

## "You're Weird. But I Like That About You!"

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24497530) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24497530>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Fate/Grand Order</a> , <a href="#">Fate/stay night &amp; Related Fandoms</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Oda Nobunaga/Reader</a> , <a href="#">Fujimaru Ritsuka/Oda Nobunaga</a>   <a href="#">Archer</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Oda Nobunaga</a>   <a href="#">Archer</a> , <a href="#">Fujimaru Ritsuka</a> , <a href="#">Goldolf Musik</a> , <a href="#">Jingle Abel</a> , <a href="#">Mèuniere</a> , <a href="#">Sylvia</a> , <a href="#">Mash Kyrielight</a>   <a href="#">Shielder</a> , <a href="#">Leonardo Da Vinci</a>   <a href="#">Rider</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes</a>   <a href="#">Ruler</a> , <a href="#">Merlin</a>   <a href="#">Caster</a> , <a href="#">Fou (Fate)</a> , <a href="#">Okita Souji Alter</a>   <a href="#">Alter Ego</a> , <a href="#">Okita Souji</a>   <a href="#">Saber</a> , <a href="#">Hijikata Toshizou</a>   <a href="#">Berserker</a> , <a href="#">Mori Nagayoshi</a>   <a href="#">Berserker</a> , <a href="#">Chacha</a>   <a href="#">Berserker</a> , <a href="#">Sakamoto Ryouma</a>   <a href="#">Rider</a> , <a href="#">Oryou-san (Fate)</a> , <a href="#">Oda Nobukatsu</a>   <a href="#">Archer</a> , <a href="#">Nagao Kagetora</a>   <a href="#">Lancer</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Cute</a> , <a href="#">Sweet</a> , <a href="#">Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Neck Kissing</a> , <a href="#">French Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Rough Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Foot Fetish</a> , <a href="#">Anal Play</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Exhibitionism</a> , <a href="#">Creampie</a> , <a href="#">Shipping</a> , <a href="#">Comedy</a> , <a href="#">Romantic Comedy</a> , <a href="#">Song: Sweet Child O' Mine (Guns N' Roses)</a> , <a href="#">Sexy</a> , <a href="#">Beach Sex</a> , <a href="#">Day At The Beach</a> , <a href="#">Gaming</a> , <a href="#">Finger Sucking</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Total War: Shogun 2</a> , <a href="#">Reminiscing</a> , <a href="#">Movie Night</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Being Sherlock</a> , <a href="#">69 (Sex Position)</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Cunnilingus</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rough Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">Space Jam References</a> , <a href="#">Embarrassment</a> , <a href="#">Consensual Kink</a> , <a href="#">Awkward Romance</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Sleeping Together</a> , <a href="#">Adorable</a> , <a href="#">The Room (Movie)</a> , <a href="#">References</a> , <a href="#">Song: Highway Star (Deep Purple)</a> , <a href="#">One Piece Rap</a> , <a href="#">Pool Sex</a> , <a href="#">Kissing at Midnight</a> , <a href="#">Drunk Sex</a> , <a href="#">Hand Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Love Confessions</a> , <a href="#">Love</a> , <a href="#">Body Worship</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Fucking</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-01 Updated: 2024-02-08 Words: 53,325 Chapters: 21/?

# "You're Weird. But I Like That About You!"

by [NiteSafeForWork](#)

## Summary

"Mwhahaha! Consider yourself fortunate that you have the privilege of summoning me, Oda Nobunaga! Well, what are you waiting for, rehearsal will be starting soon! And NO, you can't be the vocalist!"

...

"Guns N' Roses, huh? Fine, I'll give you a chance. If you can pass this audition, then maybe..."

...

"Absolutely forbidden, choosing to sing a romantic song! You did that on purpose, you bastard! Now, take responsibility!"

...

"N-No! I won't let everyone 'watch us,' you horny scoundrel! T-This side of myself is only for you to see, master!"

...

"Well, I might be fine with experimenting a bit-- wait a minute, you want to lick me WHERE?!"

...

"Operation: Demon Kink of the Sex Heaven?!" Are you an idiot??"

...

"Oh well... I suppose some things just can't be helped!"

---

Though the Shadow Border isn't large enough to house a huge number of servants, they are at least able to make space for Oda Nobunaga, Mr. Fujimaru's sweetheart. With Nobu as a permanent crew member, you can be sure hilarity ensues. And sexy bits. And cheesy hentai dialogue sometimes too. If you like comedy with your smut or vice versa, this one's for you.

# But then who will be the bass player?

## Chapter Summary

Word count of 6969 for this chapter, nice. Fun fact: Archer Nobu's Servant ID number is 69

It's only been a little while since we resolved the first Lostbelt. I won't lie, it was tough on all of us. We're emotionally on edge. But, I'm pretty glad to be out of that ridiculously cold weather. I wonder if the Shadow Border has a simulator like Chaldea did? I could use a trip to the beach...

At the moment, my friends on the staff around me are hard at work preparing for a summoning, and I'm pretty excited. It's only recently since I really started to get the chance to start seeing all of the heroic spirits again. At this point, I feel like I've been missing dear friends! And there's one in particular...

While the others work on the nitty gritty aspects of the summoning ritual, I make small talk with Mash. "Sure wish this place were bigger. It's so different than Chaldea was, without all of the servants mingling about like they used to."

"Well, you know what she'd say. 'It can't be helped!'" Mash giggles, doing a pretty funny impression of a very familiar voice that we'll soon be hearing a lot more of. "Still, I think we should all be thankful that Da Vinci found out a way to efficiently maintain long-term materialization for at least two or three servants. We've been cooped up in here for so long, having some fresh company will be great!"

"Yes, I definitely owe you guys one," I duly thank, "Especially for letting me pick the ones I would like most!"

Commander Goldolf looks on us with incredulous disbelief. "I can't believe you all tried to 'out-vote' me! I'm the commander!" he protests, before adjusting his suit collar and trying to play it cool. "Well. Consider yourselves lucky that your first pick just so happened to pass the official Phoenix approval screening. They meet the criteria for a powerful and tactically useful servant to have around. And, erm. Well..." he begins, before whispering so quietly I can barely hear it, "..... I could tell from your teamwork in Russia that you two make a charming pair..... \*COUGH COUGH\* Anyway! Let's get this show on the road already."

"I do believe we've made a stable connection," Holmes announces, "Would you do the honors, Mr. Fujimaru?"

"Will do!" I nod, and stand in front of the summoning circle. This will be kind of different... I'm usually able to summon up servants temporarily for battle, but this process

will keep a servant consistently materialized like normal. Maybe this method will be more like summoning them for the first time? It will be such a treat to have the luxury of interacting with her normally again. I'm fully expecting her to make a grandiose entrance while introducing herself boastfully. Let's see how well I know her.

I focus on the task at hand, and in an awe-inspiring flash of light, a woman with long black hair in black military clothes appears. With her ornately designed hat atop her head, she flourishes a magnificent red cape. Oda Nobunaga... She has a big, cocky grin on her face, and she's so self-absorbed that she has her eyes closed without even looking at her surroundings. "Mwahahaha! Consider yourself fortunate, for you have called upon--"

Yep. I totally called it. And frankly, I can't wait any longer. I reach out and gently grasp her wrist, sending a shock down her spine. She snaps to attention, clearly startled by the unexpected interruption. "—Bwhaaa?!" she calls in surprise, opening her eyes. But I don't give her much time to react. In one smooth motion, I pull her to bring her closer to me, slide my other arm around her waist to embrace her against my body, and move in to lock into a kiss with her.

She mumbles through her sealed lips for a little bit as she tries to analyze what's going on, but she quickly realizes that it's me and that I'm the one grabbing her. I didn't waste any time at all, because I know she must be dying for this as well. It's as if her emotions, aura, and entire being all begin to melt as her senses are taken over completely by the kiss we had both been waiting for.

Honestly, Nobu isn't the greatest at French kissing. In fact she kinda sucks at it. When she gets really into it, she just kinda starts flailing her tongue around like a maniac. But, at the same time, that's what makes it exceptionally hot, not gonna lie. I really love how, behind her showy and confident exterior, she's actually pretty naïve and innocent as far as these types of things go. Soon she starts to go along with me as I take the lead. I'm really loving this, and I'll stay like this as long as she'll let me.

As if a love-struck school girl, Mash lets loose a literal "squee" noise. Nobu's eyes shoot open and she starts scanning the room rapidly, and then finally draws the kiss to a close as she abruptly pushes some distances between us. I keep my arm at her waist, though, so she doesn't move too far. "Uhm. Well! I, er! ..... Master, were we... really in front of everyone this whole time...?" she questions, rubbing her sleeve under her lip to clean a string of drool that had been connecting our mouths.

I glance around the room too. Mash is fidgeting back and forth with a huge grin on her face, Holmes and Da Vinci are both trying to look away, but are hiding smiles that show they are quite amused. Meuniere and Sylvia look like they're totally invested in watching a soap opera. Even the commander looks a little hot and bothered.

"Is that a problem?" I coyly tease her, "I didn't realize you were so bashful."

Nobu immediately straightens out her stance into one of confidence--or as close as she can get to one given the circumstances. "How amusing! As if the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven would be embarrassed by something as trivial as... everyone in the room watching..."

during a really passionate, and admittedly sexy kiss... \*COUGH\* Either way! WHY was everyone watching us? And why are you letting them?! What's your game, dude?!"

"Don't blame Senpai, we all wanted to be here," Mash defends, "We just... we all just think you're the cutest couple ever..." she explains, blushing wildly.

Nobu can only stare blankly with wide-eyes as she processes the statement. "Wait, so are you saying... that all of Chaldea SHIPS us, master?!?"

"Sure looks that way," I answer as I close in on her again, teasing at another kiss by briskly caressing the very edges of our lips. She's as red as her uniform at this point.

"Well, I guess it can't be helped!" Nobu accepts, "It must be only natural that two stunningly charismatic individuals would garner such wanton attention...!" she boasts, still trying to maintain her composure.

I continue to rile her up, repeatedly kissing her neck from the base of her shoulder up to under her jaw. I can practically feel the goosebumps. "Uhm, er, master... could we maybe... no, we should definitely go to a place more private!" she asserts.

"Why?" I reply, fully playing dumb at this point. Still breathing down her neck, I lower my arm from her waist to get a nice, squishy grip of her butt. Holding her this close, I can feel her heartbeat, and I can tell that toying with her is getting us both incredibly in the mood. She puts a stop to my antics by pinching my cheek, though. "Ow ow ow," I chuckle playfully.

"You fool," she whispers in my ear, "You must have a room or something somewhere, right? Be a man and take me there, and then take responsibility for flipping my switch," she smiles at me with aggressive eyebrows.

"That works too," I smile back affectionately, and her expression warms up considerably.

I hear several "Awww!"s from the spectators.

Nobu can't decide whether to laugh or to get mad. So she does a little of both. "What's with you people? Are you all perverts?!"

"I don't know if I speak for everyone," Meunier returns, "But it gets really boring and really lonely in this place..."

"Go read a book or something!" Nobu suggests. She grabs my wrist and begins to drag me towards the door out of the room.

"If I may," Holmes speaks up, "There's actually a simulator installed in the Shadow Border much like the one back in Chaldea. Perhaps the two of you could find a location to have a romantic retreat in peace?"

Guess that answers my question!

"Your nose is bleeding, guy," Nobu points out.

Da Vinci nudges Holmes in the side with her elbow and shoots him a ‘don’t ruin this for everyone,’ face. “I assure you, you are imagining things, miss,” he replies. She must be, Holmes would never act like that...

“I don’t know,” Nobu considers, “I just got here! I would like to at least get a tour of this new location!”

“Allow me to give you a sales pitch of my latest update to the simulators!” Da Vinci takes over, with her usual overexcited enthusiasm, “With cutting edge technology combined with powerful magecraft, you can go anywhere and do anything! Tokyo! The Great Wall of China! The Moon! All five of your senses will provide the most realistic experience possible!”

“That does sound enticing!” Nobu nods, holding her chin.

Several of the crew in the room all gesture at Da Vinci as if to communicate, “nice save,” or something.

“So, Nobu,” I address her, “I could really use a trip to the beach. Sound good?”

