Looking at her flawless reflection in the bathroom mirror, Minerva continued to add makeup and touch up her hair to cover up each and every imperceptible flaw that she managed to snuff out. She had been looking forward to tonight and couldn’t wait to make everything just perfect.

As her red lipstick looked gorgeous alongside her dark eyeshadow and mascara, Minerva looked at her body in the mirror. Her wonderful black dress was held up by a collar around her neck that could easily be mistaken for a choker. The fabric was nearly skin tight as a massive cut was in the front, starting from just below her neck and going all the way down to just beyond her navel, and the slit wasn’t something slim, no, half of her breasts were spilling out as her areola were just a centimeter away from being visible. The tight, skirt like bottom was almost non-existent as the fabric ended just a few centimeters below her eager cunt.

Happy with what she saw, she turned around to look at her back too, seeing how there was not a single mark or imperfection on her long and beautiful back as there was absolutely nothing covering it, a particularly bold move as her back was revealed all the way up to the top of her ass crack *just* being visible as the dress struggled to contain her fantastic rear.

Smiling at herself, Minerva was absolutely radiant as she left the bathroom and saw her Master dressed up in a nice two piece black suit with a red tie. Sitting on the bed of their hotel suite and fiddling with his hands as he waited for his lover to finish getting ready for the night she had planned in advance for weeks.

So seeing his jaw drop when he saw her strut out of the bathroom filled the younger Guild Master with a sense of pride and joy. As she walked over to him, she could see that he was enthralled by her each and every movement.

Giving him a ‘little’ gift, Minerva bent down and placed her lips on his, knocking him out of his stupor as their kiss grew in passion and their tongues delved into the other’s mouths.

But before things could really get put into high gear, Makarov found his woman pulling back and smirking down at him. Still leaning forwards, her hands were gingerly on her lap and pushed her arms against her bountiful breasts, shoving them even further against the black dress that could barely hold them back.

As the old man stared at her breasts like he was under hypnosis, Minerva giggled. “We have a reservation in forty-five minutes, and I do not want to miss our first proper date by having mind blowing sex… for the third time in a row.” She felt her knees tremble slightly as she remembered each and every detail of those sordid nights. “And if I didn’t know any better, I’d say it seems like you’re trying to stop us from eating out.”

“What are you talking about, we’ve had a few dates already, and we eat out all the time.” Makarov could feel his throat dry up as those wonderful melons were just inches away from his mouth.

“But those were never out in public.” Minerva shot back, shifting ever so slightly left and right to watch his eyes follow the sway of her breasts. “And oral doesn’t count as ‘eating out’, no matter how many times you try to say it does.”

“Bah, what’s it matter going to a restaurant.” Makarov brushed off her concerns. “Just looking at you in this dress is getting me all riled up. So why don’t we skip dinner and head straight for dessert?”

As the old man leaned back and unzipped his pants, now it was Minerva who had a dry throat and was completely mesmerized by the sight before her. That giant dick that ravaged her body countless times would always be her weakness.

Biting down on her ruby red lips, the dark haired woman looked at the clock and took a quick breath. “You are going to get a *taste* of desert, but after that, we’re going to go and have a wonderful date, and I’m not going to take no for an answer this time.”

Makarov lifted a hand with his index finger outstretched to try and get her to change her mind, but his hand quickly clenched and a deep moan exited his mouth. Minerva’s perfect mouth had wrapped around his raging hard on and in an instant, she was already pressing her face against his crotch as she expertly deepthroated this shaft. Running her tongue along each and every weak spot that she committed to memory and gently bringing in her teeth to rile him up even more.

Even when she pulled her mouth back, he couldn’t get enough of it and bucked his hips up into the air to keep his rod buried in her warm and tight throat. The Tigress would have smirked at how Makarov was acting to get more of her, but her mouth was currently a vacuum around his monster cock. Her cheeks were sunken as she sucked with the skill and technique that would put even professional escorts to shame. Each and every motion she took sent waves of pleasure surging through her elder’s body and made his moans echo in their lavish hotel room.

