

You should have known that Belfast was angling for something sexual here.

All of the women you summon are obsessed with you. Why the hell do you keep getting surprised when some of them decide to be forward? Rias slept with you after knowing you for approximately one hour, which must be a world record from meeting to engagement.

With that said – it’s hard to take the lead when Belfast’s amazing massage is sapping the strength and tension from your muscles. Kicking back and enjoying it seems to be what she wants. You close your eyes and let her do as she pleases.

Belfast giggles at your expression, “Oh dear! It appears that you needed this massage more than I anticipated, Master.”

“Sorry Belfast, everyone’s been running me ragged lately. You’re welcome to try if you want.”

You doubt that Belfast will struggle to arouse you given her taste in clothes and her extreme proportions. Maid play is also something that you have no experience with. What self-respecting person wouldn’t enjoy having a beautiful maid attend to their every need?

“Then let’s get to the end of the massage and we can see how you feel,” Belfast says, splitting things both ways with a surprising display of temperance. Perhaps working as a maid has given her an immense level of patience.

She redoubles her efforts to turn you into nothing more than a pile of satisfied man-jelly, destroying the clots inside of your body with laser-guided precision. You can’t help but bury your face deeper into the bed and groan as a show of your appreciation.

“Hearing you having such a wonderful time makes me very happy, Master.”

“Not as happy as I feel right now. This is amazing.”

“Forgive me for being uncouth – but I also have to admire your body. It’s clear that you’ve spent a lot of time taking good care of it.”

“You can thank Chun-Li for that. She whipped me into shape once I started doing this superhero thing.”

“Thank her I shall. A handsome face like yours, it’s almost unfair to pair it with this perfectly sculpted form.”

Belfast punctuates her praise by reaching down and cheekily groping at your ass cheeks. That’s a first. None of the other girls have been interested in touching your body so flagrantly, with the sole exception being Motoko – though she does it to try and throw you off-balance during training. Letting her enjoy some horseplay isn’t too much of an ask given all the hard work she does to maintain the house while you’re busy fighting aliens.

Belfast makes sure to keep your arousal simmering with more pressure from her immense chest. She’s very good at making it feel like an accident. She brushes against you and applies a firm amount of pressure while massaging a certain point, backing away or moving on before it becomes too obvious. If you weren’t already aware of her proclivities – it may have been left up to interpretation.

“Would you like to turn over?” she inquires, blowing a gust of warm air over your ear.

“Isn’t it normal for the client to wear a towel?”

Belfast just giggles, “It would be a profound shame to hide such a lovely body from your dedicated maid, would it not?” Her words are tinged with a heavy dose of lust.

You relent and switch over onto your back, keeping your hands at your sides so that she can see every nook and cranny of your body. Her eyes shoot down to your crotch and the half-hard member that rests between your muscular thighs. Belfast licks her lips hungrily but resists the urge to dive right in and get her hands on it.

After all, the massage isn't over yet!

Belfast is intent on proving just how good her foreplay prowess really is. Most of your other partners have focused on the act itself, rather than the build-up. Belfast is clearly in the know about how bombastic her curves are – and the appeal that's packed into the fetishistic maid outfit she wears at all times. What kind of man doesn't love a sexy maid or three?

Belfast's devious boob-pressing technique proves even more dangerous from the front. The maid outfit she wears can barely contain the slippage and shifting mass that jostles beneath it. Each and every touch threatens to spill her boobs over the top and out into the open air. Belfast is well aware of that fact and revels in teasing you by pushing things to the limit before pulling back at the last moment.

She's thorough, refusing to leave even a single patch of your body unexplored. She goes from your shoulders and neck, down to your chest and pectorals, your arms, sides, abs, and legs. There's a lot of strength hidden beneath that becoming appearance; she is strong enough to heft up a pair of gunboat cannons and lay havoc on the enemy.

Her patience can only last for so long, and her frontal assault is enough to finally rouse your buddy from his slumber. She covers her mouth and gasps in mock shock at the sight of your erection. She's intent on keeping up this act of being an innocent maid for as long as possible.

“Master, it appears that you found my massage a little too stimulating!”

She's already halfway to mounting the bed and getting on top of you, which does rob her performance of its authenticity.

“It's impossible to stay calm with a beautiful woman like you doing this.”

Belfast giggles happily at the compliment and tugs on the front of her dress, finally unleashing the two gigantic melons that hide beneath. Despite their immense size – neither suffers under the pull of gravity, remaining round and perfectly perky. This is the type of rack that can only exist in an anime setting. They are truly physics-defying.

“Damn,” you mutter. That's the only word you can use to describe them.

You open your arms and beckon Belfast onto the massage bed. She climbs up and presses her boobs into your chest, allowing your hands to reach up and softly grope the bountiful tit-flesh. She gives off a soft moan and closes her eyes to immerse herself fully in the sensation of your rugged hands mauling her massive milkers.

This is a lot of fun. You could easily entertain yourself by doing this for hours, though Belfast didn't go to all of this effort just so you would grope her chest. She wants to go one step beyond and sleep with you like the others have. It's only right that she has that opportunity.

Belfast speaks between airy gasps, "I do wonder if I'm worthy of accepting Master's cock into my flower..."

"I say you are. Lay down."

