Master and Servant
by xiuxi

Summary

New troubles arise and Rin has to decide what do about them. Missing scenes form Unlimited Blade Works.

Notes

Thanks to my lovely beta, Sexybee!

2/1 – February Sky

It is a dark and cold winter afternoon in Fuyuki City. A black-haired girl and a knight with a red cape move slowly through the different blocks in Shinto. They are looking for signs of other Masters, things that might help them in the Holy Grail War. The search has been fruitless so far. In the beginning there were signs that someone else was targeting them from afar, but the presence seems to have dropped off as the day has gotten longer. The black-haired girl sighs; she is getting tired. The knight at her side is contemplating going into spirit form again.

“Wait,” Tohsaka Rin suddenly interjects. “Did you feel it? There is something there.”

“I can see it, even,” Archer replies. “Someone is watching us. Over there”.

He points over to what looks like a deserted commercial building. Rin cannot make out what he sees, but she feels it. Giant waves of magical energy pulsate through her body in an unpleasant and threatening way. She looks over at the building. The façade is unusually broken down for a building
that lies in commercial Shinto. The sky is deeply gray above. There are no signs of life.

“Show yourself,” Archer suddenly calls out. Still nothing. No sign of a servant, no master in sight. Just an almost overbearing presence of magical energy that taints the fresh winter air.

“Let’s go inside,” Rin volunteers. They enter the building. It’s dank and rather dark. No one seems to have made any use of it in a decade or so. The air smells vaguely of dust, and there are spider webs in the corners. The whole building is quiet.

Completely out of the blue, a greenish bolt of lightning shoots toward Rin’s head. It barely misses.

She hisses, and Archer yells, “What is this? Show yourself!”

There is no answer. Just a barrage of carefully timed lightning bolts that pass over their respective heads.

“We need to get out of here,” Rin mutters. Archer nods and they dash for the exit.

“This is not the magus we’re looking for,” Archer shrugs.

“That was definitely no Master,” Rin agrees. The magical energy was too different, and I didn’t see anything like a Servant. Actually, I’ve never seen anything like that. What were those flashing bolts?”

“It’s not what we’re looking for,” says the knight says again. “We should just leave it be; we have important things to focus on and a war to win. Let’s go.”

Tohsaka Rin cannot do anything but agree with him, even if the way he’s taking command and barking orders is grating and might turn out to be awfully frustrating. “Let’s go,” she nods. “There is nothing we need here”.

2/4 – Decisions

Yet again they are out patrolling the streets of Shinto. The knight is still tired after fighting the giant Berserker. The girl is determined and strong; she wants to make progress in the fight for the Holy Grail. They are silent as they are strolling through the city; there is nothing to talk about that can make the situation easier. Rin would maybe have preferred some gentle sarcasm between them, but now is not the time. Darkness falls. The winter is depressingly cold around them. Rin can’t help but notice her partner's labored breath, which is perfectly white against the black sky. This worries her, but only slightly. Archer can take care of himself.

Suddenly she halts her brisk walk. “Do you feel it?” she asks, fully knowing that she doesn’t need to ask. Archer is the more perceptive of them. Of course he feels it.

“Yes,” he replies curtly. “It’s a boundary field. It must be new.”

They are outside that building again. That building, the slightly derelict one, where they were attacked just a couple of days ago. Rin does not know what to think. Why would someone set up a boundary field here?

“We need to investigate this. This could be something really bad.”

“We did investigate this,” Archer counters. “It ended with us escaping from giant bolts of lightning,
remember? We don't need this kind of trouble; we already have too much on our hands.”

Rin hesitates. She know that he is right, and annoying as that is, they really can’t handle much more right now. But still.

“We don’t know who set up this boundary field or what they intend to do with it,” she starts. “It might be another Master. This might be dangerous, and innocent human lives might be at stake here.”

She sounds a bit like Shirou when she talks like this, and while she doesn’t like that, her intuition tells her to press on.

“So what?” Archers snorts. “Saving innocent humans doesn't enter this job description. We're here for the Holy Grail War.”

“We can’t just leave this be, Archer.”

“Yes, we can. In fact, I think I’m doing just that right now. If you really want to investigate this you can go alone. I have more important matters to tend to.”

Rin hesitates again. She really doesn’t want to do this, but opens her mouth anyway.

“We need to take him, her, or whatever this is, on. This thing can harm people. It has set up a boundary field, and God knows what happens when the boundary field is activated. Archer, I order you. Remember this command spell”’. She motions towards her arm. “I used it just to make sure you would follow my orders. Do it. Now.”

Archer frowns and opens his mouth to say something, but rejects it and nods.

“Let’s go then,” Rin prods.

The state of the building has not improved since they last visited. Debris is scattered all over the floor and the dirty spider webs seem to have increased in frequency. This is not a building that ordinary people have used in a long time now. Neither Rin nor Archer wants to take a guess at what shadows or beings might lurk here.

They walk down a dark, long corridor at a fairly slow pace, expecting danger with each new step. The corridor ends with a door that leads to a large storage facility. Old moldy boxes, with even more spider webs upon them, cover the floor. The walls had at one time been painted a cheery white, but has lost both cheerfulness and whiteness along the way. There are no windows and a faint, rather alarming, noise can be heard from the back of the room. It sounds like someone, or rather something, is muttering “food, om nom nom, food” over and over again. Rin kicks over some boxes and prepare her stance.

“Who’s there?” she yells.