With how giant this dick was, Minerva didn’t even need to bend lower to wrap her massive tits around it. Seeking to put an end to this quickly, she rubbed her breasts along his length just how he liked it. Breaking down his defenses with her body, she could feel his bucking hips grow uneven, and it all came to a head when he pressed his hands on the back of her head and shoved her down all the way to the base of his cock without a single verbal warning.

Gulping down the hose of sperm being released down her throat, Minerva showed just how well she had adapted to her new relationship. Even as her throat was bulging with the outline of his shaft, she calmly and carefully drank each and every drop.

Pulling away, she even licked clean all traces of spunk she could find on the log in front of her, releasing it fully with a loud **\*Pop\*** sound. Not a single smudge on her face, and even her hair looked pristine.

“Hm, that was five minutes, I think that’s my new record time.” Minerva gave the clock a quick glance before moving to zip Makarov’s pants back up as he laid on the bed. Despite his mind reeling back from the orgasm he just had, he couldn’t stop himself from frowning as he looked down to his limp dick that was being put away.

“No lipstick stains.” He grumbled.

Minerva just rolled her eyes. “You’re just an incorrigible pervert, I mean it. Did you think I wouldn’t realize how much you liked ruining my perfection?” She ran a hand through her sea of hair to accentuate her point. “It’s magic, deary, no running make up or messed up hair for at least four hours with the amount I put on.”

“So that’s why you asked Mira and Jenny what they used on long shoots.” The Fairy Tail Master got off the bed. “I should have known there was an ulterior motive.”

“Oh stop being so dramatic.” She waved him off. “Now let’s get going, we have thirty-eight minutes left to make it on time.”

“Yeah, yeah, lemme get the door for ya.”

**Xx Xx**

As the duo moved through the streets, they enjoyed some idle chatter between the two of them before the voices of others came and put a bit of a damper on their walk.

“Why do you think a lady *that* hot in *that* outfit is walking alongside a geezer?”

“Maybe she’s just spending some time with her grandpa?”

“You kidding? No way, the old man is definitely paying for it. Ain’t no way you’re spending time with your gramps wearing a dress like that.”

It wasn’t the first time they had heard people judging them, and even on this walk it wasn’t the last.

While Minerva was unflinchingly walking forwards, not letting a single word of simpletons like them affect her date, Makarov fell behind as he looked down. His slow pace created a gap between them that grew wider every time Minerva looked back towards the old fool.

The younger Guild Master didn’t care about the lies and falsehoods that imbeciles claimed, just annoyed that the grown man who should know better was showing that he was being kicked down by the chatter of strangers.

“Don’t listen to those dumbasses.” Minerva sighed as she gave a few nosy men the side eye. Waving her hand, the men were shoved back by a ball of distorted space, knocking them into each other and sending them running away as they got back to their feet. “Men like them are never going to get any girl even half as sexy as me. So they’re all just jealous that they can get outplayed by a wonderful man like you.” She tucked her hair behind her ear as she leaned down and kissed her boyfriend on the cheek.

But she gained a small pout as the old man was still in a mood. “Alright, fine, I wanted to surprise you with this after dinner, but you’re not going to get out of this funk with niceties alone.”

Looking back and forth on the street, Minerva’s cheeks were flushed as she made sure there was nobody else who could possibly see them. Hooking her fingers around the bottom hem of her dress, the tigress lifted up her garment those sparse few centimeters, revealing her bare pussy with an egg toy taped to her clit.

As Makarov’s jaw was dropped from the sight, the dark haired woman pulled it back down and flattened down her dress. “I figured we could have a bit of special fun to celebrate our date, I was even going to give you the remote after we finished eating.”

Seeing him straighten up his back and march forwards, Minerva thought he finally was ready to walk with her again. But now she was the shocked one as he grabbed her hand and hurried her out of the streets, pulling her along into an alleyway.

Looking over his shoulder, she could easily see why. There was a massive bulge in the crotch of his suit, and that only meant one thing. Just thinking about it made her knees weak as she bit her lip. She tore her eyes off of it and looked at the watch on her other arm to see that the reservation was still a little over twenty minutes, and there was no way they could walk around with such a massive distraction clear for everyone to see.

“Where are we going?” Minerva asked him as her mind was flooded with the lewd memories of their debauchery.

“I didn’t think that far ahead.” The old man admitted. “I guess back to our room?”

