Takemi ... won't you, dear?" And of course, of course the item she revealed to Kotomi was a plain, pretty little collar.

"You want me to wear -- that --" Kotomi started, only to be cut off when Takemi assaulted her so expertly, those wonderful hands attacking her modest handfuls of sensitive titflesh, her eager, hungry
slit, and poor Kotomi was just absolutely putty in the doctor's hands. No way could she manage to turn the tables like this when Tae still held all the cards, and soon Kotomi whimpered out her assent even while her hips pushed against Tae's hand. "Yes ... yes, of course, Miss Takemi! I'll wear it, I'll wear anything you want ..." As much as she wanted to turn the tables on Tae -- partially because she knew the doctor wanted her to, when she was ready -- she felt like she'd ... miss this a little, you know? Having someone to actually submit to, let someone else take the reins for awhile. Too bad none of her other girls were really up to that task.

So she thought.

"I'd be ... happy to wear your collar, Miss Takemi. W -- where ... where are we going?" Somewhere special, Tae said ... and somewhere that apparently wouldn't mind her coming in collared. Hm.

"Good girl!" Tae laughs, though her hands remained on Kotomi's body. "You'll meet me here tonight at six. And we'll go off together. Wear something pretty, yes? Mmh, a lovely little dress would be nice, I think. Something nice and form fitting -- especially if it can slip off easily ... a little dolled up, too, if you can ..." So teasing, especially as the words were whispered, murmured from her lips so close to Kotomi's ear, dark lips teasing at the lobe even as her hands provided zero mercy. They only slipped away for a moment so that Tae could reposition Kotomi, pushing her back on the hospital bed, the slim woman slipping herself atop of her patient-slash-pupil -- peering up at Kotomi with hungry eyes, even as she kissed down, down, down her body, slowly making her way down to that dripping pussy. "For now, though, you've been such a good girl for me today. And that means you deserve a reward, don't you think?"

It was a short session as the good doctor helped Kotomi get off -- twice -- before sending her packing, complete with the lovely little collar to wear. The only requirement she mentioned was the collar, leaving the rest of her outfit completely up to Kotomi. Most curious of all, though, was that she provided little detail about where, exactly, they were going -- only that it was somewhere important to Tae. And that something easy to remove was a plus: what, exactly, did that add up to? Either way, Kotomi had several hours to think on it, and several hours to settle on exactly what to wear. The only 'help' provided was a teasing text -- "Remember. 6 PM. Don't be a second late." complete with a close up shot of what appeared to be quite the plunging neckline!

Eager to make a good impression, Kotomi hemmed and hawed over what to wear. Something easy to slip off, Tae said; something cute and sexy. Which, um, didn't really describe anything currently in her wardrobe; she was content generally to prioritize comfort over fashion, her clothes consisting primarily of jeans and skirts and t-shirts and not a whole lot else. Dresses? Kotomi didn't own a single one, but Miss Takemi made it very clear she wanted Kotomi to look good tonight -- and she did have a fair bit of cash left over from all the treasure they collected in the last Palace ... so she took the opportunity to call up Ann and do a little shopping.

For her part, Ann was absolutely delighted to help her girlfriend get dressed for a hot date. Especially after peeking into Kotomi's closet together revealed that the leader of the Phantom Thieves didn't really have a single nice outfit to her name -- oh, no, no no no. That simply wouldn't do. It was a whirlwind of activity as Ann took Kotomi from place to place, the number of dresses tried on and the number of fitting rooms made out in (because of course they did) growing as the afternoon advanced. Eventually, though, they settled on a handful of outfits -- more than just the one for the evening, too. Ann urged Kotomi to put a little fashion show on for her, grinning all the while.

"You know she's gonna destroy you, right?" Ann giggled. More than any of her partners, Ann had
heard the most stories about Kotomi's other partners, including the gothy doctor that permanently evaded Kotomi's control. "I mean -- she might take you out for dinner, but she's going to totally wreck you, I bet." It was all teasing, and Ann, of course, didn't help Kotomi's 'problem' of being so exposed and worrying about dripping wetly down her own thighs as the busty blonde model cheerfully snuck in one last hot kissing, petting session, teasingly priming her girlfriend for the evening before sending her out with a swat on the ass. "You better tell me all about it when you can!"

As such, when Kotomi finally came to meet Miss Takemi -- not a minute late, either! -- Kotomi was a little more dolled up than she ... well, than she had ever been before. Ever. Normally unkempt hair freshly brushed, and Kotomi actually wore makeup! Not a huge amount, but certainly some -- obviously applied by her wonderful girlfriend -- enough to give some color to her cheeks, some contoured shadow around her eyes, and of course a gentle pink shade to her lips. The collar was, of course, wrapped right around her slender neck, and she was clad in a very tight, crimson-red dress -- certainly a lot skimpier than anything she had worn before, especially around her modest tits, forcing them together and exposing her cleavage through the plunging neckline. The hem stopped just a couple inches past the curve of her ass, ensuring that if she were to bend over, she'd make it very obvious whether or not she was wearing panties.

She wasn't, by the way.

And she was more than a little embarrassed (and excited, admittedly) about that fact, occasionally tugging down at the hem as if to make sure no one could see, nothing was exposed. She was going to opt for heels, but a few minutes stumbling around in some that Ann procured convinced her to go with simple little flats instead -- she just didn't have that sort of practice with them. All in all, Kotomi showed off a lot more skin than she usually did, and it really would have been trivial to get at her pussy or tits at a moment's notice -- something, she assumed, that would absolutely happen during the course of the night.

Tae was nowhere to be found when Kotomi arrived at the little doctor's office, the front door locked. The gothy doctor emerged from a nearby alley though, her arms slipping around Kotomi's middle and murmuring in her ear. "My, my. Don't you just look simply lovely, mnh?" Those lips slid downward, nibbling teasingly at Kotomi's neck -- and taking the opportunity to tease all the more, letting her tongue slide slowly, slowly along the edge of the collar snapped good and snug about her neck. Tight and oh so ever constantly there, but not enough to get in the way of her breathing. "It looks good on you. Are you sure you don't want to wear it for longer than just tonight?" Ah, and there was a rare moment where Tae hinted at the greater dance at play, even as she slipped away to finally allow Kotomi a chance to get a decent look at Tae.

If Miss Takemi had been rocking the gothy look before, she went all the further with it for this evening. A little more makeup for her pale skin, but the main change was that those lips -- usually painted a touch dark -- were painted a dark, rich ebony, looking all the more full and plump. For their evening out, the good doctor chose a lovely dark blue dress complete with spider web patterns and a dark leather jacket to finish off the image. As slim, slender as she was, the dress still managed to provide a delightful amount of cleavage with just how low it cut, showcasing plenty of her pale flesh. Little of her leg showed at all as dark, tight leather boots seemed to go on and on and on with how tall they were, each step sounding more imposing with every strike of her heels against the ground. And, of course, that old collar remained tight about her own neck.

Grinning, Tae took a long, long moment to take a good look at Kotomi, nodding to the girl. "C'mon. We have a long night ahead of us, and a bit of a trip to get there. We've got a train to catch." And with that they were off, with Tae leading the way, though there was the occasional pause or stop so that the doctor could have a brief nibble of her lovely date for the evening, or sliding back to let her
eyes watch the way Kotomi moved ... and so on. Regardless, the duo eventually wound up at the subway platform, and Kotomi was extremely aware of how close the older woman stood near Kotomi, very much skirting the line of appearing more than just friends in public -- there was still quite the age difference, after all. And yet, Tae almost seemed not to care, a strange, hungry new fire in the older woman's already eager eyes this evening. There was even more of that during the actual subway ride itself, choosing to stand during the ride -- and Tae seemed to make a point of making sure their bodies nudged, bumped together as the train shifted during the trip.

But they arrived eventually in the Red Light District. Kotomi was no stranger to this part of town with the number of dates she took to the movie theater, and there were plenty of actual, legit places to shop at. "Stay close to me here," Tae murmured as she lead Kotomi past all of that, the two of them descending into the actual darker corners of the district. There were plenty of wonders and 'wonders' that Kotomi saw for the first time, the bright signs of various parlors and clubs, the way men and women -- oh, the women! -- stood outside, grinning and murmuring and trying to lure those seeking a fun evening. At first, a few attempted to come up to Kotomi, though Tae put an end to such fairly quickly -- a harsh glare and the words "She's with me" eventually allowed them to go in peace. She certainly wasn't a very large woman, but Tae seemed all too ready to go at it if any of them pressed their luck.

"I really wish there was a better way here, but, ah. Here we are. Stay close to me, here, too -- but you're safe in here." It was an almost plain looking building, though there was one colorful sign over the entrance, proclaiming it as "THE SILVER SLIP" in neon lettering, and what appeared to be two almost cartoonish women, one seeming to hold some sort of vague implement in her hand. There wasn't much of a line and getting in wasn't very difficult, though Tae seemed to have quite the conversation with a rather large, muscled woman -- the bouncer, presumably -- before they were finally allowed within.

Plenty of things assaulted Kotomi's senses at once. For one, Tae felt comfortable enough now to get very close to the girl as they walked. The room they found themselves in was massive, and yet it felt slightly claustrophobic. While it wasn't obscenely packed body to body or anything, there were plenty of people every which way Kotomi looked, every last, single one of them -- a woman. It was warm, and she smelled plenty of things from liquor to various cheap foods to plenty of sex. It was a club, yes, including plenty of space for lingering and chatting, where numerous women sat on couches or at tables, some chatting, some drinking, some getting quite friendly with one another, hands and lips mingling in. There was a dance floor as well, but a rather large part of the club was dotted with various ... implements. Where there were plenty of laughs and chats and loud music thumping, there were moans, groans and cries of pain and pleasure. Bent over, bound to crosses, wrapped, and so on and so forth, being flogged or whipped or ...

Poor Kotomi was blown away, having never seen anything like this in her life -- such a raw, overwhelming spectacle of so many, many beautiful women; in a way, it was like the poor girl stepped directly into heaven. The usually confident, domineering Kotomi was rendered just about helpless against this cavalcade of feminine sexuality -- especially once she caught sight of the ... play area, so to speak. The sounds and scents of obviously-aroused, excited women were all too evident, and some of the ... toys ... people were using ... fuck.

"Mmh. It's been ages, but it's just about how I remember it." The older woman, now with her arm wrapped about Kotomi, clutching her close indeed, sounded quite nostalgic, borderline emotional as she took a moment.

Kotomi had been pressing close to Takemi the whole time, but she took the woman's arm, squeezing it a little bit in uncertain excitement: "What -- is this place?" And why was she getting wet just being here? Fuck, was she even old enough to be here? Probably not, but it seemed like no one intended to
tell Tae that. "What are we going to -- do here, Miss Takemi?" Ah, now *that* was the much better question.

For a moment, Tae didn't respond to Kotomi's questions, standing there just past the doorway, drinking it all in. There was just so much to see, delights to take in wherever Kotomi's eyes glanced: the busty bartender over in the corner, chatting and flirting with various patrons. Several women on the edge of the nearby dancefloor grinding together, eyes glazed over in a distant seeming sort of bliss from alcohol or drugs or simply mutual lust -- no telling which. Several women of all sorts seated together with various scenarios played out: two girls snuggled up to a third here, one filling the lap of another and making out *passionately* there, and so on. And of course, there was the play area, a large space marked off with velvet rope lines, though with no real privacy. Near the edge of the play area, one woman in dark latex went to town with a flogger on a girl not much older than Kotomi -- a stacked girl whined and squirmed as various clothespins were attached to her abused tits -- another babbled and drooled, eyes distant as her body swung bound back and forth above the ground. All around her, cries of pleasure rang out as various patrons hit their peaks in turn.

It really was very overwhelming for poor Kotomi -- she had never been in a place like this, never even knew a place like this really *existed*, or that there were so many, many women ... like her. Like them. It was a lot for the girl to take in, and she was glad that she had Takemi to rely on in this moment, to help guide her. Her attention, of course, lingered on the play area nearby where they settled in, greedy eyes taking in the spectacle of so many women enjoying themselves and each other in ways she never properly imagined. All the things she did with Makoto were, apparently, just scratching the bare surface of what they *could* do, and Kotomi got one hell of an object lesson.

"This, my dear," Tae purred, "is somewhere very near and dear to my heart. I accidentally stumbled in here when I was about your age, and, well ... I was hooked." They passed by various tables, including one with a darker skinned woman on her back, a head beneath her skirt -- sounded like she was having quite a good time. It was around that time that Kotomi noticed that most (but not all!) of the women sported collars about their necks. "It's a place where women with ... mmh. Particular interests come together and enjoy in a private place with little to no judgement. It's not perfect, of course, but The Slip is somewhere I haven't been to in many, many years ..." Wasting little time, the doctor pulled her lovely patient into her lap, the two quite close indeed. Leaning in, her lips began to enjoy the flesh of Kotomi's neck, even as her hand slipped beneath that tiny dress, teasingly working Kotomi's hot, drooling, practically exposed pussy.

"For now? Just drink it in, for a moment. Oooh, you're burning up ... a little overwhelming, mmh? Just get your legs for the moment. Relax, dear." Laughing softly, Tae continued shamelessly finger fucking Kotomi, lips seeking out the younger girl's to begin making out. She paused -- with her lips, her fingers still working that hot slit -- as a cute, bouncy looking waitress came up to the table they selected. Tae ordered drinks for them -- though something non-alcoholic for Kotomi -- all without missing a single beat. Grinning, one of Tae's hands took a nice handful of Kotomi's hair, tugging her head back to let Tae stuff her fingers into the girl's mouth, slowly pumping them in and out lewdly. For a submissive, Tae seemed to take to the role of a domme all too easily, delighting in how Kotomi squirmed and gasped.

"Do you remember your safewords, dear?" Tae purred, lazily withdrawing her fingers to drag them messily across Kotomi's face and hair, even as she began to slowly nurse a drink. Oh, she toyed with the pretty thing in her lap all the plenty, but she only gently nudged Kotomi toward the idea, wanting to build the girl's excitement and eagerness. Their seat allowed a mostly clear view of the play area. "See anything you like out there?" Tae added curiously, teasing -- there was another point to this entire exercise, of course: not just to have a hell of a night with the girl, but to also expose Kotomi further to Tae's lovely, depraved, filthy world. To help her explore her own desires all the further.
"It's ... it's a lot, Miss Takemi." Kotomi had been dreaming of turning the tables on the doctor, but not right now -- not tonight -- hell, if anything, she was a little bit cowed by all of this, giving her the idea that she had a long way to go after all before she'd be able to domme Tae. It was a wonder that Tae didn't just openly laugh at her attempts up until that point. Kotomi spotted a woman going through much the same thing she put Makoto through recently: a gentle, matronly looking woman currently thrashing about without even being touched -- several vibrators taped all over her body, including her hefty tits, driving her crazy as a few women looked on. Elsewhere, slender twins kissed and pet at one another as a third girl -- fresh lash marks across her back -- kissed at their boots, bringing to Kotomi's mind herself and Ann mutually playing with their eager little pet Makoto. Perhaps Kotomi wasn't quite as out of her depth as she feared -- she had been doing things similar to all of this the whole time, just ... this was just on such a grander scale she never imagined.

Takemi found herself fondly remembering her own first time in the Slip, and her reaction was ... very much the same as Kotomi's. She absolutely understood how the girl was so overwhelmed with all the sights and sounds and smells all mingling into one potent, sexual experience. Kotomi, at least, had been around the block a little by now -- but for Tae, coming to this club (which was much smaller back then) had been an extremely formative experience. Something that wound up becoming so incredibly important in her life, including the precious collar that still sat around her neck. So it was no end of amusement to Tae, watching Kotomi's wide eyed stare trying to drink it all in, even as a mess was made of her lap.

There were plenty of people who watched, though not necessarily watching Kotomi and Tae exactly -- there were more than a few women sitting alone too, gazing out and watching the crowds, nursing drinks. Not to mention the waitress who brought by their own drinks, who paused for a moment, watching the two have their fun for a few seconds before slipping off to the next table. Still, there were plenty of eyes to watch them, even if only for a moment or two at a time. Tae had zero shame, the way she used her fingers so casually, digging into Kotomi's hot, wet cunt, gently rocking and bouncing the younger girl about in her lap, all too happy to let that bare slit dribble against her thigh.

"Mmh. It is a lot, I know. But just take it slow, dear, little by little. We won't move forward until you're nice and ready, okay?" All as she continued working Kotomi over. Those dark, richly painted lips glided across the girl's skin whenever they weren't meeting Kotomi's own pair, so hungry and eager but holding herself back just a little for the moment. To let Kotomi settle a bit, to get her bearings in such a new, exciting place.

"So ... what are you going to do to me tonight?" Kotomi's tone was oh-so-curious and oh-so-excited -- she felt like she was on the razor's edge of cumming already just from the little lazy teasing Tae put her through, the girl idly grinding her bare pussy against one of Tae's thighs. "I mean ... for tonight, at least, I'm all yours, Miss Takemi. And I would be happy to have you ... do whatever it is you'd like to me." Her excitement and eagerness rapidly built toward a fever pitch at this point, her hands doing their own exploration, slipping deft little digits into the plunging neckline of the doctor's dress, seeking to grope and squeeze as Tae's tits -- no, they were nowhere near as bountiful as Ann's, but they weren't exactly unpleasant on their own, either. Her lips brushed occasionally against Tae's, seemingly unable to get enough of the woman she gave herself to for the evening -- Kotomi was a sex-driven girl by nature, and being thrust into this den of debauchery and surrounded with so many women having a good time ... it was little wonder that she found herself so swept up in it.

"What are you going to do before you fuck me senseless, Miss Takemi?" Recovered from that initial reaction of being overwhelmed, Kotomi returned to her natural, playful self even as she toyed with the doctor's nipples, giving teasing little tugs, as if daring the woman to chastise or punish her for being so assuming.

"I," Tae began, catching her breath before finishing her drink, "am going to make your body fucking
sing in ways that you never knew were possible." The doctor growled those last words as Kotomi yanked on her nipples -- seizing the girl's chin to share a look with her, letting her see just how intense, how eager the hunger in her eyes burned. Kotomi only whimpered, and her cunt was just about openly drooling down her thighs at this point -- good thing she didn't wear panties after all, they would have just ended up a sopping, ruined mess.

Rising to her feet, Tae dragged -- 'dragged' -- Kotomi along toward the play area, though she made use of the time to explain one or two more things. "Just so you know ... wearing a collar in here like we both are, allows you to get in without paying the door fee ... but, mnh, it does more or less make you public access. Though you can refuse, of course. Now, if you want, I can stop anyone else who might get a little handsy -- but if you don't mind ... it's your call, dear. Either way."

Arriving at the entrance of the play area, Tae's eyes scanned about before settling on the perfect spot. "Mind yourself. Most people keep an eye out, but don't want to get hit by a stray swing, mnh? Here we are." The older woman grinned as they finally come to a stop in front of a large, dark St. Andrew's Cross -- the X-frame device looking quite stable. All the same, Tae walked around it and gave it a few gentle shakes to test it before nodding satisfactorily. Slipping out of her dark jacket to leave herself only in her tight dress and boots, she noded to Kotomi and instructed the girl to strip, as she needed a moment to grab just a few things.

Kotomi hesitated only the barest moment before tugging that tight dress down to let it pool on the floor, slipping her shoes off as well; she was left wearing nothing but that cute little collar, completely exposed to any hungry eyes that cared to look, and she felt a little ... outmatched. Her own body was just so -- so slender, so modestly endowed, and though all of her time running through Palaces and fighting for her life helped her sculpt a bit of toned muscle on her otherwise-feminine body, she just felt so outclassed compared to the extravagant curves she spied on some of the other women around

But Tae's voice pulled Kotomi out of her anxieties, the woman having returned with quite a hefty-looking duffel bag. "Remember. It's not weak to use your safewords, understood? They're in place for a reason, Kotomi." After an afternoon and evening of mostly avoiding using her name specifically, she used it here, making certain to drive the point home a little. All the same, though, Tae was eager to get to work, wasting little more time in getting Kotomi all set up -- pressing in close as she bound the girl to the cross, the shackles spreading apart her legs, arms raised up and locked into place above her. There was a tiny bit of wiggle room, circulation not cut off -- but Kotomi obviously wasn't going anywhere soon, control taken out of her hands for the moment. For the moment, yes, she was entirely at the mercy of the doctor who stood before her, the doctor that took a moment to simply stare at Kotomi, helpless before her. It was driven home a little, too, with the way Kotomi was set up: her front against the cross, and her backside completely exposed.

But then Tae rifled through her bag, and before Kotomi could even really blink, something hard, wooden pushed at the underside of the girl's chin, once more forcing their eyes to meet. She leaned in so close, her lips lingering just at the edge of Kotomi's as she spoke, "While you are here, you will call me **Mistress** my little darling. And now? Now we shall begin."

"Yes -- yes, Mistress!" she replied easily, an excited fire in her eyes. Any uncertainties, any hesitation, any embarrassment she had simply fled from her mind, focused purely on the good doctor -- her Mistress for the evening, her body straining for sensation.

And then Takemi struck her.

Tae allowed the thick, leathery strands of the flogger to drop at her side, bouncing playfully. She planned to hit up quite a bit, but where better to start with such a classic? Teasing Kotomi, she gently
flicked the thing outward, letting the tails gently drag across her skin, bouncing lightly against the curve of the girl's ass, letting her just get used to a little bit of sensation. But then she flicked, and then again -- letting the first lash strike against Kotomi's flesh. Yes, she struck Kotomi with the little crop she kept in her office, but nothing quite like this. Tae paused, drinking in Kotomi's reaction, but waited, letting her adjust to the new sensation before going for another strike. "Don't hold back with your voice now, my sweet ... you can cry and yell here all you please." Numerous other women were doing exactly the same all around them, after all!

Kotomi didn't hold back, her voice crying out loudly to join the chorus of other such cries coming from all around her. Were people looking? Were people watching while she got beaten, while Tae did exactly as she pleased to Kotomi's naked, helpless body? Part of her hoped so, even. "M -- Mistress!" she cried, her body writhing helplessly, flooding with sharp pain that mingled deliciously with warm pleasure, that pussy of hers desperate for attention -- but she only got the attention Tae chose to grant her. "Mistress, please ...!" Please what? She didn't specify.

Not that the leader of the Phantom Thieves was necessarily any stranger to pain as a whole, mind. Ann liked to tease and bite and spank -- and Tae's various medical tests, whether needed or not, along with the tiny riding crop in her office all offered a little preview leading up to this. And then, of course, there were the countless shadows that the group fought, her body battered and bruised under harsh assaults and powerful magic. But this, this was something different. The pain in the cognitive realm faded relatively quickly, especially upon return to reality -- and her escapades with Ann and with Tae didn't entirely prepare her for this.

It hurt.

Kotomi's entire world was pain -- everything was the repeated sharp stinging of that heavy flogger against her bare, quickly-reddening skin, welts forming on her poor little ass from all the attention it got, the smaller girl writhing in her bonds, whimpering, crying out in torture and delight. Tae -- Mistress -- made it very clear that she wasn't to force herself to endure more than she felt like she could, that she could always tap out and it wasn't at all a mark of shame, and while this was very nearly overwhelming ... she resisted the urge. After all, she didn't want to let the woman down, and truth be told, this was some of the greatest pleasure she had ever felt. If nothing else, it was a hell of an education on this kind of thing, and knowing what it was like would surely help her pass the experience on to lovely Makoto.

The flogger in Tae's hands was a thick, leathery thing, and despite being such a slim little woman, Tae struck true. The tails smacking across her skin made a lovely sound when they struck Kotomi's flesh, first -- and then again, as Tae followed up on that second swing. The good doctor paused, taking a moment to let Kotomi further adjust -- though she did lean in, pressing her body against Kotomi's back. Kotomi felt the older woman's body pressed against her, felt the stiffness of Tae's nipples pressed through her dress -- slightly damp with sweat -- as she murmured in Kotomi's ear, her own arousal dripping against the girl's ass. "Mistress, please what?" Tae drove the last point home as she tugged the girl's hair, yanking it back. "Speak, girl!" Kotomi shivered at the intensity of the woman pressed against her, the way her breath rose, falls so harshly, the edge to her voice that practically oozed with her lust. This was Takemi's element, this was where she enjoyed being so fucking much, even if she wasn't in her preferred position -- it was close enough.

"Mistress, please ... don't stop, please don't --" Kotomi knew she could safeword, she could end this in the space of a breath, and she had zero doubt that Tae would respect that without hesitation, but ... she went through a lot in the last few months, and she was confident she could handle a bit more. Whatever it was that Mistress had in store for her.

Tae gauged Kotomi's condition alongside the younger girl's insistence that she wanted more, always
trying to keep an eye on her pet, to make sure she wasn't taking more than she could handle -- before slipping away, resuming her position. And then she got to work: slipping into her own zone as she worked Kotomi over. Again and again the thick tails of her toy swung forward, slamming into the younger girl's form, expertly flying across the softer, fleshier parts of her backside. Her dress clung to her form all the tighter as she worked up more of a sweat, the room so hot and her body burning with such a desperate, wanton lust. Again and again, the strikes against Kotomi's body rang out, the pace teasingly, maddeningly never quite predictable, but not seeming to stop for several long moments.

"Such a good girl for me," Tae breathed out, panting, gently -- very gently! -- flicking upward with the flogger to lightly impact against Kotomi's mess of a cunt before setting the toy aside. The younger girl heard her Mistress shuffling about with something before appearing in front of her. One hand hid something behind her back, but the other seized Kotomi's face, though with a light touch, bringing her gaze to meet Tae's. "Still good, precious?" Murmuring the words quietly, the gothy woman took a moment to catch her breath as she stroked Kotomi's cheek, waiting for her agreement, which came in the form of a small nod from the younger girl.

"Yes ... yes, Mistress, I'm still good." Tae's close attention -- her obvious care, the way she so evidently wanted Kotomi to be enjoying this just as much as she herself was -- it really did mean a lot to the younger girl. Oh, if she could only one day be as good of a Mistress as Tae Takemi was, she knew she'd have truly succeeded.

"Excellent. Shift a little bit, would you? There you go." And with that, Tae's other hand came swooping in, dealing with Kotomi's breasts, one right after the other, a pair of rather lovely, nasty looking little clamps attached to the girl's stiff nipples, eliciting further whimpers. "You simply adore breasts, dear -- it'd be a shame not to let those pretty tits in on the fun, mnh?" Laughing, Tae provided a condescending little pat on Kotomi's head before circling back around. "You made it through round one quite beautifully, my dear. But let's see how you take to this, mmh ...?" And Kotomi was left to her imagination, hearing something quietly zap! to life, and for a few long, long moments, nothing happened as Tae let anticipation build --

A moan escaped Kotomi's dry lips, back arching instinctively as if to beg for more, more of that wonderful, glorious abuse. "Yes, Mistress, I love -- nngh!" Words bitten off into a startled cry as her body bucked from the sudden jolt of electricity into that tender flesh, the girl hauling helplessly at her bonds; sure, she felt something like that before during their experiments, but this was so, so much more! Kotomi came, despite herself -- it was so, so much more pain (or maybe just so radically different?) from the flogger but that brought with it no end of its own pleasure as well, the poor girl's cries rising up above all the others in the room for that moment.

Tae didn't seem to mind that Kotomi had cum, didn't provide any restrictions to Kotomi's orgasms, freely letting the girl cum her brains out and make such a terribly lovely mess of the cross she was bound to. Takemi enjoyed every climax she wrenched out of her pet, pausing for a moment and closing her eyes, letting Kotomi's cries wash over her. But then it was back to business, continuing to work her over -- whether it's the flogger smacking across her flesh, or tugging those cruel clamps on Kotomi's nipples, or --

Or the shocking little device that Tae brushed, dragged along Kotomi's body. This one she wasn't quite as restricted as to where she could use, and she took great joy in spreading the sensation, letting it tease along the bound girl's curves, lazily letting the electricity arc every which way. But Tae wasn't quite so merciful as not to throw in something extra, nearly every pause followed with a new attachment to the electrified little wand, always making Kotomi guess just exactly where -- just exactly how -- the next bit of voltage would feel. Laughing, drunk with lust and need, Kotomi's Mistress delighted in this play, including -- again, gently and carefully with the voltage tuned down -- letting it drift teasingly at the edge of Kotomi's thighs before withdrawing.
"Still hanging in there?" Again, Tae appeared before Kotomi, and the older woman was a hot mess now, her makeup running slightly, her hair a sweaty mess, and her dress clinging by this point. Tae finally rid herself of it, tossing it away to join Kotomi's clothing in a pile, leaving the doctor only in a pair of skimpy black panties, her dark leather boots, and her faded old collar. "You're doing a wonderful job, my sweet. Can you go for one more round before the finale?" Finale? Mmh, Tae had something specific in mind to cap off the evening. A panting mess, she nodded down at the other girl, once more kissing her -- and then moving to undo Kotomi's restraints.

In the meanwhile, Kotomi -- though she was barely aware enough to notice anything outside of her own sensations -- noticed another older woman walking by, a leash in both hands as she lead two girls that looked familiar. They were two girls from the classroom just down the hall, if she wasn't mistaken! But that was the last thing Kotomi saw from her angle as Tae gently turned Kotomi about, letting her back rest against the cross now, before once more shackling her arms and legs. Just a little while longer.

Taking a moment to just look at, to watch Kotomi's trembling body, Tae soon moved to action. She bent over, offering the girl a rather lewd view of her Mistress, that tiny black fabric not hiding her sopping wet cunt or how her thighs glistened in a sloppy mess of her drooling arousal. Standing up properly, she approached Kotomi with a few different items in her hands. The first certainly looked familiar, though the little egg she attached up snug between Kotomi's thighs was much bulkier, thicker looking than any of those she used on Makoto. (Tae gave it a little kiss as she planted it, smirking up at the girl.) She left the clamps in place on Kotomi's tits, though what joined them was a rather plush looking rope, that Tae skillfully, slowly wraps around Kotomi's small handfuls, wrapping them up tight and beginning to restrict them.

Takemi switched the vibrator to life, already starting at the intense level of half power to begin with, and began to hum a merry little tune as she went to work on Kotomi's breasts -- beginning to take a variety of clothespins and attaching them to Kotomi's titflesh. One by one, she pinned them on, and while each individually wasn't too harsh or painful, they began to add up quickly, and the cruel doctor had quite the hefty handful to go through. Not to mention as the vibrator hummed away and caused Kotomi to squirm a bit, making the whole affair messy and just a touch difficult -- the occasional pinch of the pins dragging flesh before Tae let go. Then there was the rope on top of it all, not enough to make her tits go numb, of course, but still wrapped up so tight as she put those pretty tits Kotomi so adored through their paces.

Kotomi never really thought it would be this ... extensive! This thorough! There was just so much for her to deal with, so much sensation, so much pain and pleasure all mingled into one. It hurt -- oh, her skin still stung from the flogger, the clamps on her nipples, the electricity here and there with her Mistress' new toy, and eventually even the clothespins on tender titflesh -- they all hurt, but it hurt so fucking good. She never really realized she was anything sort of a masochist, but the evidence here was too plentiful to deny: Kotomi loved pain. Loved it. Loved receiving it, and with Makoto at the very least, she loved giving it -- she just hoped she could ever be so good at it as Takemi, hopefully by the time that she actually did manage to turn the tables. If and when that happened. If nothing else, this was a great lesson to show her just how much she didn't know, how little experience she had -- no wonder Tae found it so easy to turn her down every time Kotomi made a move -- but the more she learned, the more she experienced, the better she was going to get at this. Hopefully. Ideally. She'd certainly need to do some practicing on her own with lovely little Makoto ... and acquire some new toys.

For her part, Tae was very thorough indeed ... on more levels than Kotomi might realize. Yes, she ran the girl through a variety, a battery of different pleasures and pains, but her check-ins with Kotomi weren't just for show. Each and every pause was carefully calculated, allowing her toy for
the evening to catch her breath -- along with catching her own for a moment! So, too, did she carefully gauge Kotomi's status, glancing the girl over, checking her even as Kotomi begged and pleaded for more. One of the handful of lessons that Tae took her time in attempting to drill into the girl's head was that, in a situation like this, someone in the submissive position might disregard her own limits. Thankfully, Tae knew the game well enough to keep an eye out -- pleased that Kotomi pushed herself, but not wanting to do any permanent damage to the girl!

Either way, poor Kotomi was left in utter bliss -- cumming again, again, her voice so loud amongst the rest, her juices drooling down her legs and the cross itself ... and seeing Tae like that, exposed and obviously wallowing in her own lust and desire, filled Kotomi with warmth and delight. Yes, they were in public, but this was still the most intimate that they had ever been, Tae helping Kotomi explore desires she never even realized that she had.

"Mistress, I'm -- it's -- please ..." Too much? Almost. Getting there. Kotomi was doing her best, and affection and adoration shined through her eyes as she watched Tae, but ... it was a lot. A lot.

Usually so calm, cool and collected, even the gothy, stoic Tae Takemi was reaching a limit of her own. Her own body ached, screamed out for attention, feeling as if she was nearly on fire, every last nerve alight with desire. The beautiful girl in front of her, bound up before her, pushing herself to such a limit -- taking it all from her -- as numerous women around them squealed, gasped, cried in similar pleasure ... fuck, she missed this. Missed this so fucking bad. Not even realizing it, a hand absentmindedly drifted downward between her own thighs for a few moments, and leaving with quite a sloppy bit of her juices clinging to her palm. God. She gazed at the girl, squirming, whimpering, pleading -- it was time.

Tae allowed Kotomi to squirm a little while longer, watching her, standing there -- pawing at herself in front of Kotomi, her own eyes hazy with her need. But then she shook her head, snapping herself out of it, and moved to undo her handiwork, so carefully, being so gentle with those abused tits as clip by clip finally was taken away, including the fat clamps at her nipples. The rope went next, steadily unwound -- until all that was left was the vibrator humming away relentlessly at Kotomi's mess of a pussy. "You asked me at the start of the night," Tae whispered, her voice quivering, simmering with want -- her lips so close to the girl's ear, their sweaty, hot forms pressed together. "... a question. Do you remember the second half of that question, pet? You've done so well up to now. But now ..."

Click. One by one, Takemi removed the shackles from Kotomi's body, easing the girl out of her bindings, only to draw Kotomi against her body in one of the hottest, most intense kisses Kotomi ever had. While Takemi was been playing with Kotomi's body, she was been putting herself through her own little torture, the torture of denial, of holding herself back as long as she possibly could. Not daring to break the kiss for a moment, lips so tightly together, her tongue delving deep, deeper into Kotomi's mouth, moaning like a shameless whore in heat -- she steadily slipped to her knees together with Kotomi. At some point, her hands clutching, almost squeezing Kotomi in a death grip, finally tugged the vibrator free. Finally, panting, she left the girl, but only for a moment -- whimpering, half stumbling and half crawling over to her bag to remove the final item. She had to stand up, a little, just for a moment, to make use of it ...

"Position!" Tae barked as she slid the toy onto her body, groaning as the base of the strap-on slid into her sopping cunt. It was a rather thick toy, though it did obviously pale in comparison to Kotomi's girth in the cognitive realm, even her 'normal' hefty size in the Palaces. As for Tae, the word came out half as an order, half as a whimpered plea, the domme doctor hanging by a thread on the edge of her own sanity, near succumbing to her lust.

Kotomi struggled to follow that order -- Tae didn't even have to tell her what position, she knew what
position -- her body just didn't entirely want to cooperate, feeling like every single fucking inch of her was aching, stinging, pained -- she adored every last second of it, but she was going to need some time to recover from all of this.

But not before getting fucked senseless, just like she'd asked.

Tae needed this. Yes, it was for Kotomi as well, to fuck her senseless as she promised, but she wasn't too arrogant to know that this was mostly to catch herself up to Kotomi's state. Her hands grasped, tugged, pulled, guided Kotomi into proper position -- fluctuating between grabbing a little too soft, a little too hard, so difficult to think straight -- as she settled the younger girl on hands and knees in front of her. She held onto the girl's hips, and pushed forward -- slow, at first, the last ounce of her willpower spent as she gently, steadily pushed herself inside of Kotomi's pussy.

This -- this was the finale, the lines of submissive and domme blurring entirely -- yes, Tae was the one bent over Kotomi as her hips pushed forward, as she took the girl there on the floor, uncaring of the gasps or giggles or 'ooohs!' all around them. Kotomi didn't spare a thought for anyone other than her Mistress and the ... cock? ... she slid into Kotomi's pussy. A fake cock, Kotomi realized belatedly, crying out yet again in sheer pleasure as she was actually penetrated with something other than fingers or tongue for the first time in her life. Both of them were so hot, so desperate, as Tae worked to fulfill Kotomi's earlier query in the night in fucking the girl utterly and absolutely senseless.

Even if she was likely to be right behind her in the senseless department.

Kotomi had done this plenty to others, sure -- but she was never on the receiving end. Never been fucked before. Not with a dick, anyway -- she had been fucked with fingers, with lips and tongue, but never like this, never so deeply -- and it was honestly nothing like she expected. Such a sudden fullness, her Mistress' toy certainly sizable enough (and yet, it paled in comparison to her typical tool in the Metaverse, thankfully!) stretching her wide in a way she never imagined, her slender hips pushing backward to encourage her Mistress in this, even as she came -- again, yet again. How many times tonight? She had long since lost count.

"Fuck me, Mistress! Don't stop -- don't stop, fuck me, fuck me!" Sweat -- from the both of them -- tears trailing down her cheeks from sheer overwhelming sensation and emotion, her skin coated here and there with her own juices, Kotomi begged to be fucked.

"Fuck!" Tae whimpered, mewled, tossing her head back in bliss, the action of sinking into Kotomi causing the strap-on toy to dip deeper into her own body. It took everything she had not to plow the mess of a girl beneath her into the floor right then and there, but inch after inch steadily vanished inside Kotomi until she finally hilted herself. She stayed there for a moment, her own sweaty, needy body curled around Kotomi's, an act of both deep intimacy and wanton, barely restrained lust.
Kotomi felt the doctor's lips mouthing something against the back of her neck, her hands squeezing the girl tight ... before her hips began to move. They were slow, at first, yes, but it didn't take very long at all for them to begin to move, harder and faster.

How long did they spend like that? Tae didn't have a single fucking clue, that's for sure. She finally lost herself when her first orgasm of the day rocked through her body. Tae fucked Kotomi, she took the girl like she had never been taken -- literally. It wasn't just working her hips though, as her nails clawed at Kotomi's body, as she pulled at the girl's hair, as her lips, her teeth sunk into the flesh of her shoulder again and again -- as they writhed, twisted along the floor. At some point Tae rolled about to have Kotomi atop of her instead, bouncing the girl along, pulling her down to kiss so messy and mindless. Kotomi managed to last until Tae, with one final, maddened cry, collapsed with her, shuddering, her chest heaving.
Exhausted, and now in a mess much resembling Kotomi though, the doctor knew her job wasn’t
done yet. "Good girl," she whispered, slowly rising to her feet. Clutching the girl in her arms, it took
quite the enormous effort to walk through the crowds -- there was a bit of murmuring, though such
sights weren’t entirely unheard of -- as Tae Takemi asked to use one of the club’s recovery rooms for
the night. It was into the soft, warm little room that Tae brought her ward, gently spilling Kotomi into
the bed before following shortly behind her. Fully confident that their things would be along by the
morning, the doctor dimmed the lights, drawing Kotomi close to her chest, wrapping the warm, soft
blankets around them both.

"You did marvelous tonight, Kotomi," Tae whispered to the girl -- though Kotomi was already
effectively passed out -- as her own strength began to quickly fade. And so they spent the rest of the
night, together, utterly drained -- yet pleased -- bodies wrapped tightly snuggled together.

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The shower the next morning was much more laid back. Tae took her time with Kotomi, soapy
hands gently running along the girl's form. "You made quite a mess last night, you know." Tae
giggled -- perhaps a bit of a strange sound to hear from the gothy older woman. Her hands were soft,
roaming over the areas where she paid the most attention to as she nibbled at the girl's neck, gently
rocking against her. The older woman was now comfortable enough around Kotomi to let her hair
down a little, her touch that not of a domme or submissive, but of a tender lover. Of course, Tae's
comments completely ignored the fact that she contributed to the mess rather extensively herself!

Takemi's praise genuinely did make Kotomi feel good -- she wasn't really used to being a proper
submissive like that, and even though she had every intention of reversing those roles, it did make
her happy to know she made the woman happy. Made her proud. Kotomi was certainly going to
miss that sensation, once she was no longer submitting to the doctor; after all, it wasn't like there was
anyone else she could submit to. All of her other girls are firmly beneath her -- Sadayo, Makoto,
Hifumi, Ichiko, Futaba ... and Ann was pretty on-par with her. She was sure Ann would be up for
such a thing as a little experimental play, but their relationship was certainly more as girlfriends than
anything else, and honestly Kotomi wouldn't change that for the world.

Ah, well.

"Mmh. I told you, I found this place when I was young. About your age. It's also where I met my
Mistress. Where she gave me -- where she collared me, in front of the crowd ... it was a little
embarrassing, and yet ..." Tae's hands lazily teased along Kotomi's thighs, shifting them both about a
little to have her own turn under the hot water. Her words trailed off, simply enjoying the moment,
before she continued with a new train of thought. The almost goofy little grin on her face snapped
into a more serious expression, although with a smile still on her face. "Do you really want me,
Kotomi?" There was a long pause from Tae, the older woman glancing away for a long, long
moment -- the pleasant memories of old had their own shadows and pains. "I don't submit easily. Not
permanently, anyway. I'll fight you to the end. And make you earn it." Laughing, Tae shook her
head, the gothy doctor teasingly walking her fingers down Kotomi's chest. "Tell you what: a couple
weeks from now, you bring over that girl -- Makoto? -- you bragged about so much. Let me see what
you've done with her. Consider it your final exam. And if you pass ... then, we'll see what happens
from there. Deal?"

Eventually, Kotomi parted from Tae with a lingering, affectionate kiss, though she requested to keep
the collar; not to wear permanently or anything, but more of as a keepsake. A little memento of their
time together. Tae laughed a little but let Kotomi keep it. Kotomi could at least part from Tae for the
day with fresh, exciting memories and a lot of new lessons and experiences under her belt ... oh, the
things she could imagine doing to Makoto now! And eventually she was going to return that favor to
Takemi; she knew the woman wasn't going to wear her collar, but she was surely going to make her kneel – bittersweet, admittedly, given that she just didn't have anyone else to kneel to.

Or so she imagined.
"You know she's gonna destroy you, right?"

Ann, of course, had no idea how accurate those words ended up being. Ever the faithful girlfriend, the bubbly model was so very in shock at finding out Kotomi's closet was so ... bare. With just a few short hours to go before her girlfriend's hot date with the mysterious gothy doctor, Ann took full ownership of Kotomi's wardrobe situation -- quite pleased with the ultimate result, with the tight outfit she sent Kotomi out in. On top of that, there were so many other sexy little outfits she helped Kotomi settle on, that she was very eager indeed to see the other girl in on their next date! And so, with a smack to the ass and a quick priming to her just shy of exposed cunt, Ann sent the dolled up Kotomi out on her way, watching with a satisfied grin as Kotomi walked down the street ...

But, ah. Ann had her own date night to tend to, didn't she?

Wetting her lips, Ann watched Kotomi stroll off for a few moments longer before springing into action. There were still a few things left to take care of before the evening started properly, phone in her hands as her fingers furiously typed out a few text messages, making certain that everything in her plan was ready to go. Peeking into her purse, Ann ran a quick mental checklist, the wide smile on her lips only spreading wider as everything checked out alright. All that was left was to freshen herself up, having a fun time of freshening up in Kotomi's room, including leaving a rather wet, plump looking red kiss-mark on Kotomi's little desk mirror before seeing her way out.

One of those text messages was to her sweet, darling, shameless little bitch Makoto.

Ann, for everything else she might have been guilty of, didn't plan to step on Kotomi's toes. Yet the busty model simply couldn't help herself, and without realizing it, her lips were locked with Makoto's own, hands roaming over the other's bodies, only to have Kotomi walk in on their hot little study/makeout session. For a brief moment, Ann had thought she'd messed everything up, finding herself briefly terrified -- only to realize that Kotomi not only seemed to approve, but encouraged the activity. It shouldn't have been a surprise, yet it was still a lovely weight off of Ann's shoulders. Yet, even then, Ann had never assumed, had never tried to put herself above Makoto ... until, sometime later, with the others out of the room, Makoto had come crawling on hands and knees to her, calling her Mistress Ann.

Fuck. She'd practically dragged the girl's face between her thighs right on the spot, barely managing to pull her up, instead, the two tumbling to the floor in a hot kissing session. Ever since, if Makoto wasn't being teased by Kotomi, Ann was all too happy to do the job -- while Kotomi was busy with her other girls or with leading the Thieves, Ann had so much more time to mercilessly tease the older girl.

But now was date night. Right?

Just like Kotomi's date night with Tae. Totally innocent. Right.

Grinning, dressed up in a rather tight tee and even tighter little denim shorts, complete with jacket, Ann hummed happily to herself while waiting outside the movie theater, full purse bouncing at her side. The little theater was nearly dead for this particular night's showings, as it was most weeks, and -- after a fair bit of scouting -- Ann picked a movie she believed should be completely empty, save for the two girls. (And they could always peek around until they found an empty showing!) Ann was well aware of Makoto's desires to display herself publicly, that desire to display herself, that borderline self-destructive desire to let that dark, deep inner self out in front of others --
Well, she wasn't about to let Makoto do quite that.

But what better compromise to go somewhere technically public, but so very dark and with nobody else around? Still the thrill of discovery remained ever so slightly, but virtually nonexistent, and with circumstances allowing them to disengage even if someone stumbled on them. All that said, Ann hadn't told Makoto a single thing of her plans beyond seeing a film together -- and to wear that particular short little skirt that really showed that hot, fat, juicy ass off for her, mm.

For her part, Makoto found herself torn greatly between extremely excited and extremely anxious about the date. A date not with her Queen, no, but with Mistress Ann instead, the bubbly blonde having made it clear that she wanted to spend some time together -- just the two of them, no one else, not even Kotomi. It was exciting! Exciting that Mistress Ann wanted to be with her and just her for the evening, and anxious because ... well ... it'd just be the two of them. Who knew what the blonde had up her sleeve? Who knew what she'd expect out of Makoto? The very last thing she wanted to do was displease either of the two girls she had come to serve; if she did something wrong, if she upset Ann then Ann would undoubtedly tell Kotomi and then ... that could jeopardize everything. Everything! She got used to her Queen's tastes, become quite confident when it came to pleasing her darker-haired owner, but Ann? She had spent a much smaller time with the busty girl, generally consisting of stolen makeouts, eager groping, that sort of thing; their time together had been pretty limited.

Until now. Until tonight.

All Makoto knew was that Ann wanted them to see a film together, which was a loaded enough suggestion all on its own. A movie? Like ... classic date kind of thing? Makoto had always been under the impression that Ann and Kotomi were very much, like, a couple, proper girlfriends dedicated to each other ... though the fact that Kotomi was sexually involved with quite a few other girls (herself included!) always did make things a little more complicated, but the relationship of Makoto's owners was always pretty clear-cut. Was Ann interested in Makoto, too? Did Kotomi know about this? Her Queen had told her to think of Ann as another Mistress, but a date just felt like ... like it was a step beyond a boundary she never gave any thought to before.

Ann's heart, her love was absolutely for Kotomi -- even now, months later, her heart still had that little flutter when she thought about the dark haired girl. The leader of the Phantom Thieves was so sweet and smug all in one, managing to carry herself with confidence while having the capability, the strength to back it up. Not to mention, Ann had a front seat to see Kotomi's continued development as a person, from those first unsteady steps in Kamoshida's Palace and struggling with school -- to balancing several girls and women while keeping up with all the other parts of her life. (More or less, anyway ... nobody's perfect!) She'd been there for Kotomi every step of the way: consoling her during the crisis with Makoto, bouncing off ideas on how to help Futaba out of her shell, helping Kotomi out with her night with Tae, studying, in the Metaverse ... and meanwhile, the bubbly blonde had lost count of how many of her shoots Kotomi found the time to swing by and see. Not an easy feat, considering how much Kotomi had to keep up with!

Yet, with all that being said, Ann was a girl with her needs. Oh, she'd never deny it for a moment! Not any longer. Kotomi took care of that! Ann was no prude before meeting Kotomi, but her beloved girlfriend stirred, woke something that had been simmering just beneath the surface. Boys had been fine, and even now she didn't mind the idea much, but that first -- slightly strange, considering Kotomi had a dick between her legs at the time -- experience had opened her eyes. Made her hungry for so, so much more. Ann found herself thinking of one particular phrase mentioned teasingly by Kotomi while lounging in bed, discussing her girlfriend's various partners: "Girls are fucking awesome." Awesome, indeed, and Ann so very much desired to make up for the lost time. And so, while yes, it had been an accident, Ann couldn't help herself when Makoto crossed her path.
Thankfully, Kotomi had been so very understanding about the whole thing! Even while teasingly calling her a greedy slut about the whole experience -- though, Ann, not missing a beat, threw the tease right back in her face.

Either way, the texts Ann had sent to Makoto could easily have been construed as an order, and she wasn't about to be a bad little bitch and disobey an order from her Mistress, so even with her curious maelstrom of uncertainties and emotions, Makoto showed up exactly when she was told to, and was -- in fact -- clad in that very same skirt Ann intended; she knew which one it was. Short, dark, clingy ... and really, really fucking short, did she mention? It barely managed to cover her thick, juicy ass, giving the slightest peeks of her plain white panties from the back, and with as much as her fat ass made the fabric ride up, it was really easy for her to be flashing glimpses of her covered cunt to just about anyone that cared to look. Up top, she wore one of those white buttoned shirts but with the top few undone, hinting at her own modest cleavage and giving her an almost schoolgirl look ... but with a rather lewd, erotic bent. Thighhighs completed her ensemble, making her look a little bit like she was out on a date, but with a very specific end-goal in mind.

With her eyes glued to the natural sway of Makoto's wide hips, Ann bounced on her feet a little, heavy tits jostling in her tight shirt while enthusiastically waving the older girl over. There was little need to whisper or be quiet, at least for the moment, as the theater mostly seemed to be dead save for the bored girl behind the ticket counter. "Hey, Makoto!" Kotomi was a little more teasingly formal about the whole thing, and she did love the term 'little bitch' -- Ann was a bit more casual. For now.

Above all else, Makoto just wanted to be a good girl.

She just wanted to be able to make her owners happy, she wanted to do a good enough job pleasing them that they stroked her hair, wrapped her up in a hug, and told her what a good girl she'd been and how well she did in doing what she was told. There was something just so ... so freeing about all of that, about giving into her most base desires, about handing over her leash to her Queen -- or, in this case, Mistress Ann. Relinquishing control, devoting her entire self to someone else. With so much of the rest of her life consumed with her vast array of responsibilities -- to the student council, to her schoolwork, to the example she needed to set to those around her and to her sister, not to mention her new responsibilities with the Phantom Thieves -- there was just nothing like pushing all of that shit aside for awhile and surrendering to service and pleasure and pain and whatever else her owners decided to do with her.

Which, ultimately, was what was happening tonight. It wasn't like Makoto had never been on a date before, but despite how loose and casual Ann seemed to be about the whole thing, she still got the idea that this wasn't just going to be a ... normal date, by any stretch of the imagination. Ann wanted to do something to her, it was just that Makoto had no idea what that something was -- which, itself, was extremely exciting. The not knowing, being left in the dark, forced only to anticipate what new blissful torment she'd be put through.

Makoto's heart beat furiously in her chest when she spied the beautiful, busty blonde standing outside of the theater, granting the girl a bright smile, trying to hide her anxiety. "Good evening, M ..." A quick glance around ensured there wasn't anyone in hearing distance -- Kotomi made it very clear that Makoto's submission, her uncommon sort of relationship to both of her owners was something intended to remain, by and large, behind closed doors; as much as Makoto found it difficult to entirely repress that nearly self-destructive urge to display to everyone, everyone in her life what an eager little bitch she really was, she knew that she couldn't afford to do that. Not at all. As such, she soon leaned in a little more closely to the blonde: "Good evening, Mistress Ann," she managed this time. "I'm ... I'm glad you asked me out tonight." And she was! Her Queen was her true, genuine Mistress, no question -- she adored serving Kotomi, she adored everything her true owner did to her,
but Ann represented something more of an unknown quantity, and it was that uncertainty that fueled a lot of her excitement in the moment.

Plus, y'know, Ann was really hot.

"Well, you know! We've had chances to hang out here or there ..." Generally with their tongues in the other's mouth, mind. "... but we've never spent a lot of exclusive alone time together. Just you and me! Sooo, here we are!" Beaming that brilliant smile, Ann's big, blonde pigtails bounced as she nodded eagerly. "C'mon. Let's get our tickets, the show is starting soon!"

Wrapping her arm around Makoto, the blonde made cheerful, chattery small talk on the way to the ticket counter. "Two for the evening showing, please!" While making the transaction, though, one of Ann's hands fished about in her purse to pay, all while the other hand slowly slid down Makoto's back, letting her fingers gently just tease, press downward for only a moment, grazing across the upper curve of Makoto's fat shelf of juicy assflesh. Yes, Ann definitely intended to push the limits this evening, to let Makoto have just the slightest little taste of what she so yearned for. But, just as quick as her hand dipped down, Ann's hand pulled back, thanking the girl in the booth while the duo entered the theater properly. Even without the teasing, though, Ann's touch was rather pleasantly possessive and firm.

But Ann really was super casual, treating this like a normal date between two cute girls, happy to be out together and settling in to watch a movie. Of course, a little shiver ran through Makoto's (already thoroughly primed) body at the bare brush of the blonde's hand against the thick shelf of her ass, forcing Makoto to bite down on her lip to stifle a noise -- her ass, after all, was quite sensitive, and certainly her weakpoint overall.

Which Ann surely knew.

Naturally, to a squirming, uncertain Makoto, Ann did nothing to address any of this, particularly as they were now around other people, a small crowd milling around the concession stand. "Don't worry. If you need anything, I brought a couple of drinks and snacks and stuff. C'mon!" Oh, Ann seemed absolutely eager, her eyes seeming to practically gleam with excitement ... Thankfully, Ann's hunch and vigorous scouting had been correct: the night's last showing of X-Folders 3 was absolutely empty. Perfect. The movie had been a flop when it came out, so it had been a fairly safe assumption that the showing would be near, if not completely dead for the evening. With the film just a few short minutes to starting, they had the whole thing to themselves, and nobody seemed to be breaking down the doors to get in. All the better to seclude themselves in a corner and get nice and comfortable, oh yes.

Makoto, of course, was no idiot -- far from it. The older girl managed to piece together the general thrust of Ann's plans, that this wasn't just a casual little 'date' -- why the hell were they seeing X-Folders 3, of all things? And with nobody else around? That was perfectly fine with the busty model, as she didn't waste much time in making her move.

Makoto moved to settle her fat ass down in the seat next to Ann's, but instead she yelped in surprise as she found herself dragged to sit squarely in Ann's lap instead, very much taking up quite a lot of space atop the blonde's thighs. Makoto was a little bit shorter than Ann, certainly, and apart from her hips and ass she was smaller overall, but ... well, that fat ass just took up a lot of room.

Mnf, Makoto filled her lap so fucking well, with Ann unable to resist a soft little gasp at that ample rear settling down on her. Already, Ann's hands slipped along Makoto's body, dragging along that erotic schoolgirl look, though her greedy hands couldn't help but return again and again to those hips. Fuck, Ann thought she had some killer hips, but Makoto's easily blew them out of the water. Facing
away from Ann as she was, Makoto could likewise feel the curve of the blonde's heavy tits pressed against her back, the younger girl's nipples rather stiff and insistent.

"Nobody here to interrupt us. Just you and me, my sweet, fat-assed little pet," Ann hissed out. The lights finally went dark, the previews beginning, and still nobody entered the theater. It really did seem to be the two of them all alone in the dark, in semi-sorta-kinda-but-not-quite public.

"M -- Mistress Ann!" Makoto hissed in surprise, even though she felt her panties rapidly starting to grow wet from her excitement -- not just from being womanhandled, not just from Ann calling Makoto her little pet, but the fact that they're -- technically -- in public. Sure, there was no one else around and it was dark, but ... it did carry just a hint of risk of being caught, of being exposed for the slut she truly was, and fuck if that wasn't incredibly exciting.

Lazily rolling her hips slightly beneath Makoto's wider set, bouncing the older girl a little in her lap, Ann reached up to tug Makoto's hair, pulling her head back to capture her lips in a hot, searing kiss. Her hands groped away, tongue shamelessly diving deep between Makoto's lips, kissing heatedly all the way through an entire preview.

Makoto's ass ground down excitedly into Ann's lap as the blonde stole a long, heavy kiss from her, hands clinging to the armrests while Ann had her way with the older girl. Kotomi knew how to excite her better than anyone, but Ann really was picking up on a lot of Makoto's most sensitive spots pretty easily -- her approach to domination was quite different from her Queen's, but no less exciting, having given herself entirely to the hot blonde model for the time being.

Ann broke the kiss, her ample tits heaving just a bit beneath her tight shirt, a delighted, mischievous grin on her saliva-glistening lips. "Why ... somebody seems to be in the way of my view, mmh?"

"S-sorry, Mistress, let your fat-assed little pet ..." Makoto murmured, coming to lean forward to grip the chair in front of her, ducking her head forward -- and presenting that truly thick, juicy ass to the eager blonde. Her skirt rode up easily over the swell of her rear, revealing the way those white panties sought to vanish between jiggling, plump cheeks, the fabric already soaked through from her excitement and lust. Her heart absolutely raced with the mix of her exhibitionism and desire to be simply used. "There, is that ... is that better?" Teasing in her tone? Oh, of course. Not to mention a little roll of her hips to make that fat ass jiggle and bounce in obvious invitation. She was the submissive, sure, but she wasn't not about to just be a lazy, dead fish about the whole thing.

Eventually, the previews rolled to a close and the movie began, and it quickly became obvious why they were the only two in the theater. The acting was bad enough to not even qualify as laughably bad, the special effects were just good enough to register as disappointing, and the plot was a terrible jumble of half-dropped threads. Naturally, though, neither of the girls were paying much attention to the movie as Ann continued to handle the submissive older girl so brazenly. Yes, nobody else was around, but it was always possible that someone else could sneak in on them, perhaps even with a very similar idea. A lovely, low risk way to let Makoto indulge in her thrill of being a wanton, submissive little bitch in public with a near zero possibility of being caught. Though Ann wasn't one hundred percent Kotomi would have approved of such indulgence, there was nothing wrong with letting the lovely bottom heavy girl take just a nibble, a little taste of what she wanted ... right?

God! Ann bit down on her bottom lip at the sight of Makoto displaying herself, the perfect flesh of those plump, round cheeks right in front of her, wobbling and jiggling with the sway of the older girl's hips, that cunt just beneath already drooling, hot with the arousal of such need. For a moment, only a brief moment, Makoto's perfect, submissive display made Ann consider, nearly inspired her to call the whole thing off, to seek out Kotomi and to join Makoto on their knees, together for their mutual lover -- before gathering herself with a sharp intake of breath. (And remembering that Kotomi
was presently on her own date night with 'Miss Takemi' right now!)

"Mmmmm. Much better, pet." And as if to make her point, Ann raised up a hand and brought it down with a fair amount of force on that fat ass, the loud CRACK of her open palm hitting that juicy, bouncing flesh ringing out so very shamelessly in the theater. Even as Makoto's assflesh throbbed, reddened, Ann left her hand there -- her own heart hammering in her chest -- but seconds passed away and nobody said anything. Nobody noticed, nobody rushed in to stop them. "I think it's safe to say we're alone." Giggling, Ann grinned up at Makoto, that wickedness still gleaming in her eyes. "Oh, and before I forget, pet ... you're forbidden to cum. Not without asking and getting permission first, anyway!"