“Now that’s definitely more to my liking!” she grins, and then she leans in to whisper in my ear once more. “Though, you probably just want to see me in a swimsuit again. You haven’t changed a bit, you horny scoundrel.”

“I missed you too, Nobu,” I sigh longingly, holding her hand. With that, the two of us are off.

---

This particular simulation has a cozy beach house for us to relax and get situated within. Currently the two of us are in the shower areas, covered by curtains as we slip into our swimwear. We’re close enough that we can talk at a normal volume while we get changed. “I’m telling you, Nobu!” I call, “I don’t know how to play the drums!”

“Well who DOES know, then?” she questions, “We can’t have a band without a drummer!”

The spirit of getting back into summer wear must have reminded her all about her band aspirations. At this moment in time, we’ve been in a pseudo-argument over who is doing what, however.

“I don’t know, Mordred? She seems like she could be a drummer, maybe. But, I’m telling you, I’m actually a pretty talented vocalist!”

“No way man! I’m the guitarist and the vocalist!” she argues staunchly, “How the heck am I going to be the ultimate Rock n’ Roller if I’m not singing the vocals? The singer is, like, the leader of the band! And the guitarist is sort of like that, too, but not quite as much! The fact of the matter remains, that it has to be me! A casual like you wouldn’t understand.”

The summer atmosphere seems to have brought about her change to a Berserker. Something about her saint graph being altered? I can't remember the specific details. But, to be honest, the madness enhancement isn't very noticeable, because Nobu is pretty out there to begin with.

"Well, if that's the way you're gonna be, I guess you'll have to rock on without me. I can't play any instruments," I tell her as I slip into my swim trunks. I'm all changed up and ready to head out, so I step out from my curtain and wait outside of Nobu's curtain for her to finish.

"Rejoice, for you're in luck, master! For I will teach you the ways of Rock n' Roll! Uwahaha! I'll be just like 'Jack Black' in that movie you showed me that one time!"

I laugh out loud. "Haha, I forgot how much you liked 'School of Rock.'"

"Yes, that was the one!" she agrees, "If those children could learn to be rock stars, then there's hope for you, yet! ...Just not as the vocalist."

"It's sounding more and more like we're going to have to settle this matter with a duel on our next karaoke night."

"I welcome the challenge! Provided that rascal Jing Ke doesn't get drunk and hog the mic all night like last time. If I have to hear her sing Britney Spears' 'Toxic' one more time, I may have to end her myself!"

"Fair enough," I chuckle. "But anyway, are you done in there yet? The ocean waves are calling!"

"Honestly, master, you have no sense of tension! The longer I keep hold of your anticipation, the more tantalizing my ultra-curvy figure will be, heh heh heh..."

"I'm pretty antsy already, so hurry up or I'm coming in there after you," I laugh.

I hear her scoff as if offended. "Be patient! Don't tell me you're the type of person who fast forwards through the OP when watching anime! And do you skip all of the cut-scenes when playing JRPGs, too? Does your heinousness know no bounds?!" she mocks playfully.

At long last, the curtain slides across the railing above, and Nobu makes her appearance, clad in a black bikini with an ornate design, and she deliberately raises her arms behind her head to strike a pose like a model. She's covered in about 10% bikini, showing 90% bare skin, and is 100% woman. Now we're talking! "Ha! I can tell by how you stare that it was worth the wait! Come! Let's hit the beach!"

As she walks past me, she catches me off guard with a spank and a quick squeeze, giggling to herself impishly at my surprised reaction. "Hey!" I shout as I turn, and she's already dashed far enough that I can't catch her. "Mwhahaha! That was for teasing me in front of the others!" she taunts mischievously. She's definitely feeling feisty today... good, good. I wouldn't have it any other way.

We spend the day having a blast on the beach. We had a shore-spanning water gun fight full of excitement. We built impressive sand castles, too. A crab tried to pinch me at one point so Nobu lit it on fire. After an ill-fated attempt at surfing, we're taking a break at our little camping spot. I'm content to lay stretched out on top of a towel to bake in the sun, while Nobu is sitting on her own towel a short distance away. She has her guitar out and she's casually playing some chords.

"Hey, master," she beckons, "Pick a classic rock song. One we both know."

"Hmm... I don't know, maybe 'Eruption' by Van Halen?"

On command, she belts out the most ridiculous guitar solo I've ever heard. Even though it's impressive, she doesn't seem satisfied. "No good. Pick a song with lyrics."

"Erm... 'Sweet Child O' Mine' by Guns N Roses?" I pitch next.

She goes into the iconic melody for a few bars, but then stops. "This is your audition, so you better sing well if you want to be the vocalist," she explains, and then repeats the bars she just played from the top.

Oh man, she's putting me on the spot. I quickly rise up from my laid down position so I can at least straighten my back and clear my throat a bit. It's just in time to start the first verse. "You've got a smile that it seems to me, reminds me of fixing singularities... when we held hands and rayshifted through time..."

She pauses. "You're totally making up these lyrics!" she laughs.

"Doesn't that make it more personal and meaningful?" I ask innocently. She gets back into the song and we resume. As I sing, I look Nobu in the eyes, and she starts to blush as she tries to look away. "Now and then, when I see your face, you take me away to that special place--"

Nobu stops playing abruptly. "No fair, you picked a romantic song on purpose."

I really don't know how our relationship developed into one where we're constantly pushing each other's buttons, but there's just something so cute about her when she gets embarrassed. "How are you going to be the lead guitarist of a band if a little song like this one gets you flustered?" I chuckle.

She lowers the brim of her hat down to hide her eyes and she looks to the side. "I am most certainly not flustered... well, it's not the song alone that's got me flustered... gah! You fool! I can tell you're enjoying this!"

I stand up and walk over to her towel, where I sit down next to her. I softly reach out and just barely touch her cheek with the very tips of my fingers, sending tingles down her spine from the slightest of sensations. I slowly move in until my whole palm is caressing the side of her face. "Of course I'm enjoying being with you," I speak completely earnestly.

She stands up herself, and I'm worried I got under her skin or something and that she's going to leave... but instead, she walks right up to me. Like, way in my personal space. She



turns around and sits down in between my legs, pretty much in my lap. She nudges me with her elbow and I get the message of what she wants me to do--I wrap my arms around her and hold her tightly. "Me too," she returns with a smile.

She starts playing her guitar again, picking up around where we left off. With her so close, I can gently sing into her ear no louder than a whisper. "Now and then, when I see your face, you take me away to that special place... and I want you to know that I think that you're so fine..."

She snickers briefly, and I feel her body snuggle in even more tightly against me as we start the chorus. "Whooooaaaa, oh, oh, Demon King o' mine..."

She cracks up into a full laughing fit and stops playing. "Hahaha! I can't believe you just sang that! Are you an idiot? You must be an idiot..."

She sets her guitar down to the side, turns around, and aggressively pushes my back to the ground. She lays atop me with gravity bringing her long black hair down around my head, tickling me slightly. She stares me down with a cute smile and a wildly blushing face.

"So, are you ready to give up and let me be the vocalist now?" I joke.

She latches onto my lips without giving me any time to think. I close my eyes, and in a matter of moments I'm literally seeing stars. The pure emotion she's putting into this is making me lose my mind. She purses her lips around my tongue and pulls it out of my mouth, where she begins licking it with just the sexiest expression on her face. I take back everything I said about Nobu's kissing being amateur. I feel her hand strongly grip my throbbing cock, which is practically bursting out of my swim trunks by this point. She rubs her hand up and down sensually, and then squeezes, fully enjoying my reaction.

She looks at me with a devilish grin. "You like it when I squeeze hard, huh? Are you secretly a masochist, master?"

I roll her to the side and now I'm the one above her as she's pressed against the ground. I grab both of her wrists and hold them down so that she's powerless against my advances. Taking the opportunity, I aggressively lick her cheek, sliding my tongue against her soft skin. "And what about you, you seem to be getting pretty turned on now that I've got you pinned down helplessly. Maybe you secretly want to try out bondage...?"

She and I are both deeply breathing; panting, even. "Hey, Nobu..." I speak softly, "What *are* your fetishes, anyway? You can tell me, you know."

The sudden inquiry has her discombobulated. "What the hell kind of question is that to ask out of the blue?! I... don't really know... but I'd be willing to explore, I suppose. And what about you? What turns your gears, then?"

"I'd love to find out if it's with you," I smile to her.

"Fufufu... it can't be helped," Nobu sighs, "The only thing to do is experiment..."

"That's something I really like about you, how you're always willing to try new things," I remark, "Well then, let's test until we find out. We'll call this, 'Operation: Demon Kink of the Sex Heaven!'"

"Oh my God dude," Nobu bursts out laughing, "How did you just say that with a straight face?! You're such a freak, master!"

With her wrists still held down, her armpits are wide open. A perfect opportunity to start figuring out what gets Nobu really going. The second my tongue makes contact, she impulsively flinches. She immediately tries to clench her arm to try and protect her armpit, but all she can do is struggle with me still pinning her. As I'm exploring the unique taste and texture, she's laughing uncontrollably to the point of tears. "Stop...! Stop!! That tickles!!!!" she cries out.

"Awww..." I chuckle, "I was really having fun!"

"You are so weird!" she calls out, still trying to catch get breath from all the laughter.

"We can stop if you want," I offer, feeling a little bummed out.

"I didn't mean we have to put an end to things..." she denies excitedly, before backing her enthusiasm up a few clicks. "I merely meant we should move on to the next thing. Yes."

I finally let go and free her arms so that I can get up and move to sit at the end of her legs. I hold her right foot and massage it soothingly. As I start to feel the tension in her loosen, I raise her leg so that I can rub her sole against my face, only to begin licking and kissing. I start at her heel and work my way up the inner curve. Soon I reach the top, and begin sucking her toes one by one.

If I'm hearing right, she's starting to hum a little bit. "How are you feeling, Nobu?"

She's been putting her pinky finger to her mouth to have something to clamp down on. "This is... rather nice, master."

"You think we've found a winner?" I ask excitedly.

"Hmm..." she considers, "Not quite. But seeing how much you are enjoying this gives me pleasure. I can tell this is YOUR fetish, foot licking weirdo."

She's probably right. "Well, at least you're cool with that. I should count my blessings you'll go along with a weirdo like me."

"Of course..." Nobu assures me. "You're weird, but that just makes you all the more interesting! And fun to toy with, mwhahaha..." she laughs deviously. She lifts her foot back up and starts pushing her toes against my lips as if trying to force them in. I let her have her way, and see that she has narrowed her eyes and has the world's most smug smile on her face. I'm almost ready to blow just looking at her...

Gah! No fair! She has me wrapped around her finger--or toe, I guess. She definitely has the advantage here. "Ok, we've had our fun," I speak as I try to disengage. I slide my fingers

under her bikini bottom and take it off completely. "Hey, could you get on your hands and knees? And face the other way."

She follows the request. "What is it you want to try this time? Master and slave foreplay? Do you desire that I call you 'daddy?' Or maybe a weirdo like you would rather call *me* 'mommy'..."

I rub my fingers up and down her slit, feeling the moistness. "Nah, I just want to taste you more. Can you stick your butt up higher and spread your cheeks for me?"

She seems excited to do so. "Sure, but I don't know if eating my pussy counts as a fetish... not that I'm complaining, butAAACHCHCHCHCH WHAT ARE YOU DOING??!"

Her outburst roughly corresponded to me plunging my tongue into her anus. I feel her whole body trembling as her knees weaken. I pause long enough to talk back. "Do you not like it?"

"I didn't say that!!" she cries, "But who just sticks their tongue in there without warning?! There has to be an order to things, you fool! I wasn't emotionally ready for this!! Give me some time to prepare, next time, or something, geeze..."

I remove my tongue and give her butt a quick, harmless spank. "Alright. We'll put anal at the top of the list for next time, got it," I tease.

"There's no helping you at all..." Nobu sighs, though I pick up a hint of whimsy in her voice which lets me know that she's still very much amused. She returns to a normal sitting position, but she lifts her legs around my head and hangs them over my shoulders. "Come then. You've kept me waiting long enough! You must be hard as a diamond yourself..." she remarks, taking her two fingers and spreading her pussy wide open for me.