At that, Minerva dug her heels into the floor and stopped following the multiple guild master of Fairy Tail, nearly making him trip up when she held him back. “We are not going to skip this date.” She spoke with a hardened face and clear authority as she looked the white haired man dead in the eyes.

“I’m not trying to-”

Makarov’s defense was interrupted by the powerful woman. “I can see that you don’t like people calling you names, and I’m going to show you that what they say about you or me doesn’t matter.” Her stone expression softened. “We are going to eat some of the most luxurious food in Fiore, go for a stroll in the park, and lose our minds in pleasure back in the hotel. And we are going to do it in that order. Understood?”

“I understand.” He began to walk back where they came from before he was stopped yet again.

“I mean, I can’t just let you go around the streets with that log in your pants.” Her voice was dripping with arousal. “So I’ll have to take care of that before we eat.”

“Eh? But I thought we weren’t going to go back to our room until we finished our date?” Makarov felt a mixture of fear and horniness as Minerva eyed him like a piece of meat.

“Yes, that’s right,” She leaned down so her face was just inches away from his, their breaths intermingling. “*But we can do it right here.*” She whispered seductively into his ear, nearly making Makarov’s pants break as his tented slacks were trying their hardest to keep from splitting in two.

As the Giant Mage was blinking and stuttering, Minerva created pockets of her Territory magic and kneeled down on them, keeping herself off the hard and dirty alley floor. She put one hand against the stone wall for support, and used the other to spread open her dripping cunt.

Seeing the most powerful Sabertooth mage present her perfect body before him, Makarov couldn't unzip his pants fast enough. With her hiked up dress bottoms revealing everything, and her gaze telling him to fuck her, the elder man took great joy in sliding the length of his cock against her spread pussy lips.

Both of them did their best to keep any and all sounds they made to be as quiet as possible, but things slipped through the cracks.

“Nnnmmm, just stick it in already.” Minerva ordered as her grip on the groove of the bricks was growing tighter.

Makarov chuckled. “Don’t worry, I’ll try to hurry it up so we can make our reservation.” Pulling back his lubed dick, the senior master pushed his lower head against her twitching asshole instead of the quim that the tigress was holding open.

It wasn’t like she could complain though, as she found herself letting out a long and low moaning breath, feeling him fill up her body while trying her best to keep herself from screaming in euphoria like she loved to do.

With their hips slapping against together, Makarov leaned his body against Minerva’s back and fondled her breasts over the skin-tight material, tweaking and squeezing her nipples while kissing along her back.

Loving the attention her lover was giving her, Minerva decided to make the best of her situation and moved the fingers that were spreading her lower lips to now pump in and out of her tight and underused cunt. A trail of arousal and sex leading down her legs onto the grimy floor beneath them.

The magical makeup seemed to be a perfect choice for this night as Minerva was biting down on her lower lip and drool dribbled out of the corners of her mouth, even while getting fucked stupid, she still appeared absolutely angelic and perfect.

Their schedule was the last thing on both of their minds as they could feel their climaxes growing closer and closer to completion, their breaths were getting quicker and thrusts sloppier. Just a little more~

Then a man opened a window just besides them. He was talking on a new type of miniature communication lacrima and just needed to stick his head out of the window to see the two guild masters fucking like animals in the middle of a dirty alley.

Minerva’s face was a blistering red as her heartbeat was deafening any other sounds and her hand was nearly crushing the brick it was holding onto. It was such a terrifying position, it was so humiliating… it was… it was...

Absolute bliss as she came hard, her voice dead in her throat while her vice of an ass tightened even more around Makarov’s cock and milked him for all he was worth, sending the old man's head spinning as he shot his load deep inside her ass.

But as his climax came to an end, he looked back to make sure that they hadn’t been caught, only to find them both now on a flat and empty roof.

“You know, heh, I forget that, heh, you can teleport.” Makarov spanked the tigress’ ass in thanks while still trying to catch his breath.

“Mmm, stop with the spanking, we’re just dealing with your third leg acting up.” Minerva groaned as she pulled herself off of that glorious shaft. “Now please fix yourself up before we go and eat.”

The elderly man chuckled. “Says the girl covered in drool and sex, with an ass full of cum.”