Makoto whimpered a little, knowing how difficult a feat that was going to be -- but then again, if she was a good girl for Kotomi when her Queen used all those vibrators and resisted cumming until she was allowed, then she could totally handle this, too ... even though her cunt was already fucking *drooling* into her panties, a situation that only grew more dire once Ann started to give Makoto the proper sort of spanking that an ass like hers truly deserved.

Ann launched into full on assault mode. Again, and again, her hands came crashing down on that presented, round shelf of targetable flesh, starting a little softer but building into harder and harder smack-smack-SMACK sounds, beginning to turn that fat ass properly red in very little time indeed. Not long after the spanking began, though, Ann pressed her face forward, not needing to lean in very far to plant herself right into Makoto's dripping pussy, lips and tongue flying into motion to eat the older girl out right there in the theater.

If there was anything the blonde girl had gotten good at thanks to Kotomi, it was putting her soft, plump lips and wriggling, eager tongue to expert use. "Moan for me, little bitch!" Barely keeping her giggles down, Ann cried out the command to Makoto, the sound of her voice muffled thanks to her position between Makoto's thighs.

"M-Mistress, yes! Spank your filthy little bitch!" she cried out when bidden, feeling *such* a thrill running through her to do so where others *might* have heard. Sure, no one else was around, no one was actually *going* to hear ... but it wasn't impossible that someone might come in. That someone could come along and see Makoto Nijima bent over with her skirt hiked up while a lovely blonde spanked her -- and buried her face between Makoto's thick thighs, teasing at her plump cunt, drawing further moans of delight as she ground herself down against Ann's face. Kotomi had eaten Makoto out on a handful of occasions -- sure, Makoto was usually on the giving end of that exchange, but Kotomi wasn't the *most* selfish lover out there -- but it was clear to the older girl in an instant that Ann was much, much better at eating pussy than her Queen -- undoubtedly plenty more experience!

If nothing else, being eaten out in public was what nearly brought Makoto over the edge, hands digging whiteknuckled grip into the chair in front of her as she struggled not to cum, as she struggled to be a good little bitch for her owner, but it was getting harder and harder and she really was terrified she was about to let Ann down and ask to please please be allowed to cum like the needy little slut she was when Ann finally drew her mouth away, leaving Makoto panting, shaky, horny out of her mind.

Ann understood that, in a relationship like this, there was a lot responsibility on her shoulders: to care for and look after her pet. A responsibility which, in all honesty, she might have been failing at the moment: yes, she was letting Makoto finally live a bit of her desire to be free, to be herself in a public setting. But just because nobody had walked in so far didn't mean that somebody *couldn't* walk in at some point and bring everything crashing down. While Ann was a touch naive in her planning, she knew full well they could both be in deep trouble if they were caught.
All the more, Ann wasn’t really thinking about any of that right now.

Calming herself, Ann allowed Makoto a chance to catch her own breath, letting her hands teasingly roam over that juicy assflesh, seizing it a little from beneath, letting it bounce in her hands. "Has your Queen fucked you properly, yet?" Ann offered, even as her hands teasingly roamed along Makoto's body, seeming to pause for a moment at that pussy, before suddenly lurching upwards, letting her fingers pet at those thick cheeks, probing at the -- rather exceptionally trained -- hole between them. Letting Makoto know exactly which hole Mistress Ann referred to.

Kind of hard for her to think in this state, much less respond to questions, but at least they were simple questions to answer: "N-no, Queen hasn't ... um ... fucked my fat ass yet. Not with h-her cock, anyway." As much as she had dreamed about it. As much as she had gotten herself off to fantasies about it when alone in her bed, hands plunged into her panties as she imagined being bent over right there in a school classroom where every student could watch while Kotomi pounded that wonderfully huge cock into her fat ass, letting everyone see what a dirty little bitch she really was ... Fuck, she just about came just thinking about it.

And while Kotomi might not have forbidden the older, fat assed girl from such -- did Makoto want to save herself for her Queen? "We could get you prepared for her, you know ... making sure you know just how to please her best." Ooh, it was a dirty trick, and Ann knew it -- but she just couldn't help herself, much like with Makoto in general. It didn't help things either that Ann's hands, her fingers didn't ever sit still back there, either!

If nothing else, all of her toy usage would surely make it easy enough for even the very gifted Kotomi to fuck her when the day came, Makoto thought. Ann mentioned a little practice in that realm, though, and Makoto perked up -- even the mere promise of being able to please Kotomi a little more got Makoto's attention. "P-prepared? I want to make my Queen happier more than anything ... will you really help me, Mistress Ann?" Would that involve Ann fucking her, somehow? The idea of the blonde using a toy certainly crossed her mind, and she hesitated visibly -- even while she was still rocking those wide hips against Ann's teasing touch. That would be giving a kind of virginity away to someone that wasn't her Queen, but it wasn't the same as being fucked by a real cock ... which, of course, was a privilege she'd give only to Kotomi now and forever.

"Yes -- yes! Please, Mistress Ann, help me be a better bitch for my Queen!"

Makoto Niijima was living out one of her deepest fantasies. Sure, there wasn't a crowd around, she didn't have spectators all watching her submit and beg for more, beg to be used, witnessing what a hedonistic little bitch she really was ... but they were still in public, she was still very much exposed to her Mistress Ann, and she loved every second of it. Ann didn't quite have the same feel or touch as Kotomi -- she didn't hold quite the same level of importance as her Queen -- but Makoto still treated the blonde girl with something close to reverence, excited beyond measure at the simple promise of Ann helping her to please Kotomi even better once the day arrived when her Queen fucked her in the ass. Oh, Makoto couldn't wait for that, couldn't wait for the day Kotomi took her into the Velvet Room and fucked her senseless, treating her the way she had longed to be treated ... but she also wanted to make sure she was going to do it right and not disappoint the most important woman in her life.

But speaking of not disappointing her Queen ... Kotomi didn't specifically disallow her from getting her ass fucked, but Makoto also got the idea that it was a privilege Kotomi wanted to claim for herself. Was it okay, doing this with Mistress Ann, since it wasn't even a real cock? Was it different enough? Fuck, the last thing she wanted to do is go against her owner's expectations, but in this moment, Makoto was so caught up in her lust and excitement and willingness to submit to the
authority of her second Mistress that she just couldn't quite worry about it too much. Kotomi would surely understand, she thought; she'd understand when Makoto explained that it was all to help make sure her ass would be perfect for her Queen to ravage. She'd been training her fat ass for a long time now, after all; this was just another step in that process.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Ann knew she was going to catch holy hell from Kotomi for this -- all of it -- but she already came this far. Made all these plans. And so her hands continued to tease those ample, juicy cheeks, letting her fingers bounce and wobble those soft mounds, even as those digits pressed inward between them, prodding teasingly at that trained little hole. "Mmmhh. Of course I'll help you, little pet. That's what a good Mistress is for, right? I know you're so looking forward to it ... I bet you dream about it, don't you, little bitch?" Ann cooed, reaching to finally turn Makoto to face her, yanking the girl down with one hand for a deep, lustful kiss, letting Makoto taste her own arousal on Ann's tongue and full, plush lips.

Lost in her own lusts, her needs, Ann so easily played and works over Makoto's body. Her hands seemed to be fucking everywhere, roaming over the older girl's form, squeezing, pulling, groping, spanking in just the right spots, loving every last little writh and squirm Makoto made. And the kisses -- oh, the kissing! Kotomi, her beloved girlfriend, kissed much like Ann: hot, wet, firey and full of intense passion. Makoto, though? That need, that very ache to serve, to please was practically burned into Makoto's very soul, and it showed in the way she kissed -- submissive and yielding to a fault, yet with an intensity, a drive mirroring her tongue's own push to claim Makoto's mouth.

All the while, her other hand fished about in her purse, pulling free a rather girthy looking toy. Grinning, Ann broke the kiss as she nudged Makoto to the side. "Mistress needs a moment to prepare. Let me see those fingers keeping yourself nice and wet, mmh?"

"I do, I dream about it all the time ... I want Mistress to help me so badly, I need you to fuck me, please!" Makoto begged, before she got caught up in a hungry kiss, happily pressing her soft body up against Ann's for the moment, only to be told to be a patient little slut and keep herself wet in the process. Which she gladly did, her hand snaking instantly down between her spread thighs, keeping them far apart so that her Mistress could easily watch Makoto's fingers working in her own sopping cunt -- she had to be careful, she was already so close to the brink of climax, and Ann told her not to cum without permission. Two fingers slipped inside that drooling honeypot, ensuring she stayed oh-so-nice and wet and excited for her Mistress.

Again, just like with Makoto's earlier presenting, Ann brought herself to a complete stop for a moment, her lidded eyes widening slightly at the sight before her. Makoto was one of the most brilliant, most capable girls that Ann knew, perhaps even slightly more so than Kotomi, even -- and here she was, standing before Ann, fingers pumping at her horny, drooling cunt, gazing at the blonde with adoration and yearning to please. It was almost too much. Fuck! While Ann didn't intend to make any sort of power play against Kotomi, didn't dream of such, she made a mental note: perhaps she could purchase Becky's services one evening for her own ...

Ann rose up from her seat, her heart starting to race even faster in her chest. At this point, they could still easily both have walked out of the theater, both somewhat a hot mess, but still decent. The bubbly blonde paused for a moment, thumbs hooked in those tight little shorts, before she took the plunge, wiggling and yanking them down her legs, panties and all. There was no further hesitation as she fit the toy onto herself, stepping into the straps and letting the base slip tight and snug into her own hot, dripping pussy with a soft moan. Taking her seat once more, Ann looked positively filthy in the dimly lit theater, a curvy figure with a thick spire jutting from between her thighs, which she oh-so lewdly wrapped a hand around and began to slowly stroke. "Mmmhh. If I know your Queen, pet, she'd likely start you off with getting those pretty lips all nice and wrapped around her cock, to worship and make it all nice and slick and ready to pound her fat-assed little bitch." Nevermind that
in the Velvet Room, lubrication wasn't really needed -- but she sure wasn't going to try and take Makoto dry here in reality, that was for sure.

"On your knees, slut."

On her knees, just as ordered, the floor sticky and dirty but she didn't even give a shit, she'd get as filthy as she could if either of her owners told her to.

"Don't worry, pet. I'll make sure to treat that fat ass like it was meant to be treated..." Ann groaned, purred, her hand slowly, steadily stroking that fat, faux-cock, lusty eyes still locked on Makoto's shameless, self-pleasuring display. The toy jutting from between the blonde's lovely thighs was certainly large, easily in the same class of toys Makoto was used to stuffing herself with -- and yet, still smaller than the vision of that magnificent cock your owner had endlessly teased you with, the throbbing length of swollen, Queenly dick that haunted your dreams night after night, wasn't it, Makoto?

"Yes, Mistress Ann! Thank you, Mistress!" Makoto chirped excitedly, wrapping both hands around the thick toy jutting from Ann's body -- fake or not, she was happy to lean in and struggle to wrap her lips around it -- she really didn't have a whole lot of cocksucking experience, admittedly. Plenty of pussy-eating experience -- no fucking end of that! -- but when it came to this particular anatomy? She was pretty limited -- but eager, oh so eager to please Mistress Ann, letting the first several inches slip into her warm, wet mouth and even into the entrance of her throat.

It was good practice, too, and she was happy to adjust with any kind of feedback her owner gave her, glancing up every so often to meet Mistress Ann's gaze -- and it never once even occurred to her to glance to the entrances of the theater. Sure, it was halfway through a bad movie, who was going to come in? But ... she didn't care. Not at all. Right now, she was lost in the throes of submission, and nothing else mattered.

Letting the submissive, bottom-heavy bitch take over, Ann reclined slightly in her chair, shivering and gasping out as Makoto began to get to work. "Mmmm ... consider this double training, you know. Kotomi will want your ass most, but she also does love having her cock sucked. And, ooooh, Makoto, are you sure you haven't done this before?" Mistress Ann teased, one hand coming up to paw at her own heavy, ample tits through her thin top now slightly damp with sweat from excitement -- the other reaching out to take a firm grasp of Makoto's hair and yank, tug, pull every which way. She didn't shy her eyes away from Makoto's, glancing past the line of her cleavage, gazing down with those needy, lustful eyes. "Cockcsucking little bitch." The words were groaned, gasped out from Ann's soft lips, though not without affection.

Ann could have just enjoyed this for a little while, watching Makoto's clumsy, but eager bobbing along the shaft, slowly thrusting her hips to push deeper, into the older girl's throat with that massive, fake prick. Ah, but they were on a schedule of sorts, weren't they? Pleasant as the image, the sensations were, Ann allowed Makoto to keep working away at that shaft, fucking her face slightly, before finally giving a yank back, using her grip in Makoto's hair to tug her away. Reaching into her bag to grab a tiny bottle -- she came prepared! -- Ann applied further lubrication to the already drool slickened toy. Makoto was so well trained and Ann so desperately wanted to get to work, but she didn't want to hurt Makoto! Thankfully, the process only took a few moments longer, and Ann couldn't help but shiver a little at feeling the slickened length between her fingers, flashbacks of the night shared with Kotomi and Becky flickering through her mind. But, ah, at this point, there was only really one last order to give, wasn't there? "Up. And back into position. It's time."

Up and into position, Makoto scrambled to comply, whirling around to face away from Mistress Ann and jutting that fat, thick ass out for Ann's enjoyment, fingers clutching in tightly to the seat in front
of her for leverage and balance, her lush thighs spread wide, cunt drooling down her thighs -- fuck, she wanted this, she wanted this more than anything! "Yes, Mistress Ann! Please ... please fuck this little bitch!" she gasped, begging.

Bent over the chair in front of them once more -- and Makoto was barely bent over before Ann's hands filled themselves with those plump, juicy cheeks, squeezing and handling that fat, rounded rear, fingers sinking into the soft flesh. Those hands busied themselves, tugging at those cheeks, flipping up Makoto's skirt and nudging panties aside, preparing herself. Shifting her hips, letting the fat, slickened tip line up with that tiny, well readied hole. "Steady, pet ..." Ann whispered, letting everything linger for just a moment longer, capturing the picture of Makoto bent over before her in her mind ... before pushing forward with her hips. It was a testament to both how thick the toy was and just how trained Makoto was that it went easier than Ann expected, but still stretched out Makoto so fucking full. It was a struggle, a fucking difficult one at that, but Ann resisted the urge to start thrusting, to really start in on Makoto just yet still, easing herself in slowly inch by inch within those juicy cheeks, into that tight little hole. But slowly, steadily, with their combined efforts, that brightly colored toy vanished until Ann found herself hilted, the heavy swells of her breasts squashed against Makoto's back, the blonde's pigtails dangling.

It was in that instant -- and only for an instant -- that Makoto felt a pang of guilt; this first time really should have gone to Kotomi -- but she was too fucking horny and too dedicated to pleasing Mistress Ann to call it off now. "Fuck me ... fuck my fat ass, please!" she cried out, probably a lot louder than she should have, but she was just too worked up.

"Let it go, Makoto." The words were whispered, dripping with lust and desire, Ann's lips at the older girl's ear. "Scream. Cry out. Cum your brains out for Mistress like a good -- little -- bitch!" From there, Mistress Ann had no mercy. The first few thrusts were somewhat slower affairs, the fat length of fake cock sliding in, out of Makoto's fat ass, but it wasn't long before her hips really started to get to work, slamming herself forward, properly fucking that juicy rear. The sound of flesh slapping flesh began to ring out as Ann took her own advice, crying, yelling out shamelessly as she enjoyed an orgasm of her own, juices trickling down her thighs and making the sticky floor beneath them all the more of a mess. At some point through it all, too, Ann grabbed yet another thick handful of Makoto's hair, tugging and yanking, her other hand dealing out smack after smack to those meaty cheeks, getting such a fucking thrill out of seeing them wobble and jiggle away. All while the awful movie continued, still not yet even to the halfway point!

Ann told her to let go, to scream and cry out and cum -- and she did. Oh, fuck, she did, loudly screaming her pleasure, making way too much goddamn noise but she didn't care, she didn't CARE, her wide hips shoving backward to help ensure every last bit of that fake cock found its way inside of her ass, hungry to be fucked, hungry to be pounded, hungry to be used. She came, her poor cunt squirming to add to the increasing mess on her thighs and down on the floor, but nothing else mattered. At all. There was a movie happening a million miles away but Makoto lost herself in the raw bliss of service, of being fucked and being used for her true purpose. To give herself to someone like this, to just completely surrender her body and self ... it was what she wanted. What she dreamed of.

She hoped in that moment that it would never, ever end, all thoughts of guilt -- and, if she had to be absolutely, bluntly honest -- all thoughts of her Queen driven entirely out of her mind.

For now, neither girl was doing a whole lot of thinking at all. Makoto was finally -- finally! -- getting so many things she wanted all in one, getting her fat ass pounded silly and on semi-public display where anyone could see the flawless class president whimpering like a common whore ... and Ann was so lost in her position, the pleasures of power. Seeing Makoto Nijimya whimpering, mewling, presenting herself like such a hedonistic, desperate and submissive little bitch before her... yeah.
Yeah, Ann decided she liked this side of herself very much, indeed.

And Ann fucked Makoto hard. The hand in Makoto's hair didn't let up, only tightening her messy, chaotic handhold, yanking haphazardly. The blonde's other hand finally seemed to find a decent spot, gripping tight to the older girl's wider, breeding hips, clutching tightly as her own hips rolled again and again, slamming and smacking against Makoto's juicy, heavenly ass. Having kept her own voice quiet, with all caution and thought tossed to the wind, Makoto wasn't the only one yelling, screaming, Ann's pigtails bouncing wildly with every deep, pounding thrust. Yelling, whimpering, gasping, moaning -- all of it, along with the ever faster, harder impact of Ann's body against Makoto's bent over form, the movie practically drowned out by such a point. Ann drooled, not only with her sloppy, boiling hot cunt dripping down her thighs, but droplets of drool, glossy spittle leaked down her chin, so utterly lost together with Makoto in surrender of shameless, base urges.

There was a second orgasm, a third quickly approaching, as every thrust into Makoto repeatedly drove the other end of the toy again and again back into Ann, screaming together in such wanton bliss --

-- and that's when the door to the theater opened.

Lucky Makoto was utterly lost in her pleasure, in the sheer delight of getting fucked right in the ass by her Mistress, pounded relentlessly with a fake cock that filled her up just as well as some of her largest toys ... but Kotomi would be even larger, won't she? Judging from what she'd been told, judging from how her Queen had teased her about exactly what was going to happen to her, this was a mere prelude to what her Queen was going to put her through. Of course, the fact that this was semi-public, semi-exposed did make this more than delightful, any worry about being caught completely out of her mind, clutching onto the seat in front of her with a whiteknuckled grip while Mistress Ann fucked her senseless, sending her careening from one climax to the next; she made such a mess of her thighs, of the carpet beneath her, she just desperately never ever wanted this to end.

And it didn't.

If the space outside of the theater showing the film had been dark, Ann would have kept on going -- not even realizing. Thankfully, when the door opened, it threw a bit of light into the otherwise mostly dark room, just enough to snap Ann out of her haze. The blonde girl immediately went quiet, and finally, finally released her grip in Makoto's hair, but only so she could slap her hand over Makoto's face, attempting to quiet her immediately. At the same time, in as smooth a motion as she could manage, Ann twisted herself while holding onto Makoto to bring the older girl down. Down, fully, all the way, in the dark and on that sticky, filthy floor, now newly damp and wet with their mixed juices. It was a very puddle of such on the messy carpeted floor that Ann practically slammed Makoto's head against, a little harder than she meant to, but the floor was thankfully soft -- as she whispered, practically hissed a command. "Don't. Make. A. Fucking. Sound." Even though logic told them both to stop, to put an end to it -- it wasn't that easy, was it? Even as she made that demand of Makoto, to stay quiet, to go from screaming to holding it in, even in Ann's moment of having a clear head -- her own hips didn't stop, still grinding, pushing, thrusting into that fat ass, that round bubble of a rear that pushed out so enticingly far with Makoto flat beneath her. There was no easy stopping it, not with both of them so far gone, not until they were entirely finished.

It was hard for Makoto to keep her voice down, to obey her Mistress' order and not make a sound, but somehow she did it -- fortunately, she was aided by the fact that any sounds she did make were muffled by the carpet she was pressed down against, but she did try to be a good girl and not alert the other people in the theater to her presence. Soon enough, however, the little bitch just about ... collapsed, exhausted, sweaty, worn out on the floor beneath Mistress Ann, her constant orgasms finally fading to be replaced with the warm fuzziness that came with knowing she did a good job,
knowing that she made her owner happy, that she really was a good girl.

Of course, Makoto had no idea that Ann knew the identity of the two people that just walked into the theater.

There was plenty for Kotomi or anyone to critique about Ann's plan, but the bubbly blonde girl was no idiot. Ryuji and Yusuke were surprisingly easy to buy out for an early evening for an hour or two, to have them watch the ticket counter and the theater door. All she had to do was provide them enough money to buy all the popcorn and snacks they could possibly want. And then -- on her signal from a prepared text message -- the two boys were to come in, take a seat in the front row and continue having a good, but silent time. All to continue giving Makoto the illusion of being fucked in public, complete with other people to raise the stakes all the higher. (Mind, while the boys weren't a part of Kotomi's little harem, they weren't blind or stupid as to what had been going on -- and, to their credit, they had been generally pretty supportive.) The plan had derailed somewhat, as most plans did -- Ann never had the chance to send her signal, never had a moment to pause and hit send, having vastly underestimated how fucking good the whole experience would be. Thankfully the boys seemed to have figured out the need to show up!

And so, the last part of Makoto's date with Mistress Ann involved having her fat ass fucked into the floor, head held down in a puddle of their mixed arousal, combined with whatever else caused the stickiness of dirty movie theater carpets. The blonde girl kept the pressure on the back of Makoto's head, to keep her little pet quiet as she could, all while desperately biting back her own whimpers, her own mewling gasps, slamming down again and again and again, bodies writhing until the hottest part of that intense, burning lust finally cooled.

Until Ann's hips finally, finally began to slow down, letting herself fully collapse atop of Makoto, panting, gasping into the back of the submissive girl's neck, both of them an absolute mess of sweat and arousal and gods only knew what else. Clinging to Makoto, just cuddling, of sorts, for a moment -- she whispered words again and again to her lovely pet and friend, praising Makoto for such a job well done, lazily stroking, petting her body. Curiosity did get the best of Ann, though, even as one hand patted around on the floor to find her discarded shorts and bag, her head peeking up above the chairs for a moment. She'd told the boys to be as quiet as they could, but with how loudmouthed Ryuji was, she never expected them to be this quiet.

Oh.

Huh. How about that?

Even with the other girl beneath her, Ann couldn't help but stare for a long moment, finding herself holding back a wave of tired giggles. Yes, that was definitely Ryuji and Yusuke up there, sitting together in the front row. Except, if Ann wasn't mistaken, the boys certainly seemed to be sitting plenty close, lips locked together in a very steamy looking makeout session. Hell, good for them! At least she finally had something to tease them back with. But, mmm, that was for later. For now, there was making sure Makoto was alright, and slowly, steadily, quietly breaking the two of them apart, letting out a quiet groan as she finally pulled free from that juicy ass. "C-come on. We need to clean up and get out of here. N-nobody the wiser, yeah?" Fuck, Ann was exhausted, and in a way somewhat different than all the times she'd been with Kotomi, but ... in a good way.

Only once Makoto was able to actually feel her legs again did she manage to start putting herself back together -- she was still a fucking mess and her flushed skin and messy hair and slick thighs certainly showed it, but she could at least get her clothes back in their proper positions, managing to get herself up off of the floor as she reached into her purse for a brush to make herself look a little more presentable ...
... and then she, too, spied Ryuji and Yusuke, filling her with amusement at seeing the two boys going at it, as well as relief that no strangers had seen what she and Ann were up to. They must have been in on it, she realized in a heartbeat, and that really was a colossal relief -- good to know they were such good sports about the whole thing. Hell, seeing them making out like that did relieve Makoto in a different way; she always felt vaguely bad for the both of them, given that the girls of the group were all involved with one another, but if they at least had one another, perhaps it wasn't such a big deal after all.

Makoto giggled softly in amusement and exhilaration, doing her best to use the handkerchief she carried in her purse to clean up her thighs as much as she could, and she met Mistress Ann's gaze.

"Th ... thank you, Mistress. For everything -- for all of this." She shivered, visibly. "You were a-amazing, and I'm really happy you did all of this for me." Kotomi, however, might be less than happy when she learns all of the details of this, Makoto would soon think to herself ... but for once Makoto wasn't super worried about her Queen. She would be soon -- hell, she'd be preoccupied with thoughts of her Queen moments after leaving the theater -- but right now, she was Mistress Ann's girl.

Ann couldn't help but just grin at Makoto, the two girls giggling quietly together at the boys enjoying a moment of intimacy all their own. Both girls were so completely exhausted, that it was just ... nice to catch their breath for a moment, sitting together on the messy floor. Eventually Ann finally managed to slip herself out of that toy and carefully wiped it down, placing it back in her purse. And, while they were certainly a mess, Mistress Ann also finally managed to wiggle back into her shorts, carefully straightening everything out. Even with Makoto's brush, even with cleaning one another off, the 'damage' was a bit severe -- it'd be a decent little while before the color in either girl's cheeks faded, let alone the smell and sweat of their bodies. Having an eyebrow or two raised at them, however, was vastly preferable to being caught literally fucking in public, though! "Mmh. I'm glad you enjoyed it! I know you've really... fantasized about stuff like this. A lot. So I wanted to make sure you had a chance to experience a little of it. Hey, it all worked out, right?" And, to be fair to Ann, those were a few very important points! Nothing bad ultimately happened, with the Mistress -- more or less, kinda -- in control from the start. Plus, even if she was sorta reckless, her intentions were very much pure.

Well. As pure as fucking your girlfriend's cherished fat-assed little pet in semi-public could be, anyway.

"Dunno about you, but I'm starving after that! C'mon. Let's go freshen up, get a bite to eat real quick and ... leave the boys to themselves, huh?"
Ann practically tackled Kotomi at the door when she came over to Leblanc the next day, grinning from ear to ear. Calming herself a little, though, she did play the role of dutiful girlfriend: if there was one thing Tae didn't do, it was get Kotomi a decent meal, and the girl was simply starving after such a long evening and tender morning. Thankfully, the bubbly blonde thought ahead and had burgers ready, her grin only growing wider and wider as Kotomi shared details over the meal: what Kotomi and Tae had done the night prior, where they had been, where she spent the night. With that taken care of, and with a great many things to tease Kotomi fucking mercilessly over, hands and lips started to wander as they always seemed to do when Ann and Kotomi were together. "And when are you going to let me have a turn, mmm?" Giggling, Kotomi's lovely girlfriend pawed between the other girl's thighs between hot, eager little kisses.

It was in the midst of this little conversation, with Ann in her lap, the blonde's full tits pulled out of her top and practically shoved into Kotomi's face, that she received a text. Understandably, Kotomi didn't check it immediately, lips and hands going to town on Ann's chest. Don't get her wrong, Kotomi had a lot of various feelings for the hot, gothy doctor -- but after spending an evening with so many bustier women around ... it was nice to just get back to this. Still, it was Ann who brought Kotomi's phone to her attention, gasping, laughing as she practically tugged that darker head of hair out from her cleavage. "Mn, I think Futaba is trying to reach you ..."

The little redhead insisted via text that she wanted to meet up with Kotomi right away. As soon as possible. 'I want you to meet with me right now and take me to that place,' it read, the little hacker more than a little insistent. Of course Futaba knew about the Velvet Room; it came up in conversation between Kotomi and Ann occasionally, and she had enough eyes and ears out there that she was able to pick up on what it was and what they used it for. As such ... it was her turn, right? Or so Kotomi imagined to be the younger girl's reasoning, and it was true enough; Futaba hadn't been as openly affectionate with anyone the way Ann or Makoto was with Kotomi, but ... when she could sneak little moments away with Kotomi, she certainly expressed no small amount of interest in the older girl, begging for kisses, for exploration, for her own share of attention. And now ... now she wanted a little more, right?

That place? Right now?

"Go on! I might have some plans this afternoon, anyway ... I thought you might need a bit longer to recover from being so utterly wrecked," Ann giggled. "But you know the 'rule' --" Ann wanted to hear alllll about it, later. And so, with a long, deep kiss and various gropes from Ann, Kotomi found herself walking the short distance to the Sakura residence. Not that it was a far walk outside the house, though: the familiar flicker of blue popped up just at the edge of her vision down the alleyway next to the house. It was a touch strange that Futaba was the one kicking this off, but who was Kotomi to complain?

Now, it was notable that little Futaba had ... next to zero experience with anything sexual. Other than what she did with Kotomi off and on -- mostly a lot of making out, occasional opportunities to bury her face between Kotomi's thighs or vice-versa, and just a handful of friendly little kisses and exploring with ever-open, bubbly Ann, the poor girl was pretty inexperienced. That wasn't to say that she didn't have any knowledge, given just how much she watched and read on the internet -- the girl knew what happened, she knew how to do things, she knew what was expected of her, but there was a difference between knowing how to do something and actually doing it.

But she had to try sometime, right? And ever since she learned about the Velvet Room and what
Kotomi and Ann used it for ... well, she immediately pieced together how she intended to use it. How it would be the absolute perfect mechanism by which to enact her fantasies -- fantasies that, for the last while, focused solely around Kotomi. The other girls in the group were cute enough, sure, but it was Kotomi that Futaba utterly worshipped, it was Kotomi who rescued her from her prison, it was Kotomi who was so kind and welcoming to her when no one else would.

Well. Either way, she was a little nervous when she sent out the text -- part of her fears that Kotomi would see and ignore her request, that she would be too busy with other girls, that Kotomi thought Futaba didn't have anything to offer the way, say, Ann did -- but that was only a part of her, lingering fear and self-doubt from her long self-imprisonment. Futaba waited outside the house for Kotomi to arrive, and she couldn't help but grin ear to ear at the girl actually approaching, hopping up from her squatting position to greet the older girl.

"I didn't know if you were gonna come right away. Glad you did." Slight hesitation, before she lifted up on tiptoes to grant Kotomi the quickest little kiss, embarrassment flooding her cheeks -- they never expressed affection in public before, after all. "So, are you gonna take me to that place? I'm curious about it." And she made countless plans about what she wanted to do in there; she had contingency after contingency, plans to be enacted based on exactly how it worked.

"Of course I'd come. Or at least I'd let you know if I wasn't!" Kotomi laughed, grinning down a little at the younger girl. Fuck, she was cute, the way she had to lean up like that to kiss her lips. While Kotomi didn't push the issue, not wanting to entirely force the girl from her comfort zone, she did return the kiss, reaching her arms out to gently grab Futaba's sides, holding her still to allow the kiss to linger for a second or two longer. "Mm, you know, you don't have to keep listening in like that. You can just come stay in my room sometimes! I know Ann wouldn't mind if you watched. And you'd probably make Makoto really squirm if you did, so ... I don't see a downside?" Teasing, teasing, as Kotomi grinned at the girl.

"C'mon. I'll take you there -- this way ..." Nodding, the older girl reached out to take a gentle grasp of Futaba's hand, squeezing it firmly. "Mmn. How much, exactly, do you know about ... that place?" Kotomi took her time, even with it being a rather short walk down a back alley mostly away from the public eye -- just being out and about with Futaba 'publicly' as such would hopefully help continue drawing the girl from her shell. Plus, she was curious, knowing that Futaba listened in to a lot of the conversations she has in Leblanc, but did she listen to ... everything? A few short months ago, she might have thought otherwise, but Kotomi had to admit being a 'forced' exhibitionist was kinda fun.

"Oh, I just know what I've overheard from you and Ann. Something related to the same pocket dimension that a Palace is in, some kind of cognitive space, and ..." She shrugged a little, color quickly enflaming her cheeks. "I know you and Ann go in there to ... have some time together, and that there are some things you can only do in there." Things that she hoped worked for her, too. Remembering how she changed when she was in the cognitive space of her own Palace, she had a hunch that this ... Velvet Room or whatever might work similarly. And if it did, then ... well, then her plans would surely proceed apace. If she could do it properly. If she could convince Kotomi to go along with it. If Kotomi was even interested in that kind of thing! Oh, what if she wasn't? The fact that she was willingly taking Futaba into the Room certainly suggested that she was, at least, sexually interested in the little redhead, but what if it wasn't like that?

Worries and insecurities plagued Futaba even as they walked that short distance before she sudenly realized that Kotomi just sort of ... disappeared. Panic flared into her heart for the barest moment, before she saw that curious blue, and soon she traveled as well, finding herself in the Velvet Room along with Kotomi. Along with a very ... enhanced Kotomi, she realized, the smaller girl sort of taking a moment to just gape at her erstwhile date. Kotomi sighed with quiet delight as she slipped back into that body she adored so much. There was her standard form in reality, as well as her usual,
more feminine body in the cognitive realm -- but this body? This body outclassed them both by far, so utterly, lewdly excessive, that striped jumpsuit so absurdly stretched with absolutely enormous, mountainous tits, mind-boggling wide hips complete with her thick, juicy rear, and the fat slab of cockmeat creating such an obscene bulge down her leggings.

"Whoa! You got big!" To say the least. Kotomi's figure outclassed ... fuck, everyone Futaba had ever seen outside of the pages of the most depraved doujin, and she found herself staring at the other girl when she felt ... ah, Kotomi wasn't the only one who changed, just like Futaba thought.

Futaba's outfit didn't change -- that white t-shirt, those shorts -- and nor did much of her body, still the small, slender girl she always was ... except for the oh-so-noticeable bulge down between her thighs, currently swelling and hardening with her mounting arousal at the sight of Kotomi's enhanced figure. Those tits alone! Futaba's hand shot down to her own bulge, testingly splaying fingers over it even as it snaked its way down the leg of her shorts, threatening to extend right past that boundary and stick out into the open, a little shiver running through her body as she found out just how sensitive she really was. Very.

"Yeah, I got big." Kotomi giggled a little smugly, a little matter of factly. While Ann and Becky were one thing, and she could guess at what changes would happen to Makoto, Kotomi was super curious to see what sort of changes happened to the youngest of the group. Certainly, she had a few stray little thoughts, fantasies about the redhead, but nothing -- immediately -- stood out, like with the other girls. "And you got --" Kotomi began, finally turning towards the smaller girl, to see that she seemed to be very rapidly becoming not so small in one very particular way. That -- that wasn't what Kotomi expected at all. Or maybe it was? A vague memory flashed in her mind for a brief moment, of the small girl and such a fat dick bulging so obscenely in her battle outfit ...

Futaba, meanwhile, was distracted with herself. "Yes, it worked!" Just like she thought it would. Just like she knew it would. The girl always had a knack for figuring out systems, figuring out the rules of things ... and figuring out exactly how she could break those rules to suit herself. It was just like any game she played and mastered, right? Figure out the rules, and then figure out how to abuse them for her own personal benefit.

Curiously, Kotomi did reach out around that time, pressing her will, her cognition against Futaba, only to find -- nothing. If Caroline and Justine were a brick wall, the little hacker's will seemed to be made nearly of steel. Futaba's will felt absolute, immovable, impossible to alter and change -- she was a small, weak girl not fit for fighting out in the real world or even in the Metaverse, but here where simple will ruled all ... well. She spent her entire life on the Internet, which itself was sort of a cognitive space, where one could rewrite things to suit them -- she was used to this kind of thing already, and for once, Kotomi was helpless in what was supposed to be her sanctuary. While the older girl doubted Futaba would ever harm her or anything like that -- the thought didn't cross her mind at all! -- she did feel a rising sense of ... vulnerability, as Futaba's grin only grew more and more wicked. This was supposed to be her domain! Her will was supposed to be near absolute in the Velvet Room! This -- this wasn't how things are supposed to ...

Focusing on Kotomi once more, the little redhead had such a mischievous grin on her lips, before abruptly reaching out with both hands to fill themselves with Kotomi's oh-so-abundant titflesh, groping and squeezing mercilessly -- and at the same time, Futaba pushed her cognition, her will to make those breasts much more sensitive than they were already. Again, a test -- as she knew the Velvet Room was absolutely a cognitive space, she believed that whoever had the greatest, the most powerful cognition decided how things went, right? And judging by the fact their bodies changed, physical changes would bend to cognition as well.

"Futaba!" Kotomi gasped out as those hands sunk into her titflesh. Those globes were enormous,
simply absurdly sized mounds of soft flesh that dominated the front of Kotomi's figure. Even before Futaba made them more sensitive, those hands sinking into all that flesh -- and, fuck, it looked so obscene, those small hands practically seeming to vanish as flesh squished through them -- felt good. She always adored when Ann played with her tits here, but there was something different this time. With Ann, they were more or less equals, but the redhead had that grin on her lips, and those hands - - at least from Kotomi's perspective -- pushed, pressed against her flesh like they belonged there. As if it wasn't shy, little Futaba currently filling her hands with Kotomi's massive, barely held back tits, but someone who knew what she wanted and fucking went for it.

Someone a little more like Kotomi.

"Nnh -- F-Futaba!" Oooooh, Futaba -- didn't it feel kind of fucking nice to hear the older girl moaning, whimpering your name? After so many nights listening to her groaning out for Ann, Makoto, Becky ... it was a nice change. Speaking of changes, the sheer amount of force applied to her fat, heavy breasts, to make them so more intensely sensitive, and caught so off guard as she is, Kotomi's knees quivered and gave out beneath her. If anything, though, considering how absurdly stacked she was and Futaba's size, it just presented those near lap dominating tits at a better level for groping and using.

Little Futaba was just so happy that it worked exactly the way she thought it would -- even moments after arriving, she could tell that this place was cognitive space at its absolute purest, and while it was 'attuned' to Kotomi by default, it was simple for her to tell that a greater will could certainly overpower the Room's mistress. And ... and Futaba's seemed to be the greater will. She always had a knack for figuring out systems, charting out rules, and learning how to utilize them to the fullest, but she was really only just getting started.

That said, Kotomi's colossal tits felt amazing in her small hands, so much vast flesh for her to grope and squeeze and play with, her hands sinking into those beautiful breasts all while she so easily drew little noises of pleasure from Kotomi's lips. For once, Futaba was in control -- she was the one who decided what happened, she was the one who ruled this reality, and she could finally help Kotomi feel exactly what she made all those other girls feel. It was all for Kotomi, right? Sure, Futaba would get no small amount of pleasure out of doing exactly what she wanted to do to the older girl, but ultimately it just boiled down to Futaba's raw admiration (and, truthfully, budding love) for the girl who saved her life.

Kotomi was no stranger to hands feeling up her tits: Ann was constantly handsy and even just the previous night, Tae had her hands on them plenty. But out in reality, she was so small -- here, here she was huge. Enormous. Those mountainous mounds easily dwarfed her head by a fair bit, fat jutting udders that lewdly wobbled, bounced about in her tight outfit with every little heaving breath. Futaba's hands just pushed, pressed in deeper into that deep, soft titflesh, squeezing and kneading and gathering up bouncy flesh with every greedy grope. "Wha -- how did ...?" Kotomi managed to blurt out, trying to gather a bit of strength, but it only came out as a helpless, shameless moan.

"These huge titties ..." Futaba giggled. "They feel really good, right? They feel so good when I play with them like this." And -- by her cognition -- they really, really did. She ratcheted up Kotomi's sensitivity to the point that the older girl had a difficult time not succumbing to orgasm just from this intense, eager groping.

Being on her knees helped drive home Kotomi's outrageous figure. Those soft, pillowy monsters squished down against the top of her knees, and while she was more or less even with Futaba now, the older girl looked slightly further away, face now nestled between and behind those mountainous mounds. Even little Futaba didn't have much trouble tugging down Kotomi's outfit, letting those bulging, oversized tits spill forward so rapidly, fattened nipples and all. On top of everything else,
those soft, supersensitive melons spilled out all over and atop her own enormous bulge. It was about
that time Kotomi really did cum: maybe it was the fingers squeezing around her thick nipples and
yanking, or maybe it was the way her hips instinctively thrust forward against the fat pair of tits so
close to her throbbing cock -- though they were her own in this case, of course. "N-nhha ... F-
Futaba!" Either way, Kotomi blew her load into her own leggings, her massive breasts bouncing and
jiggling absurdly with every roll of her wide hips. She came, came, and came a bit more, her swollen
balls always seeming to be so very pent up, and it wasn't not long until she was kneeling and
whimpering in a puddle of her own spunk. And still so hard, throbbing up against the colossal shelf
of soft flesh resting against that hardness.

Futaba's attitude was, of course, such a stark contrast from her usual demeanor outside -- usually she
was just so quiet, so reserved, her social anxiety outweighing her desire to display her affection
toward the older girl, but here ... here Futaba was clearly in her element. Grinning delightedly, that
fat cock of hers jutting hard down her leg, pinned against her by her tight shorts, but it was easily
sizeable enough to have a large portion of it simply sticking out of the bottom. "But I'm not here just
to make you feel good, I'm here to have you make me feel good." She sounded so very certain of
herself here; Kotomi recognized this sort of tone from when they were actually in the Palace
together, when Futaba had come into her own, when she was providing her support for the group in
their fight -- for once in her life, she felt like she knew she was doing the right thing.

Raw confidence.

The older girl's head felt like it was spinning a bit, staring up at Futaba's merciless, wicked grin -- her
own bottom lip hanging open a touch after the intense orgasm. She missed a little of what Futaba
said, but she more or less got the picture. Where, exactly, did all of this come from? Futaba was the
sweet girl she felt such a powerful urge to protect, to care and keep hidden away from much of the
world's harshness. Yet, here she was, having done only what Tae, really, had done: brought Kotomi
to her knees, utterly powerless, and as a bonus, all done on Kotomi's home turf. All Kotomi could do
for the moment -- short of whimpering and squirming beneath Futaba's attention -- was stare at that
fat slab of cockmeat stuffed, spilling out of Futaba's shorts. All while shuddering, shivering at the
steel, the sheer confidence in Futaba's voice. This sure wasn't what Kotomi was expecting tonight.

Stacked and super thick as she was, the curvy, powerless girl remained on her knees in the puddle of
her own warm, fresh cum. A puddle that continued to grow steadily, even after her first orgasm
subsided, the fat mass of cockmeat packed in her prisoner's leggings still so very stiff and continuing
to constantly dribble, ooze out.

"So why don't you go ahead and help me get this monster cock out and stuffed between these fat
titties? It'll feel really good, you know." Oh, Futaba was so fucking excited. Pity that most of her
dirty talk was taken straight from doujin; she had no idea if this was how people actually talked in a
situation like this. "And if you take too long ..."

Kotomi's eyes widened as she felt her body shift, groaning as her tits swelled all the bigger, her
already wide hips filled out a touch more, her round ass fattened up a bit further, her lips plumped out
-- all as her still swollen, still needy cock actually shrank a little. If there was any doubt about which
girl was more hung, Futaba's tipping of the scales made that issue much more clear. Just as it was
driven home -- again -- that Futaba was so clearly, so easily in control. Panting, whimpering a little,
the dark haired girl nodded and reached out with her hands, working to free Futaba's fat cock.

"This is supposed to be -- my place ..." It wasn't said as a whine or a complaint, but instead with a
sense of genuine awe at the younger girl's confidence and power.

"Mmh, but it's my place now!" Futaba retorted. Oh, yes, that obvious awe in Kotomi's tone, that look
of wonderment on her face ... yeah, she obviously recognized Futaba as her superior in this place, and that did a lot for the redhead's confidence.

Kotomi was a little awkward at her task, not used to being in this position to a partner with a dick, though her hands did run along that obscene bulge, including letting her palm graze against the tip peaking out of the bottom of Futaba's shorts. Yes, in a normal situation, she might have giggled at Futaba's dirty talking as she tugged those shorts down -- but then again, considering Kotomi's dirty talk was very similar ... maybe not. Whatever: either way, that fat prick sprang forward, making Kotomi gasp with the loud SMACK of flesh on flesh, that hard shaft leaping forward to slap into the wall of titflesh.

And fuck. Of course it felt really, really good -- it was so warm, so hard, and so big as the first several inches of Futaba's cock began to vanish into Kotomi's fat rack. Both girls moaned out together as the older girl slowly pressed, worked that thick cock deeper into her soft, seemingly endless cleavage.

"You do this kind of thing with the girls you bring in here, right? I've heard you and Ann talking ... you bring a girl in here, you play with their body, you follow your desires ... and you fuck them senseless." Futaba giggled as her narrow hips bucked, forcing inch after inch of her immense, forearm-thick cock into Kotomi's cleavage, clinging tightly to the older girl's nipples for balance and leverage as she clumsily -- but excitedly! -- fucked Kotomi's tits, hungry and relentless and somewhat overwhelmed by her lusts; she wasn't really used to having a cock, after all, and it was a lot for her to deal with! "And that's exactly what I'm gonna do to you. I'm gonna play with your body, shape you how I want, and I'm gonna make you fall in love with this dick." Oh, was she ever excited to do all of that; already she felt like her balls were about to boil over, surrounded by so much amazing titflesh and fueled by the simple euphoria of being in absolute control not only of herself but of the woman she idolized.

Yeah, this was pretty much what Kotomi wanted, even if she wasn't entirely aware of it. Tae was absolutely lovely, but she lusted, yearned for way too long now to see the older goth doctor serving before her. And while being girlfriend, Queen, Mistress, Mommy -- in control, more or less, of all of her other girls ... there was something appealing to letting someone else hold control. No, she didn't think she could only just serve someone -- permanently -- like her lovely little bitch Makoto, for instance. But it was a nice change of pace from time to time, letting go of control and letting someone else play with her body, to use her for their own pleasure. It was Tae for awhile, yes, but now, now it was ...

Futaba?

God. Futaba really did remind Kotomi of herself a little bit. That smug little grin plastered on her face, the way she held such effortless control of the situation. Confidence oozing in her words, her ego all the more inflated by the situation. Was -- was this what the other girls saw and felt when she had her fun with them? No wonder they all seemed to fall over themselves for her, Kotomi thought -- even in her powerless state before Futaba, Kotomi couldn't help but feel her ego puff up a little.

Futaba wasn't even really doing that much and Kotomi was losing her mind. Even if her hands weren't currently yanking, abusing those swollen, thick nipples, just feeling the smaller girl's huge cock pressed in-between the enormous mountains of her soft, overflowing tits would drive her crazy. Every throb, every pump of Futaba's hips send those fat, absurd udders wobbling. And with every wobble, with every little sensation, the nerves in her tits felt like they were exploding with pleasure. Forget cumming -- as she found herself orgasming again and continuing to make a hot, sloppy mess of things, thick ropes of fresh seed bursting from her fat cocktip -- if this kept up, she felt as if she might go mad from the intense pleasure. Already, she cried out, her head tossed back once again,
eyes momentarily hazy as they stared up at the blue ceiling of the Velvet Room.

"It's what you want anyway, right? You wanna give yourself to tiny, sweet, shy little Futaba. You want it so bad you'd beg for it, I bet!" Armed with the collective knowledge she gained from countless drawn couplings, Futaba's dirty talk was a little ... well, cliche, but Kotomi still sensed an earnestness coming from the smaller girl; she was both really enjoying herself and hoping that Kotomi was enjoying herself, too -- making Kotomi truly upset or unhappy with her was the very last thing she wanted to do.

"Futaba -- please --!"] Please ... what? Kotomi really wasn't certain, to be honest. The younger girl's words carried a certain amount of truth at least in this particular place. It was so hard to focus, the pressure, the heat in her tits thanks to the absurd oversensitivity making it so hard to think on any one particular thing that wasn't clinging to her tits, squeezing them around Futaba's shaft for dear life. And yet, it felt ... good. Really good. It was one thing with Tae, in her body in reality: but here? With this oversexualized, ridiculously excessive body? Particularly as Futaba continued toying with Kotomi's body, making her superfeminine curves all the more so.

"Please ..." Kotomi whispered, panting.

"Please what, slut?" Futaba couldn't quite banish the confident, smug smirk -- control of anything was still new to her, but it wa a feeling she quickly came to like. Especially when it concerned the girl she was so completely and totally obsessed with. "I can't do anything for you if you don't tell me what it is you really want. Go ahead, you can tell Futaba anything." Still, even cognition had its limits; she could control their bodies, the forms they took, but she certainly didn't have any control over Kotomi's mind or temperament; if she gave in to the tiny redhead, it was by her own volition. Just ... with a little 'convincing' done thanks to how absurdly sensitive her body was.

Futaba knew just how lost in pleasure the darker-haired girl was -- she couldn't see the puddle forming beneath Kotomi with those gigantic tits in the way, but it was obvious that she was going through more pleasure than she knew to do with. More than her body could really handle, it seemed. Maybe Futaba should ratchet it down a little? Grant Kotomi just a hint of respite? "Don't hold back, now. The longer you make me wait, the harder it's going to be on you." A continuous -- albeit very slow, very gradual -- swelling of Kotomi's already-absurd figure backed up her words; it seemed that Futaba absolutely intended for her orders, her commands to be followed without question or hesitation.

It was a difficult task, not only because Futaba had her body so utterly at her mercy -- but because submitting wasn't Kotomi's natural state. Yes, she enjoyed it -- one only had to look back at the previous night with Tae, of course. But with Tae, there was always a back and forth, the dance and struggle between the two -- with Futaba, the hacker's ambush was so sudden and complete ... how was she supposed to fight back against such an overpowering will? Without the fight, submitting was a little harder for Kotomi, a little more difficult for the words to leave her softened, thickened lips. Took her a little longer to get there, but she wasn't ashamed to admit when she was so utterly outclassed. Stuttering, whimpering, she started to respond to Futaba, only to find herself squirming, gasping anew as her already enormous breasts continued to swell all the more. God, it was so hard to focus like this!

Even with as enormous as the older girl's breasts had become, they weren't quite big enough for her to just stuff her dick between, and the angle here was too poor for her to fuck upward into Kotomi's cleavage. As such, she ended up pushing at Kotomi, seeking to force the girl onto her back on that (thankfully expansive) bed, with little Futaba plopping herself on top of the other girl and straddling Kotomi, her cock now thrusting right through that vast cleavage, her narrow hips bucking to pound against Kotomi's tits, her fat balls dragging over Kotomi's skin, the head and several inches of her
immense length jutting right out toward the older girl's lips -- fuck, did she even need to tell Kotomi what she was supposed to do? Surely she would guess. Surely it was what she wanted to do anyway.

"I can take some guesses about what you want to say to me, though. You want more of this kind of thing, don't you? You like giving up your control to someone like me, you like surrendering even your whole body to little Futaba. You probably wanna ask -- to beg -- for you to become mine. You wanna keep your control over all those other girls, but a little part of you wants so badly to belong to someone else." She giggled then, peering down at Kotomi over the immense shelf of her tits even as she fucked between them so eagerly, so deeply, the precum-drooling tip of her cock rubbing directly at the other girl's plush (plusher than they used to be, too!) lips. "And you want that to be me. Makes it hotter, doesn't it? Big, tough, brave Kotomi, leader of the Phantom Thieves, the willing slut of the shy little hacker. It's perfect!"

"Futaba, please!" The older girl finally managed to cry, to gasp out, sounding all the more desperate and needy now. She was almost hypnotized by the swollen cockhead that popped out from the other side of her cleavage, thrusting up so, so close to her lips each time. God, she really had Kotomi's number, didn't she? No, she couldn't deny it, not a single word of it. There were the older women in her life, and the other girls her age -- those would all make sense -- but there was something so strangely hot about it being the cute little redhead being the one in control. The one to turn the tables on her, and to make her feel like the hot little bitch. And with her body so utterly on fire, with her feminine flesh growing all the softer and excessive, her cock shrinking ... yes. Yes. Yes!

It really was just so ... so effortless. All she had to do was enter the Velvet Room with Kotomi and then start twisting the metaphorical knobs, ratcheting up her sensitivity, playing with Kotomi's body - - making it clear right from moment one who really was in control here. In here, though ... that was the salient point. Outside? Outside Futaba was the shy little hacker who found herself hiding behind Kotomi more often than not, and however this ended up affecting their relationship, Futaba was still very much that shy, young girl at heart. After all, it had only been a few weeks since she left her room! Interacting with the outside world, with people ... these were things that she still felt like she needed Kotomi's help to do, and didn't that go against the dynamic she was trying to set up here? With Futaba in control? Urgh -- she'd deal with that later. She'd see if things just went back to normal the second they re-entered the real world. Even with Kotomi's submission here ... she might just have done that to go along with what Futaba wanted here, recognizing her superior in the Metaverse ... oh, fuck, what if this backfired real hard? What if Kotomi didn't want this and she was only going along with it because her body was too sensitive to let her resist?

Futaba's confident, dominant front faltered just a little bit, her thrusting slowing, even as excited as she was by Kotomi's wanton submission -- sure, she was totally in control here, but now she had a handful of doubts running through her capable mind. Dealing with systems, rules, finding exploits ... that was all easy. Trivial. Guessing what was in another person's mind, though? Now that was the challenge.

The gentle, welcoming softness of the Velvet Room was a far, far cry from the scary realm of the real world. In here, Futaba's impressive will when it came to cognitive matters was so intensely powerful that it took little more than a bit of focusing to bring the willful Kotomi to her knees. Outside, though? How many times had Futaba slipped behind Kotomi, clinging to the older girl? How many times had the little redhead found herself afraid, terrified of all the people around, only to find herself looking to Kotomi for help? Who was the one person that Futaba found herself opening up to, Kotomi's arms wrapped around her as they snuggled in her room, talking and working together on helping Futaba get more comfortable? Ann and Makoto were both absolutely sweet on her, but Kotomi ... the older girl never hesitated to protect Futaba, to care for her, even while balancing the rest of her rather full slate of lovers. Even a few weeks later, now, Kotomi's protective
instincts for the younger girl hadn't faded a bit.

But that falter only lasted for a moment -- it was hard to be worried about vague, abstract stuff like that while balls-deep in Kotomi's beyond-ample cleavage, pounding her narrow hips against those fat tits while the leader of the Phantom Thieves confessed that she \textit{did} want to give herself to Futaba, that she \textit{did} want to belong to the smaller, younger girl.

"Please, Futaba!" Kotomi started for the third time now, but the older girl found her words, even with those hips slapping against her wobbling chest, even as that cockhead kept prodding against her face. "I want all of it! I want -- I need someone ... someone to belong to." Someone to fill the void that Tae would soon no longer fill. Shuddering, taking a breath, she continued, "Nobody would ever realize it. Who -- who really owns my body. Who plays with it so -- easily ..."

Nngh, it kept pressing against Kotomi's face, bouncing against her fat lips, now such plump little cocksuckers, precum smeared across those soft pads. Her submission finally whimpered out, she lifted her head, neck pushing out so that her lips could part wide, finally catching Futaba's swollen dick, those soft dickwarming lips wrapping snug around the length.

"That's right. No one will ever know. Just you and me ... my beautiful, filthy little slut and her brilliant, talented owner." Futaba giggled, though that shifted quickly into a startled gasp as she felt ... as she felt \textit{lips} wrapping around her fat dick for the first time in her life. Not just any pair of lips, though -- Kotomi's lips had plumpened, softened along with the rest of her, and those cockpillows feel utterly \textit{incredible} around her girth.

Two, three, more inches vanish into Kotomi's mouth, so wet and hot and drooling, little flecks and tiny tendrils of drool trickling from the corner of her now stuffed lips. This was new to her, but she saw Ann do it plenty, how hard could it be? More difficult than she thought, she realized, especially with how fucking \textit{big} Futaba's cock was, gurgling wetly as it filled her mouth. Yet, never one to back from a challenge, the dark haired girl flicked her eyes upward to Futaba, not realizing how lewd the lidded expression looked, even as her wet, slightly awkward and unpracticed slurps rang out in the room.

Yes, part of Kotomi's submission came from Futaba's skillful manipulation of Kotomi's body, acknowledging the obviously superior will between them. Part of it came from Kotomi's lusts, her entire body feeling enflamed with pleasure, continuing to radiate out so intensely from her fat tits. But it was all based from a genuine place of love, of care, and really -- what better way to care for the younger girl than serving her? Oh, things would likely continue on as they had been to a large degree, but there was little doubt things would change after this. Already, Kotomi could imagine the smaller girl in her lap after saying farewell to the rest of the group, arms around her neck, mirroring a very familiar looking smirk that Kotomi would have had on just minutes before ...

As to the present, though? Even if she was unskilled, not used to being fucked at all, let alone being titfucked and facefucked -- Kotomi was lusty, eager enough to figure it out pretty quick. Lewd sounds continued to ring out, the wet sounds of sloppy cocksucking and slender hips smacking against massive walls of soft titflesh. Already somewhat excessive at the start, Kotomi vaguely wondered what she must look like now, particularly with her lips so lewdly plumped and fattened up. She could \textit{feel} how thick they've gotten, filled out cockpad lips that assisted the older girl so very much with her attempt at cocksucking. They wrapped so soft, so wet around all that fat dick that pumped forward, again and again and again through that endless cleavage and her hot mouth.

Everything came to a head as Kotomi got the swing of things, her head starting to bob a little quicker, beginning to kiss against the upper curve of her immense tits. Her fingers squeezed, dug harder into her abundant flesh, causing her to groan out around that cock as she gathered those
upsized tits tighter, tighter around the shaft. Futaba's fat dick nudged, bumped up against the entrance into her throat, but she didn't quite get the chance to try to deepthroat Futaba, not just yet. Her eyes, lidded lazily with desire, widened suddenly in surprise, having missed the signal of that shaft throbbing intensely, not used to being on this end -- as those balls churned and began to empty. "Gghhhhrk --!" Kotomi gurgled pointlessly as thick splatters of cum began to paint her throat, fill her mouth, and even start to leak out. Even with how tightly she wrapped her fat dicksucking lips around Futaba's cock, thick strands of cum soon leaked, dribbled down, making a mess of her face and tits.

"Fuck -- drink it, drink it!" Futaba crowed in delight, in bliss, in simple triumph as she came for the first time (in a way; it was new with a cock!) Befitting the sheer size of her immense shaft -- larger than anything Kotomi ever had, notably -- she came nice and hard, fountaining into poor Kotomi's mouth, ready or not. As much of it as there was -- and with the position they were in -- there was no way that Kotomi could handle every bit of it, leading to plenty of that thick cum spurting out into an arc to land on Kotomi's face, in her hair, drooling down onto her vast cleavage -- fuck, just so much of it!

It took an awkward moment for Kotomi to pull her head back, gasping, panting, the redhead's fresh spunk still dribbling from her thick lips as she giggled and gasped for air. "You made -- a lot!" As much as, if not more than Kotomi had in the past, even when accounting for it being Futaba's first orgasm with her huge cock. Turned out, after blowing countless loads down Ann's throat, Kotomi finally learned that cum didn't taste that bad at all. Grinning up at Futaba, a touch of her spirit returned, she flicked her tongue out, teasingly lapping at the still oozing tip.

In the end of that climax, little Futaba's hips still ground against those colossal tits, dragging her length in and out, in and out, finally seeming like she was just trying to smear the rest of her cum onto Kotomi's lovely skin. She looked blissful, triumphant, in charge and clearly aware of it as she finally 'dismounted', coming to stretch out next to the older girl, cuddling up to her truly mountainous mounds. Futaba presses a firm-but-quick kiss to the other girl's lips -- fuck, she really needed a lot more practice kissing; kissing Kotomi just felt so good! Maybe she'd have to get a little more ... open about things when they were in the real world together. Not this domme stuff, but ... just making out, the way Kotomi did with Ann or Makoto and stuff. No one would think twice about that, surely. "I - - mmh. That's ... we're gonna have to do that a LOT more often."

"Do that ... and maybe some other things, mm?" Kotomi replied. Futaba did have the power, the ability to change their bodies so easily. Changing someone else was fun, but there was something, mmm, new and quite interesting at the thought of her body being at the mercy of someone else, now ... there could be quite a bit of fun in helping Futaba explore years of built up fantasies.