I don't need to be told twice. My swim trunks are off and I'm inside her in a matter of seconds, both of us sitting up in a mutually comfortable position. The sensation of me entering her causes Nobu to make a hissing noise as she breathes in through her clenched teeth, before exhaling deeply. "Mmmm... fuck, this is the best..."

I pull her body in closer as I get a good rhythm going. I kiss her softly, and I skim my finger against the side of her head so that I can brush her long hair out of the way of her ear. "An even more perfect fit than last time. You're feeling extra frisky today, I can tell." I whisper into it with a grin, "You've been wanting this bady, huh?"

"When did you get so cocky, hm?" she whispers back, staring me down with an aggressive, confident expression. "You were so timid when we first met. But now you're bold enough that even I, the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven, feel a bit wooed by how you hold yourself."

I shrug. "Your confidence must have rubbed off on me. Though I suppose I've in turn rubbed off on you plenty of times to return the favor..." I jokingly boast, lifting one of her legs to reposition her on her side as I continue pleasing her.

Nobu lightly slaps my face. "Don't get full of yourself, master," she cautions, with her competitive spirit in full view, "Don't forget that I know all of your weaknesses now. Leading you by the nose will be as simple as wiggling my toes in your direction. Perhaps I should start wearing sandals around all the time. Wouldn't that excite you, you filthy boy?"

"Please do," I play along, striking at her with increased force now that she's getting me even more wound up. "Though it will be your job to explain to everyone why I'll constantly have an erection around you. You can tell them that Nobu acts provocatively because she knows it makes me excited~!"

She starts to show embarrassment on her face. "Just be quiet, you. Focus on fucking me! Right there, keep hitting that spot right there!"

Her tongue is sticking out slightly and wagging a bit as her body shakes each time I push back into her. I reach out and pinch her tongue between my pointer and middle fingers, feeling the slippery energy of her panting breaths. She grabs my hand and moves it to forcibly press it against her cheek. "Besides, you fool. Even if I were to act like a tramp, I wouldn't want anyone but you to see me like that."

She sure gets flustered so quickly when thinking about embarrassing situations...

Hey, wait a minute. Could that be it...? Could that be her secret fetish.....?

I have a hunch that I may finally have some leverage on her. Time to see if it works.

"Hey, Nobu," I speak to her, "You should make peace signs."

"What? Why?" she questions back.

"You said you'd act like that for me, right?" I remind her, curling my finger and rubbing it underneath her chin. "C'mon, please...?"

She's extremely red, but she honors my request. "Fiiine," she accepts, making double peace signs and a big, photogenic smile.

"Tell me what you're thinking and feeling right now, Nobu," I insist, right before I begin to pinch and tease at her clit.

"Mmmm... my master's a dirty pervert who wants to lick me all over, but I let him have his way because he feels so fucking good..."

"What feels good? Be more specific," I lead on.

"Your cock, you bastard! What else?! It knows just how to hit all of the right spots. Just thinking about how I'll feel when you let your mana loose inside me is turning me on like crazy!"

She breaks her aroused trance and raises her eyebrow at me. "What's with that look...?"

I realize I must be making a hugely smug, cocky grin as well. “Nothing. But I’m betting all the others back at the Shadow Border must be loving this.”

Her eyes widen. “W-W-What...?”

“No, seriously,” I keep pressing, “Double peace signs AND dirty talk? You’re really putting on a show here. C’mon, let’s show ‘em more!” I continue, removing her bra so that I can grab on to her bare chest. I begin licking and suckling at her nipples, and enjoying every moment of her reactions.

“Stop it master... what’s with you?!” she protests.

“What?” I reply, feigning sheepishness, “You weren’t aware that we’re being watched? We’re in a simulator, Nobu... even if it’s just to make sure we’re safe, they’re definitely monitoring us. I bet their eyes are all glued to a screen right now, watching me rail you silly.”

Nobu’s face is blushing so wildly that she’s starting to almost shake. “That’s not funny... you can’t be serious... you mean to tell me... the whole time...?”

“Every second,” I tease.

“Even when you had me stick my butt in the air and spread it out and you stuck your tongue in my... KYAAAAAAH!!!!” she screams, covering her face with her palms and shaking her head back and forth.

Her pussy feels like it’s clamping on me like a pair of pliers. I can just feel how aroused she’s getting, despite how she’s acting. “You’re just so freaking cute Nobu. I could tease you forever. And everyone knows that. And they all want to watch me do it. They love it when you and I get along. You’re really popular, you know. Even when we were all back at Chaldea, all of the men... even some of the servants, were so fucking jealous of me, knowing I get to pound your sexy pussy.”

“No... no...!! No no no no!!! Aaaaahhhhh, ahhhh!” Nobu shouts, as her words devolve into pure, sensual noises. She’s moaning like mad, and she wraps her legs and arms around me tightly as she falls backwards, essentially wrestling me to the ground on top of herself. “Fuck! Fuck!” she keeps shouting, as if she’s totally lost it.

“I knew it. You like being watched, don’t you, Nobu?” I assert, and I feel her nails dig into my back in response. “Earlier today when I summoned you, you wanted me to throw you down and fuck you right then and there in front of everyone, didn’t you?”

“I can’t... I can’t even... believe you, master! You, you...!!” she tries to speak angrily, but she’s about as angry as a barking puppy. I feel her body tense up as she maintains a steady rhythm with me, even as I speed up my thrusts. My pelvis slaps against her each time I move.

“Rest assured, they’re all seeing this now,” I explain deviously, “And I guarantee Mash is getting off to this. I bet she’s getting off *real* hard, watching us fuck like this.”

She's panting in my ear like an animal in heat, and I keep getting her more and more excited. "Or maybe you want everyone to pretend like they don't already know... maybe you want to keep the 'secret' going. That's ok too. We'll just sneak out at night, strip naked, and have wild and crazy sex in the hallways while everyone's sleeping. Knowing we might wake someone up and get caught at any moment..."

"Master! Please... just let me.... aaaaahhhhhh..." she begs, her whole body twitching. This is going to be one hell of a climax.

I want to really get her pumped up for the big finale. "So what's going to be your cover story, Nobu? When the others find you lying naked on the floor, out in the open, with my cum dripping out of your wet pussy?"

She clenches me so hard that it's almost hard to move, but I keep up the assault while she continues moaning like crazy. "Fucking.... Fuck!! I can't... I can't... I'm going to...!!!!!"

"Guess there'd be no excuse, eh? You'd just have to let them all know that you're powerless to resist my dick!" I continue, but by this point, I'M so into it that I'm having trouble talking. I keep making strong, aggressive motions, grinding up against her and rocking her back and forth with each movement. All I can do is grunt and moan just like she's doing.

I shout her name, over and over again. "Nobu... Nobu...!!"

She grabs my hair and pulls my head, forcing me into an inescapable kiss. All I can feel anymore is her playful tongue wrapping circles around mine, and the warmth of her pussy as she cums. Her whole body spasms uncontrollably and she moans even through our connected lips. "Mmmm... MMMMMM!!!!"

Fuck... she's so sexy that I barely last a second longer than she does. I go off like a volcano in absolute bliss, enjoying each and every splurt for several seconds, though it feels like hours. Nobu still won't let go of me or my mouth, and I try desperately to keep from completely buckling under my own weight on top of her. As the passion of the kiss intensifies over time, I stroke my fingers through her hair assertively so that I can hold the back of her head in my palm, pulling her towards me without ever wanting to let go.

Eventually my arms can't hold me up any longer, and I roll off to the side so as to not crush her under me. The two of us are breathing as if we had just run a marathon, drenched entirely in sweat. I reach out and grasp her hand, and she immediately tightens a firm grip in return. It's hard to even speak when we're this exhausted, but she attempts regardless. "I can't... I cannot BELIEVE you, master... holy fuck... what in the hell are we supposed to do now..."

She rolls in the other direction and huddles up as if to hide from me. Aw hell... I might have gotten too into it, and really upset her. "Nobu, are you ok...?"

"Everyone's going to look at us weird... gaaah!!" she laments.

“I was just kidding, Nobu,” I admit, “I know the crew well enough to know that they would respect our privacy. Even if they were watching, they would have stopped as soon as things got... interesting. Especially with Holmes there. He’s such a straight edged type of guy, he’d never let the others goof off like that.”

She rolls back over to face my direction and punches me in the arm. “You fool! Idiot! Asshole! Yeesh... you almost gave me a heart attack! I think you DID give me a heart attack...!!”

“I was just trying to see if being watched was your fetish,” I admit with a bit of guilt, “And I think I got my answer...”

Nobu starts laughing lightly, and it progresses into a full on laughing fit. “Mwhahaha! Do you want to die?!”

I roll to my side, propping my head up with my arm at an L shape. “Hey, since it really is just us... you can be honest. How was it? Did I find your fetish?” I ask mischievously.

She starts blushing again and takes a deep breath. “... We’ll strike a deal. I’ll promise to start wearing around open toed shoes for you... but you have to promise that you’ll keep extra quiet when we have wild, crazy, out-in-the-open sex at night... I’d die if we ever got caught...”

“Dude, *hell yes* I’ll promise that,” I smile eagerly, about as excited as she probably expected me to be at such an offer. “So, in addition to that, you’re going to let me be vocalist?” I bring up.

“Don’t push your luck,” she chuckles.

I scoot my body in until I’m pressed against her, and I gently hold my palm against her back, slowly rubbing her along the curve of her arch, massaging her tenderly. “Hey, Nobu?” I get her attention, and the two of us have our eyes locked together as if laser focused.

“What is it, master?”

I comb my fingers through her soft, silky hair yet again and lean in for a deep and meaningful kiss. Our lips part for just long enough for me to say something briefly. “You’ve gotten way better at kissing. Oh, and also, I love you,” I tell her, before resuming our kiss.

(... I think I hear an almost inhuman-sounding “squee” shriek from extremely far away, but it’s so soft I can’t tell. Was that Mash just now...? I must be imagining things...)

Nobu giggles through her nose. She takes off her hat, pushes me onto my back, stretches her arm out across my body to hold me, and nuzzles her head under my chin to rest it against my body. “As if I, the Demon Archer Nobunaga, need to be told that. I’ve conquered battlefields and hearts alike with my refined, feminine wiles!”

“Heh,” I grin, “Then I can’t believe I’ve conquered the famous warlord Nobunaga by making her hopelessly addicted to my dick.”

Without warning, she pinches and twists my nipple. “Y-YEOWCH!!”

“Stop saying weird things and just enjoy the moment,” she encourages.

“I thought you liked me being weird?” I try to reaffirm.

She breathes in and out warmly and with a caring, kind, and content softness to her body as if she’s reached total peace. “Yeah. I guess I do like that about you,” she smiles.

---

The two of us exit the simulation and return to the Shadow Border, both in our normal clothing while carrying our towels and swimwear with us. Before even comprehending our surroundings returning to normal, Nobu almost immediately loses her cool and takes a forceful stomp forward. “How much did you all see?!” she immediately grills. I thought we had gone over this already? She must still be a little embarrassed if she wants to make extra sure we were actually alone.

Everyone in the room is... sitting around in chairs... reading books?

“What’s going on?” Sylvia asks, her attention naturally gathered by the outburst.

“Er... what are you all doing...?” Nobu reposes as her new question.

“We took your advice and picked up some good books,” Meuniere explains, but... the book he’s holding is upside down... was he actually reading it?

“So, no one was watching us, then...?” Nobu asks curiously.

Holmes is smoking from his usual pipe. “Miss Oda, I assure you, whatever private matters transpired within the simulation will remain just that: private.”

“Told you,” I remind her reassuringly. “C’mon, let’s go drop our stuff off at the laundry room.”

“... Alright,” Nobu breaths easy, releasing some of her skepticism. She heads out of the room first, with me attempting to follow right behind her.

“Mr. Fujimura,” I hear Holmes call out to me, and feel his hand plant atop my shoulder. I turn around to see what he wants.

While still holding my shoulder, without a single word, he gives me a thumbs up, with his facial expression not changing in the slightest.

...



His nose actually IS bleeding.

I look around and see that everyone else in the room is shooting me thumbs up as well, and ALL of their noses are bleeding.

Oh fuck, were they *actually* ...?