She smirked back at him as she stood up and pulled a towel from her Territory. “Maybe you should look down?”

Raising an eyebrow, the giant mage looked down at his meat and noticed a small Territory bubble just in front of his tip. Even when he moved it around it kept following at the same distance.

“Are you seriously playing with yourself right now?” Minerva pulled out a compact mirror just to make sure she cleaned up every drop.

“Hey, I’m not the one who put my spunk in cold storage.” He joked and finally cleaned himself up.

“Now I’m wondering if I shouldn’t go and skip *dessert* tonight*.*” Minerva wondered as she pushed her hair behind her ear and made Makarov turn ghastly white at the implication.

As the old pervert started to scramble to apologize for his joke, the Sabertooth reveled in his fear as they were teleported back onto the floor to walk to their reservation. Of course she could have put them directly in the restaurant, but where was the fun in that?

**Xx Xx**

Finally arriving at her favorite restaurant in all of Crocus, Minerva was happy that they only got there two minutes late. There was a part of her that thought they might have spent the entire night on that roof had she given in too much to temptation.

Quickly being seated and given a list of their wines that she had already memorized, Minerva asked for an X700 bottle of vintage wine and the most expensive bottle of sake they had. After all, sharing those drinks are what helped kick off this bizarre, yet wonderful relationship.

“And will that be all you and your grandfather will drink?” The waiter questioned as he wrote down their order.

His remark made Minerva’s nice and serene smile instantly shift into a scowl of anger. “Yes, that’s all me and my *boyfriend* are going to drink.” She shoved the drink menu into his chest with a surprising amount of force for a woman of her build. “Now please go, before I make you.”

The young man scrambled to leave as he shook fear at the power the woman’s words held. Nearly tripping over onto another party’s table in his rush to move.

Looking back over the table, she noticed that Makarov was back to being reserved and not looking Minerva in the eye like he had been just before they fucked in the alleyway, back when other people made comments about their relationship.

“What a random server says doesn’t matter.” She reached over the table and put her hand in his.

“Yup, you’re completely right.” His voice felt as though he didn’t believe in what he was saying, even while he closed his hand around hers and gently brushed it with his thumb.

It was like he was becoming a different person whenever outsiders talked about them. There was absolutely no way that it came from him being embarrassed about being in a relationship with her. Not Makarov Dreyar, the Repeat Guild Master of Fairy Tail, and friend-proclaimed massive pervert. Something else was boiling beneath the surface that he was keeping away from her, likely in his own annoying way to try and save her from dealing with any of the trouble on her own.

“I know that you’re being bothered by this.” She pulled her hand back to trail her fingers across his knuckles. “I'm not going to get angry at you, I just want you to share what's wrong with me.” She interrupted him when he tried to argue that he wasn’t being bothered. “You better than anyone know just how well I can handle pressure. Relationships get hurt when things are kept from each other, so even if you want to keep your mouth shut, I'm sure I have a few ways to loosen your lips."

Minerva’s cheeks grew red as she thought of an idea. “And here, let me show you just how dedicated I am to being your girlfriend.”

“Well, maybe you don’t need it,” She pulled her hands back and looked at the nearby tables. “But it will make me feel better too.”

As Makarov furrowed his brow and tried to talk to her, Minerva slinked under the table and hid herself beneath the tablecloth.

Before he could even lift up his side of the cloth to look at what she was doing, he felt his zipper being undone and her wonderfully soft hands grabbing and jerking his soft cock.

This felt even more obscene than when they had done it in a dirty alleyway, back then they were all alone in a place where they had the threat of someone discovering them being a thrill. But here? This place was full of high class elites who at any moment could realize what was happening just under their noses. That danger is what helped get him so hard so fast, and it’s what made him even more sensitive to Minerva’s expert motions.

*‘I really do have the best girlfriend in the world.’* He had to keep his mouth shut tight and breath very lightly to keep himself from giving away his predicament. His teeth clenched as Minerva traced her tongue along his balls and put both hands on his meat to try and service as much of it as she could. His knuckles turned white as he nearly mangled the silverware in his hands because the sexy minx licked her way up his shaft and palmed the dripping head while using her nails to stroke just behind the tip. Finally wrapping her lips around his dick, Makarov felt like his load was going to blow any second now.