"Plenty of other things! I'm gonna do all sorts of stuff to you." Well, she did have plenty of fantasies she'd love the opportunity to actually live out -- titfucking Kotomi was just barely the start. Pounding her cute, plump ass? Fucking her (faux) pregnant? Finding ways to make sure Kotomi was glad and gleeful to follow her orders, to please Futaba? Sure, the actual chain of worship was the other way around -- Futaba utterly adored every inch of Kotomi, everything she'd done, everything she was -- and what better way to show that adoration than to give her this opportunity to let go for a little while?

"Both here and in the real world, right? Not that any of the others need to know what's happening between us, but ... we'll know. You'll know exactly who you are." Considering she had never done anything like this before -- hell, her first sexual experience was with Kotomi just a few scant weeks prior! -- she thought she was doing pretty okay at seizing control. After all, she did believe that Kotomi actually wanted this -- that she did want an outlet for submission, someone to give herself to sometimes -- and being dominant was so, so much easier and more enriching when the other girl was just as into it, right?
Kotomi simply adored being in charge. Having spent so much of her life as a shy girl that nobody really paid much mind to, it felt fucking amazing having so many girls eager to please her. Yes, it was a little overwhelming at first, particularly when one girl became two, which then became three, and so on ... but now it just felt so good, and so right. All of her relationships were precious to her, every single girl a delight. Loving, adoring every evening spent together, every date, every tender conversation and secret shared, every last up and down, sharing lunches and tears and orgasms and laughs, helping them with their problems and, and, and --

And it was fucking exhausting.

Of course, Kotomi wouldn't give up any of her girls for anything. The thought never once crossed her mind! But for as much as she enjoyed spending time with all of them, being the one that was always looked up to, the one constantly in control as Queen or Mistress (and so on) took a lot out of the dark haired girl on both a physical and an emotional level. Ichiko always sent so many messages, Makoto was the sweetest thing but was always so desperate and eager for direction, Hifumi yearned for lessons in every sense of the word, and even Sadayo seemed to have gotten more wanting, (a little!) less shy of late -- all things that required more time, attention and mental energy. And she was happy to do it! Particularly since it usually involved feeling so good for herself. Just.

Just ... it would be nice to get a proper break at times. Tae provided some of that, enough to let Kotomi know such a thing existed, but they were in a dance since the beginning, with the end, with Miss Takemi's submission nearly in sight. So the idea of having someone, someone very close to her, that she could let her guard slip around, turn off a part of herself and just ... let someone else worry about having control? Mmh. That was a lovely thought. Someone she could trust so intimately, while still otherwise maintaining her control ... Again, Kotomi vaguely wondered if this was what Ann and Becky felt like in the Velvet Room. Kotomi's body had already started as so excessively feminine, but now, thanks to Futaba, she was swollen and filled out in nearly every direction in so many different ways. Looking so soft, plump, and plush, her once massive spire of a cock now simply just a boring, above-average large ... and continuing to slowly shrink. The thought of a part of her actually growing smaller would have been laughable just a few short hours ago, and yet -- just as it felt right to have so many girls for herself, this also felt strangely right. Proper. Little Futaba being so much bigger was how it was supposed to be, right? And Kotomi couldn't help but feel her eyes, her senses drawn to Futaba's fat cock, very curious -- eager! -- to see where it'd wind up next. Who knew getting fucked could feel so damn good? The last 24 hours were quite illuminating on that subject.

Futaba really couldn't possibly be more delighted than she was at that moment, really, cuddling up to Kotomi's massive tits -- so recently spattered and coated with her cum! -- and knowing Kotomi wanted this, wanted all of this, just as badly as Futaba did. Kotomi seemed like she was all too happy to give herself to Futaba -- like she was just waiting for someone to come along and sate her need to submit -- would she have been happy with anyone, though? If, say, Ann had seized these reins, would Kotomi be equally satisfied? Or was there something special about Futaba ...? The little hacker girl liked to think that she was special, that she was the only one who could do this to Kotomi, but that might not have been the case. She was suffering with self-image and self-esteem issues for years, and as much as Kotomi had done for her recently, as much progress as she made, she couldn't banish those fears and worries entirely.

But she could, at least, push them to the side for the moment; whatever Kotomi's rationale, she was here with Futaba now, and she had never seen a girl this excited and wanton in all the porn she watched or read. However long this might last, however deeply her submission might have gone, she wanted Futaba here and now, and that did a lot for the smaller girl's confidence.
"Both here and in the real world." Kotomi agreed, though there was a wicked, mischievous little grin on her lovely cocksucking lips. "Nobody else will know about it. All anyone will see is the sweet, shy little hacker, not even realizing that she's quietly holding the leash of their leader. All while fucking her silly every chance she gets. Nobody would ever expect cute little Futaba having such a hot bitch ..." Yeah, Kotomi didn't have the slightest bit of room to tease Futaba about her dirty talk, considering her own somewhat cliched teasing. Not that she cared one bit. "... but, mmm. That means no more shying away when we're out, got it? If I'm going to belong to you, you better get used to kissing in public 'n stuff more. Or at least making out in the movie theater with nobody else around, to start." Kotomi giggled, adding on the last bit after a moment's thought. She was beneath Futaba, but she still wanted to help the girl emerge from her shell! For multiple reasons.

"Right? You don't mind the idea of belonging to little Futaba now and forever, right?" Futaba prodded with a giggle, even while she literally prodded one of Kotomi's immense tits, assuredly as sensitive as ever. Futaba's free hand slipped down along Kotomi's front to fondle the older girl's cock through her cum-soaked fabric -- giggling again as she realized just how small she made it. Something much closer to what it was when they were in the Metaverse, not here -- plenty big, but a far, far cry from what Futaba sported now. "Mmh, seems like your body **really** likes all of this, too. It's okay, I'll give you everything you need, filthy girl!"

The older girl gasped, twitching and spasming slightly under the one-two assault of Futaba prodding that massive tit and squeezing at Kotomi's cock. Even after two intense orgasms, and a third churning and on the verge of boiling over in her balls, she was still so hard and stiff and eager. Yes, she had gotten a little more used to Futaba's trick, but even shifting slightly on the bed dragged that titflesh across the soft sheets, and even *that* felt so fucking good. Shuddering, Kotomi's voice dropped a little, lust and affection mingling together. Time to help make certain Futaba knew who, exactly, was in charge here ...

"Oh, yes. Filthy. A filthy little slut." Kotomi's lashes batted, her eyes lidding slightly, pillowing those plump cockpad lips out in what she hoped was a sexy pout -- this part was new to her, too. "*Your* filthy little slut," she added, a slight growl to her voice on that one particular word to drive home the point. Though her words were not the only thing: she pushed out with her will not to stop Futaba, but to push something along, something the girl had already been doing. Even as Futaba teased it beneath her fingers, that cock continued to shrink steadily, until there was so little left -- a moan escaping Kotomi's fattened lips, as for a bizarre moment there was nothing at all, before a plump, different, wet pair of lips took its place. If there was one thing to signal her full and *eager* surrender ... and those implications weren't lost on Futaba either, the smaller girl moaning in delight while her fingers explored Kotomi's new slit.

"Well?" Teasing, but there was the obvious, blatant need to Kotomi's words. True, she had only been fucked that way once, the night before, and Futaba was so very, very *big* -- but, then, this was the Velvet Room. The room where so many strange, wonderful things were possible. Where she could act freely, like an eager, wanton little slut with all other cares but pleasing her owner and being fucked forgotten, at least for a little while. Yes, she could see why Makoto and the others enjoyed this so much, alright!

"You really want me to fuck you, hm? You're such a good little slut for me," Futaba cooed in simple delight, easily able to tell just how badly Kotomi wanted this. How badly Kotomi wanted *her*, and that ... that was what she wanted all along, more than anything else in the world: for Kotomi to want her, to belong to her, to crave her the way Futaba craved the older girl. She still had a lot to learn about being a domme -- doujin could only teach her so much -- but everything they did felt so good, so right.

"Who am I to deny my hot little bitch what she wants? You've been a good girl, after all ... I guess I
can give you some of Mistress Futaba's big, fat dick!" Oh, she just got so into it, cackling with delight, all thoughts of self-doubt shoved roughly to the side in the face of her idol's obvious desire for her.

"What kind of slut would I be if I didn't want to be fucked by sweet little Mistress Futaba's big, fat dick?" Oh, she couldn't help but giggle slightly along with Futaba at how both how arousing and absurd the filthy talk was. Yes, she'd have to sit down with Futaba and work with the girl about what it meant to be a domme, work out a few things, but for now, she was all too happy to go along with it in the sinful realm of the Velvet Room. While the hung redhead hacker had her own personal doubts: there was no denying that Kotomi was clearly eager with her words and actions. And with the way her sticky, cum-splattered body wriggled about, the way that plush new pair of lips drooled, dribbled with shameless, feminine arousal. God, it was one thing to have Tae take her with a toy, but she'd never been fucked for real!

It was a simple matter for little Futaba to slip down between Kotomi's plush thighs, dragging her massive, precum-drooling, saliva-and-cum-stained dick along the older girl's body as she went. Futaba, of course, had no idea how rare this was for the woman she desired -- Kotomi had only ever been fucked once before, and never with a real dick.

Kotomi moaned, low and shameless; the two girls had certainly done a number on Kotomi's body, so blissfully, excessively feminine, even giving Ann-pushed-to-her-limits a run for her money, her tits so massive and her hips so wide and breedable, thighs so thick and plump! The redhead painted a sticky, wet line down that juicy, enticing form, all the way down to those wet, needy lips. And as Futaba prepared herself to enter that drooling cunt, readied her hips to slam forward ... Kotomi's grin widened ever so slightly.

"Nnh ... you know -- you're the first one to fuck me. Like this. For real." Of course, as cocky and teasing as she tried to come off, the last few words were slightly more babbled out, coming out in a squealed, moaning string. Tae was one thing, pushing her normal body to a limit, but this? Futaba's fat cock filled her utterly, absolutely to the brim, the nature of the Velvet Room and their combined wills making Kotomi almost feel as if her insides were -- as they somewhat were technically! -- reshaped, crafted specifically for Futaba's pleasure. Her eyes widened, the teasing tone gone from her lips as cried out Futaba's name, body shifting, jostling, jiggling with the force of the younger girl's eager thrusts.

Kotomi felt just how happy that confession made the redhead, her colossal prick throbbing with lust and delight deep within Kotomi's body, coupled with a long moan of satisfaction. "The first? Really?" Oooh, did she ever like that. "The first dick to stuff this perfect pussy? I guess -- nnh! -- I guess it makes sense, you were just saving it for Mistress Futaba ..."

Was there anything else in the world that felt this fucking good? This right, this satisfying this ... fuck, so fucking amazing! Not just stuffing Futaba's dick in a pussy -- though that was pretty satisfying, she wouldn't lie, the way Kotomi's cunt wrapped so perfectly around her thick length -- but the fact that she was fucking Kotomi, of all people. The girl she adored, the girl she worshiped, the girl who was basically her idol ... and now, the girl who willingly became her little slut. All of Futaba's calculations were correct -- as they often were! -- and she was right about Kotomi secretly wanting to be dominated, to be claimed, to be taken, and she was equally right about how to go about it: presenting herself as a superior, unbreakable will, showing her that tiny little Futaba was truly a force to be reckoned with.

While also being really tiny and shy out in the real world.

Honestly, it worked out really well, and there was no small amount of triumph mixed in with the
myriad emotions she felt in the moment, but let's be honest: first and foremost, she felt pleasure, the warm, wet pleasure of Kotomi's amazing cunt dragging along her cock with each of the smaller girl's thrusts. That pussy really was made for her, reshaped to fit her flawlessly -- because they willed it, because she willed it, and here Futaba's will was truly the one that matters most.

"Fuuuuuuck," Futaba moaned, lost in pleasure, in delight, in bliss, the tiny girl clinging tightly to Kotomi's mountainous tits, pounding into the older girl's cunt, sending so much of that ample feminine flesh jiggling and bouncing with every impact of Futaba's hips against Kotomi. "This cunt is sooooo good, it's even better than your tits! It's like another mouth, sucking at me, it doesn't want to let me go!" Yeah, okay, porn comics had a pretty big influence on the shut-in girl. For better or for worse.

Normally, while Kotomi was all too delighted to banter while fucking, this was the first time she was fucked for real, as mentioned to Futaba -- it was all too much for her. She tried to stammer something out, a half start at teasing back that she'd drain every drop dry from Futaba's fat balls with that tight cunt, but all the sensations slamming together made things all the more difficult to focus. There was ever still the constant, pleasurable buzz in her massive bust, with the desperate, clinging grasp Futaba had on those soft tits -- but her hot, wet cunt was so stuffed, so fucking full! She had been on the other end, doing the stuffing, and she towered over other girls moaning while being fucked, but god, she had no idea! Every thrust of that thick shaft drilling deep into her, again and again, sent waves of near orgasmic bliss shuddering violently through her.

Fuck, it was just ... it was just too good. Fucking Kotomi -- fucking her idol! -- and with the sensitivity of everything amped up as greatly as it was, Futaba felt her orgasm rapidly approaching, threatening to crash over her like a tsunami -- even though she just came moments prior, even though she had just dumped such a load onto and into the older girl, that cunt was too amazing -- and Kotomi seemed to know just how to wind her new owner up, how to push her buttons, how to feed into her ego ... maybe she'd last longer with some practice, but the redhead just couldn't hold back any longer.

"Fuuck ... take it, you fat-tittied slut, take all my cum ...!" little Futaba cried, jamming every last inch of her massive, throbbing cock into Kotomi's body, suddenly erupting with another immense load of seed into the older girl's very womb, spurt after spurt ... too good, too amazing, emptying her balls like this in the girl she loved. No question: little Futaba was utterly, completely smitten, totally in love with the leader of the Phantom Thieves.

Her love just happened to ... take an interesting form, you know?

Crying out, Futaba's name still on her plump, cocksucking lips, Kotomi clung to whatever she could, squeezing to the soft bed beneath her, arms dragging across her own tits. Yes, she came, one of the more intense climaxes she ever had -- at least, when without a cock -- as Futaba drilled her, fucked her so desperately. The pleasure built, with that first intense point of pleasure, exploding out into a wave of sheer bliss, her body shuddering, spasming as those tight inner walls so flawlessly clung and milked that cock stuffed within her. Both of the girls found themselves so utterly lost and unable to help themselves, crying out as they came their brains out, screaming and gasping before ultimately collapsing into a blissful, happy pile.

Either way, by the time it was over -- by the time she finished cumming, her balls finally emptied for the time being, the tiny girl was just left to slump over atop Kotomi, panting for breath, nuzzling into her enormous, pillowy tits, and the far-more-experienced Kotomi was able to tell that Futaba needed a rest for awhile before she was going to be able to continue. Given how powerful that climax was -- and how hard the smaller girl really fucked her -- Futaba just might have been down for the count, but there was no wiping away that blissful smile on her lips.
Yes, there would be plenty to discuss, to talk about in the near future ... but for now? Kotomi was all too happy to twitch, to spasm slightly in the aftermaths of such pleasure, reaching to draw the smaller girl closer to her obscene body. With time being so strange, so slow in the Velvet Room, there was no hurry at all ...

"Sleep well, Mistress Futaba." Kotomi giggled, grinning as she kissed the younger girl's forehead. Mm, a nice little nap didn't sound too bad to the sticky, exhausted older girl ...
Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! Holidays plus constant illness for the last, like, month have kept me thoroughly out of a writing mood, but things seem to be back on track now. This particular fetish is a little more niche, but I hope y'all can enjoy it regardless. Kisses! ♥

For the most part, Kotomi saw all of her girls regularly: how could she not? Ann and Makoto were teammates, of course, and also went to the same school as Kotomi. Sadayo was Kotomi's homeroom teacher, with the slightly disheveled older woman having gotten quite skilled at finding the occasional few minutes for them to enjoy privately together. Takemi was just down the street from where Kotomi lived -- more than once, they traded knowing smiles while crossing paths. Futaba hung out fairly often in Leblanc, often chatting away or helping Sojiro when Kotomi came back from school. And Caroline and Justine, of course, were always there whenever Kotomi visited the Velvet Room alone, still boasting those same glares and those same obscenely mountainous tits as ever.

Which left only two: Ichiko Ohya and Hifumi Togo. It wasn't that Kotomi didn't want to spend time with them or anything like that! But with everyone else so much more easily nearby, every single day ... going out to see either of those girls took a decent bit of time. Not that Kotomi had been without contact with them, mind: like with all of her girls, the leader of the Phantom Thieves kept in touch via text plenty. Almost as if to make up for the lack of physical meetings, both girls were quite frequent texters in particular. Hifumi's texts were a mix of being eager for their next lesson on intimacy, sending over thoughts on strategy, a few pictures of the curvy girl in various outfits -- and more than a few texts affectionately calling Kotomi 'Mommy'. As for Ohya, ah! If anyone won the award for Most Improved, it had to be her, and all Kotomi had to do was play around in her mind a little. The journalist seemed to have really straightened things out over the last several weeks, a once messy and chaotic apartment now nearly spotless, only the occasional bottle or fast food container out of place with Ohya's regular progress updates. And while there was a fair bit of flirting, Ichiko still didn't seem to notice how easily she named Kotomi as Mistress, even in texts.

For now, things were relatively quiet for Kotomi. Oh, sure, there was always plenty to do in Mementos, and it was satisfying to see the public's opinion of the Phantom Thieves steadily, slowly creep upward. But for the first time in ages, there was still no overarching threat hanging above their heads, and everyone was grateful for the down time. So, when Kotomi's little mindpet sent a message, asking if they could meet up so Ichiko could ask for a little more information about the Phantom Thieves, particularly with the defeat of Medjed ... why not, right? How better else to raise their already quite public profile all the more? Either way, having a little date night also gave Kotomi an excuse to visit parts of town she didn't get to see all that often, too!

Ichiko was in quite the high spirits as Kotomi walked in, the high school girl's lips spreading in a grin of amusement at the spectacle before her. The older woman had already started digging in without her: one burger wrapper sat empty with its contents already demolished, a second sat waiting to be opened, while the third rather juicy, thick looking burger looked halfway eaten already. Much like their previous visit, Ohya dressed super casually, t-shirt and jeans and all, camera hanging around her neck. Also much like before, as Ohya rose to greet Kotomi quite fondly, Kotomi glanced and noted the older woman's jeans looked ever so snug, particularly around the hips! "Mistress Kotomi!" And
again, the title slipped in so easily. Yes, Ohya was much the same as before, but there were a few differences, and not just in how cheerful and cleaned up she was without being tipsy -- there was an almost ... dreamy sort of expression in her eyes when she gazed at Kotomi, the early, gentle commands pressed into her mind paying off.

Kotomi blushed a little bit upon Ohya openly calling her such a title, though she didn't hesitate to draw in and plant a little kiss on the older woman. Fuck, that woman really did like to stuff her face, didn't she? Kotomi knew that already, but being reminded of it like this ... and seeing the results of such in the form of how well she filled out her jeans with some soft flesh pushing out over her pants ... mmh. Still, Kotomi noted too the obvious happiness Ichiko expressed upon seeing her Mistress.

"So happy to see you again, doll," she murmured against Ichiko's lips, her fingers fluttering over the ample flesh of her hips. "I hope you've been doing well ... I'm very pleased to see the progress you've made on your home." True enough -- that had been the cornerstone of Kotomi's first orders to the woman, wanting her to take care of herself far more than she was doing before, and that at least seemed to have been a rousing success.

Ichiko slipped in close against her Mistress, quietly cooing with delight as Kotomi's fingers fluttered over her form. Shuddering, gasping quietly without even realizing at that d-word. Doll. How could she ever have been standoffish, reluctant to share about herself to her Mistress? Being so close to the younger girl made her heart hammer in her chest, her softening thighs squeeze together tightly, and the kiss -- oh, how she sighed in soft, simple pleasure at that lock of lips! Yes, journalism would forever be Ichiko's first, greatest love, but Kotomi's rooting about in the journalist's head did quite the trick in making her a devoted little toy. And, even on the surface level, Ohya was just ... happier in general, too! Having a clean home to come back to every night really made quite the difference. Every bit of progress, every bit of trash thrown out, every thick black garbage bag of liquor bottles disposed of making her soul feel that much lighter. While she still had some progress to go -- her beat up car was still a complete mess -- the little doll needed some new tasks to work towards, soon, Kotomi.

Withdrawing to take her seat opposite Ichiko, Kotomi lead in. "But ... you wanted to hear about the Phantom Thieves, right? Well, you know all about how they stood their ground against Medjed ..." She was happy to fill in all sorts of details for the journalist, while doing her best to ensure it wasn't painfully obvious that Kotomi was one of them ... but even if Ichiko was an empty-minded doll for her owner, she wasn't the dumbest woman out there, and Kotomi knew it was just about inevitable before the woman put two and two together. She wasn't worried about it, though ... if it seemed like it would be a problem, she was confident she could hypnotize the woman into not outing her or spreading her secret.

There really did seem to be a separate side to Ichiko when it came to her work, though. The older woman was alert, completely aware while they discussed the Phantom Thieves, her pen flying across her notepad to keep up. While she didn't get short with Kotomi, Ichiko's questions were quick and direct, snappy, probing for more information. For now, at least, the journalist didn't seem to have caught on about Kotomi's identity, though one could only wonder -- with how fiercely Ichiko seemed to be digging in on this, was it only a matter of time before the secret was found out? And yet ... and yet, the danger was sort of gone, now that Kotomi knew she could just slip into Ichiko's mind and change things about how she pleased. A less responsible girl might have teased and lead Ichiko toward it, only to use her power, to drag the girl under and reset her. Potentially multiple times. Perhaps more than any of her girls, Kotomi had to keep in mind just how much power she could potentially have over her pet ...

At some point during their conversation, Kotomi's curiosity and mischievous nature got the better of her: "I see you're not holding back on food, huh? Find yourself pretty hungry a lot of the time?"
What were you going to do with it, Kotomi? Sure, she could probably work on some kind of... hypnosis diet, helping Ichiko to eat less and healthier, to nip this recent weight gain in the bud.

Or.

Or she could not do that. Or she could have different fun, instead.

Ohya had always been a voracious eater for as long as she could remember. Part of it had just always dealt with recharging: always an active one -- even before her journalistic career, but especially now -- often running to catch a train on a snap decision or chasing after a scoop. Chasing after the truth was tiring, hungry work! Another part of it was much more simple, though, in that Ichiko just really, really liked food. Even with everything else in her life being a disjointed mess, there was just something calming and comforting about biting into a nice, juicy burger or getting something to enjoy at home. And then there was one final angle, too, one that the reporter was only vaguely aware of on the surface. It was just ... tradition for her to eat when she was meeting for an interview. That was what Ichiko thought, anyway, but it went just a little deeper -- with all the hypnosis, with her brain being what it was, even if she wanted to stop such, it would be a struggle. Patterns, rituals, all so linked together in the strange, hazy little tapestry of her mind-control life.

And when you didn't have much of an idea on how to cook ... fast food was cheap and easy, right? Ichiko seemed to be caught off guard by Kotomi's swerve towards the journalist's appetite. Yes, her metabolism was damn near legendary over the last several years, but all things must come to an end. That much was clear by the slowly growing amount of padding Ohya was developing, the slender girl filling out her jeans even more than she used to, hips starting to pad out, thighs pushing the denim to the limit a little more, and so on. "Well ... yes." Almost on reflex, Ichiko reached for one of the burgers, taking a decent bite as she considered her response. "Journalism is hungry work! Can't find the truth on an empty stomach, right?" Pause. Consideration. Another bite of that juicy burger to buy herself a little time. "Plus, have you had one of these? They're fucking delicious." Final pause. "... Why do you ask?" It'd be pretty easy, really, slipping Ichiko under and telling her a good doll kept herself slim and fit. But, ah: there was something appealing about this whole thing, wasn't there, Kotomi? In the month or so since the leader of the Phantom Thieves met her, the journalist had gained a few pounds in all the right places. Getting softer. Thicker. Juicier. Slowly, but steadily. Just the sort of thing Kotomi happened to like, wasn't it? Kotomi wasn't exactly the sort to blatantly abuse her powers for dark purposes, no, but ... a tiny bit of use of her power, to help literally reshape her toy into something all the more pleasing?

That was entirely a sifferent story.

Ultimately, Kotomi still had no fucking clue what she was doing when it came to hypnosis. All that she learned had been what she did with Ichiko, the session they had together in her filthy apartment, but it really seemed as though she stumbled on a decent level of success, given the woman's new attitude about keeping her home clean. Not to mention the oh-so-casual use of Mistress that appeared to come easier than even Sadayo's usage of the term when they were alone together. And even on top of that there was the rather noticeable response Ichiko had to being called 'doll' -- for not knowing what the fuck she was doing when it came to hypnosis, it really looked like she managed to make some decent changes.

The issue, of course, was that that was a lot of power to have over another person, and whether or not a sixteen-year-old girl was the right person to have that kind of power. Granted, there was a lot of similarity between her skill with hypnosis over Ichiko and her abilities as a Phantom Thief; wasn't it effectively just stealing hearts either way? And it wasn't like she really knew what she was doing in that realm either, despite the Thieves' continued success and growing popularity.
But taking down a mafia boss or a lustful tyrant was very different from hypnotizing a journalist into submission and to greater cleanliness. With how easy it was to make those changes ... it was a little intimidating, but Kotomi would be lying if she said she wasn't at all tempted to dive back into her doll's mind and see what else she could do. Safely, of course. Nothing extreme. Nothing that was going to make Ichiko's life any worse, right? Maybe make her more submissive, deepen her bond to her Mistress, maybe add in a few triggers ...

... and maybe deepen her appetite even further.

"Close your eyes, Doll. Listen to me." Right here, Kotomi? At a bar together -- admittedly, a pretty fucking empty bar; the only person who might have even noticed at that point was Ohya's friend behind the bar. It wouldn't take long, Kotomi told herself; Ichiko went under so, so fucking easily. "Only to Mistress. Listen. Breathe. In, out. I want you to relax and listen to Mistress' voice and nothing else."

It was so, so easy the last time, and she had no reason to believe it would be any more difficult this time, despite the change in scenery. Granted, a lot of that was probably due to the fact that Ohya has gone into trance so many, many times, she was predisposed to it, but still. Fuck, maybe she could even instill a trigger to put her into trance instantly. If that could even be done. Something to consider.

"Gnh?" Kotomi's words caught the journalist by surprise. There was resistance, yes, but only the slightest bit as Kotomi spoke, and already everything seemed to be slipping away from her, falling into darkness. Ichiko's eyelids fluttered a few times, before her gaze was -- distant. Empty. Her bottom lip hung open slightly, the slightest trickle of drool beginning to dribble down her chin after a few moments, her breathing slow but steady, regular. In. Out. Sounding more than half asleep, Ichiko murmured, whispered behind her Mistress. "Doll ... listen ... to Mistress. Only ... Mistress ..."

And with that, she was totally out. Vulnerable. Susceptible to Kotomi's commands and triggers. Absolute putty to twist and mold within her eager, wicked little fingers.

Only once Kotomi was confident that Ichiko was fully under: "Doll loves to eat. Doll is just so much hungrier lately; Doll knows there's no harm in picking up an extra burger, or more snacks, or whatever it is Doll wants to eat. Mistress loves Doll's body, Mistress wants Doll to always sate her appetite. Mistress wants Doll to never, ever feel guilt about eating. Mistress will always love Doll no matter what, and Mistress will be happy so long as Doll eats her fill." That should cover it, right? This was probably not the best idea, but, fuck, if it worked ... she could always reverse it later, right? Go with the responsible thing and tell her that a good Doll was a fit, healthy Doll. But for the time being, well ...

Doll ... loved to eat. Every word, perhaps more than Kotomi realized, was absolutely and utterly critical. Doll was even hungrier lately? But Doll was already so hungry most of the time already! And yet, something in her hazy, hazy self reminded her that Doll was absolutely fucking starving right now -- the burgers already devoured almost completely forgotten. Naturally, her stomach would have its own limit, but with her mind freed from anything even resembling guilt when it came to eating, she'd easily be able to push up against that limit. Daily. Repeatedly. And it'd be one thing to imprint a command on Ohya that she wouldn't already enjoy -- but she already loved to eat. Not the best idea? Probably.

Another idea occurred to Kotomi, and she couldn't help but grin a little to herself as she continued. "Doll gets excited when Doll eats, when Doll is stuffing her fat fucking face. Eating makes Doll's cunt get so, so wet and needy." Okay, that should be fun. If it worked. Fuck, she hoped so. Only one way to find out, right? Even if she was messing around in someone else's mind ... the girl figured that, ultimately, it was harmless.
This really wasn't ... the best idea, though. If Kotomi were a little older, a little more experienced, a little wiser, she probably never would have done anything like this; she would likely have just stuck to helping Ichiko beat her bad habits and live a cleaner, happier, more productive life.

But that's not the Kotomi we had here.

The Kotomi we had here was a sixteen-year-old girl, who -- while certainly nothing approaching malicious nor seeking to harm anyone -- was a bit of a huge fucking pervert, finding new interests and kinks and fetishes that she never even knew she had. Such as the one she was currently indulging: swelling out her girls so quickly in the Velvet Room was one thing, but it was temporary, fleeting; there was something very intriguing, very exciting about making something like that happen in the real world. Real, natural growth ... in the form of Ichiko Ohya gaining weight by stuffing her fucking face.

Kotomi had no idea she would be into that, but holy fuck the idea turned her the hell on. Even as she guided Ichiko out of her trance and back into herself, the younger girl's cunt drooled beneath her short skirt, spurring Kotomi to rub her thighs together and resist the urge to bury her own hand between them to take care of herself. And if she was lucky -- if her orders happened the way she intended them to -- then it hopefully wouldn't be long before Ichiko was in a very similar situation.

Slowly, Ichiko came back to the surface, blinking several times as her eyes refocused. Lifting up her head, the journalist glanced around, shuddering a little before her gaze fell on the dark haired girl -- smug grin and all -- sitting across from her. Feeling the decent amount of drool making her shirt and lap wet, it didn't take long for Ohya to piece everything together. "You ... put me under?" Far from accusatory, though, the words were more curious with an eager note to them.

"Yeah; there were some things I needed to take care of. You don't mind, right, doll?" Yeah, she put the journalist under so effortlessly -- how did it feel for Ichiko, she wondered vaguely, to know someone had that level of power over her? That Kotomi could do whatever she wanted to Ohya and there was very little that she could do about it? Did it turn her on? Did it excite her to give her entire self to her Mistress' control? It sure as fuck turned Kotomi on to be on that side of things, that was for damned certain. "You just want to be a good little mindslave for Mistress anyway." To her credit, she did at least keep her voice down.

Even with being relatively open about it with Kotomi, Ichiko's cheeks still burned a bit red as her Mistress so openly, casually remarked on the older -- again, only by a few years at most! -- woman's eagerness to be a good little mindslave. It was all she could do to whimper out a quiet, restrained little 'yes, Mistress'. And ... yeah, while Ichiko was thankful Kotomi kept her voice quiet, the owner of the bar, one of Ohya's oldest friends, wasn't a stranger to Ichiko's addiction of sorts. More than once, she stumbled on Ohya drooling away on herself in a bathroom stall -- and dutifully standing guard until her friend's episode finished, and never said a word.

Briefly, at least, in the middle of wiping herself up, Ichiko's eyes fell upon the remains of the final burger, still mostly untouched. The napkins went forgotten in her lap as Ohya reached for it greedily, and it was almost awe inspiring with how quickly it vanished. Or how the journalist paused for only a moment to give a cheerful wave to her friend behind the bar: "Heyyy, can I get five more of these burgers? Put them on my tab! Oh, and can you send over some more fries, too?" Turning her attention back to Kotomi, Ichiko could do little more than offer a little grin and a shrug. "Sorry, I hope you don't mind, I'm fucking starving right now, Mistress."

And also really, weirdly horny? Ichiko didn't have a single clue what Kotomi did to her beyond hypnotizing her for a few minutes. Either way, every single bite sent a fresh new jolt through her nerves, particularly to her drooling hot pussy, those tight jeans beginning to become wet rather
quickly. Softer thighs squeezed and ground together, her hips shifting a little in the booth -- and yes, even trying to wiggle a hand downwards, subconsciously, half adjusting and half pawing at herself. Fuck. Every bite was so good, but she felt so, so hot now! It only got worse and worse as she talked and ate.

Mostly ate.

Fuck, it really worked! Turned out it was incredibly fucking erotic to watch Ohya eat like that, knowing what the ultimate result was going to be. "Wow, someone really is a little hungry," Kotomi couldn't help but tease, her delight only growing as the poor woman squirmed in ways that Kotomi easily came to recognize as thorough feminine arousal -- poor Ichiko must be fucking soaked in her jeans, Kotomi thought. "I don't mind at all. Feel free to eat as much as you like." Grin. "I wouldn't want you going hungry." Little chance of that at this point, right?

Where would that weight end up? A good portion of it had gone to Ichiko's increasingly-substantial hips, but Kotomi certainly noticed effects on her breasts, her ass, her thighs ... even an increasing softness to her middle certainly noticeable beneath those tight shirts Ichiko tended toward. Kotomi couldn't help but imagine all of those proportions increasing slowly, all while Ichiko continued to sate her appetite and get turned on more and more as a result ... it was a perfect feedback loop, Kotomi thought.

Ichiko, meanwhile, ate like a woman possessed. Even her valued notebook sat forgotten, the journalist only able to think, at least for the moment, about stuffing her face. She had these burgers hundreds of times and they never tasted so fucking good! Ohya barely took a moment to breathe after inhaling one burger before the next one began to vanish, her cheeks almost constantly stuffed as she chewed away. It was rather impressive, in a way, particularly as Kotomi's little mindsclave couldn't stop squirming, wriggling about, burning so fucking hot but so hungry that she found herself unable to stop, fingers pushing the next bite in, the twisted feedback loop of pleasure and gluttony wasting no time in going to work.

As for the weight, well ... Kotomi would just have to wait (hah) and see, wouldn't she? One heavy meal wouldn't make the difference, but days and weeks of a charged up Ichiko stuffing her face, all as her mind and pussy both pushed her to keep indulging? Closing her eyes, Kotomi imagined Ohya's current clothing getting too tight -- and then the next, recently bought purchases a size or two up also getting filled out, becoming quite the chubby, thickened and plumped toy to enjoy. And what about that soft middle, too? How much fun, how much a delight would Ichiko be to squeeze and play with by that point? That feedback loop was mighty strong, though, so Kotomi would have to keep a close eye, indeed, to make certain that things didn't get out of hand.

Too out of hand, anyway.

Yeah, it was a fucking turn on for Kotomi -- and for Ichiko. Having an actual Mistress instead of the recordings was new, but listening to Kotomi speak so confidently, smirk over at her, teasingly about putting her under, so fucking quickly and easily ... yeah. She'd be a damp, eager mess even without Kotomi's commands as the implications sunk in that around her Mistress in particular, she was so very vulnerable. An empty little Doll to be switched off and on at the whims of another person, to be toyed with. There was a whole lot in play: it was a little terrifying, of course, letting someone else have that much power over her. And yet, there was also a lot of trust that Ichiko didn't even think twice about ... and there was a small part of her that struggled with the very quiet thought in the back of her mind -- how much of it was her, and much of it was Kotomi? Yet she very much asked for this. Whimpered, begged Kotomi to take control for her, to help her. There was something thrilling, in a twisted way, at the idea of Mistress also helping herself to Ohya, in a way.
"But you seem a little uncomfortable. Is there something you want to tell your Mistress, doll?"

Kotomi hadn't hypnotically compelled the woman to be totally honest or anything, but she figured with how thoroughly she stepped into the Mistress role, Ichiko wouldn't likely hold anything back regardless. Even as she asked the question, Ichiko felt a stocking-clad foot sliding between her thighs beneath the table, forcing them apart, making it oh-so-obvious that Kotomi knew about the other woman's aroused state. Whimpering, those jean clad thighs parted and Ichiko tried to scoot forward a little, rubbing up against Kotomi's foot -- and, holy hell, soaked was an understatement, as Ichiko felt like she nearly nearly wet herself with arousal, with how much of a mess she was.

As much as Ichiko was finding herself turned on both by the suggestions Kotomi had implanted in her mind as well as by the sheer excitement of exploring her desires and being a mindslave, Kotomi was equally delighted at being this woman's Mistress, at being able to do something like this to the older woman. Kotomi gasped a little at the feel of the other woman's warmth and wetness, easily felt even through both Ichiko's jeans and her own stocking-clad foot. Fuck, she rarely saw anyone this wet outside of Makoto in the midst of full masochism! The poor woman must really have been worked up, and Kotomi knew that it was due at least in part to how good it felt for her to eat, to stuff her increasingly-fat face.

"Tell me, and Mistress just might be willing to do something about it." Yeah, there was no doubt that Kotomi was getting off on this, on this level of deep control, on forcing changes on the older woman without Ichiko even being aware of it. She had gone off the rails before, back with Makoto, and while she learned a very important lesson from Tae, she was still just an overly-horny teenage girl with way more power than she knew what to do with, and she couldn't rein in her lewd impulses every time, right?

Right?

It was a lot of power ... and it was a lot of power that could and had gone very much to her head. Just look at this objectively for a second, Kotomi -- you just rewired a woman's brain to make her want to eat and gain weight. That was, uh, not a small thing, no pun intended. And yet, that was the path she was on anyway, and so long as Kotomi kept a close eye on things and didn't let it get too far out of hand, so long as she intervened to cut this feedback loop at some point, she didn't think there was really any harm done.

And yet, it was fucking around in someone else's mind, and Ichiko didn't even know she did it. Or at least, she knew Kotomi did something, she just didn't know what. But if Kotomi were careful, she could even mask the evidence that she had done anything at all, and Ichiko could never truly trust that her own mind was completely hers ever again. It helped that Ichiko wanted all of this already, that it turned her on immensely to be such a mindslave, and that she liked it before she ever met Kotomi, but still -- the high schooler had the reins now, so it was on her to be totally responsible about the power she held.

How much more fun could Kotomi have with her little mindslave? She could really get pretty dark -- or at least, indulgent -- with all that power. Making the older woman unable to trust her mind was completely her own ever again, warp her to whatever fetish or identity she pleased for a few days before resetting her. Twist, warp her into a little maid, similar to Becky for a week? Rewire her mind to make her into a suckslut only able to get off with Kotomi's fat cock down her throat? Rewrite, reshape her personality, her very being before hitting reset. That was a whole lot of power, a whole lot of responsibility in her hands. Absolute power over another human being, a human being so vulnerable and helpless at her very whim.

Absolute power.
Oh, fuck, that was hot.

Speaking of. "I'm so fucking hot right now," Ichiko moaned. Already, two of the five burgers are gone, as well as half of the fries. Having to finally slow down to catch her breath for a moment, the older woman panted a little, groaning out. Normally Ichiko wasn't the kind to blurt that sort of thing out so suddenly, so shamelessly, but even without being hypnotized -- with indulging in the baser desire of gluttony, and being so fucking horny -- she couldn't help herself. A helpless, horny, hungry little doll, twisted so about the finger of her Mistress. "Please, Mistress ..." The needy, whimpering Doll begged, pleaded to the horned teenage girl who totally wasn't on a touch of a lewd power trip right now.

"I know, it's just so much for you to handle," Kotomi murmured, her voice sympathetic, soothing. "It feels so amazing to eat, doesn't it? Gets you so nice and hot ..."

"I'm -- so -- hot!" And then she was digging into the next burger, one-handed, unable to help herself any longer as her inhibitions continued to fall apart, the other hand unbuttoning her jeans to slip between her thighs more directly.

Kotomi intervened: "Stop. You aren't allowed to touch yourself." How cruel could you be, Kotomi? Ichiko froze instantly, both hands stopping for a moment, her eyes widening, poor thing. "I told you, Mistress will take care of you ... but you need to finish your meal first." Finish it? That whole pile of food? As hot as she was already, what state would she be in by the time she finished? Kotomi was very serious about this condition, however.

While her hand hesitated for a few moments, it ultimately withdrew, deciding to busy itself with clutching the table for a moment. Finish her meal? The entire thing? She had been stuffing her face virtually uninterrupted for a few minutes now, and there was still so much more to go! Nnh. It didn't help things whatsoever, hearing the soothing, teasing voice of her Mistress, ordering her to do so. Kotomi's eyes locked into Ichiko's and holding them ... her own desire, her own lust and excitement smoldering behind her glasses. Ohya resumed her meal, a woman helplessly trapped by her own rampant desires gazing back at her Mistress, so desperately fucking needy. It would be almost comical, burger half crammed in her face, wide-eyed, half lust-maddened, starved expression looking back, her small amount of cleavage littered with crumbs -- if seeing a woman so utterly a helpless slave to such base, wanton desires wasn't so fucking intense!

Kotomi wasn't finished, however. "A good Doll does what she is told." She wasn't under trance, so a line like that surely wouldn't have the impact it would have otherwise, but ... she did implant a lot of inherent submission toward her. A lot of desire to make Mistress happy. "Eat, stuff your face like the fat little fuckpig you are, and then I might give you what you want. Then I just might let you cum."

Fuck, now she was the one who had to resist the urge to stuff her hand beneath her skirt -- this was so, so much more exciting than she thought it was going to be, and it resonated hard within her.

Oh, that almost did it right there on the spot, the older woman whimpering around her mouthful of food, needing to brace herself with both hands against the booth table for a moment, quivering helplessly. Someway, somehow, though, Ichiko Ohya summoned her strength -- despite all her failings, if Ohya had one particular strength, it was always never backing down from a challenge, whether staying up three days straight for a scoop or running down shady backstreets to get to an interview first. Steadily, even under the onslaught of Kotomi's lustful stare and teasing foot, words still ringing in her ear, she continued to cram herself full. By the time she finished off the third burger, she was an absolute fucking mess, the denim around her hot cunt seeming to feel almost entirely soaked through. Every bite sent such intense, glutinous pleasure through her body, and she had to take another brief moment to break, tossing her head back to let out a muffled squeal, before gulping down her current bite. Burger four and the remaining fries vanished soon enough, but the
And even throughout -- as if to make things even harder -- Kotomi took advantage of Ichiko's newly-opened jeans to tease her a little more directly with that stocking'd foot, feeling the woman's juices soaking in -- fuck, she really wasn't sure if Ichiko was going to last until the end of her meal!

Ichiko was so fucking full by now. And still hungry, somehow. The burgers weren't particularly small, either, and her stomach was visibly a touch swollen and rounded out, not quite used to being this full, even with her voracious eating habits. So lost in her lust, her eyes lidded and hazed by now, every bite by this point was almost agonizing with bliss, a titanic effort and a pause between every bite not to cum, not to make her jeans even more of a mess just yet. Whimpering, head against the table in a desperate bid to let the chill of the table's surface cool her down a little -- Ohya was sweating bullets, damp t-shirt showing off the little padding she picked up thus far over since their first meeting -- as she marched on. "Please --!" She begged, half of the final burger left, the grown woman sounding on the verge of tears. Just about anything would have been enough to set her off at this point, body such a bundle of nerves completely ablaze. "I -- I -- I can't ... please ..." Was she pleading, trying to cry off, to beg for release? Yes.

And yet, she leaned forward, far across the table all the same, barely smothering a moan as stiff nipples dragged across the surface. Gazing up at Kotomi, that wild, unsteady, maddened look in her eyes, she also pushed the plate with the final burger half along, before tilting her head slightly, trembling as she opened her mouth. Yes, she wanted, needed release, mercy, but if she can't finish the job alone, then perhaps Mistress would help her that last little bit across the finish line. Ichiko had gone through orgasm denial before. But this? This was probably the most intense few minutes of her life.

That she was fully awake and aware for, anyway.

This was out in the real world, and bodies had limits. In the cognitive realm, sure, Kotomi could push Ichiko's body so much further -- she could change and grow the woman as much as she wanted -- and that did make her wonder, just a little, what Ichiko would be like in the Velvet Room, and how messing around in her mind would work there, and ... mmmh. It was a lot to consider, and she just might take that step someday, but right here and now they were in the real world, and what mattered was the fact that her lovely doll did her best to follow Kotomi's orders ... but it she couldn't quite manage it. Not fully. Not all the way. Didn't she give a really good effort, though? Maybe Kotomi should give her a reward regardless for her solid try.

Ohya, meanwhile, really fucking wanted to cum. Perhaps more than anything she wanted in a very, very long time, even though she knew damn well she had been ordered against it until her enormous meal was finished. The sheer intensity that built with bite after agonizing, amazing bite making her feel as if she was both going to tremble to pieces and melt down into even more of a puddle -- yes, her juices staining the seat beneath her -- with how fucking hot, how she fucking burned. The feedback loop was absolutely merciless, pushing Ichiko to her absolute limit, to her boiling point, panting damn near like a bitch in heat while sprawled against the table, staring up at Kotomi for either mercy or assistance in finishing the job. She'd eaten so much, and there was so very, very little of the meal left ...

Kotomi couldn't help but giggle at the woman's shameless display, Ichiko obviously aroused beyond measure, soaking wet, stuffed full ... and begging for mercy. Begging to be allowed to skip right to her reward. Kotomi glanced down at the final half-burger remaining, seeming to consider for the space of a moment, before she picked it up, and started to actually feed Ichiko the last few bites that were left. Could she handle it? Could she manage? Kotomi was a patient girl, and she waited until Ichiko was ready for each and every last bite, but she still didn't give Ohya even the slightest hint of
relief until she was finished.

The high schooler waited patiently ... all while encouraging the woman with things like "a good doll finishes her meal" and "just finish stuffing your face, you pathetic, fat fuckpig," going from gentle but dominant encouragements to a harsher tone, having noted that the poor woman responded to both of them.

Slowly, steadily -- whimpering pathetically both from being trapped by such base urges and Kotomi's encouragements -- Ohya ate from Kotomi's hand. Her bites were small, timid, and each one drew out a whorish, absolutely shameless little moan from Ichiko that the reporter, thankfully, had the presence of mind enough to smother either against Kotomi's hand or into the table.

Ultimately, once Ichiko was finally, finally finished -- once there was nothing left of her enormous meal but crumbs -- Kotomi couldn't help but grin, stroking through the woman's dark hair with one hand. "Good doll. Cum for Mistress." Short, to the point, but as worked up as Ichiko was Kotomi couldn't imagine the woman needing a whole lot more than simple permission to let go and do as she was aching to do.

Ichiko was drooling from both ends, a twitching, shuddering, whimpering, sweaty mess. Even having her hair stroked was almost too much, enough to set her off, her chest heaving as she tried to just take a moment to breathe, her task completed, a good Doll and --

And she came.

Right here, though? Sure, it wasn't like there were a lot of other people in the bar, and they were keeping their voices reasonably down, but still ... cumming in the open was another matter entirely. Kotomi didn't care, however -- maybe it was her exhibitionist nature, maybe it was just so much hotter to make Ohya cum regardless of her surroundings ... but whatever the case, Kotomi felt like she was on the verge of making a mess, herself! Unlike her fat little fuckpig, however, she had a modicum of self-control ... but it was pretty likely she's going to need some relief pretty soon, one way or another.

Not even needing to touch herself, not even needing to have any further stimulation from Kotomi, her body -- finally granted permission, so balanced on the knife's edge -- didn't need to be told twice. Once more burrowing in on herself, clutching at the table with both hands, nails digging in slightly to the wood, Ichiko tried to muffle her screaming. The owner of the bar was very much aware something was going on, but respectfully kept her distance from her friend, conveniently slipping into the back for the moment. Thankfully in time for Ohya to thrash and writhe about in her seat, already flooded panties and tight jeans growing all the more absurdly soaked through, making such a mess of herself and the booth and a bit of a puddle even beneath her feet as those juices continued to dribble and drip down her thighs. After nearly a straight minute of intensity, of muffled screams, she finally started to wind down, spasming and twitching, gurgling wetly. While she didn't pass out, it quickly became obvious that -- while Kotomi wanted a bit of relief for herself -- Ichiko wasn't in the best sort of position to provide that just this moment. In the future, after going through the experience of the feedback loop a few times, Ohya might have a little more resistance, but for now ... she was totally drained, an exhausted, stuffed little Doll.
The Trip

Time continued on. Before Kotomi or any of the others knew it, the yearly school trip was upon them, and with it there were plenty of preparations to be taken care of, consuming quite a lot of time. For one, everyone had to pack for Hawaii! It was only a trip for four nights, but Makoto was absolutely ruthless in going around to the rest of the group -- yes, even with Kotomi -- to make sure everyone was prepared. After all, Makoto had been recruited as one of the chaperones for the trip, and nobody was going to be underprepared on her watch. That included Ryuji, not once, not twice, but three times to make sure he had everything including his identification in order. (Although, Makoto's anger was dulled slightly -- the loudmouth boy was going to be parted from his new boyfriend for a few days, with Yusuke off to Los Angeles instead.) One way or another, though, with or without Makoto's help, everyone was -- more or less -- ready to go.

It was nice to get away from everything for a little while. The Phantom Thieves were still riding their popularity wave from the defeat of Medjed, with the website still in full buzz weeks later. Fulfilling requests in the seemingly never-ending Mementos was rewarding, but very tiring work!

Most notable, even before the trip began, Futaba made certain to get a little of Kotomi's time, a little playfully pouty that she wasn't able to go. There was a cute, mischievous little moment, though, where the hacker slipped away from Kotomi, cheerfully walking naked across the room to pick up the older girl's phone, barely needing a minute or two with the device before settling it back down. A downright Kotomi-like smirk on her lips, the little Mistress rolled atop Kotomi, seemingly recharged, all to explain that she installed a neat little app that allowed Futaba camera access to see everything that Kotomi could through the phone. And, oh, she did go to quite the length to stress the everything part, the voyeuristic Futaba teasing plenty about swimsuits and the like. Oh, and to make sure she brought back something nice for everyone at Leblanc!

Kotomi didn't even get any rest on the plane ride over. Most of the rest of the class dozed or flipped through travel guides, chattering excitedly about the trip, but Ann had something else in mind. Waiting for the right moment, the buxom, bubbly blonde's eyes twinkled excitedly, leaning in towards Kotomi across a dozing Ryuji and whispering to her girlfriend to come check on her in the bathroom in just a couple minutes. Kotomi wasn't about to pass an opportunity like that up, and upon approaching the bathroom, Ann practically yanked Kotomi into the bathroom before attempting to try and join the so called Mile High Club -- though it wound up being little more than a hasty makeout session, as even Ann's libido was no match for the cramped confines of an airplane bathroom with two people in it. Alas. Peeping open an eye at the two girls returning, Makoto made a show of grumpily rolling said eye, though even the older girl couldn't resist a tiny smile.

The plane eventually landed at its destination, and the group disembarked. There was plenty to see, particularly as most of the class had never left the country, and some had barely left their familiar parts of Tokyo. For one, they were hardly the only tourists about -- while the class was large enough to stand out in their summer uniforms in the crowd, it was a small wave in a huge ocean of people. The airport went smoothly, save for a brief panic by Ryuji being unable to find his passport, only to be saved by Makoto. There were numerous oohs, aahs from the group as a whole on the bus ride over to the hotel. Kawakami showed a rare side of herself when at the hotel, the usually laid back teacher going to quite the extra effort to put her foot down with her batch of homeroom students: don't do anything stupid, remember that you aren't in Japan, try not to go out on your own/have a buddy, and so on. But otherwise -- have fun! Oh, and enjoy the culture, and don't forget there's an assignment, and, and ...

There was the matter of checking into the rooms, too. Thankfully, and with a little pulling of strings
by Makoto, the trio of Kotomi and Ann and Makoto managed to get their own room together. No
doubt there was a touch of teasing about what they intended to do to the high and mighty Miss
Chaperone, but otherwise ... now what was Kotomi going to do? She had several days to fill up,
after all! No doubt at least a little time with Ann, a little time with Makoto -- and a rather, furiously
blushing Sadayo did tug Kotomi aside earlier in the hotel lobby, mumbling something about maybe
spending a little time later, maybe, potentially. Not to mention there were all the beaches to explore,
sights to see, and who knows -- there were a lot of cute foreigner girls around, too.

She was going to go to the fucking beach, that was what she was going to fucking do.

Ann, for her part, went with something fitting the tropical theme of the island, a brightly colored little
swimsuit that didn't leave a whole lot to the imagination. There was no denying just ... how much
Ann filled out the bikini, those rather ample tits taking up plenty of room, leaving plenty of cleavage
on display. A whole lot of flesh in general, really, the tiny bottom not exactly covering a whole lot,
either! Makoto was somewhat more conservative, the older girl's top much more fitting and less
showy. A touch disappointing to Kotomi, though, was that the older girl wore a swimming skirt, the
dark fabric showing off more the jutting shape than the actual flesh of her juicy, padded ass. Makoto
blushed and stammered a little at this, but promised to show off a little later for the girls.

That said, after so many months of being together with Kotomi, neither girl was a stranger to the
moods of their leader. All dressed up and ready for the beach, Ann and Makoto linger by the door,
watching Kotomi change... and watching her look herself over in the mirror, too. Ah, who could
blame Kotomi's addiction to her wonderful body in the Metaverse? Even setting the Velvet Room
aside, just being in a Palace or Mementos, her body was so much closer to the ideal, to the real 'her'
she sees herself as. Curvy, full figured, feminine - and with the rather girthy shaft between her legs.
It's just... nice. Right to be in that form. Of course, Kotomi was no slouch in the real world,
particularly looking at her body, how fit and strong she was after countless hours leading the charge.
Her curves aren't the largest, the most dramatic, certainly, but there's still nice little handfuls to enjoy.

It wasn't the sort of thing Kotomi wore often -- she usually opted for more obscuring clothing when
she wasn't in her uniform, believing as ever that her body in the real world just wasn't a whole lot to
look at, though with all of the attention she had gotten from her harem, she didn't have quite as much
of a complex over it as she used to. Sure, she was still disappointed whenever she had to return to her
real body when coming back from the Metaverse, but ... she was making improvements, okay?
Improvement enough to actually tug a bikini onto her slim, modest figure -- sure, Ann filled one out
so much better than she did up top, and Makoto's ass was plenty eye-catching on its own, leaving
Kotomi unable to stand out in any particular way ... but she still did it. Blue-and-white stripes,
modestly cut, highlighting her small handfuls of titty and small-but-perky ass, leaving plenty of her
pale skin on display.

Little handfuls that, for a moment, were currently and suddenly being handled.

"You know you're beautiful, right?" Ann, complete with what very much felt like Ann pressed up
against her side, tits and all, while handling Kotomi's own bust, murmuring at her girlfriend's neck.
"You don't have anything to feel ashamed about, okay? If you really need us to, Makoto and I can tie
you down a little later tonight and prove it." Ann's words were purred as she hefts, squeezes
teasingly at Kotomi's tits -- and there was very much a question on how literal the blonde model was
with such a threat. Ann had been a little more toppy of late, no doubt in part due to her experiences
with Makoto.

Makoto slipped up on the other side of Kotomi, her hands sliding along the curve of the other girl's
ass. They made quite a sight, the three of them all pressed together in front of the mirror, squeezed into their various swimsuits. "Queen, I think you've filled out a little more. Do you want me to take your measurements?" It was mumbled, teased at Kotomi's ear, meant to be sexy but coming off slightly awkward -- poor Makoto still didn't have the hang of such a thing when directly approaching her Queen.

Having the support and reassurance and attention of her girls -- her girlfriend and her bitch, in this particular case -- did a lot for Kotomi's mood and self-image, actually. Sure, she came a long way in the months since she became a Phantom Thief, but Kotomi was still hardly the perfect image of someone totally at ease with their body ... but Makoto and Ann did really help quite a lot. Knowing that two girls as utterly stunning as they actually found her attractive and wanted her all the time -- their mutual libidos proved such -- it was super flattering, if she was being honest.

Plus, it didn't hurt to have them express this through some womanhandling of her body.

All of that groping -- and the teasing about tying her down later that night and letting the two of them have their way with the leader of the Phantom Thieves -- certainly ensured Kotomi stayed in quite the bright mood, and she was very tempted, albeit briefly, to have Makoto drop down onto her knees and eat her Queen out before they went, but ... that could wait. Daylight hours wouldn't.

Still! All dressed up, teasing and otherwise, the three girls were soon out together and hitting up the beach. There was a moment at least where Makoto stood in stunned awe at the beach -- it was nothing new to Ann, but seeing the majesty of the ocean stretching on and on and on forever, complete with the shimmering sands ... it had the older girl briefly captivated. But then they were off, laughing and running across the sand together, heading for the water, cares of Phantom Thievery and everything else forgotten for the moment, just three (intimate) girls enjoying one another's company. Naturally, there was plenty to be seen elsewhere: girls of various shapes, colors and sizes filling out swimsuits even more varied. There were plenty of girls closer to Kotomi's shape, but then there were plenty of others -- from girls their age, to older women -- with plenty of bouncy, bountiful curves to eyeball. Not that Kotomi got that much time to look, not at first, anyway; there was the ocean to enjoy and swim about in, for one! And while it took a bit of egging on from Ann, Makoto proved herself to be absolutely relentless when splashing the other girls, giggling merrily away.

Makoto did part ways from her roomies for a time, though, finally slipping out of the water -- she really did have a few chaperone duties to tend to, checking in with various others on the trip. Kotomi sent her off with a little kiss and a swat to her round ass, murmuring something about how they'd finish this up in the room later that evening, and all of her attention from that point on was focused completely on her girlfriend.

Ann showed herself off to be quite the swimmer, taking rather easily to the water, and managing to sneak up on Kotomi more than once from behind. Swimming could only fill up so much daylight, though, and eventually the girls did retreat from the water, Ann all too delighted to squeeze and hold Kotomi's hand on a lovely little walk across the beach. At least for the model, everything else slipped away -- any worries about school, her modelling career, the Phantom Thieves or even her place in the group. One on one time simply relaxed with Kotomi as girlfriends. It was a nice way to spend some time together, particularly as the sun began to go down, providing an extra little oomph to the romantic side of things.

Kotomi didn't hesitate to ogle some other cute beachgoers -- that's just the kind of eternally-perverted, always-horny girl that she was, and it didn't hurt matters that Ann fed into her lusts by actively pointing out women that she knew Kotomi would enjoy, both girlfriends teasing one another about what they'd do with those cute girls ... usually culminating in quick little makeouts. Kotomi had to continuously resist the urge to slip her hand into Ann's filled-out bikini; playing around in public...
together was one thing, but there were always lines she was hesitant to cross.

Chatting about everything and nothing at all, enjoying the smell of the ocean and with no other worries ... "This was nice," the blonde murmured to her girlfriend. Eventually there was a cozy little bench to settle into, and Ann was quick to nuzzle close to Kotomi, leaning her head against the other girl's shoulder with a happy sigh. "It's been a crazy few months, huh? I thought everything with Kamoshida was a mess ... now there's all this stuff with the shutdowns and everything else. And it's all a little scary. Plus everybody wants our help as the Phantom Thieves ..." This was the first Kotomi was hearing about most of this -- while Makoto might have the better head for tactics, and Futaba navigates, Ann had more or less always been the gung-ho second in command, the one Kotomi could perhaps trust most of all in any fight. But it wasn't a bad thing for Ann to open up a little, letting Kotomi in to her fears and worries, right? "I'm just glad we can get a little time. Together, like this. I know you have to worry about everybody else ..." Giggling a little, Ann gave a little shrug. "Sorry! I didn't mean that to come off poorly or anything. I actually kind of like how things are, if that makes any sense? Like ... we're almost a weird, happy little family, all bound together now."