"I actually know how to play the drums, you know," Sylvia tells me, "If you're still looking for a drummer."

"Fujimaru," commander Goldolf calls out to me, holding his fist in front of his mouth to cough but otherwise maintaining (or attempting to maintain) a serious face. "The crew and I were having an open discussion, and we simply must insist that the two of you use the simulator more often."

"For your health, and for your own good, of course, Mr. Warlord Conqueror~!" Da Vinci winks.

Mash is practically vibrating in place while still blushing like a fangirl. "And Senpai, just remember that the rooms of the Shadow Border have an echo. So try not to make too much noise if you find yourself going out for any *midnight snacks!* "

I run out of the room, and now I'M the embarrassed one. I guess I might have some explaining to do to Nobu...

# Things get Steamy

## Chapter Summary

God "TF2 pre-order bonus items" is such a dated ass reference at this point

I sit in a chair that has been flipped around backwards, so I'm able to rest my arms and chin on the part that would normally rest your back. Though I was at first rather absorbed in what I was watching, I've since slightly dozed off a bit. I'm knocked out of my daze by the sound of an explosion on the computer screen, and I see that a war ship is going up in flames.

"Mwheheheh..." Nobunaga cackles menacingly, "What an amateur move, trying to ambush my forces by sea. It's as if you learned nothing from our confrontation at Suruga, foolish Tokugawa dogs!"

I yawn a bit. "How long have you been playing at this point?" I ask plainly, "Isn't it about time to give it a rest?"

"No way, I'm playing the domination campaign. All or nothing, baby!" she responds pridefully.

I reach out and stroke my fingers through her hair, getting a very subtle pleased response from her, but doing little to steal her attention away from her real time strategy. "But Nobuuu, I'm boreeed. Can't we have some fun or something?"

"Master, is it perhaps that you aren't the type to like video games...?" She questions with wide-eyes.

"What the heck are you talking about?" I fire back, "You're signed into *MY* Steam account right now! The only reason we even have this Shogun 2 game in our library is because I preordered to get the Team Fortress II bonus items!"

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten. I did enjoy what I played of that one, too," she recalls, "Particularly the Sniper class. If we would have had access to such accurate rifles in my day, I would have sniped all of the enemy generals myself! BOOM! Mwahahaha, headshot!"

Judging by the wholesome smile I feel on my face, I can't bring myself to get upset with her unbridled enthusiasm. I continue to groom her hair, massaging her scalp, since she doesn't seem to mind it. In fact, I can feel from her body motions that she's happily receptive to the simple, affectionate gesture. And I could enjoy Nobu's hair all day long, it's so long and luscious...

We continue on like this for some time, with her focused on her campaign. RTS games aren't really my thing, so I can't really tell if she's winning or losing. I assume every time she

chuckles that something good has happened, at least.

At this particular moment, it seems like the battles and action have quieted into another planning phase. Without needing to keep laser sharp focus on a million different units at once, she lets her guard down to relax. She closes her eyes and sighs with content, and I have a hunch it's from my massaging. I confirm this by changing tactics to scratch and tickle the back of her neck, causing her to quiver a bit. Through her closed mouth she hums a noise of satisfaction; a cross between a moan and a laugh.

Finally! I was getting tired of being ignored. I scoot my chair against hers so that I may wrap around her from behind. I take the opportunity to kiss her neck for an extended time, rolling my lips and nibbling at her skin.

She reaches backwards and pats my head a few times like a wrestler trying to tag out of the ring. "C'mon, now... don't over do it. You're going to give me a hickey..."

"Good," I mumble with smugness, still pressed against her neck. Though she is amused, she still continues tapping me with rising intensity until I eventually stop. I rest my chin on her shoulder and simply continue holding her. "Doesn't it take you down memory lane?" I reminisce, "I don't think either of us have gotten a hickey since... man, it must have been the summer race."

"Heh," she chortles, "I must admit, that was indeed one hell of a... well, it was a lot of things."

"You were so pent up from that stupid prison fiasco that you practically attacked me as soon as we had a moment alone together," I laugh upon recalling, "Your race partner said she overheard us and that she was worried we were having a fight."

Nobu changes her voice to quote her friend. "Domestic abuse between a master and servant is unacceptable! ...Unless one of them is a Saber!"

While I'm this close to Nobu, I can easily hear her breathing intensify little by little. I really love these sentimental moments we share. It reminds me that no matter how goofy she and I can be, what we share together is still very real. "Hey, come to think of it, when exactly did we fall for each other, anyway?"

It looks like another skirmish is picking up in her game, but she still seems to be considering the question. "It feels like things have always been this way. I can't say I recall in specific!" she answers, "It would have certainly been at some point before Camelot. You were so excited after we triumphed over that cheat code-using Gawain fellow that you kissed me in front of everyone."

"I did?" I blink.

"How can you not remember that? Even BEDIVERE was blushing after that."

"That had to have been a heat-of-the-moment thing, hmm," I reason, and I'm starting to get a vague recollection of the event she's speaking of. "I guess if that's the case, maybe

that's when Mash started to ship us..."

By now Nobu's mouse is clicking like crazy as she's trying to micromanage her armies during the growing chaos of battle. Just thinking back to all of the memories we share together makes me want to hold her and never let go! I'm feeling a little cheeky, enough to start playing around with her while she's trying to concentrate. I swooze my hands underneath her shirt and up until I can cup them around her chest. I knew she wasn't wearing a bra, because the two of us have basically been gaming all day in our PJs. Today has just been one of those days. So that's one less thing to worry about, and I can focus on massaging her breasts.

"Hey hey hey hey!" she protests, squirming a little bit in place, "I'm taking heavy losses to my cavalry on the eastern side of the battlefield, let me focus!" she giggles, trying to sound mad but not fooling anyway.

With my fingernails I start to draw lazy circles around her areola, but I don't touch her nipples quite yet. Just a bit of teasing. Making sure that she'll crave more. I can already feel her chest expanding out and back in rhythm with her diaphragm as her breaths get more intense. It looks like she's biting her lip to try and keep collected. I just can't help but want to keep turning her on. I pull her shirt up completely to expose her bare skin underneath.

After keeping her on edge for quite some time, I finally begin to pinch at and squeeze her nipples, just barely pulling and twisting here and there. She's *really* trying not to give in... a worthy opponent, indeed.

"No wonder you were able to conquer so much of Japan, with an iron fortitude like this," I joke, moving my hands in circles to tug at her breasts more roughly than before, and I keep rolling her nipples between my finger and thumb. "I wonder what the other daimyo would say if they knew that the great Nobunaga herself was sitting at her throne with her boy toy playing with her titties?"

"Gaaaah I'm going to lose the battle at this rate!!" she pleads, trying to wiggle me away. She's so adorable!

"A leader should be out there with their troops, don't you think?" I keep speaking, "Think about it, showing your whole army your exposed boobs while your man makes you his own in front of everyone. Seeing your sexy face would really raise the morale of the ashigaru, I'd bet!"

Nobu struggles, trying not to raise her voice. "I mean it, master! This is the most important battle of the war, I have to win this!"

I feel something trickle against the back of my hand, and realize that Nobu is drooling. I move my hand upwards to wipe her chin off, and I slowly slide two of my fingers into her mouth. She curls her lips around them like candy and almost bites down, with just enough pressure to trap them from escaping. I think she's trying to hold them in place just so I can't keep bothering her with this hand, heh.

However, I will not be defeated so easily. With my free hand, I slide down her belly and through the elastic on her underwear, and her by-now moist pussy practically welcomes my fingers inside of it. At this point, the battle is mine. “And just imagine what your enemies would think... their greatest rival and foe, spreading her legs and getting pleased in broad daylight. As if to say, ‘you worthless jokes mean nothing to me! Seethe with rage and jealousy as my forces crush your feeble resistance. As you can see, I, Oda Nobunaga, and my hot stud of a man, have better things to do with our time!’”

Nobu snickers until she cracks up, trying to hide her moans with humor. “Damn it all, master!” she shouts, though it’s somewhat muffled by my fingers. “I’m warning you!”

“Ok, ok, I give. I’ll stop talking,” I admit to her, “You focus on winning that battle,” I finally give in and stop, giving her a chance to pull her shirt back down and try to refocus on her game. I let her have the peace and quiet she wanted, but even as minutes pass, she’s still wound up. “ARGH! You knew this would happen, master...” she mumbles. Still biting her lip, she’s now rocking her pelvis back and forth in her chair, trying futilely to vent the arousal I’d helped her to build up. “... You stupid fool. As SOON as I finish this campaign, you better be ready for the consequences of your actions!”

I lean in and kiss her on the cheek. “I can’t wait,” I whisper, enjoying how rapidly she blushes.

And here we are, roughly back where we started. I’m simply sitting in a backwards chair watching Nobu play Total War. Though this time around both of us are incredibly in the mood. I’m legitimately rooting for her to win as fast as possible at this point because as soon as that’s over she’s going to pounce on me like--

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” she screams out of nowhere, and I’m startled enough to fall backwards and knock over my chair.

If the door to my room wasn’t an automatic sliding-style, Mash would have kicked it down judging by how rapidly she bursts into the room. She approaches us, speaking incredibly rapidly. “I heard someone scream! Senpai, are you ok?!”

“Yeah, I am. Nobu, why did you yell, though?”

“I won! I finally won!! MWHAHahaha!!” she cheers, jumping out of her seat and pumping her fists into the air, “After centuries of waiting, the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven, Oda Nobunaga, has finally triumphed and unified all of Japan! This is a glorious day!!”

Without any warning, Nobu rushes at me, grabs me by the collar, and yanks me into a kiss. She’s basically an unstoppable force at this point. Even when our lips part, she keeps me held so close that our noses are basically pressed against one another, and she stares me down with a furrowed brow and an incredibly cocky smirk. “I finally made it, despite your selfish attempts to sabotage my efforts... so now it’s time to pay up. Finish what you started and *take me.*”

“HNNNRRRRGGH,” Mash groans loudly, dropping to the ground and clutching her heart in pain. The two of us immediately snap back into reality, and I rush over to help Mash back up to her feet.

“O-Oh, Mash! When did, uh... when did you get here? Hahaha...” Nobu laughs uneasily. “I’m sorry, I was caught in the heat of the moment and didn’t notice you.”

“That’s quite alright!!” Mash smiles back, “It was my fault for barging in unannounced. Unfortunately, I hate to interrupt, but the commander is calling us all for a meeting. I actually came to let you know that.”

"Oh... is that so..." I reply, trying not to sound disappointed.

Nobu is still so heated that her legs are basically crossed sideways and she’s still rocking back and forth from her toes to her heels. “Hmm, thank you for that. But, can it wait, maybe, an hour? Or two?”

Mash takes out a handkerchief to block a nosebleed before it can develop. “I’m sorry... you know how the commander gets. He says this meeting is pretty important. I’m sure it won’t be too long before you two can get back to, erm, playing your war games.”

I sigh. “Should we get changed?”

“Probably not, they want us there urgently. I’m sure what you’re wearing is fine,” she answers.

“Alright. Tell them we’ll be right there,” I confirm.

Mash nods and leaves the room. Nobu takes a few steps to follow her, but I reach out and grab her wrist and pull her back. I scoop my arm around her back and lift one of her legs, leaning her backwards as if the two of us were doing a formal dance together. “Guess we’ll just have to bear the wait a little bit longer,” I tease.

Nobu pinches my cheek in annoyance. “Your devilish temptations are going to backfire on you, you raunchy fool of a master. You’re going to be shriveled up by the time we’re done.”

I pull her back up and embrace her. “Maybe they won’t notice if we’re a little late...”

“Senpai? Nobu? Are you coming?” Mash calls from the hallway.

Damn. “That’s a complicated question to answer,” I reply. Guess we don’t have a choice but to go to the meeting.

# Shake it, quake it, space KABOOM

## Chapter Summary

Just work that body, work that body make sure you don't hurt no body

I admit, I may have gone a little overboard earlier. I don't think either Nobu or I can focus on much, since we're so busy thinking of each other. I forgot all about this meeting thinking we'd have the evening to ourselves... now we've had to put all of that spicy tension on hold.