And that’s when fate decided to toy with the old man as an employee came up to Makarov.

“Hello sir, I just wanted to offer a formal apology for the comments of your previous waiter, I’ll be taking over from here.” An older server with a mustache bowed before the customer that they had wronged.

“MMmmMm” Makarov groaned with his mouth closed and toes curling, sweat was already starting to form on his brow.

“Have you decided on your order yet?”

“Nnn-MMhMm” The giant mage first tried to say no, but his answer changed the second Minerva gripped his balls and kept deepthroating him. “Ch-IHhken” Was the first word that came to mind as he chattered it out his clenched teeth.

“Um, the chicken what?” The waiter was getting more confused by the way this man was acting.

“*Mmmm.*” The noise basically squeaked out as Minerva’s tongue worked on his slit and her hands still massaged his nuts.

“I… and your date?”

“SssssalaH-h-hem. St-aike.” Makarov was forced to change the order when the tigress brought her teeth down lightly against his length, being terrifying and arousing as she nearly had half of it down her throat while still taking more in.

“Understood, I’ll have it out for you as soon as possible.” The man had an awkward smile as he tried to hurry away from this.

Finally being free of the scrutiny filled gaze that looked him dead in the eyes, Makarov let out a long low breath as Minerva’s face pressed against his crotch and he blasted another load straight down her throat. Wishing so badly that he could just grab her head and pump her back and forth before finishing it off by covering her body in his seed. But he’d never complain about her vice of a throat and hands working to massage and toy with his shaft.

Makarov didn’t realize that he had his head pressed against the table until he pushed himself back up as he felt Minerva pull herself off. Quickly moving out from underneath the table and seating herself looking like she hadn’t just slobbered all over an old man’s bitch breaker of a cock just thirty seconds ago.

“Did you like my showing?” Minerva teased as Makarov was still panting.

“Yes, I really *really* loved it.” He unsteadily tried to sit himself back up.

“It wasn’t a bad appetizer either.” The Tigress tapped her mouth with a napkin as her carnal eyes locked with his.

**Xx Xx**

The rest of their date went well when the new server came back with their food and drinks. Despite getting some less than clear instructions, the chefs were able to make great dishes that earned this place it’s great reputation.

But things still seemed uneasy as they left, Minerva wanted to go out for a walk afterwards with her boyfriend, but that secret he was hiding seemed to be eating away at him. So Minerva decided that it’d be best for them to just go back to their hotel suite. She had the perfect plan to finally make him cave, and she was one-hundred percent sure that this would be the tipping point.

As the two closed the door behind them, they both moved to get a bit more comfortable. Makarov kicked off his shoes, loosened his tie, and took off his jacket. Turning back to Minerva, his voice was caught in his throat as she was peeling that ungodly tight dress off of her body, letting her breasts jump out of their confinement and revealing her pussy with an egg toy still taped to her clit that he’d been dying to turn on.

But his excitement turned to confusion when the powerful wizard took that off too and idly stored it in her territory.

Undoing the braid that her hair was usually up in, Minerva finally looked Makarov in the eyes. “You’re going crazy for me, aren’t you?” Her voice was thick with lust.

He nodded.

“Just looking at me is making your little heart beat a mile a minute.”

It completely was.

“Well then...” Minerva struted closer to her lover, feeling empowered by seeing a Wizard Saint like him being subject to her will just as she was to him. “You’re just begging to get a piece of this, aren’t you.” She put her glorious, fat ass inches away from his face as she powerfully smacked it, the sound cutting through the quiet room while her cheeks rippled from the force.

With twitching hands, he reached out to hold and caress it.

“Too bad.” Her voice lost the sultry kick that she’d been laying on and she walked away before he could do anything. “I’m going to go take a shower, but I’m not going to let you join me this time.” She turned back to face him as she stood in the doorway of the bathroom. “That is, unless you tell me what it is that’s been bothering you about us going out in public.”

“I keep telling you that I’m fine, just because I’m old doesn’t mean I’ve gone senile!” He cried out in indignation. His own want to defend himself eclipsing his arousal in that moment. “Besides, I’m not a simple beast that can’t go one night without sex, I had plenty of quiet nights before I ever met you.” He folded his arms and huffed in vexation… despite the fact that his erection was still completely visible as it threatened to break apart his pants.