"I like how we are, too. I'm still really glad you've been so ... understanding about everything," Kotomi confessed to her girlfriend. "I mean ... I don't think there's many girls out there who would actually date a girl like me ... someone who's always out there getting involved with some girl or another." How many was it? How many did you consider 'yours', Kotomi? "But it's really great and it means a whole lot to me that you -- that you seem to get it." She just wasn't built for total monogamy. It just wasn't who she was. She was fortunate so far that all of her girls -- Ann especially! -- had been so understanding about the situation, all of them seemingly very willing to share her with all the rest ... though Kotomi imagined the issue was alleviated somewhat by the fact that a couple of her girls, at least, were getting together on their own. Makoto and Ann might just have been the start -- who knew what was going to happen in the future?

"You know, to be entirely honest, I wasn't sure how it would ... work out. When you told me you had been with another girl, I ... worried. But when we talked about it, I ... decided to trust you. And I think I made the right move, what do you think?" Laughing and grinning, Ann squeezed herself in all the closer to Kotomi, the two girls snuggled so close and intimately together at this point, there could be little doubt about their relationship from passerbys. "Plus, with all these other girls after you? Just means my girlfriend is super hot!" Ann teased, her expression going wicked for a brief moment, letting her own fingers slip back behind Kotomi and wander -- it'd be one thing if they had a dark little corner to slip into, together, but ... here? And not back in Japan, for the moment? Best to behave.

Growing more serious, the blonde girl took a breath, nodding her head, and she reached out to stroke Kotomi's cheek. "And speaking of. Kotomi, you know you can count on me, right? I know you're worried about taking care of everyone. You don't show it much, but you're kinda stressed about spending enough time with everyone, right? Please ... trust me. If I need more of your attention, I'll let you know, promise. Worry about Makoto and Futaba, if you're going to be concerned about anyone, okay?" Smiling and leaning in for a kiss, Ann paused for a moment to whisper a touch loudly, aiming her voice at their bag of things, including their phones. "Although I guess Futaba can always re-watch some of her footage of you if she needs more Kotomi!" Ann giggled, unsure if the younger girl could hear hear good-natured tease.

Kotomi shook her head a little. "That's really nice, Ann, but you're just as important as they are. You're stuck with me, like it or not," she added with a giggle, happily leaning into another kiss. But Ann raised a good point -- Makoto had been making noises about wanting some intimate time with Kotomi -- within the Velvet Room, especially, the loyal bitch envious of the others who had gotten to go in with Kotomi -- and Futaba had been a little ... needy. Hard to blame her, given how much
time she spent feeling alone and abandoned before all of this, but still; Kotomi knew she needed to dedicate a little more time and attention to her tiny Mistress.

"Mmh, like it or not, huh? Fii~iine, I guess I'll figure out some way to deal with you." Sticking her tongue out, giggling all the while, Ann rolled her eyes. There was a pause before she added on a teasing afterthought: "Maybe Makoto can help with that tonight. When we hold you down together." Still laughing herself silly, Ann switched back to serious mode for at least one final time -- and, ah, that was a large part of Ann, isn't it? Sweet and adorable, yet oh-so sexually charged, able to slip from one side to the other with ease. The model didn't say anything for a few long moments, just enjoying the moment, watching the sunset together, letting the memory stick with her before turning to her girlfriend, a peaceful, almost serene smile on her face. "I love you, Kotomi. Don't ever forget that, okay?" There had been a lot said about being lovers, but Ann was the first -- the only -- to use that particular word in that serious way.

"I love you too, Ann. I couldn't ever forget." Ann was ... special. Always special. She was the first, and in Kotomi's heart, she knew the blonde would always come first and foremost.

But their sweet, romantic moment was completely shattered by the sound of Kotomi's belly rumbling with hunger.

"Maybe we should ... go get a bite; there's some good-looking places around here," Kotomi suggested. Sneaking one more kiss -- and a teasing grope to one of the bubbly blonde's bubbly tits, poor Kotomi ever having such a hard time keeping her hands off of the girl she loved -- she slid up from the bench, tugging Ann by the hand, seeming completely at-ease and in an even better mood than before; watching the sunset with your girlfriend would do that for you.

Ann lazily waited several seconds as Kotomi felt her up before batting the other girl's hand away. "C'mon! Let's get something good, then!" Ann eventually settled on a little place selling ... garlic shrimp, of all things. It was definitely a little unusual and outside of some of their typical fare, but it turned out to be actually pretty decent! The real curious thing, though, was the way the seller chatted away, mostly with Ann and her decent grasp of English -- though even Kotomi didn't miss the way the man said the words Phantom Thieves a few times in their conversation. "Huh. I guess word of us was even getting around over here, too? Though I don't think we'll be changing the hearts of his customers anytime soon ..."

Ann made good of her word that night. Leaving Kotomi last to wash up, the other girls got the jump on their leader once more, Ann with a wicked grin on her lips, and Makoto with an eager, if slightly unsure smile on bringing down her Queen. One on one, Kotomi could have wiggled herself on top of the situation, but with both girls holding her down on the bed -- Ann pinning her fully, smothering Kotomi's face into her hefty tits, and Makoto wiggling between Kotomi's legs to slip a vibrator for a bit of buzzing revenge ... poor, poor Kotomi was in for quite a long night of pleasure. While there was plenty of tugging on Kotomi's hair to force her face between between either of their thighs, Ann and Makoto went to quite the lengths to explore, to worship Kotomi's body together with lips and tongues and fingers. All before the three eventually collapsed together in a sweaty, exhausted pile of love and cuddles and kisses.

And in the morning, well ...

It was really fucking nice to wake up with a naked, sleeping girl snuggled up to either side of her.

Awakening the next morning to the buzzing of her phone, she leaned over a sleepy Ann to retrieve it from the side table, noting the pair of invitations she received. One from Sadayo, thoroughly expected: "Hey... if you want to be together today, I don't have much planned. Maybe a beach walk?" Kotomi did intend to spend time with the shy little woman, and she was already planning on
texting her back when she read the other one.

The second was much more of a surprise, from Hifumi of all people: "Didn't you say you were going to Hawaii around this time? My school took a trip too. Did you want to spend some time together, M?" Kotomi found herself intrigued, and she wanted to spend time with the both of them, but ultimately it was Hifumi that she texted back, letting the girl know that 'M' absolutely did want to meet up with her; as soon as possible, even. Sadayo got an apologetic rain check and a promise to give her 'little maid whore' some attention very soon.

As a result, Kotomi went to wash up, get dressed, and bid both of her girls a quiet farewell in the form of gentle kisses since they were both still asleep.

Properly dressed this time, no swimsuit, just a short skirt and a light, breezy blouse, Kotomi went to meet with her lovely little babygirl. She really hadn't gotten to spend enough time with Hifumi yet, so it was lucky that this golden opportunity fell into her lap.

As for Hifumi, it had been quite a little while since Kotomi saw her last. Much like Ichiko, Hifumi was one of the more difficult girls to see on a regular basis due to the space dividing them, needing to take the train out so far, and so on. Hifumi was absolutely a hell of a texter, though, borderline up there with Ann -- sending cute little pictures to Kotomi fairly often, strategy ideas, Shogi thoughts, thoughts about her mother ... and of course, on their relationship. Kotomi found she could almost set her clock to Hifumi's 'good morning, M' and 'goodnight, M' texts despite being several weeks since their last visit. It apparently left quite the impact on Hifumi, though, ever the dutiful little girl for Mommy.

While Kotomi arrived in more casual clothing, Hifumi didn't seem to get the memo. Meeting up on the beach, Hifumi -- much like Ann -- provided quite the lovely display. One of Kotomi's overall thicker, curvier girls, the Shogi Star wasn't as busty as Ann and didn't possess quite the plump ass and wide hips that Makoto had, but she wasn't too far away from either girl in the respective measurement departments. And -- much like Ichiko was on her way to being -- Hifumi was a touch on the pleasantly soft side all over. Her own blue striped swimsuit showed off a great deal of that soft flesh, so bountiful on display. Particularly as Hifumi lounged beneath an umbrella on a beach towel, prodding through a book about Shogi strategies. Of course. Hifumi didn't notice the approach of the other girl at first, allowing Kotomi to get quite the lovely view. On top of that, the swimsuit hugged those curves all the more tightly, her long hair wet from a dip in the sea.

Hifumi's own rather pleasantly plump lips twitched slightly as she murmured the words beneath her breath -- eyes flicking upwards by chance to finally notice Kotomi. "Ah ...!" Wriggling somewhat ineffectually for a few moments in surprise, Hifumi was otherwise quick onto her feet and wasted little further time in bounding over to Kotomi, wrapping her arms around the girl. "Mommy!" The word was squealed out a bit loud, perhaps, even with Hifumi nuzzling her face into Kotomi, the typically quiet girl forgetting herself for a moment. "Oh, I missed you!" she babbled, babble excitedly, finally parting eventually to take a step back -- her cheeks burning red. "Um. Sorry ... I just missed you. It's good to see you!" Hifumi giggled, head tilted down but eyes peering up shyly.

Despite their original meeting, despite (mostly Kotomi's) teasings and flirting over texts, Hifumi was easily still Kotomi's most innocent, most pure girl, even with the 'Mommy' thing.

"Oh! I'm -- did I get you wet? Aah, I'm sorry!" Upset and a touch frantic all in one, Hifumi practically stumbled over herself to grab up the towel she had just been lounging on to try and dry Kotomi off, which helped ... somewhat. Except Kotomi hadn't been all that wet from the bit of water clinging to Hifumi's body, and there was sand all over and in Kotomi's outfit. Hifumi was a sweet, brilliant, innocent girl ... but she was just a touch on the clumsy side when it came to just about anything physical.
"Sweetheart, it's --" Kotomi started to reassure the girl, but Hifumi was determined to make up for her little bout of thoughtlessness ... though it just ended up with Kotomi ending up both a little damp and sandy. She just grinned, however. "It's all right, Hifumi. We're on a beach, things get wet and sandy." Fuck, the girl really was adorable, though! Cute and sweet, innocent and pure if a little clumsy ... none of her other girls were quite like that. Sure, there was the whole 'Mommy' thing ensuring it wasn't totally innocent, but Hifumi's lack of experience and obviously-good heart ensure that she came off as more sweet and naive than anything -- just like the little girl that she became in Kotomi's heart, helping to fuel her desire to act as a good Mommy to the girl.

"No, no, it's okay, I've got it!" Hifumi gushed quietly, even as her best efforts wound up with Kotomi getting both damp and sandy. It didn't take long for the brilliant -- if clumsy -- girl to realize her mistake, quickly removing the towel and tossing it back to the sand below once more. "I'm so sorry! Ah ..." Those pretty, soft lips curled into a sad little pout at the realization that her clumsy actions only made Kotomi's clothing a bit of a mess.

"Don't worry about it; it's not a big deal. I missed you a lot too, babygirl," Kotomi confided, pressing close against the girl to give her a brief but emphatic kiss, always happy to take the lead in such given Hifumi's relative inexperience. Yeah, Kotomi remembered the girl's first awkward kisses, and while she surely came a long way, Kotomi knew she had a lot of teaching left to do. Even so, despite the relative sweetness of their reunion, Kotomi couldn't possibly resist the urge to sneak a little grope of one of Hifumi's plush tits through that cute bikini -- sure, she didn't fill it out quite as incredibly as Ann, but she was surprisingly not that far off. And her lower body had Ann beat, easily, too! Fuck, maybe it wasn't such a good idea to get all close and friendly right away; even with how long into the night Ann and Makoto had played with her, Kotomi felt her seemingly-endless libido already starting to rev up thanks to the shy little girl. That disparity between her luscious figure and her innocent demeanor ... fuck if that didn't do a whole lot for Kotomi.

Hifumi was innocent and brilliant ... and beautiful. Particularly now that Kotomi got to see Hifumi clad only in a bikini, it drove home the point that Hifumi appeared slightly doll like, skin seeming so utterly flawless and pampered ... and a little pale. Innocent as she was, Hifumi was also easily the curviest of Kotomi's girls, body fleshed out both up top and down below with jutting, curvy soft flesh that filled out that bikini so well. "Mommy --!" Hifumi gasped, squeaked out as their bodies pressed close together, Kotomi feeling the soft flesh of Hifumi's ample tits, squashed against her front and in her hand. Those soft, plump lips were eager to kiss right back, and while Hifumi was absolutely still a touch awkward with her kissing, it was nowhere near her laughable first efforts, lips actually managing to line up properly for the brief, yet passionate smooch. So shy and innocent, yet so luscious and eager all in one!

Hifumi didn't hesitate to respond to Kotomi's advances, not in the slightest. The other girl completely forgot for the moment that they were standing out in public on the beach, with countless others milling about -- tourists, locals and even a few others from their respective schools. None of it mattered. Going so very, very long without Kotomi -- without that warm feeling, that feeling of everything making sense -- had made Hifumi more than a little eager. Still as clumsy as can be, yes, leaning into Kotomi and almost toppling them over in that brief, passionate kiss, but eager, her own tongue timidly slipping out to meet Kotomi's own, a gentle squeal escaping the Shogi Queen as Kotomi's hand squeezed, pawed at those soft curves, plenty of that warm, barely covered titflesh to squeeze between her digits. Hifumi already felt that heat beginning to grow within her, that confused, yet powerful yearning and desire she didn't quite fully understand ...

"I'm really glad to get to see you at all," Kotomi murmured, breaking the kiss, obvious amusement and affection in her eyes ... and more than a hint of her budding lust. "I do hope you've been a good girl while we've been apart." Oh, undoubtedly. Did Hifumi even have the capability to be anything but? She seemed so pure, so innocent, so good-hearted ... sure, Kotomi still knew her probably the
least out of any of her girls, but she just couldn't see Hifumi being anything but the bright, dutiful, obedient little girl she showed herself to be.

"O-of course I've been a good girl, Mommy ...!" Hifumi's voice was a quiet little squeak, her cheeks flushed and hot with color in the aftermath of the kiss. The shy girl's eyes flickered up to meet Kotomi's own for a moment before glancing back at the sand at her Mommy's feet, her gaze a shy and demure downward stare. "We ... we've been apart for so long ..." There was a lot packed in those words, particularly the quiet longing that lingered a moment after -- ever the faithful little girl keeping in touch, texting her Mommy each and every day.

"I know it's been awhile, sweetheart, I'm sorry. I know it must have been very hard on you," Kotomi purred, unwilling to draw too far away from her little girl -- she was just so beautiful, so pure and porcelain and perfect.

"My ... mother had tried a few more boys for me since -- since then, but ..." Hifumi wasn't entirely sure how to communicate what Kotomi already guessed at: that Hifumi was finally somewhat aware now that boys didn't do anything for her. That she could only imagine Kotomi sitting across from her when out on one of those dates. That she tried to imagine it was Kotomi's lips pressed against her own with the latest boy that went in for a kiss.

"I'm glad you've been such a good girl for me, though." Kotomi grinned a little at the obvious hint of distaste in Hifumi's tone. Of course Hifumi didn't care to be set up with boys -- their interaction in the church sort of proved thoroughly to both of them that Hifumi was a little too into women instead, right? Or at the very least, into one specific woman.

Still, there was something that didn't sit right with her; sure, it was amusing to think of poor Hifumi struggling not to just shove these boys away, to be the dutiful daughter that pleased her mother and gave those boys a chance ... but on the other hand, it did fill Kotomi with a feeling she wasn't at all used to: jealousy. Possessiveness. Hell, it was so unfamiliar it took her a second to realize exactly what was bugging her, but once the idea popped into her mind, she couldn't deny it. She was always happy to share her girls, to never demand exclusivity -- even her girlfriend had played with other girls, and it only ever aroused Kotomi that much more.

So why was Hifumi different? Why did she trigger that feeling within her -- that desire to protect the girl, to claim her, to ensure no one else could have her? Her innocence, her obvious devotion to Kotomi? She wasn't sure, but ... mmh. She shoved it aside for the time being.

Head tilted down, Hifumi's eyes peeked up for a moment at Kotomi, a shy little smile on those lips. "Did ... did you want to g-go somewhere together, Mommy?" Oh, each use of that word sent a tiny little thrill through Hifumi's body for reasons she only half understood. It was taboo, she knew that, but why did she call Kotomi that? Why did she blurt it out? No, she didn't fully understand the link between Kotomi and the other important woman of authority in her life, just that she wanted to please both of them, but ... that was okay. "I could get dressed and we could go somewhere? Or." There was a pause as Hifumi thought for a moment, cheeks reddening again even as her smile twitched, widened a little further yet. "I -- I don't have to get dressed, if you ... want me to stay like this?" Packed into a swimsuit, those full, feminine curves filled out all over, all on display?

"Stay just like that, babygirl; Mommy likes getting to see this much of you," Kotomi teased, reaching out to take one of the girl's hands, threading her fingers into Hifumi's. "Come on, and stay close."

Hifumi offered a soft 'oh' and slipped away from Kotomi for only a moment, simply to gather her things. In what someone like Ann did on purpose, Hifumi was to mostly unaware of the view she offered as she bent over, the little swimsuit offering quite a show of the girl's juicy ass, tits practically spilling out of the top in her position. Gathering her towel and book and slipping on her sandals, she
wiggled about before straightening back up and hurrying over to rejoin and hold Kotomi's hand once more, letting the two of them set off down the beach, no real destination in mind. Silence reigned between the two of them for several long moments, Kotomi clearly lost in thought.

"I don't like you being with ... those boys," Kotomi came out with eventually. "I know you aren't interested in them, I know you're my loyal little girl, but ..." Kotomi shrugged helplessly as they walked. "And I know ... there isn't much you can do about it, either." Her mother was the one setting that up, her mother was the one insisting on it -- with as inherently good and dutiful and obedient as Hifumi was, Kotomi wondered if the idea ever even occurred to her to refuse.

"I ... I know. But I'm not sure what to do. My mother says I should start trying to find a suitor. For my future. That I can't just keep playing Shogi forever." Even Hifumi couldn't help but pause for a moment before rolling her eyes. Naive and sweet, yes -- but not an idiot: "Which would be different. She keeps pushing me towards all the interviews and shoots and tournaments ..."

"You're my little girl, Hifumi," Kotomi said, a hint of force entering her voice. How did she feel about Hifumi playing with other girls, though? If, say, Ann got her hands on the naive little doll? Even that ... mmh. There was just something about Hifumi that made Kotomi want to claim the girl entirely, however fair that may or may not have been to Hifumi.

Giggling yet again, Hifumi beamed. "And you're my Mommy, Kotomi. I've never forgotten. Not for a moment!" Pause. A brief hesitation as uncertainty grasped at the other girl, peering over with those sweet blue eyes ... "That's ... still alright with you ... right? I know it's ... strange, but it still feels good to call you that." Uncertainty. Worry. Eagerness. All shimmering in those sweet eyes in a moment of pure, frightened vulnerability ...

"Of course I'm fine with you calling me that, Hifumi. I'm happy to be your Mommy as long as you're going to be my beautiful, sweet little girl," Kotomi teased, giving a squeeze of the other girl's hand in emphasis; they walked closely together enough to let Hifumi's ample bust bump against her now and again, sending a little thrill through Kotomi's body every time it happened.

"Yay!" Hifumi cheered as Kotomi calmed her fears, a quiet little sigh of relief breathed out. "I really ... like calling you that. And hearing you call me that too ..." No, she didn't understand it really, beyond the fact that it was wrong and strange and wasn't really proper but ... it felt good. More than that, she really did have a bit of difficulty thinking of Kotomi in any other way.

"I simply ... 'don't want to share you' was how Kotomi was going to end that sentence, and as true as that sentiment was, it wasn't really a fair thing for Kotomi to ask, was it? Even if Hifumi could get her mother to back off, it wouldn't at all be fair to claim Hifumi entirely for her own, given the other women in Kotomi's life; unfair to ask Hifumi to be hers alone when Kotomi wasn't going to reciprocate.

The issue was likely moot and one Kotomi was just going to have to get over -- she didn't know Hifumi's mother, but from everything she heard, Kotomi got the idea the woman wasn't going to back down on her micromanaging of her daughter's life anytime soon. And given that she recognized that it wasn't fair to demand exclusivity when she wasn't willing to give it herself ... yeah, Kotomi was just going to have to learn to deal with her jealousy, her possessiveness over this particular girl.

She still didn't like it, though.

"Let's find somewhere a little more private. I've really missed you, sweetheart," Kotomi decided. Like, really missed. She let her hand slip away from Hifumi's for a second to sneak a squeeze of the girl's oh-so-soft ass barely contained within her tight, revealing bikini.
"Nnh!" Hifumi squealed quietly, reflexively pushing her plush ass against Kotomi’s groping hand. There was just so much of Hifumi to enjoy and squeeze, the delicate, beautiful doll on display boasting so much soft, juicy flesh jutting outward both ways. There was something very, very nice about having this beautiful, pure doll on display solely because Kotomi asked her to, and knowing she wouldn't really give that body to anyone else ... would she?

It was clear that Hifumi hadn't been fond of any of her suitors up until this point, but who knew when that could change? Even though Kotomi could have the very same worry about any of her girls, that kind of thing had simply never occurred to her to worry about before with any of them -- and even now, there was no concern, no jealousy, no worry in her heart when she thought about Ann or Makoto or any of the others. Hifumi was different, though. Hifumi was ... unique. Maybe it was because all the other girls were a little more experienced: they knew what they wanted, they pursued Kotomi just as much as she pursued them, but Hifumi was just so innocent and sheltered -- who knew what she might decide she wanted?

Her mind was such a fucking mess, and Kotomi did her best to shake it off for the time being, focusing more on the fact that Hifumi was here right now, she belonged to Kotomi right now, and she clearly wanted to be with her Mommy more than anything -- just thinking about how excited Hifumi had been when she saw Kotomi, the way she nearly tripped over herself to pull her Mommy into a hug ... yeah. Maybe Kotomi didn't have anything to worry about after all.

"You look amazing in that swimsuit, but you'd look even better out of it," Kotomi teased, unable to help herself, pushing her complicated emotional concerns down and smothering them with affection and lust and desire -- all things Kotomi was much, much more used to dealing with.

"We could always go back to my room, Mommy. I have one all for myself. It's a little ... cluttered and messy, but ..." But she'd really like to bring Kotomi there, or anywhere private. To act on that suggestion, that teasing to to slip out of her swimsuit, to start her next lesson from Mommy. Sure, she'd gotten her first real taste of kissing and the sorts of pleasure one girl could show another, but even Hifumi realized there's a whole, whole lot more for her to learn. And Hifumi was all too delighted to learn new things!

Hifumi made it clear that she wanted to be alone with Kotomi for the time being, and Kotomi couldn't help but grin at the obvious implication: she wanted to be with her Mommy to do something lewd, something filthy, something undoubtedly similar to what they did the first time they met. Hifumi's shyness only enfamed Kotomi's desires that much further, and it was ultimately a very easy decision to make. "Let's go to your room, then." Cluttered? Messy? Who cared? So long as they had a bed, that was be good enough for her.

"Better your room than mine, since we won't get interrupted that way --" Ann or Makoto could always walk into them if they went back to Kotomi's room, after all! "... and I want to have plenty of time for just me and my babbygirl," she teased, never losing that lewd, filthy tone -- fuck, she just couldn't help herself! Hifumi's innocence was too tempting, such a perfect target for her to shatter entirely, to induct Hifumi properly into the realm of lewdness and lesbian fucking. Everyone else, well ... they'd either been non-virgins or, at least, extremely knowledgeable about the subject; Hifumi just didn't know anything yet.

For her part, Hifumi didn't really have any desire to be with anyone else. Definitely not any other boys, anyway! Mind, she'd be a liar -- and Hifumi wasn't a very good liar -- if she said her eyes hadn't peeked at another girl or two in the meanwhile. Not necessarily on purpose, but more due to the bubbling confusion and hormones that Hifumi was still grappling, dealing with, figuring out how everything worked. Boys certainly didn't interest her, but she found herself staring occasionally at pretty -- admittedly older -- girls passing by, even at the church where she practiced. But ... actually
imagining herself with any of them? Certainly not. Yet, anyway.

It was just... really hard for Hifumi to concentrate with Kotomi's hand on her plush, round ass. The way Kotomi's hand grasped it so tightly, so possessively, fingers squeezing and sinking into the flesh, even kneading it a bit shamelessly out in public! Every squeeze, every wiggle of those fingers against her soft flesh sent another new pulse, another new wave of heat into Hifumi, and she felt herself beginning to grow damp between her own thighs. "Naaaah!" Squealing, Hifumi practically jumped when Kotomi's fingers wriggled into that swimsuit bottom, teasing between those plump moons, and the tiny hole hidden between them. The whole thing only lasted for maybe a minute at most before Kotomi's hand withdrew, Hifumi's pretty blue eyes wide. "Mommy! W-what were you...?" Oh, hearing the pale beauty gasp was absolutely adorable.

Regardless, Hifumi walked hand in hand with Kotomi the short distance over to the hotel, the trip from the beach only lasting a few minutes. More than once on the way over, Hifumi grabbed onto Kotomi for balance, tripping and pressing the soft curves of her form up against her Mommy yet again. Eventually, though, the pair managed to get to the hotel room all in one piece, Hifumi's room much higher up than Kotomi's, but with a rather lovely view of the ocean complete with tiny little balcony to enjoy. It was also just about as large as Kotomi's room, despite only being a single -- Hifumi's school apparently sprang for slightly nicer rooms, bathroom complete with roomy tub and shower. As for the room itself, well...

Yes, it was cluttered. For one, there was the cute pink suitcase which had several bits of clothing strewn out from it, from her uniform to panties and everything in between. The predictable clutter, though, mostly came from several Shogi sets -- in various colors and themes -- set in different positions, both across the desk of the room and across part of the floor. Thankfully, though, there was more than enough room to negotiate, and (most) of the sets were clustered around the furthest corner. "I... had some ideas, and bought out every set I could find nearby..." Hifumi murmured mostly to herself shyly as she closed the door behind them -- clearly a little embarrassed about the state of the room she just brought Mommy to. Still, Hifumi walked forward, toward the middle of the room, within arm's reach of the bed, standing before Kotomi, shy and unsure before the other girl's gaze. Lord, she just looked so beautiful and demure, the brilliant little doll's head tilted downward, eyes flicked up at Kotomi, pleading silently for instruction.

"My little girl keeps a very messy room, hm?" Kotomi teased, but her grin undercuts any kind of Mommy disappointment she might have otherwise had. Fuck, Hifumi wasn't kidding, though the reason it was so cluttered was both really cute and really obvious: whatever else Hifumi was, she was the Shogi star for a reason.

"Um... I...!" Hifumi mewled, wanting to protest, to say that her real room at home was nothing like this -- that this was just her hotel room, but... that'd be a lie. And a good little girl didn't lie to Mommy, did she? If anything, her room at home was even worse, with diagrams drawn up and posters of Shogi basics all over the place.

Still, it was Hifumi herself that thoroughly captured Kotomi's attention and desires, and Kotomi didn't leave her waiting for too long. She strode up to her little girl, arms slipping naturally around Hifumi's well-curved body while Kotomi's lips stole Hifumi's once more, though much more deeply, much more hungrily than before, their privacy making it much easier for Kotomi's true desires to bubble to the surface.

She kissed, her tongue forcing its way into the other girl's mouth, aggressive and demanding and oh-so-possessive, two pairs of tits squishing against one another, both of her hands coming to grope and squeeze Hifumi's ass, fingers dipping beneath the girl's bikini -- so much rougher than she was before, treating this girl like her own perfect, porcelain doll. Forcing her perversion, her corruption,
her desire on this perfect, innocent girl ... fuck, that was so much hotter than she thought it would be.

Each and every time, each kiss once again drove home the plump softness of Hifumi's lips; she kissed back but the innocent little girl was so hopelessly, utterly outmatched by Kotomi's hunger. Even as her own yearning was obvious, the way her tongue pushed back against Kotomi's own, messily. Sweet, beautiful little Hifumi didn't have a fucking clue what she was doing, but she wanted this. Badly. Wanted it ever since their first meeting ended, to learn -- to experience -- more.

Whimpering, Hifumi finally let her eyes flutter shut, letting herself -- for the moment -- just lose herself with her Mommy. Her own arms slid upward, unsure but without much thinking, slipping up around Kotomi's neck to squeeze them both closer together. Two pairs of tits squeezing, squishing together, though with Kotomi's 'little girl' so much bustier, filling up much of the space between them. Kotomi's fingers once more found plenty of bubbly ass to squeeze, and while Kotomi's sweet girl was a bit unsure of things, she at least figured out enough to bend forward, helping to push that soft flesh further into those groping hands. All as she moaned, whimpered, gasped so adorably into Kotomi's mouth, starting to drool just a touch into the kiss from how heatedly, clumsily she pressed back with her soft lips.

Hifumi didn't know what she was supposed to do, but that's totally okay -- she didn't need to know, she was just a little girl. That's why she had her Mommy, someone to help guide her and teach her, someone to show her exactly what she should do. Show her exactly what two girls could do together. "Fuck, babygirl," Kotomi groaned, breaking the kiss briefly, breathing hotly against Hifumi's skin as she groped and ground, rubbed and squeezed, her cunt absolutely soaking at this point beneath her skirt. "You just get Mommy so excited. Mommy wants to fuck her little girl so badly ..."

"Nnnh. M-Mommy! I -- you make me feel so hot, t-too ..." Hifumi managed to gasp out once the string of drool connecting their lips broke, her eyes glancing downward, entranced momentarily at how lewdly, how shamelessly Kotomi pawed, squeezed at her dripping cunt.

"But didn't I say you'd look better out of this bikini? Why were you still wearing it?" Mommy or not, Kotomi's natural instincts toward dominance came to the forefront in a situation like this -- she had plenty of experience with her other girls, and everything that she said and did was backed with her endless confidence bordering on arrogance, a certainty and surety to what she was doing. "I want to see you naked, sweetheart. I barely got a chance to really see my beautiful little girl the last time we're together." The confessional didn't exactly give them much room to move around, and the urgency of their coupling sort of made things really rushed. Now? Now they had plenty of time.

Even while she made it clear that she wanted Hifumi to strip down, Kotomi didn't pull away whatsoever, both of her hands still hard at work on the girl's plump rear -- fuck, she could only imagine plunging her cognitive cock into an ass like that, pounding away into her little girl, showing her the best way to make Mommy happy. Mmh ... one day, definitely.

Hifumi reached back and removed the top of her bikini first, letting those fat, soft tits spill free and fully exposed, complete with stiff, thick juicy looking nipples capping the pale mounds of plush flesh. Yes, she wasn't quite as stacked as Ann's huge pair, but she was damn near close. Finally, Hifumi wiggled free of her bottom half, something made as complicated as Kotomi pleased as those hands stubbornly clung to Hifumi's soft, plump rear -- but soon enough, she slipped them down and nudged them away. Not wanting to be a docile little thing -- and Kotomi certainly remembered how suddenly, after getting Hifumi off, Hifumi had pushed forward to return the favor -- Hifumi wiggled and tugged away from Kotomi, but only to take a step back. Fully naked, exposed, Hifumi tilted her head, letting the tips of that long, dark hair dip against the curve of her ample breasts, turning slightly to offer a profile view of her curves. Yes, she was innocent, and yes she was Kotomi's little girl -- but
she was easily the most luscious, the most curvaceous of all her girls when all added up.

"Do you ... like what you see, M-Mommy?" With the look she flashed Kotomi, the way she spoke the words, eagerly and quietly, it was all meant to be Hifumi's first real stab at being sexy, being flirty. Of course, it was slightly off -- Hifumi wound up looking slightly cross-eyed with her glance upward this time, focusing a little too hard, and she bit her tongue at the end of it, but the attempt coupled with the porcelain, beautiful curves on display more than made up for Hifumi's clumsiness.

Her little girl ... she was just so fucking beautiful. Every last inch of her was flawless and porcelain, pure and perfect, and yet such a body absolutely made for fucking with how luscious her curves were, and how innocent she was ... ripe for corruption. Ripe for Kotomi doing whatever she fucking pleased with the girl -- it didn't escape her that Hifumi, being so naive and inexperienced, really didn't know the first thing about sex, about how these things went, and Kotomi could surely convince her of just about anything, trusting as the girl was when it came to her Mommy.

Not that Kotomi would ever abuse her power like that. Oh, definitely not.

"I love what I see, babygirl," Kotomi all but growled, her lust rapidly taking over -- even as amusing as Hifumi's clumsy attempt at being sexy was, Kotomi sort of had a one-track mind at the moment. But then again, who could blame her? "You're such a beautiful little girl ... I want every inch of that amazing body to be mine." Simple as. Wasting no further moments, Kotomi stripped off her own clothes -- her breezy blouse, her short skirt, her panties -- all ending up on the cluttered floor, leaving her exactly as naked as Hifumi ... and, comparatively, much more average. Modest bust, slim hips, though admittedly with a little bit of tone to her physique, evidence of just how physically active she had been for the last several months. Her figure was nowhere near as dramatic or luscious as Hifumi's, but there was a tautness, an element of strength beneath her femininity that surely wasn't to be denied.

Just as naked as Hifumi, her plump, dripping pussy was plainly evident, gratuitously displaying her arousal and excitement to her little girl -- and she even drew brief attention to it with a hand slipping down to stroke lewdly at her own cunt. "See what you do to me, little girl? See how hot and wet you make Mommy?" Oh, yes, she absolutely intended to continue to play up the whole 'Mommy' thing -- it was too hot and too ingrained into the basis of their relationship for her to ignore anytime soon. Plus, it very obviously made Hifumi happy, and Kotomi -- as a responsible harem owner -- wanted to make her girls happy.

"You're so fucking beautiful, babygirl," she cooed, drawing forward, moving to gently but insistently push Hifumi back onto the bed, pushing Hifumi onto her back so that Kotomi could crawl on top, straddling, hands rapidly filling themselves with Hifumi's plush tits as she leaned forward to make out with her little girl so lewdly, so hungrily, making her attraction and need plainly known. Her cunt ground heavily against Hifumi's, sopping wet and dripping, so much bare flesh sliding against bare flesh.

"Mommy!" Hifumi whimpered out as their lips connected, both pairs this time, pushing her tongue forward with her own fresh hunger -- though her fluttering eyes opened back wide as she felt their bodies pressing together, the heat of her own drooling cunt sliding against Kotomi's, the sensations -- god! It was almost enough to push her inexperienced body over the edge already, and it was all she could do to reach, to cling to Kotomi to keep her head on straight. Already, her lust, the heat building within her was building to a blistering point, dizzy with desires she didn't entirely comprehend.

"I know you want to make me feel good, right?" Kotomi murmured against the other girl's lips. "You want to make Mommy feel so good ... you'd do anything for Mommy, isn't that right?" Leveraging that relationship really hard already, huh? Maybe it was not the most responsible thing to do -- maybe
it would have been better to ease her into it -- but fuck it, Kotomi was way too horny to care.

"I want to make Mommy feel very good!" Hifumi whined, panted against Kotomi's lips. No, it wasn't the most responsible -- or perhaps even healthiest of things -- but Hifumi eagerly went along, clinging to every word. Kotomi's flawless, beautiful little girl squirmed and wriggled beneath her, groaning out as Kotomi worked to make her feel good, too. Nodding her head slightly, against Kotomi's own, she pleaded, "Please ... l-let your little girl make her M-Mommy feel good ...! T-teach her how to make you feel good! Teach me everything ..." Oh, how Hifumi wanted to learn, so very, very badly. To, unintentionally, have Kotomi twist and corrupt that sweet, tender innocence for Mommy's pleasure.

Fuck, Kotomi just could not get enough of her little girl. Unotuched, flawless, pure, innocent ... so many words to describe the fact that Kotomi was very much the only person who had gotten this close to Hifumi's bare body -- and, if Kotomi had her way, she would be the only person to get this close to her. The only one who got to see this particular side of the shy girl. Maybe at some point, if she somehow managed to defeat the weird jealousy and possessiveness she felt when it comes to Hifumi, she'd allow the girl to explore with the other girls of her harem -- assuming Hifumi would even want such, of course -- but right now, her possessiveness ruled her entirely. She adored her little girl, and she wanted to be the only sexual influence on her for the time being. Simple as that.

There was just so much for Kotomi to explore of Hifumi, so much flesh to be touched and stroked and held for the very first time by the hands of another. Those tits were heavy and soft, stiff nipples topping them so fat and tuggable, her hips so wide and easy to grip, and so on and so on. Barely on the bed for a minute and already the two of them were making quite the mess as they kissed, hot cunts drooling juices all over, against one another, already starting to pool together on the bed beneath Hifumi. So much bare flesh, grinding, bumping, rubbing together, even as Hifumi whimpered out her eager yearning to please and learn from her Mommy.

"I'll teach you everything, little girl. I'll teach you every single thing you need to know about pleasing your Mommy ... and how your Mommy wants to make you feel good, too."

"Everything!" Hifumi begged once more, a little confused as the kiss finally parted and Kotomi began to shift position. She was even more confused when Kotomi turned about and dropped her dripping, drooling pussy right onto Hifumi's face -- it took her foggy, lust-addled mind a moment to connect the dots. Their first encounter had been all about fingers, fingers pumping in and out of hot slits in that tiny confessional booth: why wouldn't her tongue work just as well? And then she wrapped herself up wondering at just how Mommy would taste, just how she should use her tongue, drinking in the scent of that drooling pair of lips.

"Don't hold back, sweetie. Taste Mommy's pussy, touch and explore," Kotomi encouraged, even as she moved a little so that her face was brought right near Hifumi's cunt as well, allowing the both of them to eat one another out -- they were both obviously intensely needy, so why wait? Why make either of them wait?

Kotomi didn't wait to follow her own advice, fingers digging into the girl's soft thighs as she plunged her tongue into Hifumi's sipping, hot cunt, greedily eating her little girl out. She had plenty of experience eating pussy with all of her girls, and she was all too happy to put that experience to use with her newest girl. Kotomi's own cunt was absolutely drooling with how turned on she was at this point, just being with her innocent little girl and properly seeing her naked enough to nearly get her off all on its own, despite the fact that Makoto and Ann had exhausted her the night prior. Her libido really was fucking endless!

And so, Hifumi got her very first taste of pussy, leaning forward with her head a little to flick out her
tongue, probing and exploring. Even in her intensely needy state, Hifumi started out a little shy, the Shogi Queen's tongue hesitating to really get in there, her own fingers only lightly touching, brushing along Kotomi's thighs. Little by little, though, she began to grow a bit bolder, finding herself rather liking Mommy's taste, leaning in a little more to let her tongue, her lips really start to press in at Kotomi's sopping pussy. Moans, gasps, and cries from Kotomi certainly only helped -- sounds of Kotomi's pleasure the best, direct sort of praise possible. Her hands started to get in there, too, pushing in a bit harder, squeezing down on her Mommy's thighs a bit more, letting her need consume her all the more.

It sure fucking doesn't hurt that Kotomi was a pro at eating a girl out by now.

Even as Kotomi thrust her tongue deep within the other girl's cunt, one of her hands dared to slip down to prod once more between Hifumi's plump cheeks, teasing at that oh-so-tight hole between them -- from Hifumi's reaction earlier, she got the distinct idea that the girl had never even considered anything in that particular area, and Kotomi couldn't help but prod and push at the girl's inexperience ... even ensuring her finger was properly lubricated in the girl's pussy juices, before thrusting it (gently! she was horny but not reckless!) into Hifumi's otherwise-untouched ass.

"Just relax, babygirl," she cooed against Hifumi's flesh. "Relax and lick Mommy's cunt like a good little girl."

Already, Hifumi came -- Kotomi didn't put any sort of restriction on the poor, overwhelmed girl! "Mommy's... good little girl!" Babbling a little, all she could do was push her face deeper into Kotomi's cunt, squeezing with her tongue buried past those lips as it was all too much, too many new sensations driving her crazy, a gush of her hot arousal flooding the other girl's face. And yet, all it seemed to do was send the curvy girl into more of a frenzy, redoubling her effort to help Kotomi feel much the same, barely wasting a moment to catch her breath. Innocent she might have been, but there was no doubting Hifumi's eagerness. The finger pushing between her plump cheeks only helped to keep her pleasure heightened, even if it was a rather bizarre, strange feeling at first.

"Mommy's... good little girl!" Hifumi panted, gasped out, though not without a small hint of pride in her moaned words. Clutching at Kotomi, her hands weren't quite as adventurous just yet to return the favor in kind, but, ooh, maybe there was something to the way those pretty and sharp nails dragged, dug a bit along Kotomi's back, a bit harder than intended -- Ann was going to have a fun time teasing the hell out of Kotomi about those marks, later! All as Hifumi dug in and stuffed her face with that hot pussy, determined to get her darling Mommy off.

Kotomi was utterly, absolutely lost in her little girl, such a remarkable amount of female flesh to be all hers in the real world -- fuck, she could only imagine what Hifumi might become in the cognitive realm, but even as it was, there was plenty for Kotomi to explore and touch and enjoy. Right at the moment, however, she was all too focused on bringing her beautiful, shy babygirl to a series of powerful orgasms, putting her ample skills and experience in the field of eating a girl out to good and proper use. Kotomi's efforts soon rewarded with a gush of Hifumi's juices, plenty for Kotomi to taste and plenty more to make a mess ... but she wasn't done quite yet. Their time together at the church was just the briefest exploration of what two girls could do together, but now that they had proper privacy and an excess of time, Kotomi wanted to really show her little girl how good it could be.

What being with a girl had to offer.

All those men she saw at her mother's behest ... there was a reason none of them clicked with her, right? Not because she was just waiting for the right man or whatever, but because ... she was clearly just into women all along and dutiful daughter that she was, she simply never had the opportunity to find out. Until Kotomi came into her life, of course, and showed her how great it can be with an
eager, forward girl.

Hifumi was just as lost in her Mommy. Their first meeting had been so brief an introduction to the sort of pleasure, the sort of bliss two girls can experience intimately together. Now? Now time just seemed to be something distant ticking away to Hifumi, lost and drifting on such a sea of pleasure, the only sounds in the room the steady hum of the air conditioner and the shameless gasping and moaning sounds of the two girls wrapped up in one another. Every little touch by her adored Mommy was another jolt, another shudder of pleasure that passed through Hifumi, and that tongue of Kotomi -- those lips! -- were utterly relentless, wrenching messy, wet climax after climax from the inexperienced girl. The first encounter had been just one quick, dirty orgasm but this -- this was a constant battering of pleasure against Hifumi's very being.

But Hifumi wasn't the type, apparently, to simply lay back and have her teacher and Mommy do all the work -- even in the midst of her climaxes, Kotomi was under her own relentless assault of the girl's eager tongue delving deep within her desperate, needy cunt, with the additional, wonderful sensation of the girl's long nails digging into her back, she too was brought over the edge with a loud cry against Hifumi's ample flesh, gushing in her typically-messy bliss, rolling her hips to grind her cunt against her little girl's face, like it or not. Fuck, even just the taboo of this -- being called Mommy, having this inexperienced girl rely on her -- it got her off to a degree she didn't anticipate.

Moaning, panting, gasping, Hifumi was determined as best as she could to give as good as she got. "Mommy, Mommy, Mommmymommmymommy --!" It was the only word that was on her lips at the moment, squealing voice rising and falling with the crescendos of her bliss, words slightly muffled between Kotomi's thighs. And so the two girls remained, bodies locked together, crying out in the other's dripping, hot cunts, bodies twisting to grind those needy slits back into one another's faces. Hifumi's tongue was greedy, greedy, greedy -- particularly whenever Kotomi came, panting as she tried to drink down Kotomi's arousal, even as she pushed towards yet another trembling peak of pleasure.

Even when Kotomi cried out, exhausted -- even with Hifumi easily having a few more climaxes wrenched from her -- Hifumi didn't want to stop, not right away, anyway. Kotomi tried to wriggle a bit, but those nails of Hifumi's dug, dug at Kotomi's flesh, the other girl clinging to her Mommy possessively, letting her tongue push back into that cunt, teasingly across the hot mess between Kotomi's thighs, getting one last taste before finally letting go.

Still, carried through a plurality of climaxes -- on both sides! -- all things must come to an end eventually, and Kotomi soon stilled atop her little girl -- it had been an exhausting couple of days, between not only this but how long Makoto and Ann had kept her up the night prior. Extricating herself from their mutually-pleasurable position, the sweat-slicked Kotomi just about collapsed next to Hifumi, eagerly cuddling up to the other woman, pepperling her little girl's face with light, gentle kisses.

"That was very good, sweetie," Kotomi purred in delight, in affection. "You were such a quick study, I'm already so proud of you!" Honestly? She super was. Fuck, if Hifumi took this well to being a good, obedient, eager little girl already ... who knew what Kotomi might be able to shape her into? Who knew what kind of filthy little princess she might become under Kotomi's tutelage? Already the scratches on her back pulsed in a mixture of ache and delight and satisfaction.

"You've been a very good little girl, Hifumi." Just how far were they going to push this ... relationship that they had, though? Hifumi seemed to take very well to the whole Mommy thing, addressing Kotomi exclusively as such, and Kotomi had certainly noticed the way the girl lit up whenever Kotomi called her 'little girl' or anything similar. Whatever the case, it apparently resonated very powerfully in the girl, and if Kotomi was being honest ... she really loved the girl moaning out
'Mommy' in the midst of fucking like that.

Holy fuck did she love that.

"T-thank you, Mommy. I tried to follow y-your lead ..." Blushing, and not simply from the exhaustion, Hifumi was quite pleased, a happy little smile on those pretty lips. Getting praise from her mother was something quite rare, so hearing it come from Kotomi ... felt nice. And to her credit, Hifumi, despite not having any experience, really did seem to be a bit of a natural, only further showcasing the idea that a beautiful, delicate thing like Hifumi had no business being with a boy, of all things. With some proper training and, yes, corruption to Kotomi's desires ...

Even as they laid together, Kotomi's hand never quite stayed still, squeezing and toying with one of her little girl's plump, squishy tits, amazed at how full they were -- second only to Ann, and that was really saying something. "Very good. You make Mommy feel so good ..."

Shuddering, Hifumi gasped out, arching her back to push those heavy globes of her ample titflesh into Kotomi's squeezing hands. Heavy and fat, the plush flesh squished easily between Kotomi's fingers -- and there was so much! Ann was a model that was happy to show herself off to others and with a libido that seemed near endless -- while Hifumi had so much feminine flesh while being such an innocent, sweet darling. "D-do you like them, Mommy?" Hifumi murmured, leaning in to try and catch Kotomi's lips once more in a tender, lewd kiss. Naive, inexperienced as she was, even Hifumi couldn't ignore the way Kotomi's hands constantly gravitated towards those heavy globes. Batting her lashes, there was a twisted little look in Hifumi's gaze -- her blue, innocent eyes peering up at Kotomi, filled with not so innocent knowledge. Hifumi's hands found Kotomi's own, urging them to squeeze her tits harder. "Mmmommy ... d-do you like your babygirl's ... big ... b-breasts?" Yes, she certainly figured something out.

As it was, Kotomi lingered with Hifumi, stroking and squeezing, playing and kissing, reassuring her that, yes, she absolutely adored her babygirl's big breasts, emphasizing that with several long moments of suckling on the girl's stiff nipples, showing her yet another way she could get and give pleasure from another girl.

Hifumi didn't have much more strength to do more than that, giggling and murmuring out such awkward, yet lewd teasing ... but before long, Hifumi seemed to be on the verge of nodding off, her eyes peacefully drifting shut. For Kotomi, she was a little used to such things, but poor little Hifumi was all tuckered out ...

Only once Hifumi properly dozed off, content and weary, did Kotomi leave her with a kiss before extricating herself, taking a moment to wash up in the bathroom, re-dressing, and slipping out of Hifumi's hotel room.

There was still one last person trying to get some of Kotomi's attention, however. Her phone buzzed right as she exited Hifumi's hotel room, the text reading: "I have a few hours today, too. Might be last chance b4 end of trip. Want to meet?"

Kawakami didn't seem so easy to give up on meeting with her pupil. It wasn't like a Hifumi situation: Kotomi saw her teacher virtually every single day, of course! And every few days, there was at least a little fun to be had, catching a quick kiss out in the hallway or even slipping into a supply closet together for a few minutes for a quick makeout and mutual fingering -- nobody ever said a word about the teacher looking a little disheveled or being a minute or two late to class. There was also the occasional night of beckoning her over as Becky, paying the rather large sum to spend a couple of hours with the maid -- and while Becky was a bit of a character that Kawakami played, it was still a different mindset.
So getting to meet up with her teacher simply as herself, finally alone ... it was a nice change of pace, right? Even if Sadayo promised that Kotomi would like what she was wearing when they met -- and yet again, it was another meeting on the beach. Much farther down the beach, though, technically out of range of where the students were supposed to be allowed to go, the nearest fellow student quite a distance down the sand. As to what she was wearing, well ...

So it was that Kotomi -- her brief washing-up not really doing much to diminish her very obvious look of 'just been fucked', nor the scent that lingered around her -- met up with her teacher down along the beach, plenty far from anyone else from Shujin.

Sadayo Kawakami was a woman who had a lot on her plate. There was her day job, of course, teaching at Shujin Academy and trying to keep her students in line. That in itself would be a lot to deal with, as the older woman, much as she may have tried not to through the years, really did care about her students. Seeing her students succeed really did bring her such sweet happiness, cheering them on quietly from the sidelines and trying to provide subtle pushes at times. But then there was also the nightly maid job on the side -- working as Becky more nights than not, part of the reason why she always seemed so tired in the morning. All to try and save up, to get that much more money, and ...

Well. Kotomi had to come along and change both jobs, didn't she?

It was a night that the older woman remembered quite fondly, if with a heated blush in her cheeks when it came across her memories. The way the younger girl had so easily taken control of the situation, grin on her lips, pulling Kawakami into her lap and feeling her up without any shame. It'd been so long since someone else had really touched her like that, let alone another woman. So long since someone else's hands, someone else's lips had roamed across her modest curves. And then the first night became another night, and another, and another, slowly introduced to returning the favor to Kotomi, learning both how best to clean Kotomi's dusty little room and how best to please the body of her Mistress ... though the arrogant girl had never let a night go by without teasing, reminding her little maid of their relationship. Student. Teacher. How deliciously naughty and taboo it all was. And how much Becky seemed to so enjoy it all.

The money certainly didn't hurt, either!

But, mmh. It was more than that, and Sadayo knew full well trying to ignore such was foolish. Life seemed to be stuck in a rut for the teacher, drearily drifting from day to night jobs and barely taking any time for herself. Even her quiet passion for teaching started dimming, so completely exhausted and tired from the seemingly endless grind. And then Kotomi had slipped into her life -- just as Kotomi had done the same for so many, many others -- and became the fresh air Sadayo so desperately needed. Certainly, there was the risk in life, and both teacher and student would be in terrible trouble if anyone stumbled upon their little relationship. Yet, being with Kotomi -- whether as herself or as Becky -- everything felt better. A little righter. Yes, the sex was certainly great ... but it was more than that. How much had the two confided to one another, murmuring quietly in the evening after a heated session? The little reassurances from Kotomi, and Sadayo's devoted pushing to make certain her pupil succeeded?

"A-are you staring?!" the older woman asked, her cheeks burning brightly red -- yet with a satisfied little smirk on her lips, unable to help herself. The teacher wore more of a t-shirt than anything, the white fabric clinging to her damp form, short enough to leave her midriff exposed -- and a tiny, striped bottom leaving quite a bit of thigh flesh on display.

Caught out, Kotomi couldn't hold back a little grin and blush, giving a shrug. "Can you blame me? You look cute no matter what you wear." Truth enough, and her swimsuit beneath her damp t-shirt
was no exception -- wet as it was, it was see-through enough for Kotomi to get a pretty good glimpse of her body. Not that it was anything she hadn't seen before, but, well ... it was the situation. Plus Kawakami was super fucking cute! Not to mention those lush, full thighs all too visible -- Sadayo was one of her smaller girls when it came to her tits, but her lower body was pretty impressive, between her hips and her thighs.

Kotomi didn't hold back, drawing close to the other woman, reaching down to stroke fingers over the other woman's soft thighs, properly greeting her little maid whore with a deep kiss, lasting only a few intense moments before she broke it.

Thinking about such things, about the nature of their relationship as Kotomi approached, the older woman gave a blush and shrug of her own at Kotomi's teasing. "Hmph. Well ... you can stare if you want, I guess." Kawakami smirked, even taking a moment to straighten up a little, trying to put herself slightly on display. It drove home the height difference between the two of them, as the teacher stood up fully straight, easily a few inches shorter than her student. But then Kotomi's hands reached forward, squeezing and roaming over her body and Kawakami allowed so much else to slip from her mind, a blissful sigh escaping her lips as they kissed, her own tongue plunging forward to meet with Kotomi's own, arms slipping around the younger girl's middle to faintly, gently squeeze at her ass. Kotomi felt her teacher's heart hammering in her chest. They snuck kisses in the hallways with nobody else looking, but this was the first time they had really been passionate out in public, the kiss seeming to both last forever and yet not anywhere near long enough. There was such a need to be guarded about their relationship with other people around, but right now -- this? Mmnnh.

Sadayo grinned, breaking the kiss for just a moment. "Sheesh, you could have seen this earlier, you know. "What have you been up to the last few days?" Pause. "Or, was it the obvious guess?"

"Does that bother you, Sadayo? Do you not want me spending time with my other girls? Or do you just want to keep me all for yourself?" It was always, always so much fun to tease the woman -- sure, she was definitely no virgin when Kotomi met her, but Kotomi figured it was safe to guess that she never had much experience with women when they got together. And in the intervening time, well ... they had a lot of experiences, allowing them to get close to each other, to explore one another's bodies and tastes, to truly get a feel for each other. It helped that Kawakami was a little on the submissive side when it came to Kotomi -- sure, she's an excellent teacher in class, not giving Kotomi any leeway when it mattered, but outside of the classroom was a whole other story.

Shivering, Sadayo peered up into Kotomi's eyes ... and the little maid whore laughed, giggling helplessly for a few moments. "Oh, please!" Rolling her eyes, Kawakami accented her point by providing a particular squeeze to Kotomi's rear. "That's not it at all. And be honest: I don't think I could ever be enough for you." Don't forget, Kotomi: Kawakami was the only of your girls not in the Phantom Thieves you've brought over to the Velvet Room. If any of the girls outside of Ann and Makoto knew the full lengths of her excess, well. Smiling, several strands of that brown hair messily hanging in her face, the older woman allowed herself to get a little more serious. "Ah ... but, no. Really. It doesn't bother me at all. At least, that's not the thing that bothers me."

Ah, hell. She hadn't meant to blurt that out. It was one thing when Kawakami was in her Becky role with Kotomi, but the teacher -- as herself -- was much more balanced. Still a touch submissive, certainly, but not near the same. Still, Kotomi didn't have to pull her rank as Mistress for this one as the teacher sighed and, with very little prodding indeed, opened up a bit more. "I just. I worry about this relationship. I worry I'm putting you in a bad place. I mean ... what if someone sees us, everything we do? I don't want to lose my teaching job, but I would probably be fine just going as a maid fully. But you ... if you get in trouble, you ..."

How often did Kotomi think about it? It was easy to forget about at times, with all of her friends and
lovers and her adventures. But the very reason she was here, the very thing that brought her out to Tokyo and Leblanc and Shujin -- she had to make it through the year without getting in trouble, without fucking up. There was so much freedom, and yet, it was the same room she returned to near every night, the same little cafe. Even arranging to go on this Hawaii trip required an extra hoop or two to jump through just for her, just because she had to play the hero so many months ago now.

And ... Kawakami was right: while a lot of the heat would come down on her, Kotomi would almost certainly get in trouble, too. Potentially lose everything, being on her 'last strike' and all.

"Look. I ... like this. Being together." The older woman still couldn't hide her smile, even as she glanced downward, to the side. Being with a student was so scandalous, and yet it was one of the best things to happen to her in ages. And yet. And yet, her responsibility as a teacher, as the adult in this relationship ... "Especially being out together. Out here. Where we don't have to worry about it. But, I think about someone finding out, and what they might do to you and -- and I worry ... you have such a bright future, Kotomi."

Kawakami swallowed, the next words difficult to say, not even quite getting them out.

"Maybe ... maybe we shouldn't ..."

It really was easy to forget the whole reason she came here in the first place -- the trouble she ran into back home, being put on parole, all of that. Between her girls and her activities as the Phantom Thieves, she just sort of fell into a routine -- her life was definitely a lot more exciting than it was back home and it did a lot to help her grow as a person (she was a virgin when she got here!) but ... there was still a lot of risk inherent to her new life. Risk not only in the Metaverse, but risk in drawing any real attention toward herself. For the girls her own age, there was no real risk there -- she could go on as many public dates with Ann or Makoto or Hifumi or Futaba as she wanted. For the ones older than her, however, there was a bigger risk ... not that there was any chance of having her relationships with Tae or Ichiko discovered, of course, but the risk remained.

The biggest risk, of course, was her relationship with Sadayo.

Sadayo was not only older, but her teacher! The risk and scandal there were far greater than with any of her others, and while that risk did add to the taboo and thus how fucking hot it was to be sleeping with her own teacher, it ... it really could be catastrophic if the wrong people ever found out about it.

As a horny sixteen-year-old, it was really easy for her to forget about that kind of thing, to just go with the flow and continue fingering Sadayo in a supply closet, but now that they were in a situation like this -- properly able to express their mutual affection in public -- Kotomi couldn't help but notice how comparatively freeing it was. Not having to glance around, not having to hurry her elsewhere, and they could just be themselves.

Kotomi drew her hand away from the smaller woman's thigh, but she didn't pull away entirely, gently wrapping up Sadayo in her arms. "I want to keep seeing you, Sadayo." Her lust pushed thoroughly down for the time being -- thanks mostly to Hifumi! -- Kotomi was as serious as she ever got. "I know it's risky, and I know ... I know it would be pretty disastrous if someone ever found out. But ..." Fuck, it sure would be. Kotomi had so many girls -- was it really worth holding onto Sadayo if the risk was going to be this great? Was Sadayo alone really that special to warrant that danger?

Fuck, yes. No doubt.

"If we need to be ... safer about it, we can be. We could stick to just calling you over at night."

Certainly a lot safer than doing anything at school, like they had been. And yet, Kotomi loved getting their little moments together, and she was pretty loathe to give them up. "I really like being with you.
I like everything we do together, and I want to keep doing it." Even though there was no real future there, Kotomi? Even barring the fact that she was supposed to head back home once her year was up, there was more to consider: what future did she have with any of her girls? Was Sadayo supposed to be content just being one girl of several for the long-term? Kotomi didn't know -- so far, she had been living life one day at a time, truly enjoying the situation she was lucky enough to find herself in, and she just hadn't really needed to give any thoughts toward the future. Whatever it held. It had never really occurred to her as something to think about.

But maybe she should.

"If you really want to -- to stop this, I'll understand. I don't want you to get in trouble, either." Her teaching gig sure sounded a hell of a lot nicer than being a maid full-time. "But I'm willing to keep taking this risk in order to continue seeding you, Sadayo; you're more than worth it." That was plenty true! Everyone had their niche, and Sadayo was no exception -- her mix of eagerness and experience, her much more gentle sort of submission as compared to Makoto ... there was something very nice about it. Very fulfilling, very reassuring, and it was important enough to Kotomi that she was not just going to up and give it up without a thought.

Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to take a moment and think about the future, Kotomi.

Almost halfway through the yearlong probation period, and so far -- so far! - things seemed to be going fairly well for the leader of the Phantom Thieves. She was in the best physical shape of her life thus far, her grades were fantastic thanks largely in part to the efforts of Makoto, and she even picked up a few skills through tinkering and the occasional part time job. So long as Kotomi managed to keep her record clean and continue coming home on time -- more or less -- then leaving and going back 'home' at the end of the year was an easy thing. A perfectly reformed girl ready to rejoin the society she was exiled from, heading back to where she came.

And leaving behind so many friends and lovers in the process.