You swap positions and push her down onto the bed. Belfast smiles and spreads her legs, revealing a pair of healthy legs and lacy panties. The frills are trying to frustrate you – but they're going to have to try harder. Navigating through is tricky, but you wrap your fingers around the silken blockage and pull down to her knees. Belfast's pussy is lovely, a perfect match for the good lady. Funnily enough there's also a patch of matching silver pubic hair.

"It looks like my wonderful maid is ready to go," you chuckle. Her cheeks turn a lovely shade of red thanks to your observation of her lower body.

You line yourself up with her sodden folds and gently push yourself into her cunt. Belfast throws her head back and moans erotically as you split her wide open, as the first man to ever do this with her. The sensation of fullness is quite unlike anything she's felt before.

"Oh my. You're... very large..."

You lean in and kiss her while she adjusts to your size. Belfast is a hardy girl, and soon enough she's egging you on by wrapping her lovely legs around your back and pulling you deeper. Her moans pick up in volume and intensity as she feels the full length and girth of your cock splitting her open. She's never felt quite this full before!

"Master!"

You lean down and kiss her neck while gently thrusting in and out of her pussy, "I'm going to be more than your Master, Belfast. You're going to be one of my wives, you're going to take care of the other girls and be a good wife for me, aren't you?"

The homemaking fantasy appeals to Belfast on a deep, instinctual level. Being a maid has always been her prerogative, but the thought of taking things a step further and becoming your wife causes her cunt to tighten around you. Her entire body jiggles as you start to ramp things up. Belfast struggles to hold her breasts back using her forearms.

"Yes! I want to be your maid-wife, Master!"

Your first time with Belfast is fast and messy, in stark contrast to the elongated foreplay that she used to initiate this encounter. This is the first time anyone has done something like this with her, which is criminal considering her looks and body. Belfast is one of the archetypal gacha characters – sexed up for the purpose of making people enter more money into the system.

Her needy lips met yours, mashed together with some serious force. Belfast's pussy is tight and wet, it almost feels like she's trying to milk you for every drop of cum in your body. Her skin heats up as the prospect of feeling your seed shoot into her womb causes her to enter a mating frenzy.

"Master, Master, Master!" she chants deliriously, "Forgive me for being so uncouth!"

You smirked and slammed into her with all of your strength, causing her to tense up and wail as she veers dangerously close to climax. Her normally flawless hair is already tangled and knotted, with stray strands sticking to her sweaty skin. Seeing the composed woman in such a state only encourages you to fuck her even harder than before.

The smell of sex fills the air – overpowering the candles that Belfast lit half an hour before to try and relax you. Your mating descends into some more bestial, with neither of you capable of finding the words to express how you feel. The only sensation you can focus on is the amazing pleasure that comes with forcing your shaft into her sodden cunt like a jackhammer.

Belfast loses control of her own breasts. You reach down and grab both mounds with your hands, kneading and tugging on her erect nipples. Belfast moans louder, enjoying being played with from both ends. All of the anticipation she felt from the past few weeks of working as your maid and servant was let out in a wave.

You switch things up and change positions, forcing Belfast to bend over the bed and support herself using her arms. It's easy to reach around and grope both of her swinging breasts while slamming into her from behind, but from this angle, you can also appreciate the ripples that travel through her ass with each meeting. Belfast is generous from top to bottom. What on earth are they feeding these warship girls over there?

"Master, I love you, Master! I'll serve you forever. Please!"

"Don't worry Belfast, I'm not going anywhere. I might have to hire a few more maids to look after the house though. How would you feel about that?"

"I-I can recommend some of my sister ships, if that is what you desire."

"I'll think about it."

In truth, you already have two more maids in mind – and they're not from her universe at all. Grayfia has been floated to you by Venelana more than a few times, who can't help but hint that she's looking to become your servant slash lover with no strings attached. The woman is obsessed with the idea of being a maid, it was her defining character trait in the show. The other is more obscure. Roberta from Black Lagoon. The hard-edged psychopath would be a good addition to secure the property.

This is no time to be thinking about future haremettes! Belfast is needy and horny, and there's only one man who can help extinguish the burning she feels. The end is nigh. You can feel your stamina beginning to wane. Belfast's cries grow more desperate and breathless as a strong tension builds in her crotch.

"I'm going to cum," you grunt.

"Ah! Inside me please, Master!"

You were never planning on releasing it somewhere else. You one last heavy thrust, you release the pressure and groan happily. A thick deluge of your cum escapes into Belfast's scalding hot pussy, bringing forth a mutual climax from the lovely ship girl. Her fluids splatter across the synthetic cover of the massage table and down your legs. Belfast finally gives up the ghost and collapses down onto it, squeezing her boobs into a pair of makeshift pillows.

You've made an almighty mess down there. You went so hard on her that the skin around her labia and on her butt is starting to turn a little red. Rolling her over and pulling Belfast into an embrace, you chuckle at the slovenly expression on her usually dignified features.

"Did you enjoy that?"

She nods, "Yes. Very much so."

“You teased me so much that I’m still up for another round,” you reveal. Belfast reaches down with her hand and presses it against your still-hard member.

“Oh dear. That won’t do at all! Allow me to take responsibility, Master.”

She punctuates her statement with a French kiss. It looks like the rest of the spa is going to be broken in – although that was not the original intention when Venelana built the place.

“What position would you like to try next?” she asks with a wink.