“I don’t know what gave you the indication that it’d be quiet.” Minerva hummed as she walked into the bathroom, leaving the door wide open and not bothering to close the shower door either. Letting the hot water cascade down her body as Makarov’s eyes could see it all with crystal clarity.

Staring down at her own body as she kept moaning, Minerva pressed a pump and started to lather herself in soap. Starting with her heavy breasts that he adored, circling the massive twins and focusing on her nipples, the trail of white being washed down her body. Licking her lips as she looked at Makarov with a gaze of heat and passion, the tigress started to moan as she tweaked and pulled her nipples, using them to help spread her breasts before clapping them back together and splashing water forwards.

Moving her hands lower, Minerva left a trail of foam down her taut and flawless stomach, stopping just before she reached her cunt, keeping him on the edge of his seat before she did anything.

Smirking as she thought of the best way to tease him, Minerva picked her leg up and performed a perfect vertical split. Leaning her back against the wall and holding her right leg in place, she gave the old pervert a clear view at her ass and pussy while she rubbed down her leg at an agonizingly slow pace, showing off her mile long legs and her magnificent flexibility.

She had actually only reached halfway down her thigh before she looked back at Makarov to find him scrunching his eyes closed and pressing his hands against his ears. That fact didn’t deter her however, as she could see his cock still hard as ever as it tried to desperately break out of its tight confinement.

Skipping the show now that he was blind to it, Minerva’s moans grew louder and more intense as she started to finger herself, pumping two fingers at a gentle pace in her underused pussy. “Fuck~ Yes~ Ah~” While she was playing it up a little, this pleasure was something very unique. She’d never masturbated in front of someone before and that brought its own spin on the pleasure she was feeling.

As the pleasure boiling inside her grew, the Guild Mistress’s voice began to grow louder and more passionate. Her fingers were going faster, and now she was palming her own clit. Her eyes shut as she focused on the oncoming climax that was going to send her soaring.

And then a massive tearing noise broke through the sexual energy. Makarov’s pants had finally given up, and alongside that, his will was broken just as much. Running into the bathroom with his dress shirt still on, the underwearless man literally jumped onto Minerva…

… Finding himself right back in the bedroom? Trying and failing again, the horny man realized that the woman was sending him back with her Territory and keeping him from grabbing her tantalizing form.

“Ah, ah, ah,” She all but moaned out, pulling her fingers out and putting her leg back down, still twitching slightly from how close to orgasm she had been. “If you want to come and drink up all of this~” She ran a hand up her thigh that wound up her god-like body and made sure to show off all her goods. “Then you need to stop keeping secrets.”

“I-ga-it-I don’t-BAH!” The grey haired man stuttered in frustration as his mind was going crazy. “I’m scared.” He bluntly said. “It’s not because of what they say about me, but how it affects you.”

Her brow furrowed. “What are you talking about? I don’t give a damn about what a bunch of nobodies have to say about us, and it’s not doing anything to me.”

“No, it’s-” He gripped his head as he tried to think of how to explain it. “I… You are one of the absolute sexiest women in all of Fiore, no, in all of Ishgar!”

“Flattery won’t-”

“You’re too good for me, and so I’m scared that you’re going to wake up and realize that you can do better than a perverted old man who’s not got much time left on the clock.” His gaze turned to the floor as he gripped his arm. “You’re one of the strongest, smartest, most confident, most jaw dropping, and most incredible women I have met in my long life, and I love you, but I’m terrified that you might be making a mistake by staying with me instead of someone else.”

This time Minerva was the one at a loss for words, but out of all of them, one thought shined through the most. “I… You’ve never said that before.” She covered her face as she started to grin ear to ear. “You love me?” Her eyes started to tear up.

Realizing what he said in his emotional state Makarov blushed a bright red. “Well, I mean, yeah, how couldn’t I be when you’ve gotten so close to me. The way you act and hold yourself, it’s not just your body that has my head spinning. Ever since you grew and matured from Tartaros, you’ve turned into a great person and someone who’s kind and understanding of how and what other people are going through things.” The Titan Mage felt embarrassed that he was sharing his true thoughts and emotions, but it also made him feel happier and more at ease as he told the woman he loved everything about her that drove him nuts over her.