What, exactly, was the plan? Certainly, there was the chance to go and visit the others, but Kotomi's home was far enough away that a day would have to actually be made of it, to visit. Would Ann be able to find the time to come and visit, particularly scheduling around her model shoots? What about Makoto, particularly with how she was likely to be looking at higher education soon? Futaba? And that didn't even get into some of the others like Tae and Sadayo. Half a year might seem like an eternity to a girl still in highschool, but ... all things had to come to an end, eventually. What happens then, Kotomi? What happens then?

For now, though ...

Sighing softly, the older woman leaned into, against Kotomi, letting her eyes drift shut. The older woman nuzzled her face in against Kotomi's neck, enjoying a quiet moment together even as numerous other beachgoers milled and walked about the couple. She even raised one of Kotomi's points as the younger girl considers it, "Are you sure ...? I know you have so many other, younger girls to be with, Kotomi. What do you want with an older woman like me?" The argument only sounded half serious coming from Kawakami's lips, though -- it was hard to ignore the youthfulness of the Becky persona ... or forget the memory of the night in the Velvet Room. No, she might not have been as young as Kotomi's other girls, but she learned by now she could keep up fairly well in her own right.

There was silence from Kawakami for quite a little while. Honestly, it probably wasn't the worst idea to shift their activities solely to the nighttime. Slipping in under the cover of night was plenty easy, and most people didn't know exactly where Kotomi lived ... yeah. Probably not the worst idea. And yet, it was so hard -- already having to keep everything private and quiet, losing a part of what little
they already had felt like it was too much. Not to mention they saw each other at school so much! Could they really resist one another? Or would something give, first, causing them to only grow more risky? There was so much to think about, to try and be responsible for ...

"No." Finally speaking once more, Kawakami shook her head, sounding quite firm. "I don't want to stop this. Do you know how boring things would be again if we stopped?" Oh, she hoped that carried across her point well enough, how empty things seemed to be before Kotomi's entrance into her life. That Kotomi had given her back a spark that had been missing. "But you were right that we should probably figure a few things out. I don't want to ... stop seeing you. At school. Not exactly, Mistress." Still nuzzled up against Kotomi, the word was murmured, cooed affectionately to the younger girl, Kawakami's cheeks already starting to reheat at the use of the word. "But I want to start seeing you a little ... more? In general? Maybe ... that'll help us relax a little at school."

"I know we can't ... be together that easily in public. But that doesn't mean we can't manage it. Right? I'd be happy to take a train, say ... an hour out or two, to try and make sure nobody sees us together. For a date?" It'd be nice to just be ... normal like this with Kawakami, right? As normal as student and teacher seeing one another and fucking could be, anyway. "Plus, if anyone asks if they see us out, I can just say I'm rewarding my star pupil, right?" And for a very, very brief moment, the eyes that Kotomi peered down into were slitted and serious, the cheerful voice almost seemingly a little over the top, not fully hiding the cold edge to it. "Because you are going to get the top spot on the next exams, right?" And then it passed, the hard moment of Kawakami in her role as The Teacher subsiding, the older woman unable to help herself from giggling a little.

"I think that's a good idea ... we could actually just be ourselves and be together." What's this, Kotomi -- were you talking about going on dates with the woman? Wasn't that edging a little too close to girlfriend territory? Ann was the only one Kotomi had ever wanted in that particular role, and it wasn't like Sadayo seemed eager to claim it herself, but ... it felt like a step in that direction. Getting even closer to something resembling a real 'couple', even if Sadayo did still refer to her as Mistress, even now -- something that never failed to send a little shiver up her spine.

Stepping back, still within Kotomi's grasp, Kawakami went silent for another moment yet -- her cheeks going even brighter red, burning near crimson. Yet, even as her giggly, teasing voice wavered, she still murmured out her suggestion. "Plus, we could ... see each other outside of school and ... coming to your place. Maybe, mnn. Rent a little hotel room out together, for a night? I'll arrange it with your guardian, and nobody will ever know exactly why you're out with teacher ..." Grinning, blushing so hot, the shy little Kawakami -- nowhere near as innocent as Hifumi, though -- added, her voice a husky if trembly whisper, "You can still pay me if you want to, Mistress. I'll just be your naughty teacher whore instead of your maid whore, instead ..."

"You'll always be my little whore, Sadayo, no matter what," Kotomi murmured in response, amusement in her eyes -- she had pushed her lust down for a conversation this serious, but hearing the woman tease about something like that ... the oversexed sixteen-year-old couldn't really help herself. A hand dropped down to gently but emphatically squeeze the woman's rear, leaning down to capture Sadayo's lips for another kiss -- a little longer this time, a little hungrier. No matter how exhausted Kotomi got -- no matter how thoroughly one of her girls sated her libido -- seeing another of them like this always seemed to bring it right back like it was never gone in the first place.

Breaking the kiss after a long while, she grinned wickedly. "Plus, I could always take you to that place --" The Velvet Room -- she hadn't gone back to it with Sadayo since that threesome awhile back, but it was hardly something she was opposed to. "-- but it would be kind of hard to have a date in there. I'd just be too busy wanting to fuck you senseless." Kotomi giggled. "Of course, I want to fuck you senseless most of the time anyway ... but still."
Hotel room, date out of the city -- or, at least, in another district of Tokyo -- they had some options. It was immensely reassuring, at least, to have Sadayo come out and say in no uncertain terms that she wanted to continue seeing Kotomi regardless of the risk that faces both of them, to have that sort of affection confirmed.

There was a small part of Kawakami that told her this choice was ... wrong. A part of her, the responsible part whispered to her mind that she was entirely foolish for trying to make this work. The dangers of their relationship were numerous and obvious, and that's not even including the question of 'what happens later?' or even 'what exactly kind of relationship was this?' And yet, she ignored it, smothered the concern away. For too long, she cheered on her students to followed their passions and dreams, while letting her own life dredge onward, letting opportunities pass her by. Maybe it wasn't entirely the right thing. Maybe it wasn't the most responsible thing. But -- fuck, this was what she wanted, and she intended to go for it.

"Yes, Mistress," Sadayo cooed, all too happy to press herself against Kotomi once more. Nobody walking by had any idea of the other sides of their relationship, of the fact that they were student and teacher. The freedom, the weight from her shoulders allowing the two of them to be together in the open was so exhilarating, so precious. Her lips pressed tight to Kotomi's own, hard and hungry and passionate, savoring the moment of just being -- to the rest of the world -- two girls together on the beach. Kawakami's own hands slipped forward to grasp at Kotomi, squeezing, clinging to the younger girl with a possessiveness all her own. Just like Kotomi, she'd stayed serious and fought off any of her own arousal, but that tiny bikini bottom was starting to get damp rather quickly now!

"Mistress ... I need you," the teacher gasped, whimpering out when their kiss finally broke. There was desperation in her eyes, the submissive hunger that flashed in them so often as Becky. Panting a little, biting on her lower lip, she glanced around and founds -- "I'm going to get my things. Would you ... come check on me in the farthest left changing tent over there, in ... two, three minutes?" The older woman's eyes gleamed wickedly: it was far, far from the first time the two of them had to made do in a tiny space, needing to be quiet. "Please, Mistress ..." Kawakami begged, another of those cute little maid whimpers as she -- shifting slightly and blocking the view with her body -- slid a hand downward to boldly squeeze at Kotomi's cunt, drawing an eager moan and a delighted nod from Kotomi.

Slipping away and moving quickly, Kawakami paused only for a moment to glance back over her shoulder, still blushing so hot. "Are you staring, again?" There was a lovely view to stare at, of course, with the back of those lovely soft, supple thighs and that juicy (if a fair bit smaller than Makoto's!) ass. A pause, a beat or two, before Kawakami murmured in a voice more Becky than teacher, "Because you better be, Mistress~"
The Fortune Teller, The Monster

But all things must come to an end, and the Hawaii trip was no exception. There was plenty more sun and surf to be found, and plenty of flirting and teasing and rolling about with Ann and Makoto, though Makoto found herself busy in her chaperone duties for most of the trip. With plenty of memories made all around, though, it was nice to arrive back home where everything felt a little more familiar, and for an exhausted Kotomi to doze off in her own bed. There were souvenirs to be handed out, and things for the Phantom Thieves to take care of -- including filling in the rest of the group of their international popularity. And there was the poll for the next target on their website, which seemed to be popular as ever.

Not all was going perfectly well in the house of the Phantom Thieves, however.

Namely, Morgana was around less and less of late. Oh, sure: the silly cat wasn't around all the time to begin with, having an understanding with Kotomi about the partners in her room during some evenings -- and an extra little fish or sushi for Morgana the next day had always been appreciated. As of late, though, Morgana didn't seem to be around much at all, and the usually chatty cat seemed terribly distracted or concerned about ... something, when he actually was around.

Futaba stood out the most, given that she could (and probably did) watch a fair amount of Kotomi's interactions with the other girls while she was in Hawaii, but the little redhead had been a little on the standoffish side since she got back to Japan, barely greeting Kotomi with a kiss and brief cling before holing herself up in her room and claiming she had stuff to do. Kotomi probably should have pushed at that point -- tried to investigate, tried to figure out if something was wrong, tried to see if the girl was starting to regress to her old isolationist ways, but ... she didn't. She simply trusted that Futaba was doing well enough and that she did, in fact, have stuff to do.

As such, it was far too easy to put that kind of thing out of her mind with everything else she had to deal with -- sure, Futaba was a part of her 'harem' and Kotomi wants every one of her girls to be happy and fulfilled, but she's also a sixteen-year-old girl and it's not impossible that things were going to occasionally slip through the cracks.

Such were some of the thoughts in Kotomi's mind while she was out for a stroll one evening. On this side of town, Kotomi had a few options if she was up for seeing one of her girls: Ohya was probably around somewhere and it wasn't that far of a trip to meet up with Mommy's sweet girl, Hifumi. Or, hell, it was probably not too terrible to have an evening all to herself, particularly after the highly charged nature of the Hawaii trip, spending so much time with her various girls and every evening tiredly cuddled up with Ann and Makoto. Plus, autumn was more or less in full swing, and just being outside in the crisp air felt good.

Fate, though, intervened.

Overhearing the scuffle didn't take a whole lot of luck, considering the thugs were anything but subtle. Rounding the corner, Kotomi found herself staring at a bit of a situation, with two lanky, leather jacket wearing punks around Kotomi's age harassing a woman seated at a table. The two punks were almost stereotypically thuggish, long hair and leather jackets and sneering faces all for the intent of looking as toughly masculine as possible. Laughing, cracking their knuckles and all, the two boys loomed over the poor woman in front of them. The blonde woman was easily a bit older, likely in her late twenties -- closer to Tae's age, or thereabouts -- and a touch strange looking. With a large, dark headband in her long hair, the purple dress she wore had a strange design of several clocks printed along it.
And even with her sitting behind a table, with two idiots threatening her, Kotomi spotted that the woman was rather heavily, quite gravely pregnant.

"You wanna piss off the boss more or what?" One of the punks continued, though up close his voice sounded even more nasally than before. 'Just 'cause you got his kid inside you doesn't mean you can slack off. You can do better than ten sales a week!' There were a variety of items -- a deck of large cards and some weird ... stones? -- sorted along the table. Making an exaggerated gesture with his hands, the second punk picked up the deck and idly passed it back and forth between his hands a few times -- before throwing the cards up into the air. "Oops."

"I'm sorry ..." was all the pregnant woman murmured, her voice sounding gentle and soft ... and broken. Her eyes never seemed to leave the hands resting on the swollen, round dome of her belly. "I ... I'll do better this week. You know I'm good for it ..." Gentle as her voice was, the pregnant woman appeared to be on the verge of tears, trying her best to keep everything together.

Kotomi's protective instincts flared immediately before she even recognized the situation for what it was. Seeing a lovely, pregnant woman -- fuck, very pregnant, a part of her thought vaguely -- obviously being harrassed by a couple of young punks ... yeah, this was exactly the kind of scene that got her in trouble to begin with, that got her sent here and set off this entire chain of events, and as much as her heart bled for this poor woman -- and as much as she knew that it was none of her damned business -- she knew she should just let this be. Leave it to the authorities to handle. Don't get involved, don't draw attention to herself, don't get in even more trouble.

That would be the correct choice to make.

Kotomi didn't make that choice, of course, approaching the scene with balled fists -- yeah, she'd spent a lot of time fighting, running around, evading capture, and she had gotten pretty quick and skilled from all of her practice in the Palaces and in Mementos; a couple of average punks like this? "Maybe you'd better leave her alone," Kotomi called as she approached, but gave the punks no opportunity to respond -- within the space of mere moments, the lightning-quick girl had one on the ground (a well-aimed knee between his legs) and the other staggering from a punch to the face, undoubtedly leaving him with a black eye before long. If there were more of them, or if she didn't have the element of surprise, or if they were any more skilled, it might have gone differently ... but apparently whoever 'the boss' was felt that a pregnant fortune teller only needed a couple of weak punks to bully her effectively.

To their credit, at least, they did try to scramble to their feet to put up a fight, but by the second blow they scurried and limped away. The worst they did was cry out petty insults such as, "You bitch!" and "T-the boss will hear about t-this!"

Once they turned tail at last, Kotomi turned her attention to the poor pregnant woman, torn between sympathy for a bullied woman and her open, extreme attraction to the fortune teller's incredible figure. Fuck, who knew she had a thing for pregnant women? "Are you okay?" Kotomi ventured, smiling a little, having worked up a sweat but otherwise unharmed. "They didn't do anything to hurt you, did they?"

Chihaya Mifune was a brilliant, beautiful looking woman who, at the moment, had an absolutely horrified look on her face. Her dress was rather filled out, to say the least, and it was clearly not meant for maternity use! All the better to show off just how huge, how round that belly was -- the punks said 'kid' singular, but the fortune teller appeared to be near bursting with twins, at least. There was plenty else to enjoy, too, considering how rather engorged and bloated her tits appeared to be, fat and swollen atop that huge belly. A belly which her hands seemed very hesitant to leave, idly gliding her hands along it, gently, protectively. Combined with her gentle way of speaking and the
long, almost golden blonde flowing hair behind her, the fortune teller seemed to practically radiate motherhood.

"What ... what did you just do?" Finally seeming to find her voice again, the older woman turned her head to peer up at Kotomi, the beginnings of tears traded away for fear. Scrambling to get up -- though it was more of an awkward, slow rise -- the pregnant woman brushed past Kotomi, before trying to bend here and there to reach for the scattered tarot cards. "They didn't do anything to hurt me -- they weren't going to either ... this -- this is just ... something they do ..." While watching the older woman's pregnant body was a very interesting sight indeed, she moved quite slow, if steadily, trying to pick up her cards -- the punk did a good job of scattering them about. Kotomi, of course, didn't just let Chihaya gather them up all on her own; the younger girl helped, wanting to take some of the burden off of oh-so-pregnant Chihaya. "They come bother me, I -- I make things better, apologize, and then they l-leave me alone for another week or two."

"What did you do?" Her voice, while still soft and gentle, was quite strained with frustration -- and effort from her movements. "Ohhh ... now he'll send out the real enforcers, and they aren't just okay with a standard quota bump or a quick session, nnh ..." Shaking her head, the pregnant woman paused, taking a moment to catch her breath, though throughout the whole process her eyes again and again flickered back to Kotomi. Worried. Frustrated. Afraid. Kotomi went and stuck herself into a situation with more layers than she realized. She expected a thank you, but from the sound of this poor woman, it almost sounded like she'd gone and made things worse for her.

"Please ... leave. You don't -- you won't want to be here for this. Any of ... this. Please don't make this any worse." There was a pause, her sweet, large purple eyes downcast as she adds, her voice such a whisper that Kotomi could almost miss it, "For either of us. Maybe they'll forget about you and take it out on me ..."

"You think I'm really just going to walk away and leave you to whatever happens next?" Hell no. Kotomi got herself involved, and if greater calamity was to befall Chihaya as a result, Kotomi had enough of a sense of justice that she wasn't about to just abandon her at the sound of more trouble to come. "Listen -- I know it wasn't my business, and I didn't mean to make trouble for you." Fuck ... Chihaya just seemed so broken. Like this was just her life and she was resigned to it and nothing could ever change, so why try?

That kind of attitude pissed her off.

"It ... it didn't have anything to do with what you t-think ..." Chihaya sighed, shaking her head as the two girls moved about, picking up cards. There was not a whole lot of room in the little side alleyway where the fortune teller set up shop, bodies bumping together gently more than once. The heavily pregnant woman even smelled nice and motherly, her scent smelling vaguely of some sort of pleasant flowers. Carefully working to keep her balance all the while, and even with how worried she seemed to be, the blonde still managed to mumble and murmur out apologies whenever they bumped against one another.

"Anyone wants to fuck with you again, they're going to have to deal with me first. I know I don't know the situation, but I'm not about to let some lowlife come and bully a pregnant woman." Kotomi met the woman's gaze -- those eyes were striking, Kotomi thought -- and offered the cards she'd collected from the ground.

There was so much wrapped up in Chihaya's gaze. Fear, worry, panic, all up front and center. And yet, concern, not for herself, but mainly for the girl in front of her. If there was anything else ... it was deeply, deeply buried. The slightest of frowns on her lips, Chihaya stared at the cards in Kotomi's hand before taking them, only to find herself holding hands with the younger girl.
Kotomi clasped Chihaya's hands in her own just for a moment, as if to convey her earnestness and honesty. "I'm not going to apologize for stepping in, but I'm not going to leave you to whatever happens, either. I'm Kotomi, by the way." Was this really a good idea, Kotomi? It wasn't like she could watch the girl all the time -- with as many other responsibilities as she had, could she really offer any guarantee of protection?

Maybe ... maybe if she went for the boss. Maybe if she made him have a ... change of heart.

Fuck, Kotomi, don't get ahead of yourself -- don't make this more of a mess than it already was.

"And ... I'm Chihaya. But. Please forget about this all, Kotomi. What, exactly do you p-plan to do?"

The words weren't rude, angry, upset -- fuck, it'd probably sting a little less if they were. More than anything, the older woman simply sounded tired, and not only from carrying around the added weight of child.

"Those two were just a ... a ... message." Leaning against the wall behind her, Chihaya closed her eyes, free hand returning to roam idly along the swell of her jutting belly. "You know. Just to be the reminder of how ... things work." She looked at Kotomi -- no, those eyes looked past Kotomi -- as she spoke those words, saying nothing further for a few long moments, perhaps dwelling on ... something. "But now that you've done ... what you've done, he'll send out the real thugs. And these won't be so easy to break. And even if you could beat them -- there are more. Will be more."

Pushing herself away from the wall, the pregnant woman slowly walked her way over, deck in hand --

Right back to her chair. To wait.

"Please. They'll be after you, but will probably give up if they don't find you after ten, m-maybe twenty minutes or so. And then they'll take it out on me, and you won't have to worry about it." And oh, fuck. The older woman tilted her head and smiled up at Kotomi, and it was such a beautiful, amazing smile, her whole face seeming to light up. And yet, it was such a sad smile, the show of cheer seeming to have a hauntingly, utterly hollow ring to it. Her best smile, even in a hopeless situation. "I -- I understand you were only trying to h-help. But please. Don't get c-caught up in this more. I'll be okay. I'm still -- useful, after all." Nodding, the pregnant woman's eyes flickered down to her swollen belly.

Ultimately, Kotomi was just so fucking frustrated with Chihaya. The woman was exquisitely beautiful, sure, despite -- or maybe because of? -- her pregnancy, but Kotomi wasn't even thinking of that right now, believe it or not. No, she was just ... fuck. How could Chihaya just seem like she was accepting this situation? Like she just gave in? How could she seem totally all right with the fact that repercussions for Kotomi's actions were going to fall on her head and that was all there was to it? Her kindness, her selflessness certainly didn't go unnoticed -- Chihaya's foremost concern appeared to be ensuring Kotomi escaped without coming to any harm -- but ... fuck. Fuck!

Her sadness, her hopelessness ... they hit Kotomi right in the heart, and there was no way she could leave. No way. What kind of a person would she be, abandoning this woman to whatever fate awaited her, especially after getting involved to begin with? No -- once Chihaya settled back at her little table, Kotomi didn't hesitate to plunk her ass down in the seat opposite, making it oh-so-clear that she had absolutely no intentions of fleeing. Even though ... this could end badly for you, Kotomi? If what Chihaya was saying was correct, tougher goons might be on their way -- punks Kotomi wouldn't be able to floor without breaking a sweat -- and if things got too dicey, they might even attract the attention of the cops, and that ... well.

That was kind of the worst-case scenario.
But what other option did she have? No matter how many times Chihaya told her to run and save her own ass, it just continued to solidify her decision to stay put and deal with whatever happens.

"I'm not going to forget about this, and I'm not going anywhere." Simple as that. "You don't have to just ... accept this, Chihaya. I don't know the situation, but things are never that hopeless. You don't need to just ... give in to whatever they're going to do to you. Let me help you." 'Hope' was kind of her bread and butter, right? Hope and justice, rescuing the weak and the downtrodden -- this was very much in her wheelhouse. It's just that ... she usually didn't do her work in the real world, but rather in that other world.

Which gave her a vague idea ... what if she took Chihaya and fled somewhere that those punks and her 'boss' would never, ever be able to find them? Surely the door would appear if she really needed it ... but that was kind of a last resort, given how much explanation she would have to do, how much stress it would undoubtedly put on Chihaya, and the risk of exposing her identity as a Phantom Thief to someone she wasn't entirely sure yet if she could trust.

But was was an option. Just if things go super badly.

"Why? Why can't you just let this go? Please ... I'll be okay. W-what exactly is your plan?"

Defeated, downtrodden as she was, Chihaya was no idiot -- it was pretty obvious that this girl several years her junior was flying entirely by the seat of her pants. "You say I don't have to accept this. That I don't have to accept any of this. You don't, you don't know that, Kotomi. You think I have a choice in the matter? I -- I can't. I don't know how to refuse them."

Neither woman had any plans of moving, at least not immediately. The pregnant woman tensed for a moment at the sound of footsteps, relaxing only a few moments later when a bunch of kids ran by. Her hands finally left the dome of her belly and tended to a different task -- ignoring the weird looking rocks on her table, and instead beginning to idly shuffle the tarot cards, straightening them out properly. While the beautiful mother to be was a touch slow when it came to walking, her hands were almost a blur as the cards moved back and forth, with barely a single look from their holder.

"Kotomi ... I want you to leave. Not only because of what they might do to y-you if you're here when they get here. But because I don't want ... anyone else to see me. Like ... like that." Finally, finally there was a hint of something else, beneath the downtrodden and broken sounding woman, a coal, a tiny flicker of rawness, anger buried underneath all the ash. And yet, was it mostly angled, directed at ... herself? "I m-mean it. You barely know me. You can forget about me. Right?" The older woman was practically all but begging by the sound of her voice, and it was hard to look into those eyes ...

Either way, Kotomi wasn't moving, arms folded just beneath her breasts as she regarded the other woman -- fuck, she really was beautiful, though. That smile! Filled with sadness, with hopelessness as it may be ... it just made Kotomi want to fix things for her, to turn her life around, to receive that smile when Chihaya was fully happy. She didn't address any of Chihaya's begging, however, focusing instead on something that had caught her attention earlier. ". ... what do you mean, you're 'useful' still?" Something about that phrase struck her -- was the implication that Chihaya wouldn't be useful if she weren't pregnant? Just what was going on with this woman?

"Well ... yes. Useful. As a woman. At least I can finally be useful for something if I'm pregnant, right?" There wasn't a hint of humor, not a single hint in her face that the fortune teller was joking or being sarcastic. "A way to redeem myself for being a ... a monster. For being me. The fact that it also happens to be his child, well ... they wouldn't do anything to put the child in danger. Not unless they wanted to cross him. So, I guess that makes me doubly useful, then."

What the hell happened to her, to make her like this? What had Chihaya been through -- what was
she caught up in -- that destroyed her hope, that shattered her self-image, that made her want to save Kotomi and sacrifice herself? There was a hint of ... of something still within the fortune teller -- something resembling a will -- but it was so far down, that ember obviously smothered for so long that Kotomi was surprised it still burned at all.

It didn't matter what the woman did; it didn't matter what she got caught up in. No one deserved to be made to feel like that, no one deserved to see themselves as useless. "Listen, Chihaya -- you can come with me. I know a place where they won't be able to find you -- I can help you." Whether or not Chihaya felt like she even deserved being helped. Of course, Kotomi got the idea that she was just going to need to force Chihaya to come along, as defeated and hopeless as the pregnant woman appeared to be.

Oh, yeah, there was also that: throughout, Kotomi did manage to keep focused on the situation and not the woman's physical state, but ... fuck, right? She was huge. Huge in ways extremely attractive to the sixteen-year-old, a part of her needing to force herself not to let her eyes linger overlong on Chihaya's gravid belly and blatantly milk-bloated breasts -- the fortune teller's expansive curves certainly did speak to Kotomi's interests, but the situation was -- thankfully -- serious enough that her libido wasn't really a thing at the moment. Though it might become a thing if they fled to the Velvet Room together; that place always seemed to ignite her lusts for reasons obvious. Which just made Kotomi wonder what kind of form the fortune teller might take in there ... but nevermind. That wasn't important right now.

Really, it was difficult not to notice how pregnant Chihaya was, because she was very pregnant. Either Chihaya was a touch overdue or the punk earlier happened to be wrong about how many kids Chihaya was going to have, because the older woman was absolutely gravid. Her belly was enormous, a massive dome swollen out that caused her to sit a fair distance away from the table, and even then the curve of her stomach awkwardly bumped against the table's edge from time to time. And her breasts, well -- even though they might have started as modest handfuls, they really seemed to have taken to motherhood, fat and absolutely engorged, massive mounds of milk swollen flesh filling up the poor dress absolutely not made for maternity.

And there was just something low-key erotic with how her hands kept slowly, almost sensually stroking that belly.

There was one thing for sure: taking Chihaya to the Velvet Room was one way to keep her safe. Not even Ann or Makoto could see that doorway, or even walk into it, not without Kotomi allowing it through extension of her will. At most, Futaba might -- might -- be able to force her way in, of sorts, but that was one very particular and adorably short exception. Thugs in some gang or whatever the pregnant fortune teller was wrapped up in? No, they were safe in there. But ... for how long?

Bringing Chihaya to the Velvet Room for an afternoon was one thing, but what was the step after that?

"And where, exactly, is this place, Kotomi?" Chihaya peered over at the younger girl, her head tilted slightly. "If it's somewhere where they can't ... find me? You'll forgive me, I hope ... they may be demons, but at least I know what they can do. Can you tell me more?" To Kotomi -- such a strong, bold young girl -- it sounded utterly absurd, the defeated way Chihaya seemed so utterly determined to resist any sort of escape, to stick with the terrible things simply because she knew what to expect. "And ... how long would you have me stay there? If I run, I can't exactly return home ..."

There were some other solutions that might have worked a bit more permanently, Kotomi. For one, there was little way to ignore that -- while she wasn't rich -- she have a fair bit of cash, complete with what was a near infinite source of such. Exhausting as the Palaces and Mementos were, there was still no way to get around the fact that the defeated monsters were pinatas of money and loot to sell
off. With a little work, she would be able to afford a nice place for Chihaya to stay, at least for a few weeks or months, helping her get back on her feet. Maybe even a decent little hotel room. Or perhaps, some of her girls might have idea of where she could stay, or even have room for her?

It was true that the Velvet Room wasn't really a place that Chihaya could hide indefinitely -- Kotomi wasn't even sure whether or not Chihaya could be in there on her own, or whether it would kick her out when Kotomi left, or ... but that didn't matter. As useful and enjoyable as the place could be for trysts, it just wasn't suitable for staying in long-term, partially due to the time distortion, partially due to how cognition ruled everything there ... mmh.

But it still could be useful in the short-term, right? Especially if the punks Kotomi beat up ran back home to cry to mommy, tougher goons could on their way, and if that was the case then it would be wise for she and Chihaya to get the fuck out -- to not be here when those goons might arrive. The Velvet Room, as confusing and disorienting as it would be for Chihaya, would at least be a perfect hiding space until the heat died down a little and she can figure out something more permanent for the fortune teller.

Whatever that might be. Ugh -- Kotomi just wasn't good at this kind of thing, this sort of long-term planning; she tended toward the immediate, the impulsive, and that was what got her in this mess to begin with. Not that she regretted getting involved, following her principles, rescuing Chihaya -- she just didn't know what to do now. Ann might -- Makoto might -- fuck, anyone in the group might have an idea. A part of Kotomi resisted the idea of calling them -- Kotomi got herself into this mess, so it would be unfair to drag them into it as well -- but she already knew what the others would say to something like that. They'd roll their eyes, remind Kotomi that they were a team, that she could rely on them, etc.

Even still ...

Kotomi frowned a little, lost in thought for the moment, idly looking across the table at Chihaya ... which was when she actually notices the fact that the fortune teller seems to be leaking a little into her dress, a pair of damp spots forming int he fabric, the realization eliciting a little blush from the younger girl. She was trying to ignore her lusts this whole time -- trying to ignore the fact that Chihaya was immensely attractive -- but the woman was making that more and more difficult just by existing.

"And I just emptied them out earlier ..." Chihaya sighed, sounding more a touch inconvenienced than legitimately annoyed about the leak her milk engorged breasts sprung. There was no way to avoid looking at them, either, when looking at Chihaya, with how fat and bloated and there they were. Not to mention the twin wet spots were very slowly, but steadily growing as the seconds ticked by. And if Chihaya really did empty herself out earlier -- how much was this mother-to-be pumping out? Try not to lose focus, Kotomi.

"Okay. We'll --" Kotomi started, only to cut off a little when she heard footsteps approaching -- she didn't know whether it was some passerby or whether it was the goons on their way, but she didn't want to take the risk either way. "Come on. We'll hide in here for right now, Chihaya --" Kotomi rose from her seat, crossing immediately to help Chihaya up. "It's not going to make any sense at first, but I promise I'll explain everything. Just -- come on --"

"Hey! Where are you --?" Ah, at least Chihaya had enough of herself left to mount some sort of resistance to something, even if it was the schoolgirl attempting to rescue her. While the older woman had the advantage of bulk over Kotomi, her resistance was little more than a feeble token at most, and it didn't take much pulling or prodding to get the leaking pregnant woman to come along. Chihaya was clearly confused, though she only got more so, a sound of surprise coming from her as
And within, Kotomi assumed her much-preferred form: bigger in every way, especially gifted, the whole works, a little sigh of relief escaping her as everything felt right once more. "Just ... settle in, Chihaya," she tried to advise the woman, before turning around to properly regard her companion.

"Where -- where are we? Where have you taken me ...?"

The Velvet Room remained ever a mystery to the exact nature of how it works, but it seemed pretty clear by now that it was a place where Kotomi's will was made manifest on others -- mingled in with the will, the desires of the other person(s) of course. Chihaya ... well. If the fortune teller had been quite pregnant before, she was now almost absurdly so. Before she had simply looked overdue, but now? The dome of her belly only expanded out further, and the woman appeared to be two months late with quadruplets. The rest of her body softened out as well, complete with thickened thighs and softer, even wider hips and -- of course! -- heavier breasts. Much heavier, to compensate and match her form, titanic tits capped with such swollen and thick nipples dribbling down her jutting, motherly curves. If she radiated motherhood before, she practically fucking beamed and shone it on every channel and wavelength now.

There was one other thing, though -- the older woman appeared to have taken on some slight demonic features. Pale skin turned a very faint, but detectable reddish hue. Curled, thick, if short-looking horns popped up from beneath her hair, and there was a small, but curiously swinging tail shifting back and forth behind her. And to complete the image, her lips and nails -- both swollen out and lengthened a fair bit -- went a dark, inky midnight black. All in all, the changes made her resemble a very motherly looking sort of succubus.

Kotomi just gaped at the woman for a second, eyes wide in shock, and while she certainly felt her cock hardening between her legs, she just ... stared. "Holy fuck ..." Kotomi breathed to herself, taken aback by the way Chihaya looked: even more dramatically pregnant, bustier, milkier, more motherly -- obviously that was Kotomi's cognition -- but what she didn't expect were the demonic accoutrements that Chihaya now sported: the horns, the tail, the nails, the skin, everything. That ... that definitely wasn't from Kotomi herself -- she didn't see the woman as a succubus, a demon, a monster, anything like that.

Which meant that it had to come from Chihaya herself. Visitors' cognitions had an effect on their forms, which meant that Chihaya saw herself in that particular light: a demon. Wicked. Evil. Why, though? Was it just an extension of the negative way she viewed herself? That hopelessness, that seeming guilt and acceptance of punishment? Nothing made sense to Kotomi just yet, and it was hard to give it any real thought now that her desire took up so much of her concentration.

"Chihaya, you ..." Kotomi gathered herself as best she could, approaching the other woman, and she couldn't help but reach out a hand to rest on the woman's swollen belly -- she looked ready to pop out in the real world, and here, she was enormous! "I ... it's hard to explain. Just know that you're totally safe here and no one is going to find us." But it wasn't a permanent solution by any stretch of the imagination. For now, though, it was a good enough hiding place, able to give Kotomi some time to think things over.

"I just ... why do you look like this?" She gestured to the woman with her free hand, especially her more demonic features. "I mean ... it was me that made you look more pregnant and stuff, but ..." Kotomi bit her lip, doing her damndest to ignore the fact that her cock was swollen, hard, needy, and bumping up against the underside of Chihaya's huge belly. "... do you see yourself as a -- a demon, Chihaya?" Holy fuck she was cute, though. Forcing her eyes to rest on Chihaya's, she did her best to
ignore the urge to feel the woman's plump, dark-painted lips against her own.

'You're a monster.'

Despite being so many years later, the words still rang loud and clear in Chihaya's head. The words screamed at her as all she did was her gift, her powers to try to help people. And yet, nobody liked the girl that predicted the plague that struck her village. Nobody remembered the girl who helped them find love or solve problems when the earthquake she predicted struck. Certainly, in the aftermath, many of the villagers might have felt regret for their actions -- though on that horrible night, when her home burned down, they all chanted that word. Monster.

With that burned, etched in her being, the young fortune teller fled to Tokyo. It started surprisingly well at first, as her reputation as an incredibly accurate woman of her trade quickly spread through the streets. Customers came and went, and unlike the village where everyone knew who she was, knew where she lived -- Tokyo was easy to slip away into, keep herself on the move, and mostly avoid angry customers that didn't understand her gift. All she did was tell them what was coming, she didn't weave it herself!

And then he found her.

Sin and motherhood all mingled together in one to create the woman standing before Kotomi now. There was little doubt Chihaya would be kept to a bed if she were in the real world in such a state, though the magic of the Velvet Room allowed the pregnant woman to still stand and walk despite her swollen, gravid status -- albeit with the traditional motherly waddle walk. With no real stimulation to speak of, those gigantic, bloated tits continued to steadily weep, dribble milk, now beginning to create tiny streams dripping down her massive belly. Her lips, plump and dark and so sinful, kept themselves shut tight. Her eyes, still that brilliant purple, were downcast -- though her nostrils kept twitching slightly.

"Why have you brought me here?" Even her words, still soft and sweet, possessed a slight, sensual purr to them now that hadn't been there before walking through the door. "I ..." Chihaya swallowed, going quite quiet and still at feeling that swollen, fat cock bumping up against her extraordinarily pregnant belly. Dark nails bit into the flesh of her palms, squeezing inward as she tried to retain her control. "I am a monster. A woman who o-only wants to serve her ... her betters. To atone for what I am. Please ... please ..." Chihaya's eyes shut as she whispered, her voice practically a whimper.

Fuck. She could smell Kotomi. The smell of that fat cock, twitching, dribbling precum constantly was impossible for her to ignore. Did Kotomi spy the tiny bit of drool leaking from the corner of those soft, fat lips? The way the older woman's thick thighs pressed inward a bit toward one another? She was already so weak back in reality, but here everything, every sense as a demonic creature of lust was so utterly magnified. So intense. She could barely keep herself sane when he or his men placed their hands on her, igniting something so shameful and yet so hot inside of her, treated and degraded as property. Insulted, yanked around, used, only for a part of her to beg and wish for more. Because at least she was finally useful, because at least even a monster so terrible -- even a woman -- could finally have her uses.

"... please, Master," Chihaya husked, slipping her hand sensually, purposefully along the swell of her belly, down to where those thighs met. "Allow this worthless, pathetic whore to serve you." Opening her eyes, which now seemed so hazed, slightly insane, her hand emerged, messily smearing sticky evidence of her arousal up along her belly. Up until she so lewdly, shamelessly licked it from her fingers for Kotomi's enjoyment. All as she pressed forward, forcing Kotomi's dick to draaag against that belly, succumbed completely to it all. "I know you want to. Won't you let this cockslave do one of the few things she's good for in life, Master?"
Now that internalization, that justification, pressured and kept below the surface for so, so long had been given shape and made manifest. And now she wanted you, Kotomi, even as that woman just moments ago was so soft and kind degraded herself.

Was that truly how Chihaya saw herself? Kotomi had gotten the idea that the fortuneteller certainly didn't seem to think much of herself from the way she appeared to be so beaten down, so resigned to her fate ... and yet, even then, she sought to save Kotomi. She tried to get Kotomi to run and save her own skin and take all of the punishment onto herself. What kind of woman would do that for an absolute stranger? What kind of woman would unflinchingly accept punishment she did not earn?

What kind of woman saw herself as a monster?

"Chihaya --" Kotomi started, unsure even where to begin with this woman, still torn between her lust and her concern ... maybe the Velvet Room wasn't the ideal place to bring her. Her cock was hard -- achingly so -- only becoming moreso as she watched Chihaya clean herself from her fingers, as she ground against that colossal belly, the slightest little whimper of overwhelming sensation squeezed from Kotomi's lips. The hands on Chihaya's gravid belly twitched upward, as though they were headed toward those milk-swollen udders ... before retracting entirely. She didn't take a step back, mind, because she was only fucking human and her dick felt so good rubbing against Chihaya and she was so fucking horny and ... well.

"I'm not your Master, Chihaya." She was a Mistress, though ... to several other girls. But not to Chihaya. ... not yet, anyway, a part of her mind whispered, and she violently beat it back. "Anything that we do ... would be because we both want it. Not because you -- because you think that's all you can do." Fuck, do you have any idea how hard it was for Kotomi to be saying this right now? How difficult it was for her to resist the powerful urge to give into Chihaya's filthy pleas and just fuck her pregnant pussy senseless? She wanted that so desperately ... but that sense of worthlessness that pervaded every one of Chihaya's words was something of a damper on Kotomi's arousal.

A very slight damper, anyway.

"You're not a monster, Chihaya. I don't know what happened to you, to make you feel this way ... I don't know what kind of situation you're in, but ..." Thus followed the most impressive, extreme, powerful force of will Kotomi ever expressed: she managed to take a step backward, to draw herself away from the pregnant succubus, though her cock still jutted toward Chihaya as though begging to be reunited once more. "We -- shouldn't." Fuck, Kotomi, did you ever think you'd say that to someone?

It all started off innocent enough.

He had learned about Chihaya not long after her arrival to Tokyo. A fortune teller with unparalleled accuracy, and a beautiful maiden to boot? The Assembly of Divine Power welcomed her with open arms, and for the first time, Chihaya felt like she maybe -- maybe -- belonged somewhere. There were so many other fortune tellers and spirit mediums, so many others with the divine touch. The gift. Naive and young as she was, though, she didn't realize that she was surrounded by con artists and those fooled by them -- devoted not to helping others, as they claimed, but only to pure greed and profit.

The license should have been a giveaway, and how he -- The Chairman -- smiled at her so sweetly and told her that just for her it'd be discounted -- and yet, somehow, it was just the right price for her to be able to afford with her earnings in the big city so far. But, ah, Chihaya could ply her trade now being a proudly licensed member of the ADP, so long as she now sold other items as well, as expected of a license carrying member. The weird little white rocks -- spirit stones -- seemed utterly useless, and had to be sold for crazy amounts. Even so, people, charmed by the beautiful Chihaya,
soon nicknamed as the Maiden of Relief, lined up to make their purchases.

But it was never enough.

Ah, had she really been that young? Beaming so proudly, making her report to The Chairman after her first month, having told so many fortunes ... she hadn't sold enough. Not nearly enough. But Chihaya was new! That was alright. She'd do better the next month, right? Or the next. Or the next. Never noticing, as she desperately pushed the spirit stones more over her abilities, that the quota was constantly pushed all the higher. And how the ADP’s patience slowly seemed to slide, more and more and more.

And then, begging a customer to make a purchase so she could meet her quota, the man had teased her about her nickname, about being the Maiden of Relief, and how she could earn some of his cash. Desperate, on such little sleep, terrified by the threat of the one place where she seemed to fit in throwing her out ... Chihaya agreed. From there, she entered a world she had never imagined, but a world that helped her, for the first time, meet her quotas. Oh, the praise she got! But, just as before, the quotas were soon adapted upwards, to targets more and more difficult, unreasonable to hit.

Perhaps the worst part of it all, though? Chihaya discovered that she enjoyed quite a bit of the treatment. The rough hands. The degrading comments. Being -- used. Left as a twitching mess with yen tossed at her sticky body almost as an afterthought. In another reality, perhaps, there could have been healthy exploration of such -- rough, hard, objectifying and degrading play, complete with plenty of warmth and love and affirmation of her worth afterward. Instead, Chihaya had only, over time, bought into it all, her value and worth as a woman degraded to such a point. And on top of that, it fed into the belief that she was even more of a monster, more of a twisted freak for having liked any of it at all.

"Master! I know you want to!" Chihaya purred out, both lips now openly drooling -- those fat, inky black cocksuckers and her lower pair practically oozing arousal down her thighs. As Kotomi stepped away, the absurdly pregnant succubus fell down to her knees, only serving to drive home just how pregnant she was, the dome of her belly looking so juttingly massive in such a position. Bending forward, she began to prowl on hands and knees, and that swollen tummy and bloated tits draaagged across the ground, leaving trails of her milk behind. Slowly, slowly advancing towards Kotomi, her eyes locked on that fat, twitching cock.

Was ... was she talking more to it than to you, Kotomi?

"Use me! Fuck me! You can clearly see it's what I'm for, Master! Empty your fat, heavy balls in me and throw me to the side like I deserve!" Even as Kotomi continued to back up, succubi play dirty -- never all that far away to begin with, she pushed her head out a little further and her tongue slithered out, longer than a normal human's, to lap at a fat bead of precum hanging from Kotomi's swollen cocktip. Fuck -- most of her girls, save for Tae, had to learn and experience intimacy, many for the first time with Kotomi. A succubus? How long could Kotomi hold out for?

It was never like this before.

Even with Makoto at her lowest point, her desire to be degraded and used so overwhelming initially ... it still wasn't like this. Kotomi had never met someone so utterly focused on their own worthlessness -- someone who seemed to believe it so thoroughly. Being in the Velvet Room certainly changed people; not just in body, but in mind, amplifying lusts and stripping one's id bare, but even then, that just meant that Chihaya really did feel this way deep down. That she saw herself as a monster, that she saw herself as worthless, nothing more than a succubus and a cockslave.

Kotomi couldn't deny that there was something perversely attractive about that self-degradation, but
that didn't mean that she needed to encourage it. The fact that Chihaya took this form -- that she became an absurdly pregnant succubus focused on Kotomi's cock and nothing else -- did speak a lot to Kotomi's baser instincts, but ... she wasn't a creature made purely of base instincts. Not even here, where those primal lusts tended to rule the day.

No, there was no way she could just let Chihaya continue on like this.

There was so much going on here. Twisting motherhood and sinful, wanton lust together, and being so terribly, awfully eager about it all, Chihaya was a perfect picture of what Kotomi might so often enjoy, from curves to attitude all wrapped up in one. And even the degradation was an interesting angle -- it wouldn't have been the first time she called one of her girls a nasty name or two, but they were on much more solid ground, emotionally. Even if Kotomi cared for her after the fact, even if she held the woman and gave her reaffirmation -- no. No, not now.

That didn't mean it was easy -- she really, genuinely did want nothing more than to let Chihaya use that lovely tongue to wrap all around her massive dick, to bury herself first in Chihaya's throat and then into her pregnant pussy, something that could only be done so simply here in the Velvet Room. She wanted to give in to her desires, she wanted to surrender herself to Chihaya's degradation, to buy into her worthlessness. Kotomi was only human, after all. She was a horny sixteen-year-old girl, and horny sixteen-year-old girls made mistakes all the time. Plus, just look how much Chihaya wanted it ...

... but she couldn't. No fucking way. It was Kotomi's sense of justice that got her involved in this fucking mess to begin with, and it was her sense of justice that allowed her to withdraw further from the crawling, prowling Chihaya. Deep breath, straining the fabric of her usual prison uniform -- and though Kotomi stood still, her cock ... retreated. Shrank inward. Something, again, she never thought she would do (apart from when she was with Mistress Futaba, of course!) and especially not when she had a woman as absurdly hot as Chihaya absolutely begging to be fucked, but she managed ... soon left with her much more standard slit, though even that was obviously wet -- there was no denying her lusts entirely.

But hopefully, without that focal point for Chihaya, she could speak some sense into the woman. "Chihaya." Her voice was firm, steel wrapped in velvet, and she settled her rear onto the bed, gazing down at the succubus. "Stop this. This isn't who you are." How the fuck would Kotomi know? She barely knew anything about the woman! Plus, Velvet Room and all ... didn't this mean this was exactly who Chihaya was? Maybe, but ...

"I'm not going to fuck you." As much as she wanted to. Holy fuck did she want to. Hell, she even managed to keep her hands to herself, instead of groping and squeezing the succubus' huge, milky tits like she so desperately desired. "Because it's not -- it's not what you need." Something happened to her. Something happened to make Chihaya this way, to completely shatter her sense of self-worth, to make her beg to be fucked and discarded.

Once that cock vanished, Chihaya stopped and went cold. "Master ...?" Oh, Kotomi's heart broke once more for the woman, all over again; in that one word there was so much confusion and sadness all wrapped together, a woman who had her world reduced to one single, throbbing point ... that suddenly vanished in front of her eyes. She remained in place, bloated tits and belly pressed to the ground beneath her, drool slowly trickling from both lips as she stared at the space between Kotomi's thighs, saying nothing. This was what she was made for! This was why she existed! All she ever, ever did was seemingly hurt people with her only other gift so why -- why -- why ...?

The succubus screamed.

It was a shrill scream that hurt Kotomi's ears, certainly. But it went deeper than that, as the younger
girl felt a pressure, a sudden harsh, stabbing pain in her head. It was a terrible, awful backlash of will that slammed at Kotomi's mind without end, as the girl was linked to any of her guests in that place -- much like how Futaba pressed herself against Kotomi's will, though where that had been precise and calculated, this was ... raw. Violently so. Turned toward the monster inside of her and forced to examine herself, to see just how broken she had become inside, denied of the one thing she knew, she wailed and thrashed both with body and mind, and at first it was almost too much, particularly for catching Kotomi off guard. It kept going, longer and longer, the seconds threatening to turn into a full minute with no end in sight, and it hurt, pain and sadness and terror gripping into Kotomi's very being and tearing, thrashing wildly, and, and and ...

Chihaya seemed utterly overcome by her self-hate, her frustration, her desire to serve the only way she apparently knew how -- and Kotomi wouldn't let her. Poor Kotomi could only ... watch. Stare. Wide-eyed, open-mouthed, at the spectacle before her. There was no doubt that Chihaya was fucked up on a deep, fundamental level, and if Kotomi thought she could just talk the girl out of it, she was fucking fooling herself. No way. She might have been living a curious life for the last while, but at her core, she was still just a horny sixteen-year-old girl, albeit one with a strong sense of justice.

Part of her wished that she hadn't taken her cock away, that she at least had given Chihaya the opportunity to serve in the one way she seemed to know how. But ... even then, Kotomi knew that that wouldn't have solved anything. If anything, it probably would have made it worse, cementing Kotomi as yet another person in the fortune teller's life that used her in such a way.

What was she meant to do? Her hands reached out at one point, unsure whether to touch the succubus or not, before curling back inward, helpless, despairing. Bringing the girl to the Velvet Room was looking more and more like it was a colossal mistake, though how was Kotomi to know? She had only ever had very positive, pleasurable results when she brought girls in here, but it turned out that while the Velvet Room could bring perception to life ... such a power could also be used for pain in exactly the same way as pleasure.

"I'm sorry."

Blissfully, while it didn't come to an end, everything went muted and painless -- though not without one final harsh, terrible burst. The succubus still wailed and sobbed on the ground, though so much ... quieter now. And the color seemed to drain from the poor woman, for some strange reason. A reason that became a little more apparent once Kotomi glanced to that space next to her, which was also filled by ... Chihaya. Through the terrible backlash, there was a ... split, of sorts, two sides torn apart in this strange, strange place.

"They called me a monster. A terrible, terrible monster. Are you alright?" The version of Chihaya sitting next to Kotomi on the edge of the bed looked quite a bit more like the woman outside the Velvet Room, though not exactly. For one, the blonde woman was a fair bit younger, roughly around Kotomi's age. For another, she was still rather ... absurdly pregnant, the changes of the Velvet Room and Kotomi's desires still touching on this side of the fortune teller, which made her look all the more bloated and swollen and all the larger than even the succubus still crying on the floor. So, too, did this version seem so oddly pale, the color of her body not quite filled in properly, much like her other 'half'. Her eyes looked so tired, yet they still shone so brightly, and there was a pleasant and warm, if tired, smile on the girl's face, though it flicked to concern as her eyes glanced at the creature -- a part of herself -- on the floor.

Kotomi blinked, confused, glancing to the other Chihaya -- the calm one. The younger one. The ... somehow ... even more pregnant one. There was some cognitive shit going on here, but it was nothing like Kotomi had ever encountered before, and she really wasn't sure what to do. "What --" she started through a dry mouth, and she licks her lips uncertainly before trying again. "Who called
you a monster?" There was so, so much backstory, so much explanation that Kotomi simply wasn't privy to. What a fucking terrible idea this was, bringing her here when Kotomi knew so little about her! "What happened, Chihaya?" And -- the unspoken followup -- how could Kotomi help? Could she at all? Or was she just destined to fuck up this woman's life even worse?

Chihaya -- the one sitting next to Kotomi -- didn't respond immediately. She sat in silence, watching herself writh and whimper, the demonic creature that served as manifestation for her self loathing and hatred and lusts all wrapped up in one. To be entirely honest, Chihaya herself didn't really have a clue what's going on, being dragged into the Velvet Room and then having her very being torn apart. Likely it was some mixture of Chihaya's split personality and a self-defense system of Kotomi's mind, forcing apart Chihaya's self hatreds apart from the sliver of herself that remained her beneath it all.

"You really want to help me, don't you?" The pregnant, quiet Chihaya asked, finally turning her attention away from the other version of herself, to stare at Kotomi. "Why? I know how hard that was for you. That it went against -- well. A lot. She -- I, I guess? -- could smell you. Could feel it. And then you just ... didn't. You really, really want to help." There was a sense of amazement to Chihaya's words, the girl smiling and shaking her head as she chuckled. Yes, she looked so tired, but that smile, those eyes seemed to light up even the somewhat dim Velvet Room, a cheerfulness that shone through despite ... everything.

Both Kotomi and young Chihaya watched succubus Chihaya still writhing and moaning in obvious despair on the ground -- the girl nodded at the question posed. "I really, really do," she confirmed without looking up, a hand of raw despair and helplessness wrapped tightly in a deathgrip around her heart.

"So many years ago, in my tiny village," Chihaya began, curling up a little in on herself, cradling the swollen mass of her pregnant belly, "I discovered I had ... a gift, I used to think of it. A gift to see into the future, to see the fates of others. And while it helped so many, everyone started to concentrate on the terrible things I saw. Plagues. Fires. Earthquakes. They ... blamed me for it. All of it. They said I caused it. And so they called me a monster and burnt down my home, believing me to be still inside." And so Chihaya continued onward, speaking slowly, but steadily. Speaking of the awful treatment that culminated in her home being burned down, all the help and useful things she saw completely forgotten. Of how she fled to Tokyo, seeking a new life and finally finding others who were like her, touched with such abilities. Of how she became ensnared by the cult, trapped as a money making source for them -- and how she turned to selling her body to make up for her ever inability to meet the growing quotas.

"I liked it." Chihaya offered an awkward, bashful little grin at Kotomi, eyes glancing away for a moment, back to the succubus version of herself. "But ... I started to ..." And then away, away from Kotomi, the grin fading as she took a breath, body trembling as she continues, "... still. Believe in what they told me. The names they called me. How little ... value they gave me. And since I enjoyed it, I ... what kind of person enjoys that kind of thing? Mhn. Anyway, the Chairman of the ADP found out exactly what I was doing, and he ... started making use of my relief services. He told me he would make me good for something, and well ..." With a little laugh, Chihaya patted the rather absurd, swollen dome of her belly.

Saying nothing else, the fortune teller finally wound down, going quiet. Now that she finally told someone her story, though, her shoulders seemed a little more upright, a little less sad. Even the color returned to her a little more. "I hate myself, Kotomi. I don't know anything else," Chihaya finally concluded, her voice a whisper. "But I ... I don't want to. Please. Please, will you -- will you help me? I know I'm asking a lot." To not only rescue her from the clutches of the cult -- but from herself.
It makes a lot of sense, and the answer to the mystery was so much more ... mundane, in a way, than she thought it would be. But it still didn't give Kotomi much of any idea about how to actually fix the problem, how to help the blonde fortune teller, and so Kotomi sat silent, concerned, lips pressed tightly together as she stared down at the poor succubus. No, she didn't know how to start to mend Chihaya's shattered psyche ... but what she did know was how she could, at least, extricate the fortune teller from the abusive organization that had control of her. There was little doubt in Kotomi's mind that she could certainly find the chairman's shadow somewhere in Mementos, if Chihaya's description of the man's cruelty was anything to go by. Another target to take down, hopefully to get the heat off of the fortune teller, and then at least she could rest easy while they tackled the much more difficult task of helping her as a person.

Kotomi still had no idea what to do about that part.

"I'll help you," Kotomi spoke up at long last, looking up to meet the gaze of the younger Chihaya. "I don't know exactly what I'll do yet ... I'm just one girl, and you've been through a lot," she said with a wry little shrug, before she reached out to claim one of Chihaya's hands with her own, giving it a gentle, reassuring squeeze. "But I'll do whatever I can. And at least ... you won't have to worry about the chairman or the ADP for too much longer." Eeeeh ... maybe not actually mention that, Kotomi. Chihaya didn't know much of anything about her being in the Phantom Thieves, even though Kotomi brought her here, and it would probably be better to keep it that way.

Oh well. Too late now.

"I'll do what I can," she reiterated. "You're a lovely girl, Chihaya, and I just want to see you smile." Something Chihaya hadn't really seemed to do yet. Not really. Her vague attempts at trying to seem happy were obviously shot through and through with raw despair, and even though Kotomi didn't know how, she was bound and determined to tear that despair away from the fortune teller.

"You're a very sweet girl, Kotomi." Chihaya sighed, allowing her eyes to flutter shut. "Are you sure you want to do this, though? You're talking to me here and now, but ... I'm not me. I think. If that makes any sense." Shrugging, Chihaya continued to look lost in thought. "I'm not entirely sure. Do you know exactly what I am? This is ... some place of yours, isn't it?" Grinning a little, the pregnant girl cracked an eye open slightly, shooting Kotomi a knowing look -- both girls, in multiple ways, were a bit out of their elements.

"I ... whatever I am, I want to -- to try. To accept and be okay with myself. But, there is one thing I do know, and that's when we leave this place, she and I," Chihaya paused, nodding her head towards the pathetic form of the motherly succubus on the ground, "... will be one, once again. I can speak with you, here, because of this ... place. You may need to bring us -- no. Me. Here again, to get anywhere. Are you willing to do that, too?"

Staring at the figure on the floor, Chihaya slowly lowered herself back onto the bed, her gravid form sinking into the plush, pillowy softness. "And on top of that, I need your help finding somewhere to stay, too. That's a lot to worry about and put on your plate. But we're safe while we're in here, right? I ..." Hesitating, Chihaya leaned back up, slightly, peering over the swollen dome of her belly, a tiny bit of color flooding her cheeks. "I'd like to stay here a little longer, though, if it's okay with you. You look so soft, Kotomi, would ... would you just hold me, for now?"
Hey! A friend recommended I go ahead and link my tumblr here! Please feel free to give me a follow, and send me prompts and ideas!

Makoto Niijima had been a patient girl.

It wasn't all just on Kotomi being a busy owner with several other girls and life to tend to -- Makoto had also been busy. there was always more to study, an exam just around the corner, some function she had to tend to in her role as president. There were some times where Bitch and Queen rarely got a chance to see one another outside of class or Mementos, and oh, how Makoto was so desperate in those brief periods, ever the whimpering, mewling, happy little bitch to submit for her owner. And yet, Makoto had never stopped dreaming, fantasizing about the moment for when she could finally go into the Velvet Room with Kotomi, after hearing so much about it constantly from Mistress Ann.

Makoto hadn't been idle, though.

The older girl, with her Queen's blessings and instructions, spent quite a fair bit of time now with a toy crammed between her thick cheeks, her fat ass stuffed with a juicy toy or plug. Or a vibrator at her cunt. It definitely made things interesting in some situations; for example, Makoto had spent more than one council meeting trying not to think about the thick thing crammed in her ass. And Makoto and Kotomi were the only two -- though Ann likely guessed! -- to know that Makoto had a vibrator set during her last big speech to the school in the auditorium, before some event. While her Queen hadn't gone overboard, not wanting to make it obvious and get Makoto in trouble, Kotomi, holding the controls, had made the brief, few minute speech rather ... fun. Thank goodness she'd had a podium to stand behind!

Kotomi, too, was quite a busy girl.

She already had so much to deal with, between the normal pressures of being a high schooler, the pressures of leading the Phantom Thieves in the pursuit of justice, and the pressures of being a good girlfriend/owner/partner to quite a lot of women. It was a lot to balance all at once! Honestly, it's kind of amazing she didn't fuck up in one or all of those areas more often.

And now she went ahead and added Chihaya to that list; after their very curious time in the Velvet Room (that did, in fact, culminate in Kotomi just holding the pregnant woman for awhile), she had put up the funds for a semi-longterm stay in a hotel for the woman until she and the Thieves could do something about the chairman. And even then there was the fact that she needed to bring Chihaya back into the Velvet Room on the occasion to work on trying to help the fortune teller heal her broken psyche.

There was a lot on her plate.

And yet, despite all of that, Kotomi hadn't folded. She hadn't broken, she hadn't ceased trying to do it all, and one of the things on her to-do list was Makoto Niijima. The girl had been so patient -- and creatively submissive, what with how frequently she was in public with toys inside of her -- but she's also been dropping little hints about how much she would love for Kotomi to take her into the Velvet
Room and fuck her senseless. It wasn't that Kotomi had been resisting such -- she very, very much wanted to do it! -- it was just ... scheduling, you know? Always a lot to do. Always a lot to keep her attention.

But finally -- finally! Both of their schedules had an opening one evening to spend some time together for several hours, and both of them were in the mood. Finally, finally Kotomi was ready to put her eager little bitch to work. With only vague ideas of how it worked from hearing things secondhand mostly from Mistress Ann, Makoto ... really wasn't certain what to expect. She was really, really fucking excited though, thighs rubbing together in anticipation while making her way to join Kotomi. Checking herself one final time before meeting with her Queen, the older girl paused, glancing back -- yes, she wore that skirt, the shortest one she owned, the one she wore only for Kotomi. The plump, full mounds of her ass were quite obvious beneath the skirt, even if it fully covered them.

It wasn't just the skirt, either. The bottom-heavy brunette had gone and dolled herself up a bit for her Queen. Heeled, red pumps make her steps click, and the older girl wore a very tight set of stockings, more than tight enough to show off the ample curves of her thick thighs. She had her lips and nails painted to match, a juicy and sinful red, and she applied a fair bit more makeup than normal, the bitch trying to make herself a dolled up pretty little fucktoy for her Queen. Speaking of, it was always so cute, wasn't it -- Makoto's wide hips had a natural sway to them whenever she walked, but the older girl didn't realize how her steps got all the more exaggerated when Kotomi was near. When she looked at Makoto with those eyes.