No reply. Just the same mutterings over again. Rin edges closer to the noise, while Archer lurks unhappily in the background.

“Is someone there?” she asks, somewhat milder this time. Her question is met with a bolt of lightning and a laugh. Rin dodges the bolt and prepares for battle.

When the magus comes clearly into view, Rin gasps. The magus mostly looks like an ordinary human: a little bit on the taller side, rimmed spectacles, black hair. The extraordinary thing about him is his arms. He possesses eight of them, all of which he puts to use. Bolts fly in the air, spells are prepared to be thrown, and swords are glittering menacingly. There is not much Rin can do but duck
"Food," the magus interjects happily while he throws away another greenish bolt at Rin. He looks from Archer and over to Rin, and back over to Archer again. He then nods, and it looks like he’s made his mind up about something. Rin tries desperately to get a foothold in this fight, but fails miserably. Archer is in the background still, and mutters audibly to himself about unnecessary problems.

The magus waves his eight hands in the air and mutters something. A green shadow emits from the topmost of his limbs. It shoots straight out and goes for its target. Archer barely has time to react; he is still slowed down due to general tiredness, and this magus is fast, way fast. The green shadow engulfs him before he even has the chance to throw a single arrow. Rin watches the shadow with equal parts horror and amazement. It looks like it swallows Archer whole. Then when the prey is captured, the shadow stretches out from a blob to a giant net. Even if Archer doesn’t say anything, it is clear that he is both injured and completely stuck.

The casting of the net catches Rin completely off guard. She doesn’t worry easily, secure in her prowess as she is, but losing her Servant is severely hindering her ability to fight. As it is, she can barely fend off the magus’s spells, her servant is captured, and they desperately need to win against this thing. She duck and hides, while her mind frantically searches for a solution that will better her chances. Fortunately, Rin never comes unprepared. She makes sure that Archer manages to catch her eye, reaches into her pocket, and throws a neat, golden jewel towards the Magus.

“Aufstehen,” she yells. The magus’s feet rise immediately up in the dusty air. “Now,” she yells again, this time at Archer. The green net only loses its grip of Archer during the few second that the magus is elevated, but this is enough for Archer. His standard two swords materialize in the air. He throws them with masterful speed. Two limbs are cut off from the magus’s body and the swords return to the Servants’ hand. The magus whimper in pain and the procedure is then repeated, before the magus manages to react. The remaining hands try to shakily amend the situation, but Archer is faster. Only two arms remain. The magus sinks to the floor, overwhelmed by the blood that is pouring out of his body. Archer cuts off the last two hands neatly, while the magus takes his last breath. As he dies, the boundary field slowly disappears. All is surprisingly calm.

Rin takes her Servant home in spirit form as there is no way she could drag his wounded body home alone. As she walks home, she thinks about what has just happened. She can’t help being a little bit pleased with herself since they won. They took out the magus, and they probably saved innocent lives by not letting him doing something horrible with that boundary field. Still, she frets about her decisions. Was it right to force Archer into battle? Does she have the right priorities? Is she sabotaging their chances in the Holy Grail War by doing things that aren’t absolutely necessary? Tohsaka Rin does not know the answer to these questions, but she knows one thing: She is the Master, so she has to be the decision maker, the one who calls the shots, the one to drive things forward. She has her fate, and in the end also Archer’s, in her own hands. She knows what to do, because she has to.

“Let me tend to your wounds, Archer.” They are at home, in her rather lavish bedroom. Archer is grimacing from pain and general feelings of being uncomfortability.

“I should go to bed,” he shrugs.

“Let me tend to your wounds,” she says, more sharply this time. He allows her with a sigh. She presses him firmly down to a sitting position on her bed. Healing magic is not a speciality of the Toshaka family, but the girl knows how to dress a wound, just like any good fighting magician. Her fingers are soft on his damaged skin, and she allows her touch to linger a bit longer than she should.
She becomes acutely aware of how her knee presses into his thigh and how close they are. She looks up at his face, which doesn’t betray any emotion. She lets her hand run over his upper body, naked apart from its wounds, and then down again. When their eyes meet, he smiles.

“Rin,” he starts, without betraying any emotion in his voice. She places a finger against his lips.

“Archer,” she answers. “I command you”.

And then they kiss.

On the bed she straddles him and lets her mouth meet his again and again. His skin is surprisingly soft to her touches. When he puts his arms around her slender body, her mind is occupied with one thing only. She wants to feel him properly. Their lips meet again, and this is her cue to aggressively push him down on his back. She places herself on top of him and lets her hand search all over his body. His hands are all tangled up in her hair. Rin lets her desire get the better of her and moans loudly, while her hands travel down to his cock. He is already hard, and when she frees him from his pants, he lets out an audible gasp. She can feel his breath on her neck and his hands all over her body. He is hungrier than her now; his touch is getting more and more aggressive with each stroke. He reaches for her skirt and then under. His swift and precise fingers make Rin whimper.

“Mind if I take this off?” He grins and removes her panties with a speedy motion. When he enters her, they are both close to finish. They partake in a few, hasty thrusts, and then Rin lets out a big breathy scream of pleasure and contentment. Archer groans when he comes a few second later. When they calm down, they lie perfectly still.

Afterwards, Archer is restless, and Rin determined. The knight paces around in the bedroom and asks about the plans for the future.

“I have a few tasks to will assign you,” Rin says solemnly, and he nods. “The kitchen is messy and needs to be cleaned. You could start right away, Archer.”

END

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