

Kawakami's New Mistress (Futanari)

Kawakami's heels clacked against the floor as she marched through the saucer, hands clenched, expression taut. Approaching her Mistress's bedroom door, she came to an abrupt stop, biting her lip and shuffling on the spot. Her maid uniform felt somehow stifling all of a sudden. She wanted nothing more than to tear it off.

"Gosh, I sure hope my maid doesn't take any longer," said a voice on the other side of the door. "If she's late again, I'll have to turn her into a condom like the last one, nya!"

Swallowing, Kawakami adjusted her skirt, tapped the button to open the door, and stepped inside, heart pounding. How had it ever come to this?

Princess Futanari lay on her back on an enormous, penis-shaped bed, naked and erect, her cock aimed at the ceiling like an accusatory finger. Absently, she swished her pointer—the monitor on the wall flickered and switched to another channel.

Approaching the bed, Kawakami curtsied demurely. "Y-you summoned me, Mistress?"

"Oh! There nyou are, maid!" Sitting up, Futanari clapped her hands and giggled. "I was wondering where you'd gotten to. Nyes, I've called nyou here for a very important reason." Twisting along, she dangled her legs over the side of the bed and sat back, resting her hands on the mattress. "Suck me off, nya."

Kawakami jerked backward. *Again? Again?!* How many times did this little monster want her to do this? How many times was she going to have to take her awful, vein-riddled cock in her mouth and suck it, suck it until—

Futanari's mouth curled into a smile. "What's the matter, nya? Is something wrong?"

Kawakami smiled. "N-no. No, Mistress."

Futanari chuckled. "That's great, nya! After all, nyou know what happens to maids who refuse to suck me off..." She pointed to the room's waste bin, which was literally overflowing with bulging, sticky onaholes, their eyes frozen in expressions of lust.

Kawakami trembled. "O-of course, Mistress." Swallowing her fear, she threw herself to her knees as Futanari's feet and scooped forward till the catgirl's cock hovered over her like the sword of a king about to knight a loyal retainer. It stunk of fish.

A bead of precum dripped from its tip on her chest—she waited, heart thudding, as it slid slowly down into her cleavage.

"Go on, nya. Get started." Still grinning, Futa clapped.

Kawakami flicked one last glance at the waste bin, took a deep breath, and opened wide. Wrapping her lips around the tip of Futa's cock, she leaned forward, gradually taking the

entire leviathan inside her until at last she could feel its awful glans prodding the roof of her mouth. She wanted to shudder, especially when she caught her first hint of precum. Urgh! How could it possibly be so awful?

Clenching her fists, she flicked a glance at her Mistress, still grinning smugly, and breathed deep again. Tightening her mouth, she pressed her lips against the hard, salty skin of Futa's cock and sucked till she was latched tight. She felt the catgirl throb in response, shivering on the bed as her eyes rolled back in delight.

Grimacing, Kawakami pulled slowly backward, leaving a trail of saliva coating the catgirl's cock as she slowly slid off it. By the time she reached Futa's tip, thick globs of precum were spewing from its hole to splatter her tongue—she shuddered, and did the best she could to swill them away, wanting to taste them as little as possible. Heart thudding, she forced herself forward again, sliding her lips all the way back down to the base of Futa's shaft and leaving the catgirl moaning in utter ecstasy in the process.

“Mmmn, use nyour tongue too, nya. I wanna feel nyou lick it like a popsicle.”

Kawakami might have snarled, had her mouth still been free to talk. Eye twitching, she pulled up and forced herself back down, lapping at Futa's cock and adding an extra coating of saliva to the already well-lacquered shaft. Futa shivered, audibly moaning. Looking up, Kawakami found the catgirl groping a breast like a stress ball, eyes closed tight.

“Keep going,” said Futa, when Kawakami hesitated. “We're nyot finished until I finish, nya.”

With a silent groan, Kawakami slurped harder, grimacing with every slide up and down Futa's cock at how awfully salty her precum tasted. The stink of fish really didn't help.

“Urgh, nyou're so lazy about it,” said Futa, one eye snapping open to reveal her slitted pupil. “Why don't nyou put some energy into it, nya?” Releasing her breast, she grabbed Kawakami by the pigtails and wrenched her forward, slamming her lips down her cock and its tip into the back of her throat.

“Mmmphf!” Kawakami's eyes went wide as she almost choked.

Futa laughed. “Much better!” Pushing Kawakami back, she dragged her forward again. Pushed her back; wrenched her forward. Pushed her back; dragged her forward.

Sliding up and down Futa's cock with the efficacy of a piston, Kawakami closed her eyes and released a pleading moan. She could feel it, feel the throbbing of the catgirl's shaft as she worked herself towards the height of ecstasy. With every second, the pressure in her loins would be growing a little stronger, a little closer to passing over their terrible peak and—

—exploding, with all the force she'd stored up. *Glorp!*

Semen filled Kawakami's mouth. Bulging her lips, it forced itself down her throat and, when that still wasn't enough, burst from her lips like steam from an overpressured boiler.

Wrenching herself back, she collapsed, struggling to control herself. She wanted to throw it all up, but she knew well what happened to maids who did *that*.

Seizing all her self-control, Kawakami threw back her head and swallowed with an enormous gulp. She shuddered as she felt the semen land in her belly, filling it so full there was little room for anything else. She'd definitely be skipping dinner today.

Futanari lay back and lazily flicked the channel again.

"May I leave now, Mistress?" asked Kawakami. She flicked her eyes to the screen just in time to catch what look liked *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. Only, was that Ann Takamaki as Violet? She was certainly the right color.

"Nyah," said Futa, stroking her shaft. "Hang around a little longer, nya. I have a feeling I'm going to nyeed nyou again soon."

Her cock throbbed; Kawakami whimpered.