"Yes. We should be able to begin shortly," Goldolf observes. Everyone on the team has gathered within the command room of the Shadow Border, having taken seats facing a display board, much like a military briefing. The commander extends a pointer stick out and begins tapping it against his palm repeatedly. "Is everyone accounted for?"

"We're all here," Mash responds.

"Very well," the commander nods, "As you are all aware, it's that time again. That means it's time for our most important discussion of the week."

Everyone watches him with anticipation.

"We need to decide which film to watch for community movie night," he continues. "We've kept steady with the six 'Star Wars' films for some time. But now that we've finished the series from start to finish, we need to pick our next cinematic endeavor."

"Wait, I thought there were three more 'Star Wars' movies after episode six?" Meunier calls.

"No there aren't," the commander shakes his head.

"I could have sworn--"

"**No there aren't**," he repeats conclusively, and then clears his throat. "Does anyone have any specific suggestions?" he polls.

"Whatever we watch, can we not invite Holmes?" Da Vinci requests, "He went and spoiled the biggest plot twist in episode five for everyone!"

Holmes looks taken aback. "I beg your pardon? Was it not sufficiently apparent by their mannerisms and the overall narrative that there was familial relation between them?"

"He spoiled 'The Sixth Sense' when we watched that one, too!" Sylvia adds.

“Oh, come now,” Holmes protests, “That one was obvious.”

“I guess any mysteries or suspense films are off the table...” Mash realizes with dejection in her voice.

“Let’s just watch an action movie!” Nobu pitches, “I’ve heard good things about ‘John Wicks!’”

“‘John Wick,’” I correct.

“Right! That one,” she nods.

“I’m... not a very big fan of excessively violent movies,” Goldolf interjects. Now that I think about it, we’ve all seen him react squeamishly to graphic scenes in previous movies...

“What about comedy?” Meunier suggests, “There’s this old classic called ‘Caddyshack’ we might enjoy.”

“That one is so overrated!” Da Vinci scoffs.

Honestly, while this conversation continues, I kind of zone out. I’m more focused on Nobu right now, anyway. Since we’re seated at the back, I can pat my hand on her thigh and begin rubbing her sweetly without drawing any attention to ourselves. She starts burning excess energy as her leg jostles restlessly, and she in turn places her hand on top of mine. She weaves her fingers in between mine and begins clenching me tightly like a stress toy. She then slides her palm under mine so that we can hold hands traditionally. I try to regain focus on the discussion.

“I think we’re really not giving ‘Uncut Gems’ a fair chance just because it’s an Adam Sandler movie,” Goldolf argues.

“So was that a no to ‘Planes 2: Fire and Rescue?’” Sylvia speaks, sounding disappointed.

“I don’t believe we’ve even seen the first one!” Mash points out.

Yeah... they aren’t getting anywhere. I scoot my chair closer as quietly as I can. Honestly? Fuck it, I’ll take the risk. I move my hand up Nobu’s leg and closer towards her crotch, watching sweat drip down her forehead from the thrill of hoping no one will--

“Fujimaru,” the commander calls to me, surprising Nobu and I enough to jump in our seats as we scramble to make it look like we weren’t doing anything. “You’ve been pretty quiet. You’re usually quite passionate about movie night! Don’t you have any movie ideas?”

Damn, uh... gotta think of something, quick! “... Space Jam?”

Everyone looks around at one another and they slowly start to nod their heads together. “Looks like we’re all in favor. Sure, let’s go with that one,” Goldolf agrees, “Alright, to the entertainment room, everyone!”



We all get up from our chairs and start moving that direction. Nobu and I are the last two left in the room, and before I can make it to the door she grabs my shoulders and pins me against the wall. “Do you have no shame whatsoever, master? I can’t take it anymore! Just tell them that we’re both feeling under the weather or something and we can’t make it!”

“Actually, I think I have an idea that you might like...” I speak up, quickly running to my room to grab a few things.

“I have a bad feeling about this,” Nobu mutters.

I get what I need, and the two of us walk to the entertainment room, where we enter to find the rest of the crew.

“Senpai, we tried to save a seat for the two of you!” Mash explains, “But it’s still going to be a little cramped.”

“Why do we only have one really large couch and not individual seats?” Sylvia asks.

“Well excuse me for not designing the Shadow Border with an in-home theater in mind!” Da Vinci fires back defensively, “We’re making due with what we’ve got here.”

There’s *almost* enough room on the far side of the couch for Nobu and I to sit down. But not comfortably. “It can’t be helped,” she remarks, “I’ll just sit in master’s lap.”

This works entirely to our favor anyway. Excellent...

“Are you cold, Fujimaru?” Meuniere asks me, noticing that I’ve brought a large blanket with me.

“Yeah, just a little bit,” I laugh unassumingly. I sit down and Nobu joins me just as she said she would, and I throw the blanket around both of us to obscure most of our bodies from view.

From right to left, it’s us two, Mash, Holmes, Goldolf, Da Vinci, Sylvia, and Meuniere. “Alright, settle down, now,” Da Vinci calms us, turning off the lights in the room as the movie begins playing.

Naturally I have other plans. Nobu knows about the blanket, but what she doesn't know is that I’ve brought a few other tools of the trade. I bide my time until the opening theme song starts, since fairly loud music and cheering plays through it. It’s more than enough noise from the surround sound to hide Nobu’s brief, but sharp, “EEP,” upon me greeting her to the small vibrator toy I brought in my pocket. She starts elbowing me and shaking her head as if that will dissuade me from going any further. But where’s the fun in that?

As I continue pressing the toy against her clit, I pull her body snugly against my own and begin to feel intoxicated by her smell. I feel the sweat on her skin the more and more I send waves of pleasure through her. Exactly the kind of naughty pleasure I know she wants. We both know we could get caught at any moment if she makes any noise, and the thought of that drives her absolutely wild.

I've gotten pretty good at reading Nobu's body. I can tell by the way she squirms cutely and the way that her muscles tense sporadically that she's getting very close. She's gripping my thighs with so much force that it would probably hurt, if I weren't so hyper focused on how aroused I am myself.

"Mr. Fujimaru, Miss Oda," Holmes whispers to us. The shock terrifies both of us and sends a shiver down our spines. I'm worried our hearts have literally stopped. He's staring at us really hard, and he begins to raise one of his eyebrows. Fuck. I didn't think we'd get caught this easily. Fuuuuck...

He holds up a bowl, and his expression changes as he closes his eyes and smiles at us. "Popcorn?" he offers, extending the bowl towards us.

Nobu cautiously reaches her arm out from the blanket and grabs a handful. "T-Thank you," she smiles. We're breathing even *more* deeply now, though I'm not sure if it's because of the relief or because of the excitement. I don't know how much longer we can keep at this before just totally losing it.

"Hey, Nobu," Mash speaks, "You aren't looking so good. You're drenched in sweat. Maybe you should have Senpai take you back to your room so he can tend to you."

"Yes!" Nobu nods, "Thank you for your concern! Hahaha! Let's get going, master! *Like, right now.* "

"Thanks for looking out for us, Mash," I smile. I pick up Nobu bridal style and carry her out of the room and back to ours at a lightning pace. I feel kind of bad about ditching movie night! But I think I might explode if I wait any longer.

Nobu's face is damp with sweat and she's blushing out of control as she pulls me over to--

The next thing I know, I've somersaulted through the air. I feel the bed under my back, my head is hanging off the edge of the mattress, and the world looks upside down. "Did you just Judo flip me?" I try to ask through the stars I'm seeing.

Oh man. Nobu's panties are already off and she's totally bottomless. I just want to reach out and rub the smooth skin of her legs. She walks towards me until she's standing right next to my head. To my surprise and joy, she grabs my head with both hands and forces me face first into her crotch. "You are definitely incorrigible, master. You've been pulling my chain all day long, and you're going to make it up to me. For the rest of the night you're going to be my plaything, so start making me feel good!"

Her voice wavered even as she was speaking, because I'm already feasting on her. She's making no effort to hide her pleased moans as I can feel her lifting my legs so that she can pull my pajama pants off. This is the weirdest 69 we've ever been in... but Nobu sounds happy, so I'm happy.

She's by this point pulled her shirt off as well, and she's wearing nothing but her signature hat now. While I continue exploring her with my tongue, I reach my arms around her waist to grab both sides of her butt. I can't get enough of how squishy and fun to hold her cheeks are.

While I enjoy every aspect of her amazing body, she's off having her own misadventures with mine. For a brief moment I feel warm air against my cock, right before I feel her shove it into her mouth. I feel like I'm melting as she begins moving her lips up and down. We stay like this for quite some time, pleasing one another in ecstasy. However, I'm starting to get tunnel vision.

I try to get her out of my face long enough to get a few words out. "Hey, Nobu, time out, all the blood is starting to rush to my head while I'm hanging upside down like this!"

"It's about time!" she speaks between long licks, "Clearly it hasn't been before now, judging by how much of an idiot you've been acting all day."

She feels so good, and I love her taste, but this is getting out of hand. "For real, I'm starting to get a little dizzy here..."

She gyrates her hips around, and she clenches her thighs against my head, and I can tell she's barely hearing me anymore. "Come on, bear with it a little longer! I'm so close!"

She leaves me with no choice but to hit the emergency escape button. With an already firm grasp of her butt, it's a trivial matter to spread her cheeks, leaving her wide open for me to slide a finger right in. She immediately jumps, predictably. "N-N-N-NO!! NOT AGAIN!!" she cries out in panic, trying to wiggle her way away from me, but I've got her wrapped tightly and she's not going anywhere. She grabs at my wrist and tries to pull my finger out, but I've already staked everything on this counterattack, so I'm going to see it through.

I keep stirring up her insides with my tongue, and her whole body is trembling. By now I feel my face covered in all of the love juices that have been leaking out of her since she started this bizarre tryst, but I just need one more little push to get her over the edge... a nibble and a few licks to her clit will get the job done. I think Nobu just tried to scream, but her voice cracked completely and only a small, guttural noise came out.

I finally release her and she stumbles backwards two or three steps, almost falling over. As I orient myself into a normal position, my vision dims into blackness for a few seconds as the blood gets flowing again, and when I'm able to see clearly again I'm treated to quite a sight.

Nobu has by this point lain out her back against the floor, and even her hat has fallen off and rolled a slight distance away. Now completely, 100% naked, she's repeatedly thrusting her hips high into the air in convulsions while aggressively playing with herself. She's gritting her teeth and I can tell she's struggling to endure what must feel like shockwaves from such an explosive finish. After what must have been at least thirty seconds, she goes limp and falls flat against the floor, covering her eyes with her forearm and panting as if her breath had been taken away.

I am so fucking turned on right now. Get ready, Nobu. There's going to be more where that came from!

# Just another conquest

## Chapter Summary

All that laying around on the floor can't be good for your back...

There's a special, intimate feeling that I only get upon seeing the one I love in pure bliss, and knowing that I was the one who brought her to it. Nobu is sprawled out on the ground, trying to catch her breath, and almost twitching as she basks in afterglow. I just have to see more of her like this.

But, uh... maybe a quick rest first to recuperate. My head is spinning...

I get up from the bed, wobbling a bit with dizziness before balancing properly. I make my way over to Nobu, and I sit down cross-legged next to her. She's covering her eyes with her arm across her face, but I can still reach out and gently rub her smooth cheek with my thumb.

"... That good, huh?" I joke, getting a snicker out of her.

Nobu expands her lungs with a big, full-body breath. "You are absolutely unbelievable, do you know that?" she replies.

Well that's pretty ambiguous wording. "Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

She punches me in the arm. "My butt feels all weird now because of you," she admits with a frustrated blush. Nobu moves her arm to her forehead so that I can see her eyes as she looks at me. With her other arm, she grabs my hand and holds it with quite a strong grip while smiling at me. "That kicked ass, but we're nowhere near finished yet," she explains, with a tone so seductive that I almost feel my body tingle with each word that leaves her lips.

She lets go of my hand to reach down and grab a hold of my staff and begins slowly stroking. Her eyes narrow and she makes the incredibly smug smile that she knows I adore. I've been at the tipping point for what must have been hours now, and this simple, sexy glance is all it takes. "Nobu, I can't hold it any longer..."

"Ah! You're going to make a mess all over me if you do that now! Quick, up here," she instructs me, scrambling to pull me towards her mouth. She leans her head up just in time to wrap her lips around the tip, and she licks the back of it just a few times.