Ah, but then ... she knew that she was going to take on some sort of change in the Velvet Room. Right?

The girls planned to meet up in Shibuya, and when Makoto finally made her way there, she found Kotomi lurking at the entrance of an alleyway, a bright grin on the younger girl's lips at the sight of her lovely little bitch ... and that amazing, tiny skirt that always showed off her ass just flawlessly. Kotomi greeted the brunette with a deep, hungry kiss and a grope to that fat butt beneath the skirt -- Kotomi's own skirt was neither as short nor as well filled-out. For now, anyway.

Makoto was such a strong, strong girl. The burdens and schedule Makoto took on were an inspiration to the rest of the team, with how busy the older girl was with life. And yet, even with how serious and strong she was, so responsible and hardworking -- she still absolutely melted like such a weak little submissive bitch for her Queen. Her own lips kissed edgier so very, very hungrily, pressing herself hard against Kotomi and arching herself to stick that fat, plush bottom back into the hands that so thoroughly owned her. "I'm yours, my Queen!" Makoto breathed out, and Kotomi practically felt her pet's heart hammering in her chest, dizzy with nerves and excitement.

"Fuck, you look amazing. Come on; we've been waiting for this too long," Kotomi all but growled, drawing away and leading Makoto down into the alleyway, even snapping her fingers to get Makoto to follow as though she were dealing with an unruly pet instead of a girl a year older than herself.

The sudden snap of Kotomi's fingers drew a cry from the older girl, and Makoto knees grew weak, dropping down onto them. While it might not have been what Kotomi intended, it was fitting, wasn't it? The fat-assed little bitch crawled the rest of the way behind her owner, her cheeks burning red; while they were far into the alleyway and it would have been hard to identify Makoto from this angle ... with the shortness of her skirt, anyone who did glance down the alleyway would get a rather lovely few of that exquisitely plump ass raised in the air.

Makoto's natural instincts and willingness to serve, to submit always surpassed Kotomi's expectations. The way the girl just dropped down to her knees and crawled after Kotomi when she
snapped ... Kotomi certainly didn't intend it, but there was no denying that the spectacle of the honor student humiliating herself like that in public was immensely exciting to the younger girl. Maybe Kotomi had been holding back a little too much, going a little too slowly when it came to Makoto, after the way they had started their relationship -- Kotomi was hesitant about going too far, pushing the envelope too much, but Makoto inevitably displayed that she was more than fine with being used, abused, degraded ... just so long as she was loved as well.

Well. Kotomi was pretty sure she could handle both of those.

Either way -- the Velvet Room awaited. As ever, Makoto couldn't even see it until she was partway through it, and Kotomi ... well, she was very excited to see what her bitch was going to look like. Sure, she had a pretty good guess -- given Kotomi's focus on the girl's huge, plump ass -- but there was still the question of what adjustments Makoto's own cognition would make to her body in this place.

Kotomi, of course, went into the Velvet Room first, assuming her favored form. Tiny handfuls swelling so obscenely to massive, fat tits, hips, thighs, ass all widening and plumping out to such feminine extremes ... and of course, the fat, swollen mass of cockmeat crammed down one leg of her uniform, almost comically so. Crawling through the doorway that had suddenly appeared before her, Makoto paused in the entrance, finding herself gawking, staring, moved to awe at seeing her Queen in her full, complete glory. Makoto gazed, stared at her owner, eyes filled with desire to serve. This? This wouldn't be like Ann or some of the others. This was about Makoto getting fucked and fucked hard and she absolutely wouldn't want Kotomi to hold anything back.

Makoto crawled forward --

"Nhf?"

Attempted to, anyway.

Taking stock of Makoto, there had definitely been some changes. For one, the brunette's shorter hair had grown significantly longer, previously having not even fallen to her shoulders, but now long and luxurious and long enough to fall to the middle of her back. Her lips had plumped up into perfectly thick cocksuckers, but even more than Kotomi would had pushed for, thicker than even Ann's lips became in the Velvet Room, the bitch clearly trying to modify herself even further, to be the proper little toy for her owner to use. Kotomi's sharp eye noted marks around Makoto's neck that had manifested, as if a very tight choker had been left to sit for a little too long around the girl's neck: a manifestation of her submission.

There was the rather ... ample curve of her bust, of course. Having been fairly small like Kotomi, the older girl now had a heavy set of tits easily a bit larger than her head. The real main attraction, though, was further down Makoto's figure. Of the main group, the school president boasted the widest hips by a fair amount, but now they had only blossomed out all the more, beyond the realm of child-bearing and into obscenity. Already thick thighs had become absolutely divine to match, but even that all paled in comparison to --

"I ... I'm stuck?"

Yeah, she was stuck, and for good reason. What had started as a plump, fat, round ass had grown, to put it bluntly. Those already soft cheeks had grown out in seemingly every direction, the older girl's focus along with Kotomi's own enjoyment making it swell and swell and swell. What had been simply ripe and juicy on the outside world was now absolutely, positively shelf-like, those pale twin moons absolutely enormous; the tiny skirt that had been able to cover her ass fully barely even covered a third of the jiggling flesh that jiggled, wobbled as Makoto squirmed. Her hips, her ass had
widened so much that the poor little bitch couldn't even quite get herself entirely into the Velvet Room! Which, while embarrassing, was also very arousing to Makoto, if she was entirely honest with herself. This was what her Queen enjoyed most about her body, right?

For each individual in the Velvet Room, there were different changes, reflecting both a mixture of Kotomi's desires and the inner self or wants of the other person. For Ann, not knowing what to expect exactly, but always delighting in her ample bust -- and knowing Kotomi did as well -- that was the focal point. For Becky, the filling out of her form had been almost entirely Kotomi's work, but the youthful, energetic changes, and a bit of refinement for her figure, had been all on Sadayo, operating in that Becky persona. For Makoto? It didn't even cross her mind to try and compete with Ann in the bust department, and never had. But she always prided herself of having the roundest, thickest ass for her Queen to enjoy! So while her tits swelled and fattened thanks to Kotomi, both of them so focused on Makoto's bottom half had done quite the number.

And what self-respecting bitch wouldn't have the perfect, overinflated dicksucking lips to choke on the dick of her Queen? (Why, yes, Makoto had been practicing her deepthroating a bit as well with a few of her toys.)

Just ... she might need a hand, Kotomi.

"You're stuck?" Kotomi's voice rung with amusement, mischievous delight written all over her face as she regarded her changed and swollen slave. Fuck, she looked amazing before, and now ... Makoto was a testament to excess, busty and thick and oh-so-fuckable. Even just her overinflated lips, looking like they'd had a hard time closing on their own, seemingly permanently curled into a surprised 'o' -- designed, of course, for wrapping around a cock, for pleasing Kotomi's true form.

But that wasn't even the most standout part. Those hips, that ass ... Makoto was plenty massive, certainly bottom-heavy in the real world, and now she had been taken to such an absurd extreme, sporting an ass bigger than anything Kotomi had ever imagined ... a perfect counterpart to her quickly-hardening cock, that's for damned sure.

And stuck. Fuck, Kotomi didn't even know that was possible, that the door to the Velvet Room could have real dimensions and limits in such a way. "You're stuck," she echoed with a little shake of her head, coming to stand in front of the prostrate Makoto ... and bringing that gigantic bulge so much closer to Makoto's face in the process. "I wonder if we didn't go a little overboard. You wanted to have a really huge ass for your Queen, didn't you?" Not that she blamed the girl, either. Just ... both of their cognitions focusing on that one particular area ... it's hardly surprising that something like this happened.

Her fat, soft lips did indeed seem to have difficulty closing fully with their obscene size. Makoto's eyes followed Kotomi as the younger girl approached her poor little bitch, gazing down at Makoto -- who, in turn, found her attention diverted by that massive, thickening bulge in Kotomi's pants. Holy fuck. Ann said it was huge, and Kotomi had teased her about taking it, but this ... this put her toys, even the biggest to shame, easily. Yeah, she was aware that the Velvet Room was special, that she'd be able to take it since they both wanted it, but the thought of something so massive pounding her, slamming into her body, made her cunt buried and nestled between her thick thighs absolutely drool. And just how many nights had she dreamed about being totally at the mercy of that fat fucking dick?

"M-maybe we went a little overboard ..." Makoto echoed her Queen, finally managing to break her gaze from that hypnotic bulge for a moment to peer over her shoulder. Perhaps part of the problem was that the bitch lingered while the changes took hold of her body, and as such, found herself jammed in the doorway. And could anyone see Makoto's fat, massive ass just ... presented as such? Did the Velvet Room's protections in keeping itself hidden extend to such a thing?
'Maybe we went a little overboard' was, like, Kotomi's motto. Her whole life as of late had just been her going overboard -- especially when it came to her personal relationships. Overboard on how many women she was getting involved with, overboard on just how much she loved to fuck, and overboard when it came to things like this: the sheer excess of the feminine figure she enjoyed the most. Yeah, her cognition had certainly given Makoto some tits to go with her ass, but both of them focused on the student council president's lower body: her hips, her thighs, and most of all her ass. Truly enormous, truly huge, full and plush and smooth -- inhumanly massive and inhumanly perfect.

"Come on, little bitch," Kotomi said with a mock sigh, but she was honestly hugely amused and aroused by the whole situation. With careful application of her own mind, the Velvet Room responded to its owner, that door widening just enough to let Makoto crawl the rest of the way through, and once she did, Kotomi reached down to give that oversize ass a swat ... only to be rewarded with so much jiggling, bouncing flesh, nearly hypnotic in its true size. She couldn't resist going for another -- and another -- her hand cracking down on those twin moons with a loud slap! again and again, quickly reddening the girl's otherwise-flawless skin. There was just so much of that wonderful assflesh, her hands sinking into Makoto's overwhelming softness and spanking gave way to outright groping, squeezing, pawing ... it was just too fucking good!

"Finally, this is an ass worth fucking ..."

God, that ass was enormous! Yeah, a heavy, obscene looking set of tits was squished nice and lewdly against the ground beneath the normally more flat Makoto, but there was no denying that ass as the main attraction. It jutted, it fucking loomed back and behind Kotomi's little bitch, just two absolutely enormous moons of pale, wobbly flesh. That ass was fat enough that Kotomi could practically, with Makoto on the ground, slowly lower herself back against that sea, those walls of flesh and lounge against the older girl's backside. Those vast seas of flesh rippled, jostled for seemingly ages with every smack; really, it's a good thing Kotomi was as hung as she was. Normal cocks couldn't even dream of fucking an ass that fat.

"Thank you, Queen!" Makoto gasped, whimpering with every fresh smack to all that flesh. Eager as ever, though, she peered up at Kotomi, submission and desire and lust and devotion all swirled together in her eyes. "How can your little bitch best serve you?"

Kotomi would be hard pressed to remember a time her dick was harder than it was now. She found herself nearly hypnotized with the girl's enormous ass, the way it bounced and jigged, taking several long moments to come to rest after every harsh slap to that perfect, unmarred skin. But ... they came here for one specific reason, and she sure as hell wasn't going to wait too long to get to it.

But it also wasn't the very first thing Kotomi intended to do, either.

Finally removing herself from her bitch's fat ass, Kotomi came to settle on the edge of the bed, wiggling out of the pants of her prisoner's outfit, letting her enormous cock flop out into the open: huge and fat and hard, drooling copiously with her precum, Kotomi's cock was just as much of a work of art in its own way as Makoto's new ass. Mistress Ann had gushed over it (literally) to little bitch Makoto, but there really wasn't any way to do that monster justice until one saw it with one's own eyes. And while Makoto had certainly gotten a brief taste of it now and again when they were together in Mementos or a Palace safe room, Kotomi's figure -- cock included -- paled in comparison to what it was now, in the belly of her id unrestrained.

It's huge, is what I'm getting at here.

Huge and desperate to be stuffed into the eager bitch in front of her.

Makoto stayed in place at the moment, watching her Queen with devoted, needy eyes. Those eyes
drank in Kotomi's royal form, delighting in the way her curves wobbled and jostled about as she worked those pants away ... and exposing that fat dick, finally. The fat-assed bitch stared, her overinflated cockdoll lips struggling for words, before finally deciding to settle on an awed, aroused, slightly intimidated, "Fuck." She trained with such huge toys, and even gotten on her knees from time to time for her Queen in a Palace or in Mementos, but this? This was something else entirely.

"I'm going to fuck that fat ass of yours, don't worry ... but only after you earn it. Put those fat cocksuckers to use first, little bitch, show me how much you love your Queen's dick." Seated on the edge of her bed with her thighs spread wide, her cum-swollen balls taking up quite a bit of room between them (she never did get to cum the day prior with everything that happened with Chihaya!) her 'royal cock' jutting heavily, ponderously out toward her bitch still on her hands and knees. In such a position, Makoto barely had to move to utilize her swollen lips -- look how kind your Queen was being, little bitch!

With an order finally given to the little bitch, she got to it. While Kotomi sat on the edge of the bed, fat and bloated balls between her thighs, enormous cock jutting outwards toward Makoto, the older girl still had to crawl juuust a little further. All for the better, really, as Makoto did just that, moving on hands and knees, but a show was always a good thing, right? Pressed tight to the ground as she was, it was an amazing sight, watching the seemingly endless curve of assflesh jiggle absurdly with her every move forward.

"I didn't even mess with your lips; you did that yourself, didn't you? You just wanted to be a good little toy for your Queen's pleasure." Kotomi's eyes sparkled with mirth and excitement, reaching down to thread fingers into Makoto's much-longer hair, helping to draw her head closer to Kotomi's fat dick. "I'm proud of you; a good little bitch knows she belongs completely to her owner. You should be striving every day to make yourself more pleasing to me." Oh, it was just so much fucking fun to fall into this oh-so-dominant persona; yes, this was definitely what she preferred, having taken such a role with several of her girls ... but of course, it wasn't the only thing she liked, as her time with Tae and Mistress Futaba showed.

But right now? Kotomi was thoroughly in her element, encouraging this girl who had completely submitted herself to Kotomi's will to offer every bit of herself up to her Queen's control -- including, here in the Velvet Room, the dimensions of her very body. In a position like this, she certainly got quite an eyeful of Makoto's massive, jiggling ass, just getting her all the more excited at the prospect of pounding it.

And then Makoto gets to work.

While there was a lot of attention to be paid to Makoto's lower half, certainly, there was no missing what a job the bitch had done when it came to her lips. For comparison, Ann plumped her own pair out plenty thick, but even those soft cockwarmer lips paled in comparison to the near doll-like looking pair on Makoto now, so fat and plush, thick enough to take the title of the fullest dicksucking lips Kotomi had used to date. Those cockcushion lips didn't immediately go for the shaft, though, instead leaning down and in to wetly slurp, gurgle at Kotomi's fat balls, opening wide -- wider yet -- to press them like such soft pillows, letting those weighty balls rest on her lips, face smothered beneath them for a brief few moments.

Kotomi found that there was little she enjoyed more than the sight of her bitch -- swollen and plush, fat-assed and fat-lipped -- on her hands and knees in front of her, nuzzling right up to Kotomi's oversized, cum-swollen balls. Fuck, it had been way too long since she had gotten to cum -- like two whole days! -- and being in the Velvet Room always exacerbated that particular issue.

Kotomi's gigantic cock jutted hugely out over Makoto's head, dripping precum in a steady stream
down onto her and into her hair, while her balls churned heavily with a load of cum that threatened
to drown her eager bitch. "Oh, fuck," Kotomi hissed in sheer delight, the pressure on the back of
Makoto's head keeping her pressed right there, right up against the source of her bewitching scent, all
but smothering the girl with her fat balls.

Yeah, Makoto was in fucking heaven right now.

This was what she fantasized and dreamed about for so long. Of course, the exact details were
slightly different from such thoughts -- she didn't know exactly what the Velvet Room would do to
her, didn't know exactly how big, how fucking huge Kotomi's cock would be -- but this, this was
what she wanted. Pure, absolute servitude to her Queen without any worry or restriction. Even while
in Kotomi's room in Leblanc, the usually loud Makoto had to keep herself quiet, so that the
neighbors wouldn't hear her cries. Had to still be concerned, think of others.

Here? She could devote herself completely to worship and fulfilling the whims and excessive desires
of her Queen.

Makoto was all too happy to stay crammed up against those titanic balls, her fat lips drooling messily,
her face smothered in the swollen, bloated flesh. That hot fuckscent, that powerful musk
overwhelmed her senses, and yet she only kept drinking it in, more and more, never able to get
enough of her Queen. How long did she worship those balls? With it being the Velvet Room, it
might have been two minutes or closer to twenty, time so hard to keep track of, and Makoto wasn't in
any hurry to come up for air.

But eventually Kotomi's grasp on the girl's hair released just a little, and Makoto drew back enough
to draw breath and to speak. "Yes, Queen! I ... heard how much you enjoyed Mistress Ann doing
this for you ..." Makoto trailed off, her voice somewhat muffled by the fat balls against her lips.
Slowly, though, she began to worship her way up that swollen dick, particularly as Kotomi tugged at
the older girl's hair -- ah, another of Makoto's touches, giving her Queen a proper amount of hair to
pull and yank. Those cockdoll lips were like pillowy soft heaven, gurgling and drooling, slurping
and just generally making a slobbery, lipstick stained mess of Kotomi's girth. Eventually, though, she
arrived at the tip, and fuck staring at it eye to 'eye' practically made her dizzy, drunk with lust.

And then she swallowed it.

Always the bright and logical one, a tiny part of Makoto's mind very much protested at the
impossible task set before her. There was no fucking way she could cram it all in her mouth, let alone
deepthroat it like one of her toys. And yet, and yet, thanks to the rules of the Velvet Room, she could
and did. In record speed, Kotomi was proud to note: that swollen, drooling, slobbered on slab of
cockmeat jutted rudely out into space, facing down Makoto one moment, and the next, the brunette's
pillowy, fattened lips were smushed tight against Kotomi, the swollen bottom lip smudging even
more lipstick, smooshed against the curve of her Queen's balls. To say Makoto's throat was bulged
outward was an understatement, considering the sheer amount of cock crammed down it.

The bitch stayed there for just a moment, letting her senses just be utterly, absolutely overwhelmed
by the presence of Kotomi's dick. Gagging, gurgling -- less because she had to and more because the
cognition of both girls expected it -- the older girl slowly, steadily pulled herself back. Lord, those
dickwarmer lips clung to Kotomi's throbbing hard cockmeat, slowly, steadily peeling back with a
wet, lewd shurrp. And so the dutiful bitch worked, her head bobbing along it, staring up at Kotomi
with fat lips put to their proper use -- and with an additional show going on all the while, the bitch
still on all fours, titanic seas of assflesh wobbling wildly with her movements.

"Good girl ... a good girl worships her Queen," Kotomi groaned, oh fuck did having every inch of
her cock buried in Makoto's throat felt fucking amazing. Those swollen, perfectly soft lips seemed
designed solely to wrap around an immense cock like Kotomi's, and the fact that Makoto gave them to herself made it all the hotter -- she really did seem to be focused on pleasing her Queen above all else. Kotomi had primarily intended just to fuck the girl's fat ass, but when she saw those overplush dicksuckers ... how could she not put them to proper use?

Makoto certainly appeared happy to put them to proper use, the way she stretched and strained to wrap them around Kotomi's truly immense cock; there was no way that anyone could swallow her dick in the real world, but thankfully the strength of their cognition -- the fact that they both really wanted this above anything else! -- made it possible. Inch after inch slid in and out of Makoto's ready and waiting mouth, bulging out her throat with her sheer size, precum pouring straight down into Makoto's belly. "You're going to have to ... ooh ... work hard to suck dick as well as Mistress Ann," Kotomi teased the girl, her free hand slipping down to squeeze and toy with Makoto's newly-swollen tits, though her eyes were torn between watching the spread of those plush lips ... and the sway, the bounce of Makoto's truly gigantic ass. "She'll have to give you some proper lessons, mmh ... I should bring the both of you in here, there's enough dick for both of you sluts."

Oooh, that'd be neat, wouldn't it, Kotomi? The only time she had two girls in here, Ann mostly helped her work over Becky. Having both Ann and Makoto in their excessive Velvet Room forms, both competing and slobbering, drooling together at her dick? Thinking of plump lips squashed together with her fat cockhead between, making out so zealously and lustfully ... no wonder her bloated, heavy balls started to clench.

Even if Makoto weren't already masterfully swallowing Kotomi's enormous dick, bobbing along her length like a pro, the thought of both Ann and Makoto with their lips on her cock was enough to bring her over the edge with the sheer excitement that image brought her. As such: "Swallow ... swallow, bitch!" Like she even needed to give that order. Backed up as she was, as good as Makoto's lipstick-painted lips felt on her cock, as hypnotic as her swaying and jiggling ass was, it didn't take long for Kotomi to cum, for that enormous dick to buck deep within Makoto's throat, erupting with an immense load of her cum directly into the girl's body. Could Makoto swallow enough -- could she keep up? That flow just kept coming and coming, Kotomi crying out in pleasure, in relief, in the sheer delight of using her personal bitch for her true purpose.

It was a moment that felt like it lasted forever -- and with the time-warping nature of the Velvet Room, who knew how long it really lasted? -- but even though her climax ended eventually, the pressure in her balls barely relented whatsoever. "Oh, fuck ..." Kotomi breathed, seizing a tight hold of Makoto's hair to help drag her cock out and out and out of her mouth and throat, soon slipping free with a spatter of more of her cum onto Makoto's face, the thick cream painting her beautiful features. Kotomi grinned, delighted, and certainly not finished just yet.

"Hnnhh!" Makoto gurgled out, Kotomi's fresh cum dripping from her fat lips, the fat-assed bitch panting, gasping for air. Just how much did Makoto drink down? It almost felt like gallons, at least, and it was clear that it was a fair bit, as Makoto's previously flat tummy looked swollen outward with the sheer amount of spunk pumped into her. The bitch gasped, sputtered weakly, dazed and utterly lost in her own desires.

But she didn't get to linger there long, Kotomi's voice bringing her back to what passed for reality. "A good start ... but you know what I'm truly here for. Get that fat ass up and in position. Show me just how much you want it, little bitch."

In the outside world, Makoto at times came close to running things in her own way. The older girl never hesitated when it came to cracking the whip for the others to study and take care of themselves -- and that included Kotomi. Little submissive bitch Makoto was quite effective at delivering glares and carefully worded replies the few times Kotomi had talked about not studying and slacking off for
an exam, for example. And while Ann was Kotomi's second, and Futaba the tactician, Makoto helped keep everyone in top fighting form, both pushing the members of the group to exercise, and keeping careful track of equipment and supplies.

All the weight, all the baggage, all the responsibility -- gone. For a little while.

"Yes, Q-Queen ...!" Makoto burbled, the brunette reaching up to messily smear some of that cum across her face, lapping it up from her hand. But when Kotomi said to assume the position, Makoto didn't even think of crawling up on the bed. No, what better position for a bitch than to take her place on the floor? Turning about, she lowered herself, pushed herself hard against the floor, reaching out with her arms. The sight before Kotomi was legendary in its own right, two jiggly, massive moons wobbling absurdly, rising into the air little by little. Talk about plenty of cushion -- Kotomi to be cautious she didn't just flat out bounce off that ass with her thrusts! "Fuck me, Queen ...!" Makoto whined, whimpered, trying to gaze backward ... around the sheer curvature of her ass.

Makoto lowered herself as deeply as she could, head turned so that her cheek grazed against the plush flooring of the Velvet Room. Maybe she was just still on a high from her face being crammed into Kotomi's crotch, having huffed so much of her Queen's virile scent, but the older girl swore she could smell Kotomi's cum in the carpeting from past conquests. And it only excited Makoto more, the mess between her fat, lush thighs an absolute swamp of her drooling arousal, her cunt having not stopped dripping since before they stepped into the Velvet Room. Being fucked on the bed was for girlfriends and lovers and pets -- not for a lusty, needy, fat-assed bitch like herself. Like property.

Kotomi couldn't get over how fucking perfect Makoto was here -- but then again, that was the case for everyone who had come into the Velvet Room, right? Everyone took on their (to Kotomi, anyway) ideal forms, influenced some even by themselves -- here, people could be what they and Kotomi truly desired, between Ann's top-heavy titsy focus, Makoto's service-focused fat-assed figure, Becky's youthful maid body ... even Chihaya's absurdly-pregnant succubus form was something for Kotomi to enjoy, and hopefully with time, they'd be able to get to a place where Chihaya could simply enjoy herself without all of the baggage of her real life.

Because that's what was special about this place, right? Firmly divorced from reality, from true consequences. Here, normal limits didn't apply. Here, Kotomi could have a dick nearing two goddamn feet in length and still be able to plunge herself balls deep into Makoto's throat. See? Little wonder why Kotomi thought it was so fucking perfect!

And then there was her bitch's enormously plump, jiggling ass, soon fully placed on display and in welcome for Kotomi to do with as she pleased. Far larger than any other Kotomi had ever seen -- or imagined! -- and though she had just dumped what felt like a couple gallons of cum down Makoto's throat, her cock never lost one iota of its erection at the prospect of getting to plow her way right into that ass. A normal dick -- which was to say, one not as grossly oversized as Kotomi's -- wouldn't even be able to fuck that ass, wouldn't be able to reach the tight hole that rested hidden between those plush twin moons. But if anyone was capable of using this ass as it truly deserved, it was Kotomi.

Slipping down to join her little bitch on the floor, Kotomi drew up behind the girl, her oversized dick slapping down onto that fat ass, sending wobbles through the mountains of assflesh as she spatters Makoto's skin with both drooling precum, Makoto's own saliva, and remnants of her own seed from that wonderful blowjob. "I've been dreaming about this ass," Kotomi teased her little bitch, hips drawing back to let her cock nestle properly between Makoto's enormous cheeks, spearing between them. Kotomi seized handfuls of assflesh, so much of it just overflowing her grasp, oozing between
her fingers, and she drew them apart to help her get at her true target ... and soon enough, the head of her dick pressed up against that oh-so-tight hole, and it didn't seem like Kotomi should ever, ever be able to fit. There was no way -- her cock was too thick, too big, and Makoto's tight asshole just too small.

Yeah, well, fuck that.

The bitch gasped, moaned out shamelessly at feeling the sheer weight of her owner's fat dick smack across her ass, causing such endless ripples and wobbling through the sheer amount of flesh, cum and drool and slobber splattering everywhere across her jiggling, flawless assflesh. Hell, with this amount of fat, shelf-like ass, even considering how large she was, Kotomi could almost certainly just get off from fucking those cheeks, Makoto's thick rear boasting enough flesh to actually offer up enough meat to properly hotdog Kotomi's absurd amount of cock.

Being behind Makoto like this, though, helped drive home just how much flesh there was. That jutting ass, pressed up against it at such, pushed Kotomi so far back, it was a good thing that Makoto was so much fleshier elsewhere, allowing Kotomi targets to paw and hold onto in the process. Slowly, steadily, that swollen cockhead pushed up against her property's tight little hole, the tiny thing seeming utterly buried beneath all that assflesh, and Kotomi felt Makoto tense and draw in her breath -- for the moment she yearned for, dreamed about for so fucking many months now. It was so big up against Makoto's tight little hole, that for a single, panicked moment, Makoto was afraid it wouldn't fit --

"You've been such a good and patient girl," Kotomi crooned, grinding the tip of her dick against that tight hole, a hand suddenly landing on Makoto's ass with a loud crack!, slapping the flesh that absolutely begged for that kind of abusive, possessive attention. "You've been dreaming about this too, haven't you? You want so badly to get fucked and pounded and used ... you want to finally be worth something to your Queen." Kotomi giggled, and just like that -- so abruptly -- she thrust herself forward, spearing her way into Makoto's ass, forcing her hole to stretch and spread wider and wider as inch after inch after inch slipped deeper, deeper into the girl's rear. One of her hands stayed on Makoto's ass, but the other reached forward to seize a handful of her long hair, using her grip as leverage to yank Makoto's backwards onto her driving dick.

"Nuuhh!" Makoto cried, tossing her head back, the older girl practically cumming on the spot. Jeez, looking down from this angle, too -- Makoto started with a fair amount of ass to smack and squeeze, but now Kotomi's hand looked tiny against the backdrop of so much fat bottom. "YES!" And now, now the older girl really let herself go, her voice slipping into borderline delirious already, letting herself sink deeper, deeper into it all. "Dreaming so m-many nights for this, Queen! To be fucked, to be used by you! Used as I deserve!"

"This ... this is what you're for," Kotomi continued, her tone wracked with sheer pleasure -- the simple delight of having her pet's ass wrapped so fucking tightly around her immense dick. "This was what you've always been for. A fucktoy for your Queen ... a set of holes, an eager attitude ..." Too far? Kotomi was confident about it -- Makoto had always been happy to go hard in the middle of things, she just wanted a good amount of proper aftercare, too.

So since they were in the middle of things, Kotomi went hard.

Makoto did cum, letting go, the loud girl finally allowed to scream and scream as much as she wanted with nobody but her Queen to hear. Spit and drool splattered from her lips as Kotomi yanked on her hair, her head tugged back suddenly as Kotomi sunk, pushed deeper between the fattest cheeks around, feeding more and more dick into Makoto's desperately hungry little hole. "This is what I'm for!" The older, strong, dependable girl agreed, babbling along with her owner about
being nothing but a fucktoy to be used. "Fuck my fat ass, fuck me so hard I can’t walk straight for a month, so everyone knows what I’m for --!"

Kotomi wasn’t exaggerating or just mentioning for effect; she really had dreamed about this before. Dreamed about her bitch having such a fat ass, dreamed about pounding the girl senseless, using her to sate Kotomi’s endless whims. But even in her dreams, she didn’t think Makoto’s ass would be exactly this fat, this excessive, this full and round and wobbly and fuck!

Kotomi pounded her bitch like a woman possessed, keeping quite a tight hold on the girl’s hair to help drag Makoto back to meet each of her thrusts forward, soon hiltling inside of the girl -- or as close as she could manage; Makoto just had too much fucking ass for her to fit all the way inside, but regardless, Kotomi’s body was soon bouncing off those plump cheeks, driving her fat dick into Makoto again and again.

"Imagine if everyone could see you now," Kotomi continued, truly relishing their respective positions -- Makoto was the student council president, after all. Proud role model Makoto, star of the school, reduced to nothing more than a pleading fucktoy. "Imagine doing this ... in front of the whole school. In front of everyone you know. A little bitch on her hands and knees, getting fucked and used by your owner." Her tone was strained due to the sheer effort required to continue pounding that fat ass so savagely -- the pleasure from all that flesh bouncing against her -- the tightness of Makoto’s body around her cock. "You’d love that." It wasn’t a question. Not that Kotomi really thought Makoto could properly listen and take in what Kotomi was saying at the moment ... but the younger girl was getting off from this regardless.

"You would fucking love to let everyone see ... what you really are: a whimpering little bitch, only good to be fucked and used. The only thing I need you for is to offer up this fat ass to me whenever I want." Which ... might become more often. They had waited a very long time to do this, but somehow Kotomi thought that she was going to have to try and make time to do this a little more often -- Makoto’s ass was just too good, too fat, too perfect. Sure, schedules and all, Kotomi’s other girls and all ... this ass was just amazing. The idea of bringing in both her little bitch and her girlfriend in at the same time popped into her mind once more, Ann with her absurd tits and Makoto with her fat ass, both of them working to please Kotomi’s big dick ... nnnh, fuck! Kotomi wasn’t sure whether or not most of her girls would be into ... doubling up like that, but she knew Ann and Makoto, at least, would be game.

There was just so much flesh in motion. There was the sheer amount of Makoto’s ass, the absurd amount of wobbly flesh that rippled and jiggled obscenely with every impact of Kotomi’s hips. But the sheer amount of force in the possessive fucking, with how hard Kotomi plowed those plump, jutting cheeks, the absurd, excessively feminine curves of her own body wobbled and jostled with every move. The sounds of their moaning -- and Makoto’s screams -- joined the sounds of the constant battering of flesh on flesh as Kotomi fucked her desperate little bitch.

Oh, and the sound of Kotomi’s teasing of course.

Every single word Kotomi said was correct. Makoto was the student council president, the role model to so many other students, the girl that everyone respected -- willingly or otherwise -- for how fucking hard she worked. And none of them, save for Kotomi and Mistress Ann, knew the true other side of Makoto. The submissive, mewling little bitch who fantasized about everyone in school knowing about her depraved desires. At how hot and bothered she got at the idea of everyone staring, watching her, pawing at herself or being so savagely fucked and used. For everyone to hear her cry out such filth.

Yeah, Makoto was more or less in a place where she couldn’t quite properly drink in Kotomi’s words
by now, everything reduced to pleasure and sensation and yet another climax, her thickened body twitching, so fucking tight around Kotomi's fat dick. Still, she was at least aware enough to contribute to her own degradation, if on a slightly different track from Kotomi's words. "Everyone will know I belong to you. Drag me through the school, wearing little more than your leash and collar! Let everyone see what a pathetic fat-assed bitch I am for my Queen! Let everyone imagine but none of them, none of them can use me unless you would ever say otherwise!" she babbled, her words so fucking frantic between her screams, her cries, drooling all over herself and making a mess.

It remained ever a terrible idea, but ... damn, if in this moment, if it wasn't such a teasingly naughty thought.

There were a whole lot of possibilities, Kotomi! Why even just stop at three? She brought Ann and Becky in at the same time -- why not bring them both back, along with Makoto? All three eager and desperate and willing to worship her, to please that fat cock, with lips and tits and cunts and asses and -- and -- there were still other girls she had yet to bring to the Velvet Room, even. She still had something like half a year, Kotomi: the pull of the Velvet Room, the place where she could be herself completely unrestricted, a place of such hedonistic delights ... all while being in her flawless, proper body?

Kotomi pounded her little bitch right into the Velvet Room's carpet -- the carpet long since stained with her own cum, her Mistress Futaba's, the juices and milk of those she brought in here ... not that it was visibly stained, but it still certainly seemed to carry the scent of everything that's been spilled onto it. On and on, again and again, Makoto's ample ass bouncing, jostling, wobbling with every impact, whether Kotomi's hips or her hand slapping down on that too-sensitive flesh again and again, rendering Makoto's ass rapidly red with a series of handprints -- she just loved the sounds Makoto makes when spanked, and she loved the way her bitch's ass tightened reflexively around her cock every time, too.

How long did Kotomi fuck that fat ass, how many times did her hips, her fat and bloated balls smack against that wobbly shelf of ass? How long did the girls go back and forth, taunting and teasing and (for Makoto) babbling on about using the bitch in public? However long it was, with Makoto's ass raw and red from so many thrusts, with so many handprints, it both felt too long and yet nowhere near long enough, the brunette, even in her lust-maddened state, wanting so, so much more.

It stretched for what could be five minutes, fifteen, a half hour -- time was very strange here in the Velvet Room -- before Kotomi felt that telltale tightening in her overloaded balls, cum churning as she drove as much of her cock as she possibly could into Makoto's fat ass. "Fucking ... gonna pump you so full of cum it'll be dripping out of you for a week ...!" Kotomi cried out as -- once again -- her cock bucked in excitement, once more flooding her pet's body, this time deep in her bowels. So fucking much of it and Kotomi's cock too thick to let any back out, it ended up flooding right into Makoto's already-swollen belly, ultimately leaving her sloshing with Kotomi's seed by the time her flow finally ran dry.

And even when it was over ... even when she finally relieved some of the pressure in her balls ... there was no way she was done. No way. How long did they spend in the Velvet Room this night? How much time stretched on and on? How often did Kotomi empty another load of cum into her bitch's ass? Between dragging Makoto into her lap -- the girl spilling out of the sides, but in her lap regardless! -- bouncing on Kotomi's cock, a long, thorough spanking session leaving Makoto's ass utterly tomato red ... Kotomi certainly had a hell of a lot of fun with her good, eager little bitch on their inaugural visit to the Velvet Room.

By the time they finally finished, even with time passing by so much slower in the Velvet Room, it
was some several hours later in reality. Makoto had lost track fairly early at how many times she came, how many times she emptied Kotomi's fat balls. Or how long the aftermath was, the girls finally exhausted in a sweaty, sticky pile together on the floor. For Makoto, the submissive girl had such a serene, distant -- but happy -- look in her eyes as she curled up to her Queen, shivering with delight. Yes, she was such a good girl tonight, and she needed the attention, to build her back up, after having done such a magnificently filthy job of tearing her down.

And while most everything was reset when they left -- just two sweaty, tired girls slipping back into reality out of the Velvet Room, sharing one last sweet, tender kiss before parting ways ... Kotomi was very pleased indeed, watching her happy, well used bitch walk off with a little bit of difficulty. While actually fulfilling Makoto's fantasies in public was a bad idea ... no doubt the older girl really would get a thrill out of walking a bit funny for a while. Go on. Let people speculate about just the kind of things that fat ass got up to.
Not that there wasn't plenty else going on.

For one, Mementos was ever without limit. No matter how many times the Phantom Thieves delved its depths, there was always another floor to go down, more monsters and hearts to deal with. For another, within the last few weeks, there were several more of the mental shutdowns going on -- reports of escalated suicide rates tied in along with the shutdowns. Perhaps the most notable case being the seemingly sudden suicide of Principal Kobayakawa, shortly after the Hawaii trip. That, in itself, threw everything into an uproar: school was very chaotic, and even the flirty Sadayo seemed distracted with worry at school.

It didn't stop there, though.

There was the popularity of the Phantom Thieves which, even being weeks after the defeat of Medjed, only seemed to grow. Mishima was excitedly texting about some new statistic of users on the forums every other day, and the daily poll for confidence in the justice of the Phantom Thieves broke a new high daily. On top of that, several things all lined up at once to help the group decide on their next target: Kunikazu Okumura, CEO of Okumura Foods. There was intelligence thanks to Makoto's efforts, gained quietly from her older sister, that several of the high profile mental collapses benefitted this CEO -- but also, the poll on the phansite apparently decided almost overwhelmingly on the CEO.

On top of that, the tight, friendly group had its first break. Morgana, after sitting on the sidelines for so very long, after having his role of providing guidance diminished with Futaba joining the group, and after a nasty argument with the ever loud-mouthed Ryuji ... went off on his own. Futaba, already more recently distant and worried about -- something? -- only seemed all the more upset with Morgana's disappearance.

Kotomi couldn't help but feel like it was all her fault. She was supposed to be the leader, after all -- she was supposed to be the one keeping everyone together, everyone tight and focused, everyone working together for their common goals ... and she failed. Morgana abandoned them, and Futaba was barely present, leaving the Thieves almost entirely without navigation, without direction, and what could Kotomi do?

She was supposed to be good at this.

Naturally, that was a little ridiculous, and Kotomi tried to remind herself of the fact that she had only been at this for a grand total of six months, in a position she never asked for. There were bound to be some errors and arguments along the way. And yet, while Morgana hadn't been a central part of the group for some time, there was something just absolutely wrong about the cat missing, a strange void causing only more cracks of tension to spread through the group. The nerves of the group hadn't been this frayed since the aftermath of Medjed's initial threat.

She did her best to try and raise the spirits of the rest of the group: a movie with Ann, a study night with Makoto, just hanging out with the boys, and a quiet bit of time together with Futaba. Yet nothing seemed to work, and even Kotomi's spirits were low -- while her libido was never quite entirely flat, her concern for the rest of the group made it difficult to think about fucking. (Too often, anyway.) As such, then, there was only really one thing for it, right? Even with the group broken
apart, there was still a new target right in front of the group.

Ultimately, she placed her bets on Okumura. Getting back into the swing of things after such a long break since Medjed ... that would help to bring people back together, right? And maybe they'd be able to run into Morgana and convince him to come back, to join them once more -- it just felt wrong without the cat. It took some convincing to get Futaba to join them for their first foray into the ... space station? ... but it was clear that the younger girl still had something on her mind, something very much bothering her, but whatever it was, Kotomi couldn't quite seem to get it out of her yet. She knew she was going to need to spend some time with the redhead -- with her Mistress, wasn't she? -- before this got to be too much more serious.

As it was, they began their first explorations of the space station, seeking to find their way to the corrupt CEO's treasure, only to find that Morgana had a similar idea ... but he wasn't alone.

With him was a girl -- a redhead, dressed up like a classical cavalier, not particularly tall but the corset portion of her outfit certainly outlined a reasonably plump pair of tits -- of course that was one of the first things Kotomi noticed. The girl announced herself as the Beauty Thief, there to steal the treasure before the Phantom Thieves, but ... Kotomi noticed the slight uncertainty, the hesitation in her voice and eyes. It wasn't her idea, of course -- Morgana scouted and recruited her, and it was Morgana that talked her into doing this, to save her father and rescue him from the corrupt path he had been going down, but ... she was just one girl, and this space station was huge.

The poor thing just wasn't sure if she was quite up to the task.

Morgana certainly seemed more ready to do the talking, proudly parading his new companion in front of his old ones, but before they could really have it out, both teams were ultimately chased out of the Palace for the time being, having attracted too much attention, necessitating a quick retreat. Which ... didn't really do a lot for the team's morale, let's be honest, and Kotomi knew that it's vital to put things back together soon or the Thieves might fall apart entirely!

Which lead to Kotomi and the others tracking Morgana and the mystery girl down in Mementos, cornering him, forcing everything out about his feelings of being replaced and disrespected -- but with Ryuji's apology and the groups reassurances, fences were mended, and at least Futaba seemed to relax a little with the return of Morgana ... but there was still something clearly the matter with Kotomi's Mistress that she didn't seem particularly willing to open up about. The so-called 'Beauty Thief' ended up joining the Phantom Thieves as well: a one Haru Okumura, the daughter of their target -- after all, what she wanted most was to rescue him from his greed and corruption, and she knew she couldn't quite manage it alone!

Life had been hard for Haru in ways she never really had the chance to explain to anyone -- few friends, only child, her mother gone and her father far too busy to ever make time for his daughter, Haru had felt increasingly alone. And then there was the matter of her arranged marriage -- she always knew growing up that it would be an eventuality, that someone of her position and station in life would have little choice in who she married to preserve the future of the company. But the man she was to marry -- an awful, selfish man named Sugimura -- there was just no way, no way she could go through with it. But what choice did she have? Under the yoke of responsibilities, Haru had long chafed ... so it was little wonder that she took Morgana's offer to try and seize at least some control of her own destiny.

Haru seemed like such a sweet girl, Kotomi thought. Several emotions and thoughts about the girl lead Kotomi in different directions: for one, Haru was so sweet, yet so sad. And yet able to smile despite it all, seeming to have a cheerful, downright sunny outlook on things, even while hurting. Part of Kotomi simply wanted to protect the girl, to help her make everything right. But ... there was
another side, too. There was no denying the girl's beauty, or the generous curves of Haru's soft form. Plus, even just within the few days of meeting Haru, it began to dawn on her that the sweet girl wasn't exactly the, er, sharpest girl around.

So what did Kotomi do? She knew she should spend a bit of time with her little Mistress, to figure out exactly what was wrong with Futaba. And the best way to deal with a terrible defeat was to bounce back quickly -- they only just barely dipped into Okumura's Palace. Still, Kotomi reasoned that Futaba can likely last a bit longer, and besides, the team as a whole needed a little rest after such a grueling bit of exploration. And if Haru was going to be fighting alongside them, surely she could get to know the girl a little better, right? Maybe talk about some things, really give Haru the opportunity to feel like she had someone's ear.

She hoped Haru was alright, too: the other girl's first forays into the cognitive realm really appeared to exhaust the poor, sweet thing.

The redhead, while sweet and kind, really wasn't ... the brightest bulb around. She tried! She really tried! It just took her a little while to truly grasp things -- and the team's explanations of how the Metaverse and everything worked just kind of went over her head; she was comfortable knowing that stealing her father's treasure would hopefully set him on the right path once more. All of the details escaped her entirely, and she long since became comfortable with the fact that she simply wasn't going to understand everything in life.

But she just ... she was having a hard time right now, you know? It was hard for her to make friends, which resulted in her usual hobby of caring for plants and flowers on her own, and while flowers would always listen, it was kind of hard to have a real conversation with them. Which lead us to tonight -- the very same night of the disastrous expedition into Okumura's Palace, once the team appeared to be healing from its rift, and Haru sent a text to Kotomi to ask if the girl might be willing to let Haru come over and ... hang out. So they could talk. Wasn't that what friends did? She never really had many friends before, so she had no idea.

She also had no idea if Kotomi even counted as a friend just yet, but ... if there was anyone in the world she felt like she can talk to, it would have to be the other Phantom Thieves, right? And Kotomi was the leader, and she seemed so strong and capable and and ... well. Haru just didn't know where else to turn.

The leader of the Phantom Thieves was happy to invite Haru over, though Kotomi did try and squeeze in a quick nap beforehand. Okumura's Palace had been utterly draining, requiring pushing herself and the others to the limit.

It wasn't long before the shy, uncertain redhead showed up at Leblanc, clad in a long, light sweater, short pleated skirt, leggings -- overall, she looked pretty fucking cute! Even within the sweater, her plush tits made themselves known -- she wasn't as busty as Ann or even Hifumi, but she certainly outshined Kotomi's own meager handfuls. ... When they were out in the real world, anyway. Even with everything else that was happening, Haru did take note of Kotomi's amplified figure in the Palace -- and, of course, the bulge of a fat dick, further eliciting curiosities from the dim redhead.

It was a sleepy, if still smiling Kotomi that greeted Haru at the door, yawning a bit. "Hey. Come in. We just have to lock things up a bit here ..." For all the uncertainty at the start of things, old man Sojiro turned out to be pretty reliable. And finally a bit more aware of what, exactly, had been going on with Kotomi -- there was a smirk on his lips as his eyes bounced from Kotomi over towards Haru and back again, knowingly. Blinking, Kotomi shook her head, but even as she did so, really -- who was she kidding? No, Kotomi didn't have any immediate intention to go wild or to fuck Haru, cute and soft and adorable as she was, she just met the girl and they were both probably so tired, and
Haru had so many other things to worry about and Kotomi's plate was so full already and --

... well.

Kotomi was a girl with basic pattern recognition, y'know?

"There. Now it's just the two of us. Are you hungry? I know it's been a long day. I could make some curry or something, if you want?" Somehow, between everything else, the girl managed to get halfway decent around the tiny kitchen thanks to Sojiro's lessons, and could even make a decent cup of coffee on her own, despite personally having a distaste for the stuff. Still yawning a little from her nap, the leader busied herself momentarily with cleaning up a few last things, and hopefully giving Haru a moment.

Tall and ever with at least a hint of a smug smirk on her face, Kotomi at least faintly grasped the idea of a cute, quieter girl like Haru being a little ... intimidated. Which, honestly, was a somewhat interesting, vaguely arousing thought in its own right! Looking from across the bar at Haru, Kotomi tilted her head slightly, the faintest hint of that grin flicking at the corner of her lips, now fully awake eyes taking another moment to gaze across the other girl's body. Yeah, Haru was fucking adorable. And those plush, ample tits certainly didn't hurt, Kotomi just fucking unable to help herself from letting her eyes linger a moment longer there.

While Kotomi busied herself with cleaning some things up and locking up the cafe, Haru gently settled herself at one of the booths, content with just ... watching the girl move around. Seeing her grace, seeing her capability, seeing the movement of the toned girl -- was your heart pounding a little harder, Haru? Definitely not! After all, she had a fiance! Who was a man! She never even considered the idea that she might be into women -- she never had the freedom to even give it a thought, given that she knew from day one that she would be arranged into marriage with a man for the good of the company. And yet ... there was no denying that the soft little redhead's eyes were following the movement of Kotomi's toned rear when the girl was faced away from her.

Kotomi wouldn't quite consider herself beautiful -- not beautiful in the sense of Ann or Hifumi, anyway. She was plenty confident enough in her own looks, though, and would at the very least agree with cute, even if her hair was a bit of a frazzled mess from her quick nap, glasses still slightly askew without realizing it. There was certainly no denying the girl's grace, however, as Kotomi moved seemingly effortlessly about the kitchen -- a decent cry from months ago! Being forced to run so often through Palaces had done a world of good both for Kotomi's ability and coordination, her body trim and toned, complete with a touch of femininity in those slight, but visible curves.

"So, what's up? You said you wanted to talk about some stuff, right? I know it's ... weird, getting used to this. All of this. And with it also being your father and everything, well. If you need to talk, we're pretty much all always happy to listen." Kotomi paused for a second, adding, "Well. Ryuji will probably want to run while talking about serious stuff, and you don't want to interrupt Makoto while she's studying, but really. You're one of us now, Haru. We're -- I'm -- here for you." And so far, it was definitely true -- not only was there the group chat for all of the Phantom Thieves, but Haru had already gotten separate texts from pretty much everyone.

It was a strange, intimidating group, alright, but apparently friendly enough!

Strange and intimidating, no doubt, but Kotomi looked friendly enough! Friendly and welcoming -- Haru had, actually, sent a text to Makoto first, figuring the student council president to be the most reliable person to go to, but Makoto had directed her toward Kotomi for reasons Haru didn't understand. At least, not at first, but even just in the space of a few moments spent with the much taller girl, she was starting to sort of get it -- Kotomi was cute, even when it seemed she just kind of rolled out of bed, and capable, and ... and everything Haru wished she could be.
Haru nodded, a little hint of a blush coloring her cheeks. "I ... yeah. I don't really have, like, anyone else I can go to for talking about this kinda stuff. Like ... with my dad and all. It's been like this for a really long time now, and it's just been getting worse, and ..."

Nodding, waiting for water to boil, Kotomi took her place across the booth from Haru. "Mnh. Go on, then. Talk. We've got all night, so whatever you have to get off your chest, go ahead. Just don't mind me if I get up to tend to the tea, okay? Just keep going." It was on her second time up that Kotomi felt those eyes on her, glancing just ever so slightly over her shoulder to realize that the other girl was watching her very, very carefully. Chuckling quietly to herself, Kotomi took an extra moment to let her smirk slip back to a more composed smile, carrying tea for two back to the table.

All while Haru launched into her story -- once she got started, the girl spilled out everything to the darker-haired leader of the Phantom Thieves, describing her anxieties over her father, her relative isolation, her desire to fix things, and of course ...

"... and then, like, he comes to me one day and says 'I've found the man you're going to marry.' Just like that! Like I don't even get a choice! At all!" Her frustration bled heavily from her words, her hands fidgeting in her lap -- and Kotomi also noted Haru's excessive use of filler words, her moderately vapid tone even when discussing things important to her -- that just seemed to be the kind of girl she was.

"And he's, like, such a jerk! The way he looks at me, like he's looking right through my clothes, and I'm gonna be expected to like ..." She shuddered with a sense of revulsion at the mere thought of it. Not that she'd be opposed to fucking anyone, just ... Sugimura was the grossest, and she felt like she'd do anything to avoid having to marry him. Maybe changing her father's heart would help that? But maybe not -- the arranged marriage had been her destiny since she was born, long before her father's descent into corruption. There was just no way for Haru to know, and it was clearly a massive source of her frustration and anxiety.

Goodness, Haru could talk! Kotomi didn't miss the way the other girl used those filler words -- like, like in particular -- which only went to affirm her earlier thoughts about Haru. The redhead was such a sweet, kind thing, gentle and absolutely adorable, but ... kinda dim, and Kotomi meant that in the sweetest, kindest way. And yet, Kotomi found herself intrigued on various levels: Haru was a sweetheart, but there was also no denying that she was a girl who was very passionate as well. Both about matters of her personal life, and in her own sense of justice. And, on another level, well -- something about Haru's vapid, dim nature was ... appealing, it turned out. That was a new one for Kotomi: so many of her partners were easily smarter than her. While Haru ...

"You know what I mean, Kotomi? It's just so gross." She was shy before, but now that someone openly asked her what was on her mind -- now that someone specifically offered their shoulder for Haru to lean on -- the girl rapidly came out of her shell. Which, actually, contributed a little to the fact that Haru had basically no friends -- everyone who tried got scared off from Haru's habitual oversharing and the fact that she was either too shy or way too talkative with few middle points. Kotomi did a good job of keeping up with the conversation, nodding along and interjecting at the right moments, though she didn't dare try to jump in and stop Haru. More than anything, Kotomi very much got the feeling that Haru needed this, to get all of this off her chest, finally, to someone who will actually listen and talk back. That didn't mean Kotomi didn't contribute -- "Ugh, gross. It's nice for your dad to go and arrange it all, but he's not the one who has to deal with actually being with the jerk, right?" Not to mention, Kotomi found an excuse here or there to get up from the table, urging Haru to continue talking, but testing her earlier observation -- including doing quite the stretch, quite the reach for something on a high shelf.

Even while Haru spoke, she kept her eyes on Kotomi -- especially when the girl rose to go tend to
the tea. Haru thought she was being pretty sneaky when she eyed the tall, lithe girl, teeth digging into her lower lip a little at the full measure of the other girl ... fuck, Kotomi was pretty cute! Not traditionally beautiful in the way that, say, Ann or Haru herself was, but immensely cute, and Haru couldn't deny that both the toned nature of Kotomi's body and her self-possessed confidence did a lot for the redhead.

Not that she's strictly into women or anything.

Or was she? She just never really had the opportunity to ... to figure it out. Never even occurred to her to think about. She would be married to whoever her father said and that would be that; Haru's own attractions were immaterial. Or so she thought -- once she realized her father was traveling down the path of corruption, she started to question some things. And especially once she met that gross jerk Sugimura, who already -- even before the wedding -- had been a little ... handsy toward her. Handsy and assuming. Urgh, he was just gross! And he clearly didn't care how she felt, and ... fuck, she just wished she could marry, like, ANYONE else.

"Anyway, like ... I'm sorry for talking your ear off. I really appreciate it, though!" Yeah ... Haru was a little on the dim side. Sweet ... but dim.

"Oh, shh. Don't worry about it, Haru. You really needed someone to talk to, I get that! Really, it sounds like the biggest problem right now was this jerk, Sugimura. We're hopefully gonna change what's going on with your dad soon ... so you have to deal with your fiance." Sipping at her tea, Kokomi drummed her fingers on the table before shrugging, laughing a little. "Maybe you should just tell him you found somebody else to marry or something. Ooh, tell him it's another girl -- like me -- and see how he likes that!"

It was meant as a joke.

It really, really was.

It didn't even occur to Haru that the other girl might be joking. Haru stared, a little astonished, at Kotomi -- the idea had never popped into her mind. Tell her father that she just ... refused. That there was someone else she wanted. He wouldn't listen ... at least, not right now ... but maybe he would after they stole the treasure. After they changed his heart. "I ... would you be willing to, like, actually do that, Kotomi?" Nevermind that they barely knew each other. Nevermind that they were both girls. Nevermind that Haru had a fiance already. Haru, for the record, didn't know Thing One about Kotomi's complicated interpersonal relationships -- she didn't know that Kotomi had a girlfriend, or a pet, or a Mistress, or all sorts of other girls.

All Haru knows was that Kotomi made the offer, and she seized on it. "It ... ohhh, gosh, that would solve everything! If I was gonna marry you instead ...!" Haru abruptly reached across the table, taking Kotomi's hands in her own, staring into Kotomi's bespectacled eyes with a look of sheer openness, sheer gratitude, sheer hope.

"I -- huh?" With the suggestion having been a playful joke at best, Kotomi found herself completely caught off guard by Haru's reaction. Technically, part of Kotomi's suggestion was serious -- just refuse to do it; what, was her father going to literally drag her down the aisle in chains if she refused? But the actual thought of getting engaged, well! "To - do -- what?" Kotomi almost spat up her drink for a moment, managing to gracefully recover at the last second. She went into this expecting to -- possibly -- maybe -- potentially -- get intimate with Haru, but ... this?

"Haru --!" Kotomi started, still struggling to come up with a decent response. Fuck, she was going to have to let the girl down gently, wasn't she? While the idea of being married to a pretty, adorable, rich airhead like Haru wasn't an unpleasant idea -- mmmh, far from it, to be honest -- they just met and
there were so, so many other complex things going on. There were all of her other relationships, to begin with! Kotomi found her speechless streak lasting a little longer, which in turn allowed Haru to confess the beginnings of her crush.

"Would you really do that for me? Would you become my, um ... my fiancee instead of Sugimura? You're, like, SO much nicer than he was! So much nicer a-and cuter, and like ..." Yeah, there's little doubt that Haru has the beginnings of a crush, fueled not only by Haru's burgeoning physical attraction to the other girl but Kotomi's apparent overwhelming kindness. If Kotomi would actually marry her -- even if she and Kotomi didn't become an actual romantic couple -- it really would solve so many of her problems.

Or so she imagined.

Well, fuck. Look what you've gone and done now, Kotomi.

"Um, Haru, I'm flattered. I don't know about this, though ... would it -- would it really be that easy? With this ... arrangement. I mean, you're very sweet Haru, I ..." She faced down monsters. She faced down the lusts of her friends and lovers. Faced down their agony and wrath. And yet, she just couldn't bring herself to say an outright no to that innocent, hopeful, almost puppy dog look on Haru's face. The girl was just such a sweet, ditzy thing. And despite all the reasons why it would be a bad idea, Kotomi wasn't always known for making the best of choices.

Haru wasn't exactly great at, like ... thinking things through entirely. Not great at considering all of the ramifications, all of the potential consequences to her actions. She felt like just finding someone else to marry would solve a lot of her problems -- she really, really didn't want to be married to that gross asshole Sugimura, and even if her marriage to Kotomi would be in name only, it would be so much better than the alternative.

But if Haru had her choice ... she wouldn't mind being married to Kotomi in more than name only. Kotomi was awfully cute, after all, and there was something very appealing about her body, about the idea of that body getting closer to Haru's soft, yielding little form. She had always been straight, but kind of a ... straight by default, right? Since she always assumed her father would force her to marry a man, that's what she geared herself up for! But for the first time in her life, Haru had the chance to actually think for herself, potentially make her own decision, figure out what she wanted.

And now that the idea was proposed (pun not intended) to her, Haru found more and more that that was exactly what she wanted. Nevermind that marrying Kotomi carried its own baggage, its own set of difficulties -- the mere fact of having an excuse not to marry Sugimura made it totally worth it in Haru's mind.

Haru wasn't quite so dim or oblivious as to not notice Kotomi's obvious hesitation, however. "I don't care what anyone would say. I don't care what my father says; after we change his heart, I'll be able to convince him that there's just no way I'm going to marry Sugimura, that there's someone much more special in my life." Haru squeezed Kotomi's hands in emphasis, her skin soft but not completely unmarred -- with as often as she worked with plants and dirt, it would be impossible for her hands to be totally smooth.

"Look, Haru. Are you sure you would even want to do this? People would talk. Girls don't get married very often, and your father would be furious, maybe even when we change his heart. Plus, y'know, you wouldn't even be my only partner -- I have Ann and Makoto and Futaba, and ... others, even. Would you even be okay with that?" It was a legitimate concern, and at least Kotomi was trying to be responsible, about being upfront with such things. Never one to half-ass her decisions, poor or otherwise, though the girl couldn't quite fully hide a smirk as she added, "You'd look pretty cute in a wedding dress, Haru -- among other things." And there she went, steadily talking herself
Could you even have a wife and a girlfriend at the same time? Was that a thing?

That part did set Haru back just a little bit. "You're with ... all of them too?" Hmm. Was that something you'd be okay with, Haru? Marrying(!!) a girl who's going to be involved with other women? She'd never even considered it before, and -- for the first time since she opened up -- Haru fell silent a minute, thinking it over ... and blushing a little as the image of Kotomi with those other girls popped into her mind. Kotomi and busty Ann kissing, making out ... Kotomi and tiny Futaba in her lap ... Kotomi and Makoto ... mmmh.

Was Haru really okay with the idea of just being one of those?