As he tried to think of more to tell her, to delve deeper into his heart, he found himself now in Minerva’s grasp, his head shoved between her breasts as the shower was still pouring them with water. Her lips kept kissing his face over and over, holding him close against her body even as his erection was now pressing against her body as it angled down to her abs.

“Oh you dumb” Smooch. “stupid” Smooch. “fantastic little man.” She finally pulled back from her barrage of kisses. “I love you too, beyond how you make my body feel, you make my whole soul feel like it’s flying. I don’t care if this all started off because of me being a drunk idiot, every choice I’ve made to further this relationship has been of my own will and I wouldn’t change a single thing.” Her smile was so big that it was making her jaw hurt.

“I’m going to show you that you don’t have anything to be scared of. I’m not going to leave you, and there’s no way that I’m too good for you after all the great things you’ve done for me and all the terrible things I’ve done in my life.” Minerva’s usual confidence and swagger was replaced by a gentler and more nervous look. “I… I want us to be together forever, I want us to have the grandest wedding the Kardia Cathedral had ever seen. I… I want us to have a baby!”

Both of them were in complete shock about Minerva’s own confession, and stayed dumbfounded by her words. But quickly, the two found themselves locking lips and holding the other closer as their tongues explored the mouths that they were both completely familiar with by this point.

Getting down on her knees and letting Makarov go, the two were panting as the shower splattered over Minerva’s back and splashed over him too. Even as they split apart, the old pervert still had his hands on the Tigress’s tits as his hands easily sank into the marvelous pair.

But just like he was toying with her, the space mage’s hands weren’t idle either, both of them working his huge shaft that seemed to be harder than it ever had been before.

“You’ve been eying my tits this entire night.” Minerva started, a smile on her face. “Feel free to have them, toy with and fuck them whenever you want.” Her hands roughly grasped his cock and balls. “Because we’re going to go at this like goddamned rabbits until it gets done, and I’m going to ride this log whenever and wherever too.”

“Gods above, I love you.” He kissed her passionately once more before his mouth trailed down her neck and collarbone to end up kissing, licking, and sucking her pretty and puffy nipples. Moaning into her breasts as her hands were exquisite, playing with his shaft and nuts to make him go absolutely crazy.

Pushing himself back, Makarov moved his dick to go between Minerva’s boobs and had it stretch up all the way to his oozing head pressing against Minerva’s eyebrows. He *may* have used a bit of his growth magic, but her expression of reverence told him that he had to use it more often in the future. Grabbing her by the back of her head, he pressed her face against his man meat and that was all it took for her to start going on her own.

Her tongue lapped against his shaft as her face still held a pristine, smudgeless makeover as she was positively drooling over his scent and taste. One of her hands was off to the side, conjuring orbs with magic and using them to press together both her large breasts that managed to envelop a lot of the prick thrusting back and forth. The other was massaging his dripping cockhead.

“I’m about to cum.” Makarov panted out.

Pushing herself higher on her knees, Minerva opened her mouth wide as she stretched her jaw to take his magically expanded rod, bobbing her mouth up and down on his head as she kept jerking off all the rest of his cock that she could. And with that look in her eyes begging for cum, Makarov felt his climax overtake him as he shot rope after rope into Minerva’s mouth. Even as her cheeks inflated and his seed spilled down into the running shower water, the determined woman kept trying to drink down as much of this delectable and divine cum.

Shrinking his dick back to it’s normally large size, Makarov felt his throat dry as Minerva still put on a show as she ran her tongue around her parted lips and open mouth to get every last drop she could find.

Finding herself being pushed onto her back, Minerva complied as the shower was now spraying water over her chest and Makarov knelt before her cunt. Taking one long lick of her dripping snatch that made her head fall back before digging his hands into her huge ass and eating her out as best he could. Pushing his tongue to reach her deepest spots and most sensitive places.

Instantly, Minerva locked his head between her legs as she started to moan, using her free hands to molest her own tits to feel even better.

As she grew louder, her leg lock was getting tighter. “Fuck~ Almost~” She was starting to hump his face as her world was starting to turn white. And as he sucked on her clit, she finally came and squirted on his face. Just like his lover, Makarov tried to drink down every single drop that he could get before it got washed away down the drain.