"Fuuuuuuuck..." I exhale, grabbing her head with both hands and pulling her closer towards me as she starts to drain me. I can't think of anything other than Nobu's face as she takes it all in her mouth.

By the time the last shots are out, I'm shaking. Nobu manages to get it all down, still sucking on the tip. After the last gulp, she opens her eyes and we stare in direct contact at each other. Even with her mouth in an O-shape, I can see a smile curve on the edges of her lips. I'm already ready to go for another.

"Ready for round 2?" I ask eagerly, softly scratching my fingers behind her ear.

"In a minute, I'm still riding the last wave," she giggles, "I need to wait a bit for the excitement to strike again."

"I think I can speed that up," I inform her, "You know the door to the room is still wide open, right?"

Nobu looks to the side and sees it for herself, and in a rush she pushes me off of her and frantically picks up her clothes from the ground to try and cover her breasts. "Oh fuck... oh hell..."

Both of us are still roughly in sitting positions, and I grab her shoulder and pull her against myself. "Imagine if someone had come by during that... Oda Nobunaga slurping on a fat cock would be quite the sight," I tease her.

The thought of being seen instantly flips her switch back into overdrive. She's red as a tomato from embarrassment, but I press my palm against her groin and feel she's like a leaking faucet. However, her breathing starts to increase faster and it seems more like she's panicking. Aw hell, I might have overdone it again...

"Hey, hey. Nobu, it's ok. Everything's going to be fine. They're all super invested in movie night, no ones going to come this way," I reassure her and draw her in for a soft and sweet hug, caressing her head and kissing her cheek.

She starts to calm down and hugs me back intensely. I kiss her forehead, still stroking her head. "I'm sorry, I keep pushing this exhibitionist thing too hard. I just thought that the thrill turned you on."

It's a few moments before she says anything to respond. "Uwahahaha! I got a little too heated, sorry about that, master!" she laughs, surprisingly. Despite her voice showing regained confidence, she still clings to me tightly as if she'll never let go. The two of us hold one another without any words for quite some time, until I can hear Nobu breath easily with content. "But, for real, I didn't even know I had this kink until a few days ago! I feel like I need time to... adjust, I suppose."

"I getcha," I smile, "Are you ready to go again yet?"

"Yeah, of course!" she answers excitedly before aggressively shoving my back to the ground, "You're still not off the hook for pushing my buttons, you idiot!"

"Now that's the self-assured, badass Nobu I know," I grin. "But, uh, should I go close the door first?" I offer.

She looks at the door frame and into the hallway for a bit of time before making up her mind. She gulps, but then looks right back at me and shakes her head. "If someone sees, then it can't be helped," she smirks with an intensely rosy glow to her cheeks and a little bit of a nosebleed. She lifts her leg across my body and soon she's hovering right over me. She slides the tip of my dick up and down her slit. "Tell me what you want, master," she urges me.

"I want *you*, Nobu," I answer passionately.

Her face becomes even more flushed from the sweet talk. "B-Bufferoon," she stutters, "Of course I know that. You know what I meant! Sheesh, and you're usually the one good at the dirty talk. Tell me what you want to *do to me*, master."

"I want to stir you up all night long," I tell her, my eyes anxiously trained on where our genitals are touching, "I want to make sweet, cuddly love to you. But I also want to rough you up and make you scream until your voice goes hoarse. And if we have all night together, we can keep switching back and forth until we can't move anymore."

She keeps me waiting, still leading me on with small, sliding motions without letting me enter her yet. "That movie won't last all night, we'll be caught for sure if you make that much noise. And what will you do then?"

"I'll have you make a peace sign for the rest of the crew as they watch you ride me," I tease, "And what about YOU? What will YOU do when everyone swarms in here and sees us fucking each other's brains out?"

"I... I would..." she tries to answer but finds herself getting caught up in the moment by the mere thought. She drops teasing me with her pussy and sits down uneventfully... "I don't know, I honestly don't know," she finally admits.

I just want to say something to cheer her up at this point... "You know, I was serious when I told you that you were popular the other day," I reassure her, "Everyone looks up to you and your accomplishments. I haven't really told you the details yet, have I? Of your summoning here. We can only manifest a handful of servants due to space and limited resources. And obviously you already know that I picked you. But did I tell you the decision was unanimous?"

She seems surprised, and leans in close to my face. "Wait, really? You mean it?" she blinks.

"Of course," I nod with a warm smile, reaching out with both hands to playfully squish her cheeks together like pancakes. "They wouldn't have let me pick you if they didn't all like you."

Nobu seems to be getting cold shivers.

"Honestly, I'm not even kidding," I continue, "If we asked the crew to watch, they'd probably be down! They already know about the teasing and the games we play with each other anyway. It might be kinda weird at first, sure... but I bet it would get you really revved up, yeah?"

She bites her lip, laughs softly, and takes a deep breath.

“Face it, ‘Lord Nobunaga,’” I butter her up, “You’re the badass Demon King of the warring states! What’s a little bit of sexual conquest on top of all of your other conquests?”

She drags her hand against my bicep and slowly rakes her fingers down my arm until reaching my hand. She lifts my arm up and sensually kisses the inside of my palm, then presses my hand against the side of her face to snuggle against it. “You always seem to say the right things but in the weirdest ways,” she sighs.

My face must be lit up with a smile by this point. “Sorry if my way with words is weird,” I laugh.

With her other hand, she massages my cock back into action and resumes hovering directly over it. “Fine then. You’ve convinced me. If we ever get caught, then I’ll laugh and let them watch. They’ll just have to pay witness to how this weirdo master is the latest prize to be stolen by the Demon King Nobunaga on her unstoppable path of ambition!”

She handles my tool right into her pussy and slides as far down as she's able to. She's barely able to contain what amounts to a gasp for air from the sensation. “Oh fuck...” she finally moans seductively.

"The only chance we'll get caught is if this master sends his sweet, sexy Demon King spiralling into another screaming-loud orgasm like he did a few minutes ago," I taunt back.

"We'll see who's screaming by the end of this," she cackles, grinding her hips around in a circle that almost makes my body want to beg for more. She immediately goes for my nipples, pinching and twisting them in a way that I can't decide if I like or hate...

I turn the tables by starting to rapidly thrust upwards, making it look like she's bouncing on top of a bucking bronco. Her hair sways back and forth, her titillating boobs bounce splendidly, and even her head rocks back and forth from the powerful motions we're both sending at one another.

“I think tonight I’m going to break the news to the others about your burning desire to be watched in the act,” I tease her, sliding my hands up and down the curves of her hips.

“W-What, tonight?!” she repeats in disbelief, “You mean, like, as soon as we finish?!”

“Who says we have to wait that long? I was thinking more ‘during,’” I joke with laughter, “I’ll just pick you up and carry you on over to the entertainment room. We’ll walk in there butt naked with your legs spread high and my cock still buried in you. ‘Hey guys, check it out!’”

Nobu’s moaning turns me on even more, but our stupid dialogue keeps us laughing. I love how intricately we can weave humor and romance with our rapport. “You’re just eating this up now, aren’tcha? Big bad master figured out my kink and now he won’t shut up about it. Don’t forget that I’m in on your secrets too!” she threatens. While still bobbing up and down atop me using the strength of her arms, she lifts her legs and bends them at just the right

angle that she can lay both of her feet and cover the majority of my face. “Mmmmm, just look at you. I can feel you’re getting harder than ever right now.”

God, she’s telling the truth. “I hope you realize that this means war, Demon King,” I bellow with a menacing fake voice. I get up from the ground and grab Nobu’s arms to lift her up with me. I toss her against the bed with a fluffy bounce and then bend her over the side of it. I mount her and pound her like a jackhammer from behind, and in no time I have her wailing like a banshee. I think I’m grunting like a gorilla but that’s besides the point. I’m driving Nobu wild and that’s all I can think about.

I learn forward myself until my body is fully pressed against hers, with both of us leaning over the bed at right angles. I reach under her arms so that I can grab and forcefully fondle her breasts, and I maneuver my head to the side of hers so that I can whisper sweet words into her ear. “I’m the most fortunate man in the world, getting to love you so hard and getting to hear you moan in ecstasy like this.”

She turns her head to me, and she extends her arm under my chin and up around my head to pull me into a kiss. Our lips mingle and our tongues wrestle for what could be hours as far as I’m concerned. I could burst at any moment, but I hold as tightly as possible until I can be sure that I feel her orgasm. Soon enough, the trembles take over and my kiss is only barely able to muffle her attempted scream. With that taken care of, I let loose and lose all sense of time and space as I cum inside Nobu, locked in a passionate embrace. I could stay like this forever, but if we just hang out here naked while I’m on top of her we really *will* be found out. As much as I teased her, I don’t know if she’d ever actually legitimately want that. Who knows? Maybe someday when she’s more comfortable with the matter.

For now, I lift her legs over the bed and under the covers and climb in with her. With both of us blanketed snugly, we keep making out until sleep visits both of us. “I love you, Nobu,” I speak gently. I hear her laugh softly through her nose right before I drift off.



# Anyway, how is your sex life?

## Chapter Summary

For some reason it just really amuses me imagining that the entirety of the crew inexplicably has comprehensive knowledge of Western pop culture

“Great call on the movie, Fujimaru,” commander Goldolf compliments me. He takes a bite of breakfast and wipes his mouth with a kerchief. “Everyone loved it. Well, everyone except Holmes.”

The man in focus is more occupied smoking from his pipe than actually eating. “Now, I didn’t say I didn’t like it. I simply found it juvenile. I’m of the opinion that any children’s movie should be sufficiently appreciable on different levels by adult audiences.”

“Are you kidding me?” Meuniere contrasts, “That scene where Bill Murray showed up to play basketball? Funniest shit I’ve ever seen.”

“You sure have drab taste in movie stars,” Da Vinci swipes at him. The two have evidently been feuding since the Caddyshack suggestion.

“I’m serious!” he argues, “Look at ‘Ghostbusters.’ That’s a PERFECT example of a film kids enjoy that the parents can enjoy too.”

“Personally I would have used an example like ‘Toy Story’ or ‘Monster’s Inc.’” Sylvia suggests.

“You sure do love Pixar,” Meuniere recognizes.

“No, I agree. They were excellent examples,” Holmes concedes with a nod, puffing a small ring of smoke. “Dare I say a multifaceted film capable of entertaining the youth yet captivating the mature with complex emotional themes may be more praiseworthy than one which only achieves one or the other.”

You’re probably wondering why Nobu and I haven’t said much. Well, that’s because the little devil has been extending her leg under the table where no one can see it, and she’s been using her foot to play games with my crotch. I’m trying really hard to ignore her advances. She’s slowly winning the battle, however. And her confident smirk isn’t helping... with her elbow on the table and resting her head against her fist, she looks right at me, extremely amused at the reaction I’m making to her tomfoolery. Damn, she knows I love it when she has a smug face.

I must persevere! I’ll hold out through breakfast with the rest of the crew, and then I’ll take her back to the room and spin her around the world. But until then, I mustn’t nut!

“Well, the important thing is that Fou liked ‘Space Jam,’” Mash smiles, watching our furry companion pantomiming dribbling a hard-boiled egg like a basketball.

“Personally, I don’t think we watch enough *bad* movies,” Da Vinci laughs, “There’s a special kind of enjoyment to be had tearing apart mediocre films. Like the terrible acting in the ‘Star Wars’ prequels.”

Goldolf clanks his glass against the table loudly. “We aren’t having this conversation again,” he asserts.

“It’s worth noting that George Lucas intentionally directed some of the acting to be hollow in order to amplify the awkwardness of the teen romance between Anakin and Padmé,” Merlin points out, with a piece of bacon hanging out of his mouth.

“See, this guy gets it--” Goldolf begins, before jumping up from his chair and drawing his handgun. “Who the blue hell are you?! How did you get in here?!”

“That’s Merlin,” Nobu introduces, “He just kind of shows up whenever he feels like it.”

“Yo,” the wizard raises his hand to gesture a greeting. Fou pelts him with the egg from earlier. “Good to see you again, too,” he tells Fou with obvious sarcasm.