"All of them, yeah." Kotomi nodded, and again, had a little bit of trouble from concealing her smirk, particularly as Haru started to blush red. Say whatever else about the group, Kotomi was downright proud of having so many girls and loving all of them in their own ways. Filling the silence again for a moment, even as Haru's mind wandered, Kotomi provided a little assistance: "Ann is my girlfriend, Makoto is my darling pet, and Futaba --" was someone she was worried about, but she plunged onward "-- is my Mistress. So, we're a hell of a little group. Would you be alright with that?"

"I'd be okay with it. You and me, we don't have to, like ... be a couple like that." As much as Haru was slowly figuring out that she would like that. That she's ... well, curious, at the very least. "You'd just be marrying me to solve some of my problems. I get why you wouldn't wanna, but if you did, I'm fine with you doing whatever with all of them too." Fine with her wife fucking whoever else she pleased. If it got her father off her back -- if it got Sugimura away from her -- then Haru believed it was extremely worth it. Kotomi was so cute, so reliable, so tough and confident ... who wouldn't want to be married to her, Haru thought.

"We could just be ... friends or whatever. Married out of convenience. But I'd still want to be a, um ..." Her blush felt like it was never going to go away, not in a million years. "I'd wanna be a good wife for you, Kotomi. You don't know how much this would mean to me, I'd do just about anything to repay you!" Which actually -- for once -- sparked an idea within Haru's mind. Become a good wife for Kotomi -- she just needed to find out what Kotomi wanted in a wife. What made her happy.

Listening to Haru's suggestion, about it just being a marriage of convenience was a possible idea. Engaged, married in name only. Sure, it was an idea, but ... "Well, hold on, Haru. Getting engaged and married was a big deal, right? I mean, to someone you actually want to be with, not like a jerk like Sugimura. If," though even Haru noted how weak that 'if' was, that it sounded like Kotomi had made up her mind, "we go through with this, we should do it right, not just half ass it."

Between realizing the true depths of her father's corruption, being engaged against her will to that slimy jerk Sugimura, being approached by a talking cat who told her she could save her father, and then joining the Phantom Thieves ... Haru was, predictably, a little overwhelmed. Which was why she came over to talk to Kotomi to begin with, someone she found she could spill out all of her problems onto, and now Kotomi ventured the idea of the two girls getting married to serve as a deterrent against Sugimura. Not that Haru had any true evidence that it would work, that it would solve a lot of her problems -- she just wasn't great at thinking things through, having spent the vast majority of her life letting other people do the thinking for her -- but in this moment, caught up in the excitement, it just felt like the best idea imaginable. Even though she had never given any thought toward being with a woman, and she did just meet Kotomi today ... but the younger girl did seem so reliable. Like she's someone Haru could totally count on.

And now Haru was talking about becoming her wife.
Already, Haru could tell that Kotomi would be a hell of a lot better to be married to over Sugimura ... plus, Kotomi already inspired some butterflies in her tummy, Haru's heart beating fast as images ran through her mind. Images of she and Kotomi together, married, wives!

But also images of Kotomi with the ... other girls. Kotomi, for all of her faults, was bluntly honest about her relationships, never wanting to leave anyone in the dark about who exactly they were getting involved with. Her girlfriend, her pet, her ... Mistress? Just what kind of girl was Kotomi? Would you really be okay with that, Haru? Being her wife, while Kotomi had all of those other special women in her life, too? Well ... why not, right? If Kotomi was doing her this kindness of marrying her to stave off her father and her current fiance, Haru knew she didn't have any right to demand Kotomi stop seeing her other women ... and there was also the fact that thinking of those girls together was a little more exciting than she thought it would be.

Kotomi was very quickly learning that she'd have to choose her words carefully around Haru. If the sweet girl would so earnestly seize at a joked suggestion like getting married ... what else would Haru agree to or latch on to, without considering all of the consequences? There's, mnh ... admittedly something there, and Kotomi's dirty little mind already spiraled along, trying to think of naughty, playful things she might be able to do with that suggestibility, that dimness. Kotomi was also quickly realizing that for all her attraction to the brilliant intellect of some of her girls ... the opposite, vapid dimness was alluring in its own right.

Naturally, Haru had no idea that while she was imagining her potential wife (!!!) pressed up against her soft, yielding form ... Kotomi was imagining the same. In that way, the two girls were a little more similar than either of them realized, as Kotomi vaguely fantasized about her hands at Haru's plump tits, showing the adorable airhead -- of a wife!! -- the delights and pleasures two girls could experience together. Of how cute their eventual ceremony would be. For being smarter than Haru, and despite all her progress, Kotomi still had the issue of not quite thinking things through the whole way ...

She didn't resist when Kotomi slid into the booth right next to her, breath catching in her throat as Kotomi took her blushing cheek in hand, Haru unable to stifle the reflex of nuzzling her face into Kotomi's gentle touch. She was just so used to other people doing the thinking for her, other people making her decisions for her -- but for once, Haru Okumura could make her own damned decision. She could decide her own fate, she could choose who she was going to marry. "That means I would be your wife, and you would be -- mine." Ooh, Kotomi said that last word possessively, maybe a little more than she meant to, and she had that confident, smug grin -- but the idea of adding a good little wife to her girls was just ... so alluring. Far too alluring for her to resist, as poor of an idea as this almost certainly was.

"Are you sure about this, Haru?" Kotomi murmured, the two girls very close together indeed, her hand continuing to stroke the older girl's cheek. "I mean. Really certain. This is a big deal. And you did just meet me. Are you really okay with the idea of being ... together, that quickly?" Ha! Like Kotomi had any room to talk, considering how many girls she'd gotten mixed up with just days or hours after meeting them. But even this was a little quick, for her, and she wanted to be positive Haru was alright with the idea. Not like both girls had already gotten attached to the idea without considering deeper consequences.

To be honest, Kotomi found herself still hesitating a little, even with her hand gently cradling Haru's cheek, staring into the other girl's eyes. It wasn't like she was against the idea or anything! Haru was fucking adorable, downright cute, and there was no denying Kotomi's building desire to feel more of that flesh pressed against her. Even the girl's dimness was an attractive factor, in a strange way,
even though the younger girl didn't quite understand why.

It was that same factor causing her hesitation.

Was this ... exploitation, of a sort? The other girl stared back at Kotomi with those big, sweetheart's eyes, so full of emotion and passion ... and not much else. The plan, now that it had gone from a joking suggestion to something serious (somehow!) came from a kind, well meaning place. For all her faults, Kotomi simply couldn't help seeing her friends and fellow Thieves upset or worried, it was an ache to do something about it. So, if she could help the lovely, beautiful Haru with her troubles by getting married, or at least engaged ... why not, right? Phantom Thieves gotta help eachother out.

"Would you be my wife, Haru?" It was cheesy, it was ridiculous, and it was all Kotomi could do not to giggle at the whole thing.

"Y -- yes! I'll be your wife, Kotomi!" Going to her father and telling him openly that she found someone else to marry, that she didn't care about Sugimura, that he could just deal with it ... oooh, that's an exciting thought. One that probably wouldn't come to fruition -- and if it did, it would have to be after they changed his heart, right? -- but it was still exciting. Thrilling to imagine herself seizing her own destiny and standing up to the man who controlled her entire life.

"Like, I'll totally be the best wife in the world for you, I promise! Oh, this means so much to me, you have no idea!" Impulsively, Haru threw her arms around the other girl, hugging tightly -- and letting Kotomi feel the press of Haru's plump tits against her own. And ... letting Haru feel the younger girl's taut, toned body in her arms ... which itself made her blush a little deeper and squirm a little in her seat. Fuck but Kotomi was so cute! "I promise I'll be a really good wife! Like, anything you want! And it's totally fine that you have all those other girls, it just means my wife is really hot, right?" Easy for her to rationalize anything. Easy for her to simply push past any real points of contention. Easy for her to just ignore the potential consequences of her actions. All Haru knew was that Kotomi was so nice and great for doing this, and she wanted to show her gratitude somehow.

Yeah, it was quick. It was risky! It was a big step, agreeing to marry someone she really hadn't known all that long ... but was it really different from her situation with Sugimura? She didn't even have the choice when it came to him -- at least with Kotomi, she was the one who wanted it, she's the one who decided, she's the one pushing for it. After all, worst case scenario: they don't get along as a couple, so they're just wives in name only. Even just being married to someone who wasn't going to take advantage of her was a huge step up, it genuinely did solve some of Haru's problems ... but that assumed that Kotomi wasn't going to take advantage of her. Haru just ... didn't get that vibe from the younger girl. In Kotomi, she saw a leader, she saw someone strong and capable, someone who cared about the people around her -- after all, Makoto had surely pointed her toward Kotomi for a reason!

Surely part of the reason her father arranged her engagement was that he knew Haru just ... wasn't really up to the task of inheriting the company on her own. There was little doubt that she was somewhat on the dim, vulnerable, naive side, so he selected someone that he thought could handle taking over when the time came. Fighting against her predetermined destiny didn't really change any of that, however; she was still not up to the task of running a company -- but, hell, wives were supposed to share in everything, right? Kotomi would help her, surely. She hoped!

Also! There was the fact that they were going to change the heart of Haru's father. It was quite possible when everything was all said and done, there'd be no need for all this marriage business and they could just be together however they pleased. Their time limit this time around was pretty generous, too, when compared to their previous deadlines: the Phantom Thieves had almost an entire month before Haru was officially married off to Sugimura. Plenty of time to deal with
For better or worse, come what may, Haru knew she's already committed to the idea, and Kotomi seemed to enjoy it just as much. Her heart quickened at the feel of Kotomi's hand on her plush, legging-clad thigh, but unlike when Sugimura was similarly handsy -- though thankfully it never evolved beyond handsy -- Haru found that she liked that touch. That she wanted her wife to touch her -- that was part of marriage too, right? She was supposed to give herself to her wife -- well, her fiancee at the moment, even if it wasn't remotely official yet -- just as her wife was supposed to give herself to her, in turn.

"Alright then! We're really going to do it. Wives." The word was quite pleasant on Kotomi's lips, oh yes. Her own hands slipped forward, one slowly, teasingly began to roam along Haru's thigh, the other returning to the redhead's face, drawing both their faces quite close together. "Then, I guess I better kiss my good wife to be, mnh? Make it ... official?" Not that Kotomi gave Haru much time to reply to that one, nor time to think. Her lips pressed in on Haru's so soft looking pair in a hot, heated kiss. To Kotomi's credit, she at least tried to start softly, since Haru wasn't used to this -- but within moments, the kiss became one of fire, passion and desire, deepening quickly with Kotomi's hunger. Claiming her.

Claiming her wife.

All as her hand wandered along Haru's thighs, across her tummy, advancing slowly towards the undersides of those fat, plush tits.

The redhead didn't know what to do right away, but the sensation of Kotomi's lips against hers, the girl's hand sliding up along her body ... fuck, everything just felt so good, so exciting, and Haru moaned into the clumsy little kiss, her arms tightening a little around Kotomi's toned, resilient body. The kiss was a little more forceful than intended. Haru's lips feeling so lovely against Kotomi's own that she just couldn't help herself. The kiss went from gentle to hungry so quickly, the younger girl's mouth parting to allow her tongue to slip forward into Haru's own, eager and curious. Kotomi was only emboldened, delighted with hearing the soft, moaning gasps come from her new fiancee, pressing in a little more possessively, tongue seeking out Haru's own to glance, to dance along it.

Her exploring hand grew more bold as well, dancing and dragging across Haru's clothed form, to actually reaching for and letting her hand fill up with one of those soft, ample mounds, squeezing gently, but not without a possessive edge to those fingers. Kotomi's grasp grew a little deeper, a little harder as Haru only further enjoyed the touch, pawing and squeezing at Haru's body, delighting in the feel of the redhead's plump tits. While she was gentle in parts, one thing was for sure - Kotomi knew what the hell she was doing, her movements full of that borderline cocky confidence.

Haru's tits were soft and full beneath her sweater, certainly not beating out Ann ... but not too far from it, either. Her nipples swelled against Kotomi's groping touch, and Haru instinctively arched her back a little, as if to encourage Kotomi to keep touching exactly as she liked. Haru was naive, sure, but she'd certainly played with herself before ... though she never felt anything quite like this. Never had hands so confident on her body, and since they belonged to her wife ... well, her wife could do as she pleases with Haru's body, right? That's how wives worked. But that also meant that Haru got to do what she wanted, too, right? Sure, but even Haru recognized that Kotomi's will was the stronger one in this relationship -- plus what could only be vast amounts of experience, given how many other girls Kotomi had in her life!

Haru broke the kiss, breathing heavily, her pussy already quite hot and wet beneath her leggings. Her cheeks flushed with mounting arousal, she tentatively reached down to strip her sweater up and over her head, revealing her thin top that covered her plush breasts, though not super well. "I ...
Kotomi, it's ..." she breathed, seemingly uncertain what to do with herself. "I don't know ... how this kind of thing usually goes. So you can, um ..." Haru bit her lip, barely able to believe what she was about to say. "... you can do whatever you want. S-show me how to be a wife."

Even with Haru's dimness, even the ditzy girl recognized the hungry, shameless look in Kotomi's eyes as Haru wriggled out of that sweater, revealing those barely covered mounds of titflesh. It was a look similar to one Sugimura had given her multiple times, but ... now it was Kotomi. Now it was her future wife staring at her body with that naked desire, as if it belonged to her.

Kotomi was a year younger than Haru, but there was no confusing exactly who held the power in this relationship -- Kotomi was not only physically larger and stronger than Haru was, but she had the experience to back it up, and Haru rapidly discovered she liked being the 'good little wife' to someone like Kotomi. Someone who knew properly how to treat her, someone who knew how to take care of her ... and someone who knew exactly how to touch her to elicit the most pleasure possible. Haru had never been this excited, this worked up already, and Kotomi had barely done anything yet! Unlike Sugimura -- who, similarly, had gone for the tits quick -- Kotomi's touch was expert, measured, touching Haru exactly where she wanted to be touched, her body rapidly building to begging for more of Kotomi's wonderful wifely attention.

"Nnnh! Kotomi!" Haru moaned in delight as the girl's hands slipped right beneath her thin top, letting the younger girl feel Haru's plump, full, untouched tits, easily larger than handfuls ... did this mean that Kotomi was a breast girl? Was that what she liked in a woman? Considering that Ann was Kotomi's girlfriend, it stood to reason! Haru wasn't the brightest bulb, but she was already starting to think about how ... how she might become a good wife for Kotomi. How she might ... repay her wife for agreeing to take her in, agreeing to marry her, agreeing to help Haru out with her many problems. She'd been preparing her entire life to be a wife, effectively, and there was no reason to throw all of that preparation and training out the window just because she'd be marrying someone she wanted as opposed to someone her father selected for her. Maybe Haru would have to start emphasizing her full tits for Kotomi ... or even ...

Her thoughts were rapidly driven right out of her little mind when Kotomi growled playfully: "Don't worry. I'll show you just how to be a proper, good little wife ..." That dominant, confident tone ... oh, fuck that was more exciting than Haru ever thought it would be. Haru gladly surrendered herself to Kotomi's desires, taking just a moment when Kotomi freed herself of her shirt - - fully exposing her upper body to Haru's increasingly-hungry gaze -- to appreciate her new wife's body. Taut and toned, clear musculature evident from all of Kotomi's Phantom Thief activities, though not without her own modest handfuls ... oh, yes, Haru was rapidly discovering that she was very, very okay with being with a woman.

"Kotomi ..." she breathed, leaning back into the younger woman, letting one of her own hands slip up to stroke along Kotomi's taut middle, up to one of her own breasts, tentatively stroking her thumb over one of Kotomi's nipples -- she'd never touched another woman before, never felt someone else's breasts like this, and she was oh-so-curious.

But, again ... Kotomi's drive, her confidence, her experience overshadowed any thoughts in Haru's mind as Kotomi slipped a hand right beneath the redhead's skirt and leggings, letting the younger girl discover Haru's rather-sopping state, her virgin, untouched pussy utterly drooling at how worked up Kotomi had gotten her so quickly. Her legs spread, welcoming, encouraging, little moans and gasps escaping her plush lips, those fingers slipping so easily inside of her -- though she was tight, no question! Tight and wet and all too happy to give herself to the woman she was absolutely going to marry ... even if they did change her father's heart and he relented on the forced marriage idea, Haru was kind of already fully attached to the idea of being Kotomi's wife. Maybe it was just because it was her own decision for once ... or maybe because Kotomi just excited her so fucking
much ... or she liked the idea of being the wife of a woman so obviously pursued by so many others ... whatever it was, Haru wasn't going to let this idea go anytime soon.

Kotomi was various things to different people. Girlfriend to Ann in a relationship where they were more or less equals, Queen to Makoto where Kotomi very much held the power, submissive to little Mistress Futaba, back and forth with Tae, and so on. Thus far with Haru, it was pretty obvious who held the power, as Kotomi so expertly, so confidently spoke to and treated Haru. And unlike Sugimura, who specifically only cared about his pleasure, his desires ... even when Kotomi was in her most dominating moods, she still wasn't a selfish lover, far from it. Not to mention, after being with so many girls by now, Kotomi was proud to say she'd gotten pretty damn good at knowing how to please others.

Haru wasn't the biggest of Kotomi's girls when it came to breast size, that still belonged to Ann, followed by Hifumi, but Haru wasn't that much smaller than the Shogi Queen. Kotomi's hand was utterly insistent as it pawed at those plump mounds, squeezing and feeling the flesh slip and squish through her fingers, kneading and pulling. Her palms also made sure to pay plenty of attention to Haru's stiffening nipples, grinding slowly this way and that against those bumps. Yeah, for not being the brightest of girls, it didn't take a whole lot to figure out that as much as Kotomi loved just about every part of a girl, particularly when it came to being more of that part ... yeah, she was absolutely a breast girl.

Ah, but it was hard to concentrate on much of anything at all at the moment, with those hands all over her body, wasn't it, Haru? Never much of a thinker to begin with, with Kotomi's hands never seeming to stop for even a moment, those thoughts flickering through were difficult to keep grasp of. Haru heard the other girl give a husky murmur of approval as she spread her legs wider, allowing Kotomi easier access to that hot, needy, virgin pussy beneath. Those digits didn't shy away from the tightness, only encouraging them to push all the deeper, plunging Haru's depths, digits pounding, pumping away. All in a booth table in Leblanc, of all places.

Haru just never thought about this kind of thing before -- being with a girl, being submissive or dominant, learning how to please and be pleased ... it just never, ever occurred to her as something she should or would ever need to think about. But now that she was here ... now that she was with her new wife-to-be, Haru knew she was going to have to do some real studying. ... which wasn't something she was particularly good at, mind you. But for Kotomi ... well, Haru was just going to have to learn, wasn't she?

And what better way to learn than firsthand?

Haru writhed and moaned at those fingers inside of her, her cunt squeezing around Kotomi's driving digits, easily soaking the younger girl's hand with her delight and arousal. Her hands never left Kotomi's body, stroking and touching and exploring, but the focus was on what Kotomi was doing to her ... and Haru could tell that's going to be a theme, wasn't it? It was always going to be about what Kotomi did to her, it was always going to be Kotomi making decisions -- she was a natural leader with so much experience and confidence -- it just made sense to Haru to follow the younger girl's lead. To let Kotomi tell her what to do and how to do it.

"F ... fuck me, Kotomi," Haru panted. "Fuck your -- your little wife! That f-feels so good, I've never ... no one's ever ..." She struggled to form words, but the experience was just too much, too overwhelming for the inexperienced redhead, bucking her full hips against Kotomi's hand in encouragement, clinging to her wife.

If there were any doubts lingering in Kotomi's mind, in the back somewhere, they were finally smothered at hearing Haru pant, whimper out, pleading for her to fuck her little wife. Well, why not
give her sweet, airheaded little wife exactly what she wanted? "Alright." Kotomi grinned, gazing at Haru with that confident smirk, slipping back slightly, a hand reaching to make sure Haru didn't go anywhere from her pinned position ... before Kotomi instead realigned so that her head vanished beneath Haru's skirt. Even in the more submissive of postures, though, there was still little doubt who exactly was entirely in control.

Moaning, Kotomi pressed her face in close, parting her lips to open her mouth, pressing against Haru's dripping slit hidden by those leggings, slurping juices messily through the thinner fabric. Not wanting to spend a whole lot of time teasing, though, she got right to the action, tugging aside those leggings to let her tongue and lips greedily attack that heated cunt. Perhaps driving home the breast girl theory, though, even under Haru's skirt as she was, one of Kotomi's hands couldn't resist reaching up, still pawing, squeezing at those soft mounds, tugging at Haru's nipples.

Did Kotomi really get all of this experience from doing it with her other girls? The ladies of the Phantom Thieves? Had Kotomi pressed her face between Ann's perfect, model-tier thighs, or up against Makoto's pussy? Just the mere thought was enough to wrench a moan from Haru's throat -- she wasn't certain about being a wife to someone who had so many other girls in her life, but the more Haru thought about it, the more she realized the true benefits to such an arrangement, the more she liked it. The hotter it made her. Her wife -- her wife! -- was just so fucking hot, so alluring that other girls couldn't help themselves around her, right? That's how it seemed to Haru, especially once Kotomi got her tongue on Haru's cunt.

And holy fuck was Kotomi ever good at it.

It didn't take Haru more than just a few moments to cum for the first time, her plush thighs squeezing around Kotomi's head to keep her where she was, her cunt absolutely squirting with excitement, with pitched-over arousal into Kotomi's face, threatening to drown the poor girl! Haru's hands joined Kotomi's, spasmodically grasping and groping her own plump tits, the white-hot pleasure of cumming for the very first time at the hands (or tongue, as it may be) of another overtaking her, overriding everything in her small, dim mind.

"K ... Kotomi! Ahhnn, fuck, Kotomi!" Haru cried out again and again, brought to the brink and thrown over again and again by her beautiful, amazing wife-to-be. Her thighs didn't relax, encouraging Kotomi to stay right where she was -- she'd want to return the favor, of course, but not yet, not yet, she wanted a little more! "Please ... oh, please, Kotomi, y-your tongue, you're s-so good! D-don't stop yet ... your g-good little wife needs more, please, please!" The girl mindlessly begged for more, more still -- she never, ever thought this day would end with a girl between her thighs, but fuck if this wasn't the perfect way the day could end.

Despite being downright cocky about her sexual prowess when it came to other girls, even Kotomi was a bit startled, caught off guard with how quickly Haru climaxed. Not that it should have been any surprise with how expertly Kotomi's mouth assaulted that pussy, tongue drilling and lashing this way and that relentlessly. How many times had the younger girl been between another's thighs, at this count? Ann and Kotomi fucked like rabbits in the first few weeks of being together, and she'd done the same numerous times over -- let alone even counting just brief little flings with one of her girls off to the side somewhere. Plenty of material for Haru to fantasize about, and most likely be not too far off the mark.

Haru's fiancee gurgled, gasped a bit, but managed to wiggle her head this way and that, allowing her arousal stained lips to come up for air. Even through all of it, particularly with Haru's hands resting on top of them, Kotomi didn't relent with her grasp on Haru's tits, continuing to assault those plump mounds even while catching her breath. Not that she got much of a break, with how greedy, how eager Haru was at being introduced to the world of pleasure, of her already dim, sweet little
mind being so entirely blissed out.

Thinking about the other girls was something very much not on Kotomi's mind at the moment, resuming her eating out of Haru, all too happy to give her little wife as much as she wanted, enjoying the way the girl mindlessly cried out again and again. Really, though, what sort of girl did have a wife and a girlfriend? It was one thing to add a pet, and then a Mistress ... but didn't the two share a very similar role? And, much like Kotomi said at the start of this crazy suggestion, a wife was a pretty big commitment, maybe even a little next level over some of those other titles.

It wasn't on her mind at all, still, even as she wrenched another and another climax from Haru. It was nowhere near her mind at all as Kotomi finally pulled herself apart from the other girl, grinning, her face a mess of the redhead's juices. Nor was it on her mind as she slid up Haru's body, pausing only to let her lips wrap around those fat, stiff little nipples for a moment, before finally ending in a hot, messy kiss, sharing Haru's taste with her. The girl was no doubt exhausted, so Kotomi, her own body mostly untouched, gently cupped Haru's chin, that knowing smile on her lips.

"C'mon. Let's get you cleaned up and out of here. There will be time enough to ... apply what you've learned, later. But be here tomorrow night, okay? I'll text everyone for the meeting ... we have to tell everyone, right?"

Oh, Kotomi ...

Chapter End Notes

With this chapter, all of the primary girls have been introduced. I still have quite a few more plans, don't worry, but at this point I would love if people made specific requests for pairings that you'd like to see, or additional scenes of girls who have been neglected. Go all out, I'd love to hear! Thank you so much for sticking with me for this long, and I hope you all enjoy everything else I've got planned! ♥
The whole group arrived, one at a time, streaming into Leblanc and up to Kotomi's room. Most of the group -- including Ryuji -- shot Kotomi a knowing look as they pass by. Yeah, just about everyone knew even before Kotomi did that she'd wind up fucking Haru, it was just a question of when. Ann entered with a grin a mile wide on her lips, eyes practically gleaming with mischievous curiosity, outright murmuring to her girlfriend, "Well? Did you have fun last night?" before joining the others.

They were all here now, Kotomi, including Haru -- showing up the latest, as instructed. There was a whole lot on the plate, including that Haru was still a relative unknown to the group as a whole ... Okumura's sprawling space station of a Palace still needed to be entered properly, and there was the news to break about her relationship with Haru. How did she start? Where did she begin?

She drew Haru to her side, the redhead gleefully clinging to her new wife-to-be ... but of course, she didn't say anything. This was Kotomi's show, and everyone knew it. Kotomi just ... sort of wished she thought things through a little better.

"So ... you all know Haru, right?" she started. "She came over last night, and we got to talking ... and she's having some trouble with her father." Kotomi explained everything: Haru's forced engagement, her trouble with her father's increasingly-callous decisions, how awful Sugimura was ... and then the part she was dreading to say the most, giving Haru's hand a little squeeze as she took a deep breath: "Haru and I are engaged, now. It will hopefully get Sugimura off of her back, and once we change Okumura's heart, he might be more willing to let Haru marry who she likes."

"Yeah!" Haru chimed in. "Kotomi has been, like, SO nice! But you all know how great she is! And we're gonna get married and she's gonna be my wife and I'm gonna be her wife and it's gonna be so much better, and she said she'd help me, and ...!" Haru grinned, delighted, seemingly totally oblivious to the gravity of what was just announced. "And you all don't gotta worry, I know Kotomi's important to all of you! I'm not gonna try and make her be exclusive or anything!"

Kotomi really didn't think this through.

The news was ... unexpected. To say the least.

In retrospect, this was likely pretty foreseeable. Even though she did it meaning well, even though she did it with good intentions to try and get Haru out of a bad situation, she damn well knew she needed to look and think a little more before she leapt. Haru, at least, was a bit of a vapid airhead and was looking to her for leadership -- Kotomi was damn near about top of the class, so what the hell is her excuse? Plus, she knew these girls. She knew Futaba seemed down, and she knew how highly Ann valued their relationship.

Nobody said anything at first, several different expressions going around the room all at once in the long silence. Ryuji seemed confused with his mouth hanging open slightly, Yusuke seemed ... intrigued, but might also have been staring off in his own little world. Makoto, ever the easiest to read despite how good she insisted her poker face was, covered her own open mouth with her hand. Futaba, for her part ... she didn't say anything at all. The little hacker was already looking pretty down, still with something on her mind, but Futaba just ... nodded. Like it was expected. Like it was obviously going to happen.

Ann ... Ann, meanwhile, showed fucking nothing beyond an initial widening of her eyes. The lack of response in itself was pretty worrying.
"Um ..." Makoto tried to start.

"Hell, congratulations, you two!" Ryuji grinned, cutting her off with his loud outburst. Loudmouthed idiot he might be, he had always been loyal and backed up Kotomi -- though the runner least knew how to read a room. "When's the date, huh?" It was clumsy as hell, perhaps, but maybe it was better than the silence and attempt to read faces. Seeming to finally straighten her own thoughts on the matter, Makoto nodded.

"Um, I guess this is a little sudden, but ... it sounds like you're doing it for good reasons, right? And maybe it won't be required after we change your father's heart, Haru." Ever the analytical one, Makoto caught on to that thread, unaware that, at least last night, both girls seemed to be into the idea being a bit more permanent than that. While Makoto appeared to be mostly alright with it, her eyes stared at Kotomi's with worry -- afraid of change. Afraid of what this might have meant for her, for them.

"Yeah. Congratulations." While the boys seemed more or less alright with it, and Makoto for the moment looked happy to go along, Ann provided the most deadpan congratulations possible, the usually bubbly blonde quite on edge. Worst of all, though, was the way she looked away, seemingly utterly refusing to meet Kotomi's eyes. And, as stone faced as she was trying to be, Kotomi noted how Ann was trying not to let her lips quiver, or the way her nails dug in a bit harshly at the table beneath them.

It didn't last.

"What the fuck?" Ann blurted out, pigtails swinging as she finally turned to Kotomi, the corners of her eyes damp with the beginnings of tears, though she mostly showed fury. "We expected you to FUCK her, but what the hell?" Rising to her feet, the model -- usually so cheerful, so peppy, the girl that came off as a bubbly ditz at times, despite how smart she was -- looked almost ready to fight. Her eyes darted back and forth between Kotomi and Haru, anger only seeming to bubble a little hotter every time she gazed at the -- fiancee -- of her girlfriend. "You went and PROPOSED to her? Why -- how ...?"

How dare she.

How fucking dare she?

"You promised me," Ann whispered, standing before Kotomi, even as the tears started to boil over, starting to drip down her cheek. "You promised me!" Ann repeated, louder, fists balling at her side, nails now digging into the flesh of her palms, before suddenly making a run for it, dashing down the stairs and out the door, from the sound of it, leaving behind her purse and a few tears stained on the wooden floor.

It wasn't even that Ann had anything in particular against Haru. If anything, she thought that Haru seemed nice and sweet enough, and really, she downright expected Kotomi to fuck the other girl; much like Kotomi by this point, Ann had basic pattern recognition. And, hell, she was happy to have her girlfriend having so many other relationships! Her logic was much like Haru's, simple as it was: it just meant her girlfriend was fucking hot. And Ann was secure enough in the relationship to trust Kotomi, that even if she got entangled with a dozen, two dozen other girls, that there would always be that special, sole spot for herself.

And now Kotomi had a fiancee.

Deep down, a part of her knew that she shouldn't run away, that she should turn back around and talk things over calmly with Kotomi, to understand what happened. To make things right, to give
Kotomi a chance to explain herself. But as the tears came fully now, as the model choked back a sob, she dashed through Leblanc, right past several customers and a confused, concerned Sojiro. All she kept thinking about was the look on Haru's face as Kotomi made the announcement, about how pleased the -- the -- fucking *bimbo* was about it all! Yes, she knew that wasn't fair to either Kotomi or Haru, but she was angry and hurt and upset.

*Kotomi really* should have thought this through.

She didn't expect everyone to, like ... be *thrilled* about the announcement, but she didn't expect a bevy of reactions like *this*. The boys seemed fine with it, but they don't really have a horse in this race. Makoto seemed ... wary, but ultimately accepting. Futaba just looked even more depressed than she was before -- which certainly concerned Kotomi -- but it was Ann's blowup that stole everyone's attention, of course.

And ... Ann was right. Kotomi did promise. She promised back when they got together that Ann would always have a special place in her heart, that she would be something to Kotomi that no one else was ... and a wife sort of overshadowed 'girlfriend'. Sort of fills a very similar niche.

Haru? Haru was thunderstruck. Absolutely stunned. She never even thought that the others might object to something like this -- that they would ever react poorly or think negatively of she and Kotomi getting engaged. It wasn't like she was trying to take Kotomi away from any of them! But Ann's tear-stained blowup certainly showed Haru that she was wrong -- that it wasn't as clear-cut as she thought it was going to be -- and it turned out she was something of a sympathetic crier, clutching Kotomi's hand tightly as tears formed in her own eyes. "I ... I didn't ..." she started, clearly upset, and Kotomi glanced to the girl and shook her head.

"This isn't your fault, Haru. This is on me." She didn't think this through. She was the leader, she was the one with the harem, she was the one with the responsibility ... and, a part of her mind whispered, Haru was a little too vapid to be able to take real responsibility anyway. "Sorry -- everyone. I'm going to --" Kotomi bit her lip, torn between wanting to reassure everyone, to try and show Futaba and Makoto here that it would be okay, to reassure Haru that they were still engaged ... but it was ultimately her girlfriend that she went after. "I'm sorry. I'll -- we'll be back soon."

Releasing Haru's hand, Kotomi turned to run right after Ann, heading down the stairs and out the door to chase after her girlfriend. The girl she loved. More than anyone else -- in a way truly unlike any of her other entanglements -- she was utterly in love with Ann, and she went ahead and made this decision without even consulting her ... and Kotomi knew she needed to make that right post-haste.

Kotomi really had to hurry to catch up with the girl. Ann only lingered for a few moments outside of the coffee shop, crying in front of it, before running off in a direction. Thankfully, it took her down a dead-ended side street, and with her progress stopped -- and knowing Kotomi likely wasn't far behind, Ann tried to catch her breath. And yet, when she heard those footsteps behind her, Ann twirled about, the tears falling freely, anger in her eyes.

"Ann --" Kotomi started, but the model cut her off with a torrent of anger.

"Oh, NOW you want to talk to me about it?" It was a low fucking blow, Ann realized, mostly because she was right. "You promised me, Kotomi! You promised me, that not matter what -- no matter what! -- that we -- that you -- I ...!" The beautiful blonde shook her head, too upset to even properly formulate the words at the moment, but the point was pretty clear. Kotomi made a promise to the other girl. That nobody else would take that same place, that same spot of her heart as Ann, but it really was kinda hard to reconcile girlfriend and wife together, wasn't it?
Kotomi’s heart utterly shattered within her chest. The last thing she wanted was to upset Ann, her girlfriend, the person she knew she could rely on above all others. "Please, just --" Maybe she should just let her go. Let her cool off. Let her calm down before she talked to her again to try to make things right.

Ann took a step forward. "Get out of my way, Kotomi. I -- I don’t want to see you. Not -- not right now." Fuck, she hated the sound of the words even as they left her lips, but she couldn't. Not right now. Kotomi -- or Haru -- was one of the last people she wanted to see at the moment, partially from her anger, but partially from not wanting to say or do something she’d regret. So again, she stepped forward, with the intention of moving past Kotomi.

Kotomi deserved all of it. Every bit. Kotomi deserved Ann’s anger, her frustration -- Kotomi really, really should have thought this through before she committed to Haru. She should have told Haru she’d have to think it over and gone to talk to Ann, especially, about it first.

But she didn’t. She didn’t consider the ramifications in the heat of the moment, and with desperate Haru, with being in close quarters to such a cute new girl ... and after she had just worked to repair a schism in the group ... she just wanted to do right by the others. Wanted to be a good leader, wanted to take on the responsibilities of her friends and teammates, wanted to make things right and better for all the girls in her life. Granted, she did just mean the marriage thing as a joke, but once Haru latched so tightly onto it, how could she back down? How could she ever disappoint the little woman?

Still, Kotomi fucked up, and it was on her to fix it

Something within Kotomi told her that if she let Ann go off angry right now it was going to break something between them. Potentially forever. As such, when Ann tried to push past, Kotomi moved to block the blonde, reaching out to hold Ann by the arm. "I'm sorry." Given what happened, that kind of rang hollow, didn't it? "I should have talked to you about it first. You're right. Just ... please, don't go right now." Tears of her own threatened to fall, but she blinked them back as best she could.

"I love you, Ann -- I do. More than anyone else." Truth, definitely. It wasn't like she loved Haru or anything -- not yet, a part of her mind said -- Kotomi loved all of her girls in their own way, but love had an infinite number of forms, and it was only Ann that held that very particular sort of romantic love in Kotomi’s heart. She was Kotomi’s girlfriend, and despite her engagement, that wasn’t something she took remotely lightly. "You're my girlfriend, and I ... I don't ever want to lose that." She had spent more time with Ann than anyone else. And not just fucking, either! They’d gone on countless dates, snuggled up in bed, laughed and loved and been the very image of a devoted couple. If there was anyone in the world Kotomi knew that she could trust, it was Ann.

And then Kotomi went and broke that trust. No wonder Ann was so upset.

How much time had Ann and Kotomi spent together by now? They were together for most of the roughly six months that Kotomi had been in Tokyo, now. Girlfriends. And, of course, the sex had absolutely been fantastic and plentiful, as Ann had discovered her own seemingly insatiable libido alongside Kotomi’s, but it was more than that. Much more. The girls had spilled their hearts to one another, spent so many afternoons and evenings together -- most of the time, when Kotomi wasn't with another girl, Ann often swung by. Not just to fuck -- though it wasn't unusual for it to lead to that, true -- but just to be ... together. To talk about important things and completely absurd, mundane things. To laugh. To just hold hands together quietly leaning against one another.

The blonde wrenched away from Kotomi's grasp when the girl reached out for her, but it was enough to get her to stop in place, at least for a moment. It was the desperation, the sound of Kotomi -- one of the strongest girls Ann knew and admired the hell out of -- near her breaking point that
made Ann feel vindicated, for a brief second, before her own heart nearly broke all over.

"Then why?" Ann responded, staring at Kotomi. "Why didn't you call? Why didn't you text? Why didn't you say anything first? Did you -- did you even think about me, about anyone else but yourself and her?" She tensed at this question, her eyes, even filled with tears, narrowing slightly - if Kotomi didn't answer this one truthfully, then it really may very well be over.

"You're right. I wasn't -- I wasn't thinking." No, there was no lie she could tell there; Kotomi genuinely wasn't thinking about anyone but herself and Haru. If she was, she probably would have told Haru to wait for a real answer, she would have gone to talk to Ann and the others about it first. But she wasn't thinking. All she had in her mind was how hot and dim and appealing Haru was ... and the idea of how immensely attractive the girl would be as her good little wife ... yeah.

"Would it really -- would it have really been so hard just to say ... no? I know you can't help it sometimes, Kotomi! But ... I thought, for me, you'd -- you would be able to ..." All at once, the fight seemed to drain from Ann, having been running on fumes since hearing the pain in Kotomi's own voice. Shoulders slumping, the blonde exhaled, biting back one last sob for the moment. "Kotomi, I love you! But, fuck -- you really make some stupid choices sometimes! You have got to stop thinking so much with -- with your pussy all the time!"

Seeming to be a bit calmed down, at least for the moment, Ann moved to take a step away once again. "I -- I love you. That hasn't changed." Saying it not only to hear herself say, but because she figured Kotomi needed to hear it, too. "But ... I. I can't. Not right now, Kotomi. Please? Maybe ... maybe tomorrow night, or something. We can just have a date night, for us two, and we can talk it over some more then. I just ... need some time, a little time apart. But just a little ... all right?"

While it was a little heartening to hear Ann say that she still loved her, it was equally disheartening to hear her say that she couldn't do this right now. That she needed some time apart. Ann was the woman that Kotomi had always, always been able to go to, the woman she could trust to be there for her, the woman that Kotomi knew she could always rely on ... and now Kotomi might have fucked that up forever.

Nothing hurt Kotomi more than that realization, and this time she was unable to keep the tears from falling.

She wanted to reach out, to hold Ann against her, to reassure her that she was sorry and she'd do something to make this up to her ... but there was nothing she could do right now. "Tomorrow. I understand," she managed at long last. "I love you, Ann." Holy fuck, did she ever. If this episode proved anything to Kotomi, it was that she was immensely in love with the blonde and the prospect of losing her was far too much for her to bear.

Kotomi didn't have another choice but to leave it at that, and once Ann headed off, she turned to go back inside Leblanc and head right up the stairs -- ignoring Sojiro's curious and concerned look as she went.

And meanwhile ...

"I hope Ann will be alright. She seemed pretty upset ..." Makoto murmured, head tilting this way and that, trying to glance out of Kotomi's window to see if she could see either of the girls returning. She knew that in this situation, she should be stepping forward to take control -- if Ann was Kotomi's right hand girl, Makoto was the left -- but she was conflicted. Concern about her Queen, about her Mistress, and even Haru all battled for space.

But Haru was pretty upset, too. Not that Kotomi ran off -- Haru got that, she totally understands why
Kotomi would run off after her girlfriend -- she was upset that apparently her presence, her deal with Kotomi had thrown a wrench into the group, disrupted things. She was just about to leave on her own when Makoto wrapped the girl in her arms, and Haru leaned into the other girl, sniffling and crying.

"Shh, it's alright. I don't think you did anything wrong, I think Kotomi just should've ... given us a little more warning is all. Congratulations -- I mean it!" Makoto hoped the words didn't sound as hollow as they felt, trying her best to be warm and excited for Haru, welcoming -- but it wasn't the easiest thing in the world.

"I'm ... I'm sorry. I didn't think it would upset everyone ... Kotomi was just trying to help me. I didn't ... I didn't mean to make things worse ..." Haru sniffled.

"I know. I know. It's okay. You didn't mean to upset anybody -- it's not your fault you got put in such a poor position. I think -- I think it'll all work out okay in the end." Pulling back from Haru, she offered the other girl her best smile. "Plus, we have a wedding to plan for, right? That's exciting!"

Haru cheered up just a little with that mention -- she stopped crying, anyway, Makoto having staunched the worst of her despair -- and the promise of getting to plan a wedding was something particularly exciting for the girl. She had been dreading it when her partner was Sugimura (technically still was, but she was just so elated about Kotomi that it was hard to remember that none of this was official yet!) but the thought of planning a wedding to marry Kotomi ... oooh, that was much more exciting. "Y-yeah! It's gonna be s-so nice, and --"

Her words cut off when Kotomi reappeared from the stairs, looking ... well, pretty fucking miserable, and Haru had to resist the urge to bound up and go wrap her fiancee up in a tight hug.

Futaba, however, did immediately rise from where she'd been silently sitting, brooding, idly playing with Morgana, to go to Kotomi and abruptly grab a fistful of the taller girl's shirt, tugging her down a little bit -- but it wasn't to kiss or anything, and Futaba's scowl only deepened. "Come see me when you're done here," Futaba spoke up. "I'll be in the Room." The Room -- not her room, but the Room -- it took Kotomi a moment to realize what the redhead meant, and she was a little stunned -- could anyone actually get into it without her? If anyone could ... well, it would probably be Futaba, right? The little hacker was the only person with a will stronger than Kotomi, so perhaps the Velvet Room had recognized her in that way. Who knows? Futaba certainly sounded confident that she'd be able to be waiting there.

Kotomi nodded mutely, and Futaba released her, heading downstairs without a further word.

Kotomi smiled wanly to the rest of the group. "No Palace today ... obviously. I'll let everyone know when things are ... well, when we can go back in." When she fixed this problem. When things weren't so completely fucked up. Yusuke and Ryuji left together at the dissolution of the meeting, leaving just Kotomi, Haru, and Makoto here; Kotomi moved to slump down on the edge of her bed, looking ... well, yeah. Miserable. Fuck, she really fucked this up this time.

"Queen ..." Makoto murmured, worriedly. At once, she was at one side of her owner, trying to press herself in against Kotomi, concern in her eyes. "Would you like me to go and talk with her? Or -- is there anything I can do ...? Please, just say the word." Oh, it pained Makoto to see her Queen like this, to see her so absolutely upset -- even if it was a situation of Kotomi's own creation. All she wanted to do was help fix this! Plus, the announcement hadn't changed anything for the two of them, right? She still belonged to Kotomi.

Haru quickly followed suit with the other side, both girls squishing against Kotomi and it was a very natural thing for her to slip arms around both of them, her hands coming to rest on the upper swells
of each of their asses -- Makoto certainly had Haru beat in that particular area, but Haru's own rear was hardly insubstantial.

Not that Kotomi was thinking about any of that at the moment; it was basically an automatic reaction. Ann was upset with her ... and there was little doubt in Kotomi's heart that Ann was definitely the most important girl in her life ... but she didn't like to rank her girls like that. Still, it was obvious that she was pretty fucked up over this.

Makoto asked if there was anything she can do, and though Haru didn't speak, she conveyed her agreement by leaning up to press a little kiss against Kotomi's cheek. "No ... you don't need to go talk to her or anything. I think it'll be okay, just ..." Kotomi sighed. "I really kind of fucked up this time, huh?" Haru stiffened a little against her fiancee, as though worried that Kotomi regretted it, but Kotomi shook her head. "Don't worry. It'll ... I'll fix it. We're still going to get married, Haru."

"I ... okay. I didn't mean to make things, like, hard for anyone ..." Haru's voice was worried, seeming like she was on the verge of breaking down into tears once more, but Kotomi granted her fiancee a little smile.

"It's not your fault, Haru. I did this, and I'm going to fix it -- I'm going to make things right again for everyone." 'Everyone' being primarily Ann and Futaba ... and Kotomi still had no idea what Futaba's issue was. Fuck, she'd be wise not to keep the smaller girl waiting, but Kotomi didn't go to rise just yet.

"Makoto -- can I trust you to take care of Haru?" Kotomi asked the girl, leaning down to press a soft kiss against Makoto's lips in reassurance -- yeah, nothing changed between them; Makoto still belonged entirely, completely to Kotomi no matter what. "Of course, Queen. We were just talking about the idea of wedding planning ... there's a lot to plan for, you know." Makoto offered her best smile to Kotomi, the bottom-heavy girl absolutely wanting to do her best for Kotomi. The little bitch was delighted by the kiss, however brief it might have been -- not pushing it into anything more passionate on her side -- as lovely little reassurance. Yes, even with her determination, there was no missing Makoto's worry about things changing, either.

And then Haru said it.

"I should get along with Makoto really well, right? I mean, like, she's your pet and since we're getting married ... that means she's totally my pet too!" Haru chimed in just as Kotomi moved to rise, though the darker-haired girl stiffened at that obviously-innocent declaration. Much like Kotomi, Haru didn't seem to ... think things through very well.

The atmosphere in the room, having calmed slightly in the wake of Futaba's departure, went so very cold in an instant. Much like Kotomi, Makoto stiffened in place, the submissive girl's lips parted slightly, opening and closing a few times as if to speak, only coming up with, "I ..." Of course Haru hadn't meant anything unpleasant, hadn't meant to cross any lines. But for Makoto, the idea of someone just so simply ... assuming, so ... so flippantly like that? So suddenly? Makoto had sworn herself to her Queen, and had slowly been taken in by Mistress Ann, but Haru ...

Haru just ... didn't think things through. Neither did Kotomi, but where Kotomi leted her lusts do her thinking for her -- thinking with her pussy, as Ann had so bluntly put it -- Haru was just ... dim. She just didn't seem to be able to think things through all the way, as evidenced by her innocent comment that Makoto should totally belong to her since she was going to be Kotomi's wife. She meant well! Honest! She meant it as just a cute little comment, a reason that she and Makoto would totally get
along with no problems, but even Haru wasn't so oblivious as to fail to notice the different atmosphere in the room right after she said it, her good-natured grin fading to confusion and concern.

"I -- I mean, won't you?" Haru ventured, but she at least realized that something was wrong, that she said something she shouldn't have, and the poor girl quieted down.

Makoto met Kotomi's eyes, but only for a moment -- to put out her hand, palm towards Kotomi when her Queen attempted to say something. "No. Not right now. I'll be ..." Pause, and a struggle that seemed so very intense, if only lasting a few moments. "I'll be okay. You need to -- need to deal with Futaba right now." Sweet, loyal, devoted Makoto -- even when clearly hurting, trying to make sure the most intense needs were taken care of first. Haru’s assumption was clearly a wound to Makoto, but one the girl insisted could wait.

The conversation with Ann was tomorrow night, and Makoto -- for now -- seemed insistent she'd be alright with Haru. But Futaba had been a boiling issue for a while now, and the younger girl's demands were the most immediate and pressing ...

"If you're sure, Makoto." Where usually she might opt for 'pet' or 'bitch', she wanted to reassure the brunette of their closeness -- Kotomi loved her little pet, but moreover she loved Makoto, and regardless of anything else that happened, that was always going to be the case. Kotomi turned then to Haru, granting her airheaded fiancee a little kiss as well. "I'll talk to you soon, Haru. Don't make trouble for Makoto." Kotomi didn't even realize she was doing it, but she took on a slight tone of voice more like she was speaking to a troublesome child instead of her friend and fiancee -- as though instinctively she recognized her dominance, her superiority over the dim girl. Mmh -- something to consider later.

For now, her Mistress wanted to see her, and it was to the Velvet Room that Kotomi went without any further delay.

Despite everything else going on, even with the foundation of the Phantom Thieves seeming to tremble, Kotomi -- for a moment, at least -- found herself calming, able to take a breath as she stepped into the Velvet Room. Slipping into the Room, taking her 'rightful' form simply just felt that good, like she had almost been pretending to be in another form in reality. So feminine, so plush, so hung, her poor uniform, as always, pushed and stretched out to such utterly obscene limits. Not that Kotomi had too long to enjoy such, nor too long to consider another mystery: how the hell did Futaba get into the Velvet Room without her? The smaller girl's cognition was powerful, but entering the Velvet Room alone, is that even possible?

Here in the Velvet Room, Kotomi's cognition reigned over all others except for the fiery little hacker, her will simply supreme, and Futaba utilized that to change her own form dramatically. Usually she was her real self just with the addition of an oversized, fat dick, but she was lacking that at the moment ... and the rest of her was so much larger than it was in the real world. Taller -- slightly shorter than Kotomi, but not by anywhere near as much -- and with a pair of vast, plump tits, full hips, thick thighs, and a truly fat ass all fully on display, as the redhead was naked. And ... no dick.

Kotomi would be an absolutely awful liar if she said Futaba's current form wasn't appealing. Something about Futaba's form being shorter than Kotomi, yes, but still so absurdly packed with those curves, so thick and soft and oversized ... particularly when she'd only been with Futaba submissively? Oh, yes, her thick cock bulged and stuffed down one of her leggings gave an appreciative twitch and throb, swelling to life. And yet, other than for the initial look -- and the occasional flicker through her mind, to be completely honest -- Kotomi found herself otherwise uninterested.

It was also of note that Futaba seemed ... upset. Angry. Tears just barely starting to form behind her
glasses, though whether they were tears of rage or tears of despair, it wasn't obvious.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Futaba did her best to keep her voice under control, but she wasn't super great at it. "You wanted just another busty, thick girl to fuck. Well, here I am -- I'm all yours, Kotomi." Yeah, things weren't ... things weren't so good right now.

"Futaba ..." The pain just didn't stop for Kotomi today. Seeing Ann's rage and hurt had been one thing -- and Makoto would clearly need tending to as well -- but Futaba's tears beginning to form, beginning to slip down her face, it was too much. Her heart shattered anew, and while she still wasn't entirely certain of the steps that led to this point, Kotomi was beginning to get a much clearer picture of what the younger girl had been upset about. How could she be so fucking foolish? She had sworn to herself, after those first encounters with Futaba, that she'd make sure to specifically protect and cherish her little Mistress, and yet ...

"No. This -- this isn't what I wanted." Nngh. Except, no. No, that's not quite right, was it? This was what she wanted. While doing the best she could, she had been adding girl after girl to the group, and while her intentions had been pure ... there was that undercurrent of downright hedonistic greed quietly beneath it all. How many partners and girls was she even at now? Could she even number them off from the top of her head without a moment to pause?

"This is what you want!" Futaba fired back, her anger flaring. "You keep finding more and more girls like this -- more girls for you to fuck and more girls to take up your time!" An outside observer might have had a hard time seeing Futaba and imagining her ever being truly angry, anything other than tiny and cute and in need of protection, but the little redhead was utterly furious in this moment, anger and loneliness and despair and fear all built up within her as she regarded the girl who was, ostensibly, her property.

It came down to Futaba needing to choose between doing this -- confronting Kotomi in such an open way -- or just turning back into a recluse, an isolated lonely girl, and the choice ... it was closer than she might ever like to admit. As much as she adored being Kotomi's Mistress (which was a lot), she was still Futaba, she was still the girl who spent several years totally locked up in her room and burdened by guilt and self-hate.

Not to suggest she was handling this particularly well, either, but ... this had to be better than just quietly shutting herself away out of Kotomi's life entirely, right?

Kotomi could barely bring herself to meet the younger girl's eyes, could barely bring herself to see the pain, the sadness, the anger in them -- but she did, because she had to. Even as her own eyes started to brim with tears, again, feeling so very fucking drained right now. Stepping forward, she stood before Futaba before continuing, "I -- you're right, Futaba. That is what I kept wanting." It was difficult to admit, and it hurt, but her Mistress was spot on. No way around it.

"I watch you a lot -- and I like watching you, don't get me wrong -- but I watch you get with girl after girl with big tits or a fat ass or ... or both! And that's all you want, isn't it? You just want more girls like that -- like this --" She gestured down at her hyperfeminized body. "-- to add to your ... your harem or whatever. There's no room in it for someone like me." Someone like ... the real her. Tiny and flat and with urges of her own -- with such a markedly different relationship with Kotomi than all the other girls have. She stood out, and that wasn't a feeling Futaba super enjoyed, especially considering just how many other girls Kotomi had in her life that weren't like her at all.

Pausing for a moment, Kotomi found herself with one of those stray thoughts considering how fucking good Futaba's tits looked, and took a moment to clear her head -- taking in a deep breath as she concentrated, willing the swollen bulge in her pants to shrink to nothingness. Even with emotional distress, the Velvet Room itself made it hard to concentrate, no need to add on the
demands of her fat prick. "I'm sorry. I ... I let you down. I didn't think..." And boy, that was an understatement at times. And now, now the tears start again, starting behind her own glasses and sliding down her cheeks.

Futaba was crying at this point, tears openly falling down her cheeks, though her gaze still burned with anger and frustration ... but she did notice the fact that Kotomi willed her own cock away. Why? Wasn't that what Kotomi truly wanted? Didn't she just want to make Futaba one of the girls? One of the many Kotomi just fucked senseless, interchangeable?

With Kotomi still slightly taller than Futaba, the younger girl did have to look up a bit, but when Kotomi stepped close, their inflated busts pressed a little against each other -- and despite her anger, despite the situation, the lustful aura of the Velvet Room (and, admittedly, Futaba's eternal attraction to Kotomi) spurred a hint of arousal within the redhead, but it was easy to stifle it for the time being.

Futaba reached up to seize a fistful of Kotomi's shirt as she continued: "And now you've got this fiancee and she's just as dumb and thick as they come and you're going to be married to her because that's -- that's all you want. Another girl to worship the ground you walk on." A little hypocritical there, Futaba -- wasn't the whole reason that she was Kotomi's Mistress because she worshiped the ground the older girl walked on? "Whatever. I know what you want and I know I'm not that and I'm sorry."

Kotomi couldn't deny a whole lot of Futaba's accusations about Haru -- yeah, her intentions were pure, to try and rescue the girl from her awful situation. To start with. But just as Futaba said, having a dumb, dutiful, devoted, delightfully curvy and cheerful girl to adore and worship her with something so powerful as marriage? Yeah. Yeah, there was a lot there.

Perhaps the worst part was that Kotomi realized she couldn't really deny most of Futaba's accusations. Almost all of her girls were definitely much more in the curvier, more filled out range before even considering their versions in the Velvet Room -- even mousey Sadayo had some nice hips and padding below, and the slender Takemi had a small, yet pleasing amount of titflesh. Futaba, meanwhile, can't claim any of that, her body so slender and lacking any real significant feminine curvature -- and even in the Velvet Room, she kept to that figure. As such, no doubt it had been a lit bit intimidating to see Kotomi with all the curvier beauties.

"You're right," Kotomi replied once more, not fighting. Not fighting the truth, and not wanting to fight Futaba, to hurt the girl, to hurt those she loved even more -- she already fucked up enough today. If not for everything else, she might have fought back, she might protest stronger that she adored her smaller, cute little Mistress, curves or no, but for the moment, Kotomi mostly stayed quiet, letting Futaba unleash her anger, her fury at the girl.

It was also a reminder that Futaba, twisted little voyeur as she was, had been listening -- or, since Hawaii, watching -- most of Kotomi's encounters. All the evenings with Ann, the teasing with Makoto, and everything else with all of her other girls. Not that Kotomi had ever forgotten, of course, and, mmh, it was always a little thrill to remember that her Mistress could see and hear so much. And yet, even with Futaba's professed enjoyment of it all, seeing Kotomi with all the other girls ... no wonder! And now Kotomi had gone and added yet another girl.

Finally, Futaba's voice started to break down and the poor girl just about collapsed into sobs, releasing Kotomi's shirt as she sunk down onto the edge of the bed, her more-than-ample figure shrinking away back toward her natural form. Despair won out over anger, apparently, and Futaba ended up looking so ... so fragile, so weak, so in need of protection just like she was when Kotomi met her.

The knife twisted all that much deeper into Kotomi's heart. Her own tears came freely, too, and
Kotomi took a breath, doing one of the hardest things she had done in the Velvet Room. Dismissing her cock was one thing, but she pushed herself, fighting back against the forces of the Room itself, against her basest desires, and the rest of her body shrank and slimmed down, going back to a more natural form as well. It almost hurt a little, tearing herself away from that voluptuous form, but ...

"Futaba." Kotomi whispered, taking her place on the bed next to the younger girl, and carefully, gently guiding the other girl into her arms. "I'm so, so sorry. Oh, Futaba ..." And Kotomi clung to the girl, wrapping her arms tighter around her, Mistress and pet forgotten for the moment. All thoughts of lust and desire forgotten (mostly -- it WAS the Velvet Room, still) to just hold Futaba and to reassure her, to cling to the girl and keep her safe. "You're right about so many things, Futaba. You're right, I am a ... fan of certain figures. To say the least. But ...

"Just because you don't fit that same type doesn't mean I don't want you Futaba!" Kotomi shook her head, trying to raise Futaba's head to look up into her eyes, her own still so wet and red. "God, no. And I'm so sorry that I made you feel that way. I should have -- I should have paid you more attention. I didn't even think about what you must feel like, with everything like that." Fuck, her heart hurt right now. How could she have been so foolish and careless? "You may be different from the others, and I know you might see that as a bad thing -- but, fuck, that's part of what I like so much about you! That you never -- never tried to do like what you just did. That you've always been -- you. Only you." Well, herself plus a fat, heavy dick, anyway.

Poor Futaba. It was the whole reason she had been so withdrawn recently -- as girl after girl continued finding their way into Kotomi's life, girl after girl who all seemed to be so much more gifted than Futaba herself, and it just ended up feeling like ... like Futaba stood out. And not in a good way. Almost as though Kotomi had originally taken on the redhead out of pity instead of actual interest or attraction. Those feelings ate away at her until ... well, until they just exploded here, leaving Futaba sobbing in despair, the girl reflexively burying her face into Kotomi's chest as she cries.

She loved Kotomi more than anything -- that was the part that hurt so much. She adored Kotomi, adored her bravery, her charisma, her kindness and warmth -- everything about her, Futaba loved, and she just wanted to have a part of Kotomi that no one else did. Wanted to fulfill a role in Kotomi's life that no one else could, make Kotomi feel things that no one else made her feel. Which in turn ... just made Futaba increasingly insecure about whether Kotomi wanted to feel those things, or whether she was just happier being that harem owner for so many others.

Small hands clung to the older girl, both of them roughly in their original forms at this point -- with Futaba's superior will, she could have kept Kotomi hyperfeminized, but she obviously wasn't bothering to exert her will at this point.

"I ... I'm sorry if I didn't show that to you enough. I didn't. Not with girl after girl." Sighing, Kotomi closed her eyes. "I'm sorry, Futaba. I adore you, and I failed." It was true, too. Kotomi learned a lot in the last six months or so, and not only in the sexual realm. Kotomi also learned just how deep, how full of love her heart could be, and how many different kinds of love she could feel. There was the love for Ann, perhaps the purest, most classical of all -- but also the protective, possessive kind of love for Makoto and some of her other girls. The more tender, guiding kind of love for Hifumi. And so on. But also the yielding, eager spot in her heart for her adorable little Mistress.