With his head now free from the fantastic prison, that was, being between Minerva’s legs, both Guild Masters were panting and being pattered by the shower as they caught their breaths.

“I think… that was… enough foreplay...” Minerva got on her elbows to stare Makarov in the eyes.

Laying his monster cock over her stomach, the elder was still hesitant. Feeling an insane amount of lust and want, but holding himself back from doing anything crazy. “And you’re completely sure about this?”

“You’re worried that I’m going to regret doing this. The only thing I would regret is not doing this when I had the chance.” She took a breath. “I want to have your kid, and we’re going to need to get married asap, I still want to be skinny for our wedding photos.”

He couldn’t help but chuckle at her words. “We’ll see when we can get into the cathedral. After all, we may be too busy trying for an adorable little brat to even remember to attend our own wedding.” Smiling from ear to ear and feeling better than he had in as long as he could remember, Makarov lined himself up and pressed his head against her quim.

Both of them let their voices cry out in pleasure as they rocked their hips back and forth, starting slow before Minerva’s legs locked around Makarov’s back and she pushed him to go deeper and harder.

That massive prick kept smashing against Minerva’s cervix as he bottomed out before pulling back and ramming it back in with no hesitation. Each knock against her womb sending a micro-orgasm shooting through her body. It was like their bodies were made to be absolutely perfect for each other.

Their euphoria was growing more and more encompassing, the world was growing brighter and brighter, they held each other close and finally felt their climax overtake them once more. But for the first time with no protection, the older man shot his load right into his new love, making this orgasm feel even greater than all his other ones.

With only a handful of seconds to take a breather, Makarov found himself on his back now as Minerva kneeled on top of him, his dick not having left her snatch. “There goes one shot.” Minerva purred into his ear. “We’re not going to stop until I’m sure you’ve knocked me up.” She looked down on him as the shower made water stream across her hair and down to the floor.

“I’d be happy to oblige.” He grinned back as he dug his hands once more into her rear and started to pump himself against the woman going cowgirl.

Lifting and dropping herself on his lap, Minerva could feel his seed oozing out of her as his cock split her in two, but she didn’t mind that some of it was swirling down the drain, after all, he had plenty left to give her stored in those heavy balls to give her.

Her whole body felt like it was on fire, this passion they were sharing was brighter than all their previous ones. This was cementing what they were to one another, and it was something beautiful.

As their hips started to blur, the powerful thrusts they shared made Minerva’s body quake, giving Makarov a nice show of her breasts jiggling from their motions. Placing his hands on her breasts, they sank into her firm twins as he started to toy with them once again. Pulling and tweaking them to make her voice louder and her cunt tighter. Even just imagining them growing with milk made his mouth water as he leaned in started to suck on them.

Her ass cheeks were clapping against his thighs as she got faster and more erratic, feeling another orgasm coming as her sensitive body was being filled to the brim.

“Fuck!~ I love you!~” She screamed in her throes of pleasure.

“I love you!” Makarov said it back as her cunt once more turned into a vice and tried to milk him dry. Pumping another batch into the woman’s waiting womb.

With a few minutes of rest, the two still were gently pumping and pushing more of his cum deeper inside of her.

“Why don’t we go somewhere a bit more comfortable?” Minerva smiled cheekily as the two of them warped back onto the bed, leaving the shower still running and drenching the blankets and sheets with their wet bodies.

“I couldn’t agree more.” Makarov pushed Minerva onto her side as he put one of her legs over his shoulder.

“Mmm~, you’re not gonna tap out anytime soon, right old man?” Her voice was dripping with tease.

“Please, I’ve never felt younger. Besides, you’re the one who put me through sex marathon after marathon. Or did you forget when you used to call me *“Master”*?” He teased right back at her blushing face.

“I’m never going to live that down am I?” She groaned in a mixture of shame and pleasure as his dick seemed to grow harder from the memory.

“Not if I can help it.” He joked.

“Then I guess I just need to fuck you so hard that you call me “Mistress”.” She joked back. “Oh?” She felt his cock jump at that.

“... I wouldn’t be opposed.”