“I-I see,” the commander calms down, adjusting his shirt collar and holstering his gun. “The one from Babylonia, if I recall. Aren’t you supposed to be off in a tower somewhere?”

“Normally, yes, but considering the Earth of proper human history was... well, you know...” he reminds us, “I guess I’ll be up front. Can I crash with you guys? I’ll pay rent, if that’s an issue.”

“Somehow I doubt you’re actually good for that,” I joke.

“He’s the most dependable undependable person you’ll ever meet,” Da Vinci comments.

Merlin thinks about it for a few seconds. “Heh. Yeah. You’re probably right.”

“... And you’ve been here the whole time?” Goldolf questions, “Wait a minute, Holmes, aren’t you the most observant person in existence? How did you not notice him here?”

“I did though,” Holmes raises an eyebrow. “I thought everyone else did, too. It’s not like he made his entrance a secret.”

“I’m glad to see that you’re ok!” Mash tells our new guest with relief, “I was worried when we weren’t able to summon you in Russia.”

Merlin smiles, “I appreciate the concern. It just took me a while to actually find you guys, otherwise I would have joined up sooner.”

“I have a question for you, shaggy wizard,” Nobu presents, briefly ceasing her undercover sexual harassment long enough for me to cool down. “Can you play the bass?”

He blinks. "What, like a bass guitar? Sorry, I'm not one for stringed instruments. That's more of Tristan's thing. I can play a mean keyboard though."

"Oh, we could use one of those, too. Want to be in our rock band?" she further questions.

"Sure, that sounds fun," he nods.

"Nice!" Sylvia cheers. Given that she's our drummer now, she's just as invested in getting a line up as we are. "You know though, come to think of it, Merlin showing up reminds me that we haven't really discussed what other servants we were planning on summoning permanently--if we have room for any more, that is."

Da Vinci shakes her head. "It will still be a while before we'll have the equipment recalibrated to perform another full summoning."

"Sounds like a bridge we'll cross once we come to it," Holmes determines.

"We'll just have to make do without a bassist in the meantime..." Nobu pouts in a slump, but quickly cheers up. "Oh well! It can't be helped!"

Without missing a beat, she goes back to playing footsies with my junk. She is just out of control this morning. And I'm kinda here for it. But this is going to get out of hand if I don't do something. I grab her foot and hold it firmly enough that she can't squirm it away.

Now that I have her taken prisoner, I can mess with her at my leisure. I decide to lightly tickle the sole of her foot, and she immediately bites her lip to try and hide her reaction. She looks like she could crack up at any moment, and she's subtly shaking her head at me. But when has that ever stopped me before?

"So, Da Vinci," Merlin calls, "What did you have in mind when you suggested bad movies?"

"Are we talking, like, 'The Room'?" Meunier suggests.

"What's with you and all of these overrated cult films?" Da Vinci denies, "I would have suggested something lesser known like Kevin Costner's 'Waterworld.'"

I keep up the attack with a bit more scratching and tickling, and by this point Nobu's cheeks are puffing out as she's trying desperately to hold in a laugh riot from bursting out. She's trying to kick me to get me to stop, but she picked this battle so now she's gonna have to see it through.

"Now do you legitimately dislike all of these cult classics or are you just being contrarian to be a hipster?" Meunier calls out Da Vinci.

"Pah! Rude," she scoffs, "Well, in the case of 'The Room', it isn't even enjoyable ironically."

"You've got to be joking," he shakes his head, "It's like, the PINNACLE of 'so-bad-it's-good' films. Like that scene where Tommy Wiseau is freaking out and saying, 'I did not hit

her, I did not! That's bullshit!' but then he completely changes like nothing had happened and goes, 'Oh hi, Mark!'"

"UWAHAHAHAHA!!" Nobu explodes uproariously with laughter as I let go of her foot, before covering her mouth with her palms in embarrassment.

"See? Nobu thought it was funny!" he points out confidently.

"I'm gonna kill you after breakfast ends," Nobu whispers to me threateningly, trying to sound angry. But, considering I'm looking at her with a goofy grin, she can't help but snicker herself in response. "I-I'm serious, you bastard!" she reaffirms, trying not to laugh again.

"What about the rest of you? Da Vinci polls.

"No real preference," the commander answers.

"At the risk of sounding obvious, I feel the narrative suffers from a lack of cohesion that ironic value doesn't replace," Holmes reasons.

"I've never seen it," Merlin shrugs.

"Me neither. Does that mean we're going to watch it next week?" Sylvia asks.

"Uuuugggghhhhh," Da Vinci groans.

"I have an idea," Mash speaks up, "Why don't I go give Merlin a tour of the entertainment room? He can watch it there with anyone else who's interested."

Meunier jumps at the opportunity. "Count me in!"

"I'll come too. I guess I'm curious as to what all the fuss is about," Sylvia adds.

"I'll be in the lab if anyone needs me," Da Vinci announces.

"And I'll be partaking in recreational opioids," Holmes nods.

"No you won't," Da Vinci elbows him, "We talked about this, you damned druggie."

"I beg your pardon?" he raises an eyebrow in offense. The two resident brainiacs seem to get into a verbal spat of sorts as they leave.

"I have some business I need to take care of," Goldolf explains, "So it sounds like it's time to break, everyone."

As if a dispersing sports team, we all get up in unison and prepare to head our separate ways. Mash, responsible as always, starts stacking plates and other tableware to clean up after the meal, but Nobu places her hand on Mash's shoulder. "Hey, don't worry about that. Master and I can clean the table. You go have fun with the others!"

Mash nods and smiles, raising her fists to her chest excitedly. "Thank you, Nobu!"

And off Mash goes.

Knowing Nobu, I guarantee she has ulterior motives in trying to get us alone together. I'm about to have sex in the kitchen, aren't I? Not that I'm complaining, mind you. Carrying my share of the dishes as I follow her, we drop them off at the sink. In a matter of mere seconds, she grabs my shoulders, swings me to the side, has my back pinned against the refrigerator. Yeah, called it.

"Have you no shame, master?" Nobu taunts, practically licking her lips, "Toying with me like that... you dare to make light of the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven?!"

"You started it dude," I chuckle, prepared to tease her a bit, "I can only assume that last night wasn't enough for you, huh?"

She smiles deviously and rubs her hands down the length of my arms, and then slightly up my waist. She embraces me, but solely to reach behind me and give me a spank. "You can't deflect the blame this time, because it's all your fault for getting me going! Stop dressing like such a slut!"

I look down at my clothes. "What's wrong with my Spider-Man hoodie?" I ask, genuinely confused.

She pinches my cheek and shakes my head around a bit. "Not that, dork! I mean the pajama pants! They are totally skin tight, I can make out your whole hunky ass!"

They're... pretty lose-fitting flannels. "Oh, come on, you're just making excuses now," I laugh back, holding her in return and running my fingers through her hair, leaning in as if to kiss but not quite doing it just yet.

"How amusing," Nobu grins, "As if I need an excuse to lay claim to what's rightfully mine," she expresses, taking initiative to steal the kiss we've been teasing at.

Though it starts cutesy, she quickly converts it to a much more lewd one as she starts nibbling at my lips and invading my mouth with her tongue, only taking momentary pauses to part our lips between more kisses.

"You certainly are aggressive today," I comment, "What exactly has gotten into you?"

She drops her pants to her ankles and lifts her bare leg up to prop her foot against the wall to my side and spreads her pussy with her fingers right up against me, in a pose that really asserts dominance. "Nothing, yet! And it's your job to fix that..." she glares at me with a confident, I'm-in-charge-here variety of expression.

Soon my pants are on the floor as well and I'm lifting her leg up from under her knee as she basically straddles me against the wall. For several strong thrusts she takes the lead and I simply enjoy the ride.

Suddenly we hear the unexpected sound of someone closing the microwave door, and several electronic beeps as someone operates the buttons. Nobu and I basically jump out of

our skin with fright at the noise, and at this point the microwave activates and starts humming. She turns around to try and see what exactly just happened while crossing her legs and attempting to stretch her shirt to cover her privates.

It's, uh, Merlin. We start to hear sporadic pops which begin to increase in number and it becomes clear he's just waiting on popcorn. His back is turned to us, he has airpods on, and he's tapping his foot and listening to music. Somehow he hasn't noticed us...??

For what quite possibly amounts to the most awkward minute and forty five seconds of our lives, we stand perfectly still and silent while the microwave runs and Merlin softly sings to himself. After an eternity and a half, it finishes, he grabs the popcorn, and he leaves the room with his eyes closed while he's still absorbed in his song. “ *Oh-oh-oh-oh~ I want your love, and all your lover's revenge, you and me could write a bad romance~!*”

And with that, he's gone, somehow not noticing us.

“Huh... so that's the type of music he listens to,” Nobu comments.

Another few awkward moments before either of us can figure out how to react to what just happened. “So, uh, did you want to keep going, or...?” I ask.

Nobu thinks about it for a moment. Then she throws me back against the fridge and immediately starts railing me again.

# **They still haven't found a bass player**

## Chapter Summary

"C'MON BABIES, LET'S ROCK!"

-Dante, from the Devil May Cry Series

Among the many awesome things about having a simulator room, we can set up basically anything we want, including an amphitheater with a large stage for band practice!

With her guitar strapped around her back to hang in front of her as she walks, Nobu paces back and forth with a notepad in hand. "So, team! I trust you all got a chance to do some practicing in the meantime on the songs we all agreed on. So which one should we try as a group first?"

"Highway Star!!" Sylvia pitches enthusiastically, "I love that song!!"

"That one has a lot of cool solos, I'm definitely game," Merlin agrees with a thumbs up, before keying up a quick series of notes in order like the chromatic scale.

"Sounds good," I nod as well.

"Deep Purple it is then," Nobu establishes decisively with a clap of her hands, and we all get in our places. The band plays their parts as they start getting into the groove, Nobu raises her voice over the music to address us. "Gah! This song sounds so weird without a bass player!" she gripes.

We don't have a chance to respond directly, because I have to begin on the first verse of the lyrics. We get through that, and the chorus next. I think we're all playing at our A game right now, because we sound pretty great!

Here comes the next verse, and I take a breath to prepare. "Nobody gonna take my girl, I'm gonna keep her to the end! Nobody gonna have my girl, she stays close on every bend!" I sing, looking at Nobu with a grin and causing her to blush a bit while she plays. "Oooh, she's a killing machine, she's got everything! Like a moving mouth body control and everything!"

I lean forward to shout for the chorus again. "I love her! I need her! I seed her! Yeah, she turns me on--"

"Hang on, time out," Nobu calls, letting her guitar hang and gesturing at us with her hands made into a T shape.

"What's up?" Merlin asks.

“Is the lyric there really ‘I seed her?’ That doesn’t make sense, that can’t be right!”

“No, it is,” Sylvia confirms, pulling up a Google search on her phone and holding it out for Nobu to see the lyrics.

“Huh... I guess you’re right,” she concedes, “But how are you able to search Google with proper human history being destroyed and all?”

“Da Vinci downloaded the internet before this whole mess happened,” Sylvia explains.

“... the *whole* internet?” Merlin expands the question.

“Yep,” is the response.

“That’s... impressive,” he comments.

“Well, anyway,” she continues, “We sound badass! Not bad for our first time playing together as a group! Ok, let’s take it from the second chorus!”

“We honestly sound like we’re ready to perform in front of an actual audience,” Merlin mentions offhandedly.

“Now there’s an idea, actually,” I consider, “Why don’t I temporarily summon up the other servants to fill the audience so we can give them all a performance as thanks for all they do?”

“Won’t that put a huge strain on you?” Nobu asks with concern.

“It should be fine, as long as none of them start fighting or something,” I reason, “And I never summoned Tesla or Eddison, so there’s nothing to worry about there.”

“I’m game!” Sylvia agrees.

“Alright!” I spur on, “Let’s put on a show!”

I take a moment to summon up as many servants as I can muster, and I think I’ve gotten pretty much all of the ones I’ve formed contracts with. “Hey, everyone! In honor of all the help and hard work you put in for us, our band is going to put on a live music performance for you!”

Nobu raises her hand to the air to make the metal horns gesture with her fingers. “So, how about it, former Chaldea?! ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!!”

We get a combination of claps and cheers from everyone. Sounds like we’re good to go!

Sylvia clacks her drumsticks four times to set the tempo, and they begin the opening instrumental sections of the song. We get right back to business.

The crowd is really pumped up! It’s so nice to see so many familiar faces having a great time! For once I can call upon them without having to put them in danger. I think they’ve



earned this fun little show, and it's great seeing them get into it like this. Even the normally serious servants are letting loose and having a good time.

The song goes astoundingly well, and I can tell that Nobu and Merlin have a great time with their respective solos. Time to bring it on home! I pick up the mic stand and lean into it passionately. "All right, hold tight! I'm a Highway Star! I'm a Highway Star! I'm a Highway Staaaaar!" I sing, and then Sylvia has a chance to wrap up the song with a bit of fancy drum play and one last cymbal crash.

I guess as Heroic Spirits, they probably have increased lung capacity or something, because the cheering from the audiences sounds like it could be coming from thousands of people, it's so loud.

"Thank you!! Thank you!!!" Nobu cheers with animated shouting, "But, before we go, can anyone here play the bass?!"

Everyone starts trading glances with one another and shrugging, and then they all turn back to us to shake their heads.

"Damn it," Nobu mutters under her breath.

---

Things have cooled down significantly since the show earlier. It's relaxing just lounging around in my room without having to worry about anything. The bluetooth speaker is hooked up and playing Sonic the Hedgehog music--'Crank the Heat Up!!' from Sonic Adventure, in this case--as that just happens to be what shuffle has selected at this moment. I'm goofing off on my phone while laying in bed, while Nobu is sitting next to me cross-legged with her back against the wall. She's holding her guitar and strumming along acoustically to the song. Even up to the solo, she nails the piece perfectly in sync with the music. I can tell she's been diligently chipping her way through my Steam library again.

"You're going to master the whole OST, huh?" I joke.

"Hell yeah!" she grins, "Why stop at just one? May as well learn all the games! When humanity gets restored or whatever, our band should totally tour with Jun Senoue and Crush 40!"

She rests her guitar on the bed to her side, then basically flops down onto her belly next to me, holding her head up with both arms propped up at right angles. "And what are you up to? Still grinding QP? Didn't you get enough grinding out of the last event?"

"I need to level up Little Okita's skills," I explain. "On that subject, when the hell does GUDAGUDA 3 take place chronologically? Like, there are scenes still in Chaldea, and Da Vinci still has her old body... hmm."

"I dunno. But why do you keep calling her that?" Nobu asks, sounding concerned.

"She asked me to," I shrug.

Nobu pouts. "What happened to the regular ol' manslayer?"

"Normal Okita never came home, you know that already..." I reply.

"Why is Okita Alter so clingy to you?" Nobu grills me, "She was swooning over you during the whole performance earlier, don't think I didn't notice that!"

"Huh... I don't think *I* noticed that," I scratch my head, "Was she really?"

"Don't play dumb," Nobu deflects, "I don't like how chummy you're getting with that Alter!"

I think I'm hearing jealousy here. "Do you not like her or something?"

"That's not it at all," she denies, "But you must have serious balls to think you can screw around with other women!"

"You know I'm not doing that, you silly girl," I return playfully.

"You totally are! I can see it on her face when she looks at you, she's super awkward about it, too. I swear, if you two have been messing around..."

I kinda want to push Nobu's buttons. "I guess, come to think of it... during our bond conversations, Little Okita told me she loves me... TWICE..."

Nobu kicks me in the shin. "Knock it off. You got a death wish or something?"

"Hey, it's more than YOU'VE ever told me," I argue.

Nobu seems dumbfounded. "What? Don't be absurd. Of course I have."

"No, for real, not even once. I've noticed!" I assert, "Every time I tell YOU I love you, you're always like, 'As if I even need to be told that!' or 'Of course I know that, you fool!' You never say it back."

She clenches my arm tightly, and she looks like she's getting kind of upset. "S-Shut up... why should I say that to a jerk who flirts around with other girls..."

Aw... I overdid it again. I wrap my arm around her shoulders. "Hey, take it easy. I'm just teasing. Okita Alter and I are just friends. You know you're the only one for me. And don't worry about the love thing. I know that saying it wouldn't really match your style."

Nobu starts lightly laughing to herself. "You sure know how to get under my skin, do you know that?"

With my arm still wrapped around her neck, I'm in a prime position to squeeze one of her boobs a bit. "Can I get under your clothes, instead?" I ask with an intentionally sultry tone.

With her pointer finger, she begins drawing motions without any real pattern on my chest. After a time, she just lays her whole arm across me to hold me as she rests her head against me.

I put my phone down and take a breath of fresh air. "Y'know, as long as we're airing our GUDA grievances--and I'll look past the part where you shot me--I have to say that Mitsuhide guy pissed me off. I was ready to clean his clock myself."

"Why are you bringing up someone else? This moment is just for us. Can't you read the room, you fool?"

"That's why I brought it up! I just wanted you to know that if anyone ever talks about you like that again, I'll slap their fuckin' throat."

"You mean that?" she asks in surprise.

"Of course I do," I nod, "Even if they're a servant. I'm not afraid to throw down! You aren't the only one allowed to get jealous, you know..."

Nobu closes her eyes and snuggles her head underneath my chin, and I can even feel her body silently laugh.

"Speaking of which... were you two ever...?" I question uneasily.

"Who, Kumquat? No. We were close...-ish, but like... no. That dude is weird. Like, the bad kind of weird," she specifies.

"Well, that's a relief to hear. After all, I'm the only one allowed to be weird with you!" I boldly claim.

"Hehehe..." Nobu cackles through a toothy smile. "Can we stay holding each other like this for a while?"

"I feel like I must have missed some extra-spicy romantic tension in the last event, huh?" Merlin comments.

I suppose we left the door to our room open, so it's not surprising someone came in. It looks like Sylvia is with him. I lean up into a sitting position and stretch a bit. "Hey, guys. What's up?"

"Not much. It's just that we got fan mail from some of the servants," Sylvia explains. The two of them are actually holding a small stack of envelopes, which they set on the bedside. "Want to take a look at them?"

"Sounds like fun!" Nobu expresses.

“I’ll take a crack at the first one,” Sylvia asserts, and she opens one with her name on the front. She clears her throat to read the contents aloud.

“Dear Sylvia,

Who are you again?

-The FGO Writing Team”

“... Wow. Ok then,” she comments, dejected.

I put my hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry, Sylvia. You’re a main character in my book!” I encourage her.

Merlin opens the next letter.

“Fou,

Fou.”

“And there’s no signature, just... a paw print in some kind of red ink-- wait a minute, that’s... is this blood? Is this human blood??” he asks, his face turning a little pale.

“Well, on the bright side,” Nobu suggests, “The fact that you’ve received your first death threat means that you’re authentically a real celebrity now!”

“These are all so depressing to read so far...” Sylvia remarks, “Here’s hoping yours turns out nicer,” she continues, handing me a letter with the word “Master” on it. I open it to see the contents.

“To my special Master,

I was speaking with Little Chacha and she informed me that there’s something called ‘marriage’ that two people do when they care about each other a lot. As you are my reason for being, I wanted to ask you about it. But then Little Chacha hit me with a fan, and shouted at me that the man has to ask the woman or some such thing.

I humbly request that you ask me to marry you (when you get the chance).

Thank you for all that you do, and you are a very nice singer!!!!

-Little Okita”

Aw geeze. I hesitate to turn to Nobu, and I already see the fire in her eyes and sense her bloodlust. “N-Now hold on, you know that Okita Alter is super naive to the world, I-I don’t think she knows what she’s actually asking...!!” I try to reason.

Nobu picks up her guitar and readies to swing it at me. In a nervous response of self defense, I close my eyes and hold up whatever is closest to defend myself, which happens to be... another envelope. Welp. I guess it was a nice life while it lasted.

I open my eyes to see that her guitar has stopped short, and she takes the letter from me. Oh! What luck, I had grabbed the one with her name on the envelope. I think I know exactly which letter is going to be inside.

“You guys shouldn’t play around so violently like that, I was seriously about to activate my Illusions to make Master invincible...” Merlin mumbles.

Nobu is hardly listening. She has torn the letter open, and holds the paper in front of her, which she too begins to read.

““Demon King Oda Nobunaga,

Even with everything else gone, I’m still happy because I have you. No matter how dark things get, your fiery passion will always light my way. Whether we’re fighting for humanity, or just acting like total goofballs, I just want you to know that there’s no one I’d rather be with.

In sickness and in health, I’m still yours. And I’m honored to be your vocalist.

-Ritsuka Fujimaru”

Yep. That’s the letter I wrote to her. Merlin had told me right after the show about getting a fan letter, and that gave me the idea to write one myself.

I can see her eyes watering up as she reads it. She immediately swings herself into me and holds me in a very tight hug. I can see our band mates smile endearingly at our touching moment, and they quietly make their way out of the room.

“I guess we’ll stay holding each other like this for a while, after all,” I whisper to her, and we kiss.

# Does she finally say it this chapter...!!?!?

## Chapter Summary

Please forgive my lack of updates, I promise I definitely want to keep writing lovey-dovey Nobu smut.

Well, my brain feels absolutely frambazzled. And I don't even think that's a real word. It's been such a long time that I'm struggling to remember what has happened over the last year. I have colorful and beautiful memories, but they are vague and swirled together as if a tornado hit a paint factory. It's such a bizarre sensation.

What Lostbelt are we even on now, the fourth one? Probably. In the moments that I'm not delirious from overwork--or maybe I'm delirious because I was poisoned recently, that might have something to do with it too--I do remember that we moved the Shadow Border into the Wandering Sea. I guess our new home base for Chaldea.

I spend most of my days focused on getting work done and trying to stay productive. And to be honest? I'm worried I've pushed away the ones I care about because of it. I feel like Nobu looks at me differently these days...

I know I need to make this right, and that I need to figure things out. I know that my bonds are what keep me going, so when I hear Mash knock on the door to my room, I'm uncharacteristically alert. I think maybe some advice from a close friend might help me get my thoughts together.

"Hey, Senpai, do you have a moment?" she asks kindly, "I wanted to get your opinion on some of the edits I made to our archives."

"Sure, I'll look them over no problem," I smile and nod. "But in return, can I get some advice?"

"Definitely!" she agrees with pep in her voice, "What's on your mind?"

I glance through the data she has given me, trying to multitask on both her request and my own thoughts.

I fail miserably. I don't have the mental acuity right now to do that.

"Uh, just give me a second to look things over first," I laugh, and get the business taken care of. "Ok, so I wanted to ask you. Say you're in a relationship with a special person, and you've been so swamped with work and life that you've been neglecting them... what do you think the best way to make it up to them would be?"

To be honest, I don't know why I'm asking in hypotheticals like this. Everyone knows that Nobu and I love each other. But I guess it's still kind of awkward to admit it so openly, because we have such a teasing and lighthearted relationship.

"Well, I think communication is the cornerstone to a strong and healthy partnership!" Mash explains to me with very strong certainty to her voice. "In fact, poor communication can kill in the worst of circumstances. I advise you to not leave any of your thoughts and feelings unsaid to the person you care most about."

I hold my chin. "That's really solid advice. I know that I'm not the greatest talker... and sometimes we play around so much that it's hard for me to admit how I feel inside. I imagine it's the same with her..."

Mash smiles warmly, and I can tell by the spark in her eye that she knows things will work out. Mash seems to just have that womanly intuition when it comes to romantic stuff. Or maybe it's just because she ships Nobu and myself hardcore.

"You know, considering who we're hypothetically talking about here," Mash continues on, "I think there are many different ways you can communicate what your heart wants to say to her."

"You think so?" I blink, "Like what?"

"Well, you could cook a homemade meal and invite her to a romantic dinner, you could write a love song about her for your band to play, you could send her poetry, you could **throw her to the ground and fuck her like a beast**, you could spend a relaxing evening together while talking about your hobbies..."

Naturally one of those suggestions caught my ear more than the others, and I turn to look at Mash with a bemused smile on my face. Mash is breathing audibly through her mouth and her nose is bleeding. I can't help but start laughing.

"You know, you could always just tell her directly," Mash finally suggests. "But