For the moment, though, Kotomi said nothing else, simply letting her arms stay tight around her little Mistress, holding the younger girl as she cried. It was so strange to have both of them in the Velvet Room while their normal selves. Notably, Kotomi had to quietly smother the urge to slip back into her overly sexualized form, the desire to feel that right constantly dancing at the edge of her thoughts. The Velvet Room ever remained a mystery of lusts and desires ...
It was some time before Futaba managed to lift her head to meet Kotomi's gaze, her eyes red and watery. She even sniffled! "You ... you really mean that?" The fault wasn't entirely with Kotomi, and Futaba knows that -- this was just as much borne of her own insecurity as it was of Kotomi's continuously-growing harem. She should trust in Kotomi that she was true and honest with the redhead -- trust that Kotomi meant it when she said she loved being her Mistress' pet. "Kotomi, I'm ..." Swallow. "I'm sorry too." Even as shitty and neglected and unimportant as she felt, Futaba didn't need to blow up on the older girl like that.

"Really. Promise. But promise me something, too -- if you ever start to feel like this again, you find me and make us talk about it, okay? Not that I plan to let it happen again, but please ... don't keep it bottled up. Talk to me. Let me know." Smiling at Futaba, Kotomi dried their tears, reaching up to wipe her own face before leaning in to gently kiss the other girl's cheek. Kotomi's smile turned upward, slightly, the first hint of a mischievous smirk as she giggled, adding, "Even if I'm, you know, with someone else at the time. No, really -- this is important. All right?"

Most of all, Futaba just wanted to feel ... important. Like she mattered. Like she made a difference whatsoever in someone's life -- she had felt useless and a burden for most of her life, and once she got a taste of actually being cared about by Kotomi ... she wasn't so willing to give it up. Even if she didn't get to be Kotomi's Mistress -- even if she only ended up as one of Kotomi's many lovers -- that would have been all right with Futaba, ultimately.

The ghost of her smile solidified somewhat. "I promise. You're -- you're really important to me, Kotomi. I don't ... want to lose you." For once in her life, Futaba had someone to hold onto, someone genuinely, truly, infinitely important to her -- sure, her adoptive father Sojiro was important to her as well, as kind and wonderful as he had been for her in the wake of her mother's death, but Kotomi ... Kotomi was special. She had always been special. From the very first moment that Futaba heard Kotomi's voice, from the first time that she eavesdropped on Kotomi and Ann together ... she knew, she knew Kotomi was going to be important to her.

She just didn't know how important.

A good cry seemed to have done a lot for the smaller girl, but she stayed right where she was, clinging to Kotomi, her head resting gently against Kotomi's modest chest. "Is it okay if we're still ... if I'm still ...?" She bit her lip. "... your Mistress and all of that? It's okay if you don't -- if you wanna just be regular lovers or whatever." After all, she so deeply adored Kotomi, Futaba just wants more than anything to be in the girl's life in any way she could.

"I don't know about you, but I really like it when you're my pet," Futaba added with the ghost of a smile, the faintest hint of her old cockiness returning -- out in the real world was one thing (and it was something she was working on, but it was hard!) but when they were in the Velvet Room together, Futaba was the epitome of confidence, self-assuredness, arrogance -- she was the Mistress and she knew it and that's something that she really did want to go back to. She got to see a side of Kotomi that most people didn't -- her submissive side, her yielding side -- and that was something that she truly did treasure. To be her Mistress ...

But only if Kotomi wanted it, too.

After everything else today so far, though, after all the pain, it did the dark haired girl's heart a world of good to see that smile returning to Futaba's face, to hear the smaller girl get her spark back. "Of course you can! Someone has to make sure to keep me in line, right?" It was a tease, a joke, but there was some truth to that -- knowing her own issues, her weaknesses, having someone watching out for her from above wasn't a bad thing, right?

With the Velvet Room a constant, lusty pressure on her -- plus with things seeming to lead back
toward it, Kotomi couldn't help herself. Squeezing her damp thighs together a little, she leaned in to press her lips up against Futaba's neck, feathering kisses across the sensitive flesh, even as she unwound her arms from around her little Mistress, letting her fingertips slowly glide across her body. "I'm always happy to please you, Mistress..." Kotomi murmured. Everything else aside, there was something still quite attractive about the smaller girl being the dominant of the two. And on that note...

"Though, I confess, if we're being entirely open ... if, at times, you would like to change your form a little ... having more of you to worship is, mnh ... not a bad thing at all, Mistress," Kotomi teased. While she did absolutely adore Futaba as herself, making it clear on that point ... those extra curves were also lovely in their own way. Though, pausing for a moment, Kotomi thought further. "Although -- more than just that. You're the one person who seems to have more control here than I do. I'd be curious to test a few things of this place. Like, what, exactly, could you change and not change? I'll be your little guinea pig if you want, Mistress." Kotomi grinned, borrowing a phrase from Miss Takemi.

Kotomi teased her a little about changing her form here, about giving the girl more to worship, and while it did make her stiffen a little beneath Kotomi's attention for a moment -- was she dissatisfied with Futaba's natural form after all? Would she prefer it if her little Mistress did have all of that ... excess, curvaceous flesh? Well ... why would Futaba be opposed to that? The idea of having so much more for her pet to worship was, admittedly, somewhat tempting -- but Kotomi sweetened the pot even further by mentioning the idea of testing limits. Seeing what, exactly, Futaba was capable of here. After all, this was supposed to be Kotomi's place -- hers and hers alone -- and here Futaba had managed to claim it for herself in surprising, unexpected ways; the fact that she even came in all on her own is testament to that!

Experimentation? Futaba could get behind that.

"Hey. You don't have to change anything you don't want to, you know that, right?" Kotomi shook her head, also wanting to make sure to stress that point as well. "I mean it. I like you, just like this." And, of course, to punctuate her point, Kotomi allowed her hands to sneak along Futaba's body, teasing across the smaller girl's tits, the other edging along the insides of her thighs. "But, mnh. You did look cute, too, with your body more ... fleshy out. Plus, I really wouldn't ever complain about more of you, Mistress!" No, Kotomi was perfectly fine if Futaba didn't change a damn thing, but Kotomi was also a girl that adored excess.

A little moan escaped the tiny hacker's lips at further kisses along her vulnerable, bare flesh, the lusty nature of the Velvet Room able to swoop back in and overtake her now that her anger and despair had gone by the wayside. "I just bet you'd like that," Futaba cooed, a hand slipping up to seize a handful of Kotomi's hair, yanking her head away from Futaba's body with a sharp, surprisingly strong tug -- Futaba did have absolute control here, after all. "That's your favorite kind of girl. Big and swollen and thick ... just your luck, it's my favorite kind, too."

The little redhead lowered herself to one of Kotomi's modest tits, wrapping her lips around the girl's swollen nipple, suckling -- and as she did, Kotomi started to swell, her tits growing more and more by the moment against her tiny Mistress' face, her sensitivity ratcheting up right along with her size. As ever, Futaba's cognition felt ... implacable. Impossible to defeat or disobey or counteract -- the only influence Kotomi really had was the ability to go along with what Futaba wanted.

"Mistress!" Kotomi squealed, gasping as the other girl attached her lips to one of her tits. Feeling those modest little handfuls beginning to fatten and expand outward again, steadily expanding outward to their rightful, their correct size, the size that Kotomi enjoyed being so fucking much. There was something very ... satisfying, though, about the smaller girl's intense will pulling Kotomi
to that size. Her body, her ever sensitive flesh was entirely at the mercy of her Mistress, and Kotomi was very much enjoying that lack of power, that control handed entirely to Futaba.

At the same time, however, Kotomi started to feel Futaba's own tits growing against Kotomi's lower belly -- inflating, keeping pace, ensuring they matched. If Kotomi liked being a busty slut -- and liked being with other busty sluts, liked having more of Futaba to worship -- well, she wasn't going to let her little pet down.

"Nnh. Let me -- let me worship, Mistress!" The dark haired girl begged, her eyes widening at feeling Futaba's own flesh swelling outward, and it wouldn't be long until those jutting, widening, swelling tits start to jostle together a little for space. Eagerly, her hands slipped forward to try and reach for whatever of Futaba's swelling form they can, sinking and pawing at the flesh, to help the little redhead enjoy those curves that were so unusual for her. All as Kotomi squirmed and gasped, her thighs such a damp, shameless mess at her body being handled, at all this growth and swelling.

Yes, yes -- this was how it was supposed to be. This was Futaba's true role, this was what she never knew she always wanted: to be able to be this for Kotomi. To be able to grant the girl she adored an opportunity to be something other than the harem owner she was so much of the time. To give Kotomi the chance to just let go, to cede control, to let someone else dictate what was going to happen for a little while. Futaba adored it, she adored the relationship that they found; was it any wonder she was so terrified at the thought of losing it?

Of losing Kotomi?

"Nnnh~" Futaba moaned against the other girl's breast, delighted by Kotomi's hands on her swelling figure, on the sensation of Kotomi growing against her, giving her more and more flesh for her to enjoy ... but she was giving Kotomi just as much flesh for her to enjoy, too! Hearing the voice of the strong, independent leader of the Phantom Thieves just begging to be allowed to worship like that ... fuck, it really did nearly bring Futaba over the edge all on its own.

The little redhead did release her grasp on Kotomi's hair, but let her fattening nipple fall from her lips -- both women, mind, still had quickly-growing busts, those tits now easily pushing against one another for space, but Futaba's will was absolute. Nipples rubbing against one another drew little quivers and moans from the tiny Mistress, her own cunt quickly moving toward sopping. It wasn't long ago that she was sobbing and crying at the very idea of being forgotten by Kotomi, and now she was back where she belonged -- back where she desired to be most.

Futaba dragged Kotomi's head forward, just about smothering the older girl with her swelling breasts. "You wanted a thick little Mistress to worship? Then worship me, slut."

Only then did she release her grasp on her pet, letting Kotomi prove her interest and adoration in Futaba's changing body -- Futaba had, honestly, never been insecure over her body before all of this. Admittedly, that was mostly because she didn't care enough about herself to be secure or insecure, but still! It wasn't until she properly met the rest of Kotomi's little harem that she realized just how small and slim she really was compared to all of the rest of them -- she just didn't have that much to offer, physically, but ... Kotomi liked her, right? Kotomi liked her natural, slender form plenty. Granting herself an oversized dick was one thing, but changing herself like this? Swelling out her tits -- and, soon, her hips and ass, starting to resemble the busty, voluptuous woman she was earlier when she greeted Kotomi here -- it was new, but ... hardly unpleasant. Exciting! New and interesting and fun to experiment with.

It should be continually noted that any changes Futaba made on herself were echoed on Kotomi -- the older girl was pushing closer to her usual Velvet Room body ... but even more. Hyperfeminized. Just the way Futaba liked her: overwhelmingly curvaceous, absurdly sensitive, needy and horny and
aching to be stuffed full of a cock like Futaba's.

Not that Futaba had hers at the moment, however.

"You can -- nnnh ... you can worship me anytime, slut. In or out of here. Your Mistress deserves plenty of attention, right?" she continued, giggling a little. "I wonder what your little bitch Makoto would think if she saw you like this, just aching to please your owner ..."

"She'd -- nnnh! -- she'd probably try to give me tips ..." It was true, bottom-heavy Makoto ever loyal and attempting to help her Queen succeed. "If you weren't ... pinning me atop of her in that situation, anyway!" Kotomi half groaned, half teased out. Now that was a lovely idea, fucking her little bitch with her Mistress on top? That seemed a fun, neat idea. The mention of Makoto did flicker a touch of guilt, of the older girl's face across her mind, but Kotomi was much too deep at the moment to let her worries resurface, her thickened thighs an absolute mess of her arousal.

While it was true that Futaba was increasing, swelling out Kotomi's figure as well every step of the way -- and Kotomi enjoyed every added inch, every extra bit of flesh padding out her fattening tits -- her attention was otherwise solely on Futaba. Her hands seized, sunk into Futaba's swelling titflesh, and while Kotomi had paid plenty of attention to the smaller girl's barely there tits ... it was, at the least, a new sensation for Futaba to enjoy. To feel Kotomi's fingers sinking against sensitive titflesh, squeezing, pulling on that soft flesh that typically wasn't there.

If this whole thing had taken place in the real world, back in reality, well. Things might have been slightly different. There might have been a tiny bit of fun, but the whiplash from going from emotional to lewder could have been too much. Here? Even with her willpower being superior to that of Kotomi's, the Velvet Room's atmosphere pushed on them both, quietly but constantly urging and pushing their lusts, their needs deeper. And now with their busts filling out, sensitive flesh dragging across the same on the opposite body, the tears had dried and pussies drooled, little Mistress Futaba and pet Kotomi back in their proper places.

"MMMnnfff!" Fuck, yes. At least for the moment, all the tension, all the worry of the last day or so finally slipped away from Kotomi. There was plenty to worry about with Ann and Makoto, and talks she should have with the rest of the girls, but those could be worried about a little later. For now, she devoted herself to Mistress Futaba, all too happy to cram her face into the other girl's swelling, growing breasts, lips and fingers both going to town on all that soft flesh. Like a woman drowning, Kotomi practically tried to breathe in that titflesh, lips wrapping almost at random at inches of flesh, slurping, drooling against those growing mounds.

Kotomi did certainly hope she made her point across well enough. She'd be fine either way with Futaba as her Mistress, even if the smaller girl didn't make a single change. Just ... Kotomi also didn't complain about the changes Futaba did make, of course -- whether it was simply giving herself that fat, oversized dick, or growing herself out in other ways. Plus, she really was curious to see just what the Velvet Room could do. Becky was a very interesting change, let alone everything that happened with Chihaya -- what, exactly, could Futaba do to a willing girl like Kotomi, a girl well aware of the Velvet Room's powers? Did her little hacker Mistress, with all the reading and browsing she had done online, have any fantasies? Mmn. Things to explore, for sure.

The older girl's form by default while in the Velvet Room was already pretty absurdly feminine: simply enormous tits, of course, easily dwarfing her head and then some, jutting out and jiggling so far out in front of her. Hips that redefined the ideal of birthing hips with how obscenely wide they pushed, complete with thick thighs and an ass plusher, rounder and fatter than even Makoto's back in reality. And, naturally, every inch, every ounce of that feminine padding was so dangerously, ridiculously sensitive, every brush of flesh-on-flesh drawing out another squeal, another gasp from
the girl so usually in control. Everything burned so bright, so hot, Kotomi felt her own orgasm bubbling and heading towards the boiling point, just from pressing herself against, into Futaba, worshipping her Mistress ...

Her worries over the last several weeks finally put to bed -- Kotomi did care about her, she valued Futaba as a friend and as a Mistress -- Futaba was much, much more secure in her position. Reassured that Kotomi did, absolutely, find her attractive out in the real world even stacked (heh) up against such beauties as the busty blonde Ann, Futaba found it a little easier to indulge in this particular way -- changing her body, getting to experience what she never thought she would get to. Getting to be big and busty and **thick**, to have so much ample feminine flesh -- and to have it all worshiped so eagerly by her adoring pet.

She had, of course, ramped up their sensitivity -- the Velvet Room seemed to do that anyway, and she had pushed it even further -- so that everything Kotomi's hands touched, everything she felt and squeezed, everything she kissed and sucked on flooded Futaba with pleasure and delight -- and, mind, flooded her pussy, the girl utterly drooling with lust to be on the receiving end of this sort of attention.

Futaba, of course, was hardly idle throughout this -- she, too, did admittedly have a predilection for the fuller-figured sorts of bodies, hence why she always pushed that aspect of Kotomi when they were in here together -- all the better for fucking her good little pet, plenty of flesh to bounce and jiggle and wobble. As such, Futaba's own hands roamed and squeezed -- Kotomi's fat tits, her breeding hips, her fat ass, dragging Kotomi's head upward every so often to crash their lips together in a hungry, needy kiss, both girls rapidly approaching raw desperation in the wake of their emotional exhaustion. Thoughts, worries, concerns ... none of that mattered right now. All that mattered was Mistress and pet and their mutual needs.

It still did kinda boggle Kotomi's mind a little at just how strong Futaba's will in the Velvet Room was. The older girl hadn't entirely given up, mind -- oh, she adored submitting to Futaba, though she was more curious just to test the strength of her power. And yet, despite having the supposed homefield advantage, the little hacker's will seemed solid and absolute every time. While being shy and timid out in reality, a space like this was practically made for a girl like Futaba to play in. Which, in part, was why Kotomi urged and was curious to see what the girl could do. Just what limits did such a place have?

Not that Kotomi was thinking about that, or much of anything. That was one thing that Futaba seemed to have enjoyed playing with in their playdates, ramping up the sensitivity for both of them, but particularly for Kotomi. It never took that long for Futaba to do what Kotomi had done to so many other girls, with the little Mistress leaving her pet a whimpering, absolutely overwhelmed mess. Already, the older girl rose over the hill and cries out her pleasure, tossing her head back as Mistress Futaba's hands sunk, squeezed into Kotomi's fat, squishy titflesh, the wail of her pleasure cut off as Futaba's lips claimed her own. Hands roaming, pawing, squeezing at one another, swelling and thickening, exaggerated feminine forms pressed, squished together, every inch of such obscenely **female** flesh grinding another jolt of bliss in its own right!

"Mmh ... that could be pretty fun, couldn't it? Bringing your little bitch in here with us, fucking you while you fuck her ... or maybe we **should** just have her teach you how to be a proper little **slut**." Futaba relished this relationship, this absolute control, knowing no one else could affect Kotomi in exactly this way. She filled a niche, so to speak. "From what I hear, she's very good at it, after all." And Futaba had heard ... everything. Everything they had done within Leblanc, Futaba had of course listened in on -- and fingered herself to. "You could take some lessons on pleasing your little Mistress!" Yeah, suffice to say that she was pretty into the idea.
Kotomi found herself whimpering a little at the thoughts Futaba teased back with. It was a lovely idea to imagine herself in the middle between the girls, her cock buried in Makoto while being pounded by Futaba... but then Futaba offered a completely different idea. Of having Makoto teach her how to serve. Would Makoto even go for that kind of thing? Again, deeper thought kinda went out the window right now, but the thought of letting the fat-assed bitch have a turn on top for once, particularly if Kotomi's grades slipped a bit. Either way, Futaba had heard -- and more recently, seen! plenty of interactions, both with Kotomi and her little bitch and several other girls.

For the time being, however, Kotomi's thorough worship revealed the swelling of Futaba's characteristic fat, oversized dick -- and in this one area, their forms weren't echoed; Kotomi still thoroughly lacked, helping to define Futaba's control. Huge, thick, long, it jutted heavily against the underside of Kotomi's swollen tits, already starting to copiously drip and leak her precum onto the other girl's flesh.

"You've been neglecting part of me in your worship, slut -- you don't wanna disappoint your Mistress, do you?" Of course she was neglecting it, Futaba didn't have a dick more than a few moments ago, but it was immensely fun to tease the girl. "Put those fat tits to use. It's been way too long since you paid me tribute!" The little redhead did, admittedly, get something of a swelled head when she's in Mistress Mode -- how could she not? She had Kotomi -- the girl she idolized, the target of so many girls' affections -- worshiping her. Desperate to please her.

It was kind of a dream scenario.

"Your cock is so big, Mistress!" Kotomi breathed out, eyes lidded with desire, body burning with submissive lust. And it was true, as Futaba's cock once more took form, swelled and thickened out, fatter and longer than even Kotomi's usually monstrous sized dick. Feeling it leak, feeling it throb and dribble hot precum against her sensitive titflesh made Kotomi moan, low and shameless, all her other thoughts being left behind for worship of her Mistress. Did all of her other girls get the same way when Kotomi lorded over them? Did the others feel such a pulsing need at Kotomi's cockiness, at her own swollen head -- the way that her mess of a cunt practically oozed anew with each demanding, teasing word from Mistress Futaba? At how fucking aroused she was at the younger girl so easily taking control?

"A cock like this deserves tribute!" Wasting little further time, Kotomi slipped away fully from Futaba, but only just, letting her lewd, exaggerated figure, jutting tits and all drag obscenely across all that length of cockmeat. Her arms, hands reached and grasped, squeeze as much as that yielding soft flesh as possible, crashing it down in a titty tsunami around the fat shaft. "Deserves the biggest tits, the thickest slut to fuck!" Kotomi gasped, and while the older girl couldn't quite overcome Futaba's will, no -- she joined her will together with the smaller girl, pushing, nudging at Futaba's own desires already being indulged to greater extremes. Growing out those already titanic tits, those massive fucking mountains of titflesh bigger, heavier, fuller until Futaba's cock was absolutely engulfed in Kotomi's breasts. All as that cock throbbed, twitched in her cleavage, more than enough to easily send Kotomi over the edge again and again, and that was even before her Mistress started fucking those tits properly.

Fuck Kotomi loved being excessive!

Yes -- this was where Futaba belonged. This was where she was truly the most comfortable, the most at home, in a place where her cognition was what ruled the day. Where she got to make all of the rules and enforce obedience -- not that she has to do any enforcing, given how willing Kotomi was to be her plaything, her pet, her slut. Futaba was worried for a little while -- worried that she just wasn't interesting enough to keep Kotomi's attention, that she would be abandoned again, that she simply wasn't what Kotomi wanted... but now? Now things were as they should be. Now Futaba
had a dick as long and thick as a forearm and she currently had it stuffed between her pet's enormous titties.

Which, thanks to Kotomi's cooperative influence, only seemed to be growing more enormous by the moment. Soon they swallowed up the entire length of her monstrous dick, two sets of hands digging into all of that wonderful, ultra-sensitive titflesh, and her widened hips start to buck, to pound into Kotomi's cleavage again and again. In the Velvet Room, Futaba was strong regardless of her form, but now that she had such an expanded and full figure, it just felt more ... more natural that she could fuck Kotomi's tits like they truly deserved to be fucked.

Every word that fell from Kotomi's lips just excited her all the further, that dick twitching and throbbing in Kotomi's cleavage, the little Mistress moaning in sheer delight. Precum poured like a faucet onto Kotomi's titanic tits, helping to add an extra layer of lubrication to this truly excessive titfuck. The once-little redhead let her head fall back and her eyes drift closed as she simply lost herself in sensation, in bliss, in that feeling of sheer rightness that always accompanied whatever she did with her pet. Her plaything. Her Kotomi.

How could she have had any doubts? How could she ever have worried that Kotomi didn't love her Mistress? Sure, the older girl was lost in her constant state of orgasm thanks to the ratcheted-up sensitivity of her oversexualized, hyperfeminine body, but ... while Futaba could control almost anything here, she couldn't force a girl to love her. Couldn't force a girl to worship her. That was all Kotomi, and the simple purity of purpose Kotomi displayed in this moment was something that couldn't really be faked -- nor could it be misinterpreted. Kotomi adored her Mistress, Kotomi definitely wanted to serve Futaba -- and Futaba alone. No one else got this privilege. No one else ever got to see Kotomi like this. The older girl could collect a harem, fuck whoever she wanted, Futaba didn't care -- hell, she could get married, and none of that impacted the fact that she belonged to Futaba.

Futaba just about considered herself the luckiest girl in the world.

Well ... the fact that she had her dick buried between Kotomi's tits while the girl audibly worshiped her certainly wasn't hurting matters.

Worries and woes temporarily forgotten, it was so easy to lose themselves in one another. Kotomi's fingers dug in hard at her enormous, absurdly sized tits -- almost hard enough to start bruising the ample flesh, desperately working the softness around the once tiny redhead's titanic cock, utterly smothered between those fat, oversized breasts. Kotomi almost looked forgotten a little beneath all that still growing, swelling flesh, the way she squeezed it all around Futaba's cock. Already at such a frantic pace, it only got faster, faster as Futaba slammed forward again and again, precum making the soft, warm passage slicker and easier to pound away at, with Futaba's darling 'little' pet urging her on more and more and more.

"These huge titties ... they're all for me, all for Mistress Futaba! All mine, slut!" Futaba cried out, blissful and arrogant and cocky and so desperately in love with the darker-haired girl. It didn't take her long to spill over the edge herself, withdrawing from Kotomi's cleavage just in time to cum -- to explode like a firehose all over Kotomi's face, her hair, her cleavage, everything -- again and again, lost in her release, in the most physical confirmation of their relationship.

Was it any wonder Futaba took no time at all to blow her load? Both girls cried out as the redhead released some of the cum in her fat, bloated balls, painting the dark-haired girl in thick splatter after splatter of cum, before both girls were left a panting, sweaty, curvy mess. Their break lasted barely a minute, though, with cum still dribbling from Mistress Futaba's fat cocktip before Kotomi wrapped her lips around it, hungry for more. It almost seemed like an eternity, a marathon in the Velvet Room
together, to the point where -- even with time slowed down -- it was several hours later back out in reality. All with Kotomi quite thoroughly put through her paces, with not a single part of her body either not sore or dripping in some way or another.

Of course, they weren't done. They spent quite a lot longer together in the Velvet Room -- Futaba needed to put her girl through her paces, make her 'prove' her service and worship, getting a nice, luxurious blowjob, pounding her fattened ass, and of course dumping another load deep in Kotomi's drooling cunt. Again and again, Futaba pushed the limits of her cognition, emphasizing whichever portion of her pet she was focusing on at the moment, whether plumping up her lips for a blowjob or fattening her already enormous ass, forcing Kotomi to figure out how to take the initiative and please her Mistress properly ... it was a little bit of a marathon they had together.

But all things come to an end. At long last, both girls were truly exhausted, worn out, cuddling and lazily making out. "Mmmh ... that was so good, pet," little Futaba said with a giggle as their bodies slowly returned to normal. "But I know you have some other issues to handle." Ann, Makoto, Haru ... it was still a mess, as easy as it might have been to forget about while they were in here. "You don't need to worry about me for a little while. I'll always be there if you need to just forget all your troubles for awhile, of course!"

Even though it's a wonderfully exhausting way to spend some time, reminding her little Mistress just how much she adored her ... reality was still very much a thing. Kotomi might have fixed one part of her issues, but there was still very much a mess of her own making to take care of. Sighing happily, tongues twisting together lazily, Kotomi nodd as their lips part. "I'll make sure to take you up on that, Mistress. But only if you remember to promise to do the same, too, alright?"

One task complete; Kotomi was confident that she wouldn't again let things deteriorate with Futaba the way they had. But there were still other girls she needed to mend fences with.

Get to it, Kotomi.
Here's a state of the union, so to speak. I have one more chapter written and just in need of editing, which will be done within the next couple weeks. I don't know when more is going to be written, however; I both have a bunch of shit happening in my life that makes me not want to write smut, as well as the fact that my writing partner is immensely busy recently.

I don't know when we're going to be able to write more, so for the time being, this story is on official hiatus.

There is a lot more I had planned, a lot more I wanted to write and explore in this world and these characters, I just don't know when I'm going to be able to get to it. I'm grateful to all of my loyal fans, and it means more than I can ever say to see comments eager for the next installment. I love each and every one of you and I'm sorry to let you down like this.

For now, enjoy this cute, smut-lite chapter.

Ann Takamaki was fucking nervous.

The normally bubbly, happy blonde found herself barely able to think straight after leaving Kotomi. Practically pacing a hole in her floor, the exchanges with Kotomi kept replaying in her mind over and over, reviewing every word. Was she out of place? Did she go over the top? Could she have done that ... better? So, too, did her emotions constantly swing back and forth, between anger at herself for how she handled the situation, anger at Kotomi for springing the news on them, and anger at Haru for being -- well, Haru. Reasonably, she knew that last one didn't make any sense, but every time her mind flickered across the image of Haru's vapid face -- who the hell did she think she was? Taking a suggestion to become Kotomi's wife? Ridiculous!

Yet she didn't hesitate to respond to Kotomi's texts, practically diving for the phone to finish arranging their date for the following night. It was a nicer little place than normal, passing up the idea of something more casual like the Big Bang Burger for something to properly sit down and dress up for. A fair bit fancier than normal dates. Even with so many emotions swirling inside, though, Ann made certain to stress her love for Kotomi in the texts before signing off for the night. At least with figuring out what to wear for their date, Ann finally had something to distract herself for the rest of the evening -- at least, mostly, anyway. It was still difficult for her to get a decent's night rest, though.

Nervous as can be, Ann arrived a bit early, finding herself surprisingly fidgety with her purse and phone. Having gone through a few dozen different outfit choices, the blonde eventually settled on a lovely red dress, a bit tight for her curvy figure, particularly with the neckline showing off a decent amount of her plump, heavy tits: it'd been a back and forth debate with herself of how much to show off. The date was certainly something serious, with plenty to talk about together, but ... their relationship had always been flirty, playful, sexually charged. And while she might still be upset with Kotomi -- was she? No, she was. Right? Well ... -- at the very least, Ann knew she didn't want to end this, she loved and adored Kotomi too damn much. Still, even as she sat outside of the restaurant, ignoring glares at her cleavage, Ann found herself restless, waiting for Kotomi to arrive as well ...
Kotomi Kurusu was fucking nervous.

It was easy to forget about a lot of her troubles and worries when she was in the Velvet Room with little Mistress Futaba, but ... the moment she left, the moment she set her mind to the future, it all came rushing back. Her engagement to Haru, the fallout that came after ... primarily, of course, with Ann. The woman she truly loved above all others, the woman whose good graces she desperately didn't want to fall out of -- she really didn't know what she would do if Ann couldn't forgive her for the mistakes she made.

Kotomi knew they were mistakes; she shouldn't have done everything she did with Haru without at least checking in with Ann first. Even now, it was just so different in her own mind: a marriage of convenience didn't have any impact on her for real, actual girlfriend ... but Ann didn't see it that way, and Kotomi understood that. Which was why she was extremely anxious and nervous about the date to come: she and Ann had never had trouble, never had a fight like this, and she really didn't know what to expect.

Makoto was another angle, too!

While Ann had been focused, mostly concerned about Kotomi, she couldn't ignore Makoto, either. The bottom heavy girl had been texting plenty with her Mistress, about her worries, about her concern. Makoto almost seemed to be more of a mess than Ann was, going by the text messages, having difficulty about the idea of her status being so ... casually tossed around by Haru. At how worried Makoto was about not being forthright with her Queen about her worry. And while Ann was plenty supportive of the worried Makoto, it was all she could do to worry about the upcoming date, and much like Kotomi, she had to worry about one thing at a time. Get everything about her worries taken care of first, then maybe Kotomi could deal with Makoto -- or maybe together, even? Still. One thing at a time.

Kotomi, too, took a little while to figure out what the fuck to wear -- it's a real date, a bit more formal than the burgers they tended to grab together after school -- and ultimately she decides on the very same dress Ann had Kotomi buy the night of her date with Tae: it's an exceptionally tight and somewhat revealing blue number that highlighted both her modest bust and her slim-but-curved hips. Kotomi didn't exactly have the most dramatic figure out there, but she was definitely a girl, and she knew Ann was attracted to her, so why not give the blonde just a bit of eye candy? Kotomi even put on just the very slightest hint of makeup (she wasn't very good at it, mind, just dabbling with some basics that Ann bought her).

So it was that, before too long, Kotomi made her way to the restaurant Ann picked out. Definitely a little pricier than the usual, but ... fuck, for Ann, it was more than worth it. Kotomi's heart seized a moment in her chest the moment she laid eyes on her girlfriend, a flush creeping up her cheeks at just how astonishingly beautiful Ann really was; sure, Kotomi had been on the sidelines for plenty of modeling gigs, there for moral support, but none of those outfits compared to what Ann had on now ... partially because Ann wasn't wearing it for the camera, she was wearing it for Kotomi.

"Ann." There was ... some awkwardness. Lots of awkwardness. Should she hug? Kotomi stepped close enough to do so, but then thought better of it, retreating a little once more -- maybe Ann wanted her space. Maybe she still needed time to think. Fuck, Kotomi didn't know, and she was terrified of ruining things more than she already had. "You look ... amazing." To say the least. Holy shit she was hot -- but at least Kotomi managed to keep her eyes off of the blonde's cleavage.

... mostly.

Fidgety as she was, glancing down at her phone, she barely noticed Kotomi's approach until the darker-haired girl said her name. "Kotomi!" Ann squeaked, head snapping up to stare at her
girlfriend. There was that moment of awkwardness, of hesitation, but Ann was quickly up on her feet, stepping forward to throw her arms around the other girl. Yeah, she was still working through her emotions, but she could tell damn well that Kotomi could use a hug, squeezing the two of them together, and it was never a bad thing to be pressed up against Ann's generous bust. Still, she pulled back, her own cheeks burning a little at Kotomi's compliment. "So do you. And makeup! Wow. I'm seriously impressed. You really were paying attention to those lessons, huh?" Ann was done up rather generously herself, including a fair bit of red lipstick, soft and painted lips curling into a bit of a nervous grin -- particularly as she catches Kotomi's eyes occasionally slipping down to stare at her bountiful tits.

And all of it for Kotomi. Not because she had any sort of modelling gig, not because she was doing it to impress anyone else, but simply because she wanted to look good for her girlfriend. At the same time, perhaps all the more impressive, all the more breath-catching, was the way that Ann looks back at Kotomi the same way, with that same appreciation.

The hug did make things a lot better, ultimately; having Ann respond to her presence with such unmitigated glee and love set Kotomi at ease far greater than any words ever could. Tight hug -- failing miserably at pretending not to notice the ample tits being squished against her in the process -- and a hint of blush when Ann so openly complimented her usage of makeup ... and not to mention the way the blonde's eyes traveled so openly, so appreciatively over Kotomi's modest figure. Yeah, this set her mind at ease a little more, having convinced herself that Ann would still be utterly furious with her, that this would be the most awkward date of her lifetime ... and it still might be, granted; she hadn't had many dates.

"C'mon ... let's go in, alright?" Tilting her head, taking another moment to look over Kotomi, the blonde nodded and turned away, holding Kotomi's hand as she lead them both through the restaurant, eventually to their little booth seat complete with window with a lovely view of the bay -- and giving Kotomi a lovely view of Ann's backside the entire trip there.

Kotomi willingly followed after her girlfriend into the restaurant, happy for the chance to just be with Ann -- even if the place was a bit fancier, a bit more expensive than she was used to. Well, for something like this ... for the girl she loved ... it was worth it. Beyond worth it. It was plainly evident that Ann was purposefully teasing her girlfriend with her ample tits seeming to be just about spilling out of that beautiful red dress, and Kotomi certainly had some trouble keeping her eyes off of Ann's cleavage, her blush refusing to falter ... but at least she did keep her hands to herself.

Ann had always been a girl generally comfortable with her sexuality and with the idea of people looking at her. Starting her modelling career at a younger age, swapping into different outfits in front of the camera stripped away her shyness, particularly as her body began to develop. And while her flings had always seemed to enjoy her bust, none of them even remotely approached Kotomi's level of such. So ... Ann rarely missed an opportunity to tease her girlfriend with them. How many times had she leaned into Kotomi, rubbing them against her -- or gently taken Kotomi's hand to guide it to her soft rack -- or even glanced around and playfully flashed Kotomi when nobody else was looking. Just generally taking so many opportunities to let her girlfriend play and enjoy with her body, always enjoying the feeling of Kotomi's hands on her. And, to be entirely fair, even if she didn't wear the dress with the plunging neckline, just about anything would have still been quite ... tight.

That particular aspect of things had never been lost on Kotomi: she was dating a fucking model. A woman who was literally so attractive that she got paid to let people look at her, and Kotomi got to be her girlfriend. Granted, all of Kotomi's girls were lovely in their own way, but Ann ... well. She was a model. Astonishingly lovely, not to mention those lusciously plump breasts of hers ... and Ann was all too happy to show her body off solely to Kotomi. Kotomi's attention was all that she wanted, and that still boggled her mind from time to time.
It was something that had come up before. Lazing one night together in bed after a session, discussing Ann's modeling career. The blonde model had always done what she could to get Kotomi pictures of every shoot as early as possible, before they hit the magazines or websites or whatever the purpose of the shoot was -- along with an extra photo or two, usually lewder, from her own camera. Still, she'd posed the question to Kotomi if her career bothered her girlfriend any: that so many other people were looking at Ann. She'd only grinned and laughed at Kotomi's answer, at being a bit overwhelmed with dating such a hot model.

Tension remained between them, awkwardly eyeing the menus -- and oof, it was expensive, but they could afford it considering their war chest from so many raids into Mementos. Placing their orders, Ann took a deep breath and finally attempted to turn to the matter at hand.

"Um. So. How was Haru?"

Kinda. Wincing inwardly at her own awkwardness, Ann was legitimately curious. She knew fully well she hadn't given the new girl a real chance yet, and she knew so little about her. Plus, if Kotomi was going to be marrying the girl, then she should learn plenty about Haru, right? She knew she should probably sit down with the other girl, one on one, properly, but ... if she was still shifting with her anger, her emotions, that was one thing she knew for sure was still a bit out of reach for her. Even now, even with Kotomi sitting across from her, her hand twitched slightly beneath the table as she thought about that vapid, perfect little smile. No, no, no. She definitely couldn't let that take over.

Deep breaths, Ann. This was about you and Kotomi, not about Haru.

She had to work through this. She wanted to work through this.

"I ... haven't really spoken with her since yesterday." True enough; after Kotomi left her with Makoto and went after Futaba, Haru had sent a handful of texts with a very worried tone, apologizing a few times for upsetting everyone and seeking reassurance that everything was okay, that Kotomi still wants her, all of that. Kotomi reassured her of all of the above, but she wanted to have this date with Ann before committing to anything else involving Haru.

A lesson Kotomi needed to thoroughly learn: her girlfriend came first. Always.

Ann nodded, quietly sipping at her drink as Kotomi mentioned not seeing Haru recently. "You ... you should make sure to talk to her. You're engaged, right? I ... you want to make sure to keep her in the loop. On everything."

"Listen, Ann, I ..." Fuck. How was she supposed to word this? Would saying 'sorry' ten more times do the trick? "I want to help her." Which meant marrying her. Which meant continuing their plan to steal her father's heart and marry her so that she didn't have to be married away to some prick. "But I'm not going to do that if it means hurting you." Breaking that 'engagement' could come with its own share of risk; alienating Haru might not be the best idea, as she could use her knowledge of their identities against them if she were the vengeful type. And yet ... well, that was something Kotomi was willing to risk to avoid hurting her girlfriend anymore than she already did.

While a lot of the fury seemed to have left Ann, there was no doubting the way the girl sitting across from Kotomi hesitated, pauses for a moment at bringing up the engagement. While the initial anger might have passed, there was still a fresh wound there, a betrayal of trust that Ann hadn't entirely figured out how to forgive or process yet.

"I know. I know she's in a ... she's in an awful situation." Ann finally breathed out, finally letting her hand beneath the table begin to unclench a little. "I don't want you to break it off." Another deep breath, followed up by a nod, as Ann finally turned her face back toward Kotomi. "I thought about it. I knew you'd probably offer that. And I came very close to thinking about asking you to do it. I
was so ... so angry at you. For how you did it, you know? But all that would do would hurt you and Haru. So don't you dare break it off, Kotomi." Ann knew she came off as bubbly and almost bimboesque at times, but Kotomi knew damn well her girlfriend was fairly bright and practical about things.

"But you also know that ... I could never see her the same way as I see you, Ann. I couldn't love her the way I love you." Ann was special; she always had been, she always held that special place in Kotomi's heart, and there was just no competition for that spot. "I know I fucked up, I know I should have talked about all of this with you before going ahead with her. I'm sorry. But it was so easy to go along with it in the moment not just because ... well, because she's pretty cute --" Not strengthening your position here, Kotomi. "-- but because you and she never remotely occupied the same space. She'd be my wife, but she would never be quite as important to me as you are."

"Do you mean that?" The playfulness, the flirting was gone for the moment, Ann's gaze perhaps as serious as Kotomi had ever seen it. Reaching forward, the blonde took one of Kotomi's hands in her own, hardly seeming to blink as they locked eyes. "I ... I can deal with her being your wife. I understand why you did it, that -- even if you weren't thinking fully, you only meant to help. I don't even mind if you love her like -- like a wife, even." That one was hard, and took another moment, as Ann swallowed, nodding. "But Kotomi, I need you to promise me. Promise me, like you did before. Promise me that -- that nobody else, not even Haru -- will take that spot I have in your heart. Don't ... don't leave me." So tough through it all, the strong, bouncy, reliable blonde cracked at that last part, revealing her worry, her insecurity. Wife and girlfriend were two roles that are pretty fucking close together, after all! "And just. Just fucking tell me if you're going to do anything like that, okay?" Sniffle. "I love you, Kotomi. Don't you ever, ever, ever forget that. Not for a fucking minute."

"Of course I promise, Ann," Kotomi replied, squeezing Ann's hand with her own. "No one will ever, ever take that spot in my heart. You're my girlfriend, and that's not a role I want you to share with anyone." If not for the whole Haru thing ... as desperately in love as Kotomi was, she could absolutely see Ann becoming her wife one day. There was no telling where all this harem stuff was going to end up, but if there was one relationship she wanted to ensure she kept now and forever, it was Ann Takamaki. "I love you, and I'm never, ever going to leave you." Simple as that.

"Then that's all I need. I trust you Kotomi. And I know you didn't mean to hurt anyone with -- with Haru. Just ... if there's another girl you want to make your second wife or something, please -- think about it in depth a bit, and give me a call first, okay?" It was both serious and tease all in one: she definitely wanted Kotomi to communicate about such a hypothetical. And yet, they both knew that it might not be just a hypothetical, with how large Kotomi's harem had grown. Who knows what was going to happen? "As long as you promise me that, I believe you. And I know I don't have any plans for leaving you, either, soooo. Sounds like we're stuck together for quite a while, huh?" Ah, and there was the famous Ann Takamaki grin.

Finally, finally, Ann seemed to relax a little, the tension in her shoulders melting away, another round of tears narrowly averted, save for a bit of wetness in her eyes. It almost made her eyes shine slightly, head tilted down as she flicked her gaze back up at Kotomi, a familiar, devious edge creeping into her words. "You know, it's kind of a fun idea, a little. Look at me in the eyes and tell me with an honest face you haven't thought of the idea of having your wife and girlfriend at the same time." Nibbling on her bottom lip, Ann couldn't help but find herself probing, teasing in a different direction. "So ... tell me a little about her. You never did get the chance to tell me how she was that night ..."

Ann's teasing drew a little blush from Kotomi as her eyes flitted briefly down to her girlfriend's more-than-ample tits. "Y ... yeah. I've thought about it." About having both her wife and her girlfriend at once. Busty, lusty Ann, and cute airhead Haru both attending to her at the same time ... mmh. Even if
things were properly resolved between herself and Ann, Kotomi guessed that there was going to be some tension between Ann and Haru for a little while, as they each figured out exactly what their roles in Kotomi's life entailed. What were a wife's responsibilities, what were a girlfriend's responsibilities? That sort of thing. "I really hope you'll both be able to get along." Especially when it came to the bedroom. Or ... wherever else things happened to end up. Kotomi hadn't seen too much of Haru yet -- hadn't explored her tastes and temperament thoroughly enough -- but she got the idea that her soon-to-be wife might end up being a little ... not submissive, strictly, but definitely easy to manipulate, and that was surely something fun that she and Ann could play with together.

It was nice to have the tension drained from things again. She'd been so tied up in knots about it all, but for now, things were okay. There would definitely be plenty of things that needed to be worked out between Haru and Ann. While Haru might have been a touch vapid, the girl definitely seemed to have clung tightly to her title as wife ... how would that match up with a girl as protective of her position as Ann? "Mmh. I'm sure we'll be able to work it out." Now that the conversation had moved elsewhere, Ann was back to her teasing self, as they talked about Haru, including letting a bit of water 'accidentally' drip down her chin, leaving fat, eye-catching droplets settle in her cleavage. "She definitely seems a little ..." Ann shrugged, not entirely certain how to say it without being rude, though it was fairly clear what she was getting at.

Prodded to share the whole story, Kotomi did exactly that, launching into a thorough, detailed description of what happened that first night with Haru; their talk about Haru's worries, the way she latched onto Kotomi's offhand comment about marrying her, and she didn't leave anything out, wanting to be as open and honest with Ann as can be. Open and honest about how fragile, how vulnerable and cute Haru seemed, how she just wanted to take care of the poor girl, and of course how it ended up with her face between Haru's thighs.

+Ann, meanwhile, clung to every detail of Kotomi's story -- she had always delighted about hearing of her girlfriend's exploits. "Wow. That sure got out of hand quick, huh? You really do think with your pussy at times, Kotomi." Flung at the darker-haired girl as an insult just the day before, Ann intended it as a tease this time, giggling quietly as she said so. Almost as if to drive the point home, Kotomi felt the tip of Ann's heel dragging teasingly along the inside of her leg, stretching up towards the inside of her thighs, beneath that blue dress. "I guess I can't blame you too much. She was cute, after all. And I know how much of a sucker you are for a big pair of tits, and don't think I missed how big she was! Oh, I bet you really are just imagining the two of us together working you up ..."

Still, the teasing stopped for at least a little while as the girls got their food and dug in. Not that Ann missed the chance to put her plump, painted lips to use, either, particularly when she asked to take a bit of Kotomi's food and have it fed to her. It was maddening as Ann continued to test and tease with what she could get away with, the difficult tension between the two melting into a hotter, more sexual sort of tension, the arousal building in both girls, particularly whenever the discussion routed back to Haru. While she was going to have to get used to Haru in particular, Ann found herself cozying up to the idea of having a wife on the other side of Kotomi to drive her lovely girlfriend all the more insane.

Still ... there's one more matter to discuss.

"I ... since we're talking about some stuff tonight, I have to ... I should confess something, Kotomi." Taking a breath once more, Ann closed her eyes. "Umh. I kinda didn't mean to, but ... I sorta did something with Makoto that you ... probably wouldn't have liked." And so Ann launched into a retelling of her own, hesitantly spilling the details on her little fling with Makoto in the movie theater, and while she definitely took delight in thinking about the incident ... there was definitely a layer of guilt there. "I ... realized after the fact that maybe, maybe that it wasn't the best idea, to be honest. For the, um, obvious reasons." No duh, Ann -- fucking the school president who would be
ruined if anyone found out in her fat ass in a semi-public space was a bad idea? Let alone 'taking' her before Kotomi properly did.

It was almost strange, seeing Ann shrink and look embarrassed about something sexual when it came to Kotomi or any of the other girls. "Just ... I felt I should come clean about that, with everything else."

Kotomi loved her girlfriend.

More than anything else in the world, she could hold onto that truth with a deathgrip, knowing that whatever else happened in her complicated life, she could always rely on Ann to be there for her. Lovely and bright, talented and reliable, it perhaps took this brief crisis to truly show Kotomi just how important to her Ann really was, but now it was something she'd never, ever forget.

It did somewhat beg the question, however, just how deeply she loved Ann -- and what she would do for her. If Ann decided that this harem nonsense was over, if she asked Kotomi to sever her entanglements with all of the other girls and be exclusive with Ann alone ... would she? It wasn't a question that Kotomi had an answer to, but she also didn't imagine Ann was going to demand such a thing anytime soon, especially given how much the blonde clearly enjoyed being in a threesome with her -- along with Becky, along with Makoto, and potentially even along with Haru. Yeah, there was definitely an appeal to that idea: her bright girlfriend and her somewhat less-bright wife, both of them with ample sets of tits and using said tits to please and tease ... mmh.

Such thoughts ran through Kotomi's mind throughout their dinner, Ann surely doing her best to encourage them with her own words and from the subtle but exciting way she treated Kotomi, finding the other girl's heel digging provocatively between her thighs, finding the model's ample tits always shown off in just the right way to catch Kotomi's eye, or even Ann's lips pursed in just the right way to bring to mind the idea of them wrapped around Kotomi's fat dick.

It is important to outline Kotomi's state of mind so that proper perspective is maintained when that aroused, romantic, lovestruck mood was utterly shattered in the space of moments with Ann's confession.

"You did WHAT?!!" Kotomi's voice rang out much louder than she intended it to, forgetting where she was for a moment, staring in utter shock at the blonde across from her. Her mouth worked a moment, as if struggling to decide what to say first. "You took her ... in public ... and you fucked her. Before I did." Kotomi did, at least, manage to keep her voice down this time, but her disbelief and anger easily shone through her tone regardless. Maybe you deserve this, Kotomi, for what you did with Haru, for the way you hurt Ann. Maybe this just, ultimately, made it even. But this happened far before the Haru thing ... and Ann and Makoto had both just let it sit, not telling Kotomi about a word of it. Neither of them had seemed willing to share the details of that night, and Kotomi had never pressed them on it, figuring they just wanted something to remain totally theirs, and Kotomi had no issue with that.

If only Kotomi knew they were keeping it to themselves for this reason instead.

"You knew I wanted to be the first. You knew that." Had they ever had that conversation? Had she ever explicitly given Makoto the order that no one else was to take her ass first? No, but ... it was obvious! It was implied! She never thought she HAD to make that order, because ... fuck!

Fuck!

Ann winced at Kotomi's reaction before she even finished the story. Shrinking down in her seat a little, she found herself rather suddenly aware of the people around them, glancing over momentarily
at the darker-haired girl's shout, everything else going silent -- before normalcy resumed, the surrounding diners quickly bored at the lack of any further outbursts. Even expecting Kotomi's anger, it still hurt, but then -- the tables had turned a little bit, hadn't they? Ann's anger was gone, replaced by Kotomi's own fury, and she couldn't blame her girlfriend the slightest bit.

"And in public? In a fucking theater? It didn't matter how empty it was, that was a huge fucking risk, Ann! Don't you know what could happen if you got caught? What could happen to her? Don't you know who her sister is?" Oh, what a fucking mess ... and though Ann seemed a little guilty over it, it didn't appear to Kotomi that the blonde really understood how badly she fucked up. "And I can't believe she didn't tell me. How could she not have mentioned that you got her first? How did she go along with this? Ann, I ..." She was kind of at a loss for words, her hurt palpable.

Kotomi loved her girlfriend ... but sometimes she needed reminding.

That said, even as Ann blinked back a few tears, she held up her hand to pause Kotomi. "No, hold on. You're right, I fucked up. We ... shouldn't have done that in the theater. In public like that. But it's not like I decided it on a whim! I planned that for weeks, staking out the theater. I got the boys to stand guard to let me know if anyone even so much as bought a ticket to the movie, let alone start heading for the door." Working herself up slightly, Ann ticked off her points on her fingers. "I made certain we were in the seats behind the door, and I kept a coat to throw around her in a heartbeat if everything else went wrong. Yes, I shouldn't have done it, and again, I'm sorry -- but don't you dare suggest I didn't care about Makoto or didn't have her safety in mind through the entire thing!" Of course, again, while that was all technically true, Ann quietly left out the thought, the worry about having been able to stop herself when they were near completion.

"I -- I know. I know you wanted to be first. I don't have any excuse, Kotomi -- I'm sorry." Still wincing, nibbling at her bottom lip, Ann shook her head. "I ... I care a lot about her, too. But she was so ... frustrated. Impatient. Kotomi, she wants to do, to be a lot of things for you. So ... so, I thought I could indulge her just a tiny bit, you know?" Still, Ann: you knew fully well that Kotomi wanted her first. "I told her that it didn't really ... count. She just wanted to be better prepared for you, and that's why she did it. But I don't have any excuse, Kotomi, I'm sorry. I let my power over her consume me, I think." Ann hadn't meant to take, to override Kotomi at the time, or anything like that, but ... that was what happened, wasn't it?

More importantly, though, Ann didn't hesitate to rush to Makoto's defense. "Please don't be upset with her Kotomi -- it was my fault and I take responsibility for it. I'm the one who dragged her out to public, and I'm the one who convinced her that it -- that it didn't count as her first time. She ... she didn't tell you because of that, probably. Or if anything, probably to protect me, maybe." Closing her eyes and hanging her head, Ann exhaled, continuing. "I'm sorry, Kotomi. I really, really am. I've been trying to bring it up for a while, but I -- I didn't know how best to do it. If ... if you think I shouldn't play with Makoto any longer, I understand. But please, please -- don't punish her for my terrible mistake, Kotomi. Please."

Kotomi took several long moments to stew over everything Ann told her: not just the date that happened, but her apologies, her defense of her thoroughness of planning, and her plea that Kotomi not punish Makoto for keeping this from her. She let Ann make her impassioned defense, simply tumbling it over in her mind, doing her best not to let her fury at Ann's lack of responsibility and her decision to override Kotomi's authority affect her reactions too much in the moment. You were just in her place, Kotomi -- you fucked up, too -- and in the wake of both of those events, maybe she should just let it lie. They fucked up, they each confessed and apologized, and maybe that should just be that. Kotomi wasn't ever again going to make the mistake of making such a massive decision without consulting her girlfriend, and Ann was surely never going to undermine Kotomi's claim and authority over Makoto -- or, probably any of Kotomi's harem, for that matter.
"I'm sorry for saying that you weren't thinking -- I don't know that that makes it a lot better, but I believe you that you took precautions." And she even roped the boys into it! Kotomi was the only one unaware of what happened, and *that* bugged her a little. "And I'm not going to punish Makoto for it, either. I know she was just following her Mistress' orders, and I know how much she loves the idea of being like that in public; I can't blame her for leaping at the chance." But? There had to be a but coming. "But ... you still took her first when you *know* I wouldn't have approved." Sure, it was a fake cock -- the experience was undoubtedly very different from when Kotomi took her bitch into the Velvet Room and fucked her properly -- but the principle remained.

"I'm going to talk to her about it, but I promise I won't punish her. You, however ..." Kotomi trailed off a little -- it wasn't like she and Ann had the sort of relationship where Kotomi could 'punish' her, not like it was with some of her more submissive partners, but ... Ann mentioned that she would understand if Kotomi cut off the Mistress/pet relationship she had with Makoto. Would you do that, Kotomi? They did violate her trust, and the thought of them doing it again sparked her fury even further all on its own, but ... would that really be fair?

It wasn't like Ann was trying to defend herself much, here. Just as Kotomi knew she fucked up with Haru, Ann was much the same when it came to Makoto. The parallels are deeper than that, too, if not exact: much like Kotomi, Ann's intentions had been ... relatively pure, at least. Intending to help submissive little Makoto with her frustrations, to give the girl a tiny taste of her deep, dark, twisted fantasies of being on display and in use in public, in a safer, more controlled environment. Yes, it was true, the power went to her head a bit, of taking Makoto behind her girlfriend's back -- thinking with, much like she teased Kotomi, her pussy -- but otherwise her intentions had been pure.

The blonde, at least, relaxed a little when Kotomi said she has no intentions of punishing Makoto. "Thank you. She shouldn't be punished for my mistake. And for what it's worth, she really *did* do it for you. She wanted to be -- wanted to be better prepared for you. Honest. Even beyond the public angle of it, Kotomi -- that's the part she enjoyed most, I think." Even so, Ann winced, but nodded at Kotomi's 'but' that follows it all up. Much like Kotomi's mistake, even with plenty of apologies from her, Ann acknowledged full well that she's fucked up. Intentions or otherwise, she fucked up. Plain and simple.

Kotomi sighed. "I don't know." She knew how much Makoto loved having her second Mistress; she knew how much Ann loved the chance to get to play with her pet, and there was little doubt in Kotomi's mind that both Ann and Makoto *loved* the experience in the theater. Kotomi just ... wished they had mentioned this to her beforehand. Or even shortly after, but not like a *month* later. "I'm not going to tell you that you can't be her Mistress anymore; she loves you, you know, in her own way." Not in the same way that she clearly loved her Queen, but even so.

It was also further relief that Kotomi didn't restrict Ann from being Makoto's Mistress any further, falling just shy of literally breathing a sigh of relief. Yes, she'd give up her interactions with Makoto if Kotomi asked, if it came down to that -- really, she'd do just about anything for Kotomi. "Thank you." The words were whispered out, another sniffle coming from Ann as she nods. "I love her, too. In my own way. I would never hurt her or do anything to put her in danger, not for real."

"Just ... please promise me you aren't going to do anything like that ever again. Not without consulting me first, anyway." Kotomi managed a smile and reaches a hand out across the table with the intention of taking one of Ann's and giving it a squeeze. "I love you, Ann. And if you can truly forgive me for what I did with Haru, then I can forgive you for going behind my back. I think we both just need to make sure we're thinking of the other when we do things like this."
With Kotomi holding her hand, Ann felt brave enough to venture a smile back to the other girl. "I ... I will. I promise, Kotomi. I love you so, so much. From now on, we both promise to talk to the other more about these kinda things, okay?"

Fuck, she loved her girlfriend. Who else matched her so perfectly? Who else would be so thoroughly fine with her having a harem, and even indulging herself by playing with said members of that harem? Who else would show such intense creativity and curiosity about the girls that Kotomi brought into her relationship? She loved all of her girls, and she would wager her girls loved her to varying degrees as well, but Ann ...

Ann had always been special. Kotomi wasn't about to fuck this up.

Biting her lip, though, Ann finally did sigh, following up with a quiet little laugh. "Sorry ... I think I ruined the mood a little. But. I had to make sure I told you about ... all of that. For what it's worth, though, I think you should still have a talk with Makoto about things. About the theater incident, and about her role for you. She wants to be more in so many ways, for you. But ... I also think everything with Haru also has her a bit shaken, too. More than she let on." Mulling over it for a moment, the model shrugged, offering up an unsure smile as well. "You might -- wanna talk to her, too."

Glancing down at their empty plates, she made a suggestion. "You wanna go somewhere else? Just, I dunno. On a walk or something. Before I was gonna suggest we go find somewhere to make out ... but I think I'd be okay with just a walk or something, if that's alright." Tilting her head, though, Ann glanced over at Kotomi, providing a suggestion that Ann, naturally, wouldn't be opposed to having some fun this evening ... but just a quiet, gentle time together was more than enough for her right now. Maybe a bit of time discussing Makoto, if anything, to help out: perhaps as a penance for her sins.

More than anything else, Kotomi loved her girlfriend. Loved her immensely. Loved her endlessly. Whatever the mistakes made, she just wanted to be able to put them aside and continue on together -- so long as they could be together, Kotomi knew she was willing to work through absolutely anything that happened. They could deal with the Haru thing, they could deal with the Makoto thing, and together they could deal with whatever else happened with the girls Kotomi had chosen to bring into their life. Futaba, Tae, Kawakami ... the list went on and on.

Ann mentioned a couple times that Makoto seemed to want to be more for Kotomi, and she wasn't entirely sure what that meant -- what would she want to be? What more, exactly, did the lovely little pet actually desire from her? Definitely something to talk about -- she knew she was going to need to discuss things with Makoto -- but most of all, it reminded Kotomi about Tae's request. The doctor wanted to see both Kotomi and Makoto, to see what their relationship was like, and ... and Tae said only then would she allow herself to submit to Kotomi.

Perhaps that was something to look into. Perhaps that would give Kotomi and Makoto a chance to air everything out, to get everything straight before Kotomi collared her properly, as well as allowing Tae to see all of the progress she made as a budding domme.

For the time being, however, Ann's suggestion that they go elsewhere seemed like the right call. Their meal over and soon paid -- their coffers plenty full from all of their heists -- both girls left the restaurant into the cool night air, hand in hand, much closer and more certain about their relationship than they were beforehand. A walk sounded wonderful, and so the two girls went, drawing closer and closer as the moments passed as they strolled through a small park, only to eventually find themselves settling together on a small bench. They discussed their life together -- they talked and teased a little about the women in Kotomi’s life -- but they stayed firmly away from any subject
involving the future. They kissed, they made out a little, but it wasn't their typical lust-fueled
escapades, and it didn't go any further than just kissing and cuddling; tonight was just about them
being together, reaffirming their status as girlfriends utterly in love and ever there for one another.

The hard, eager fucking could always come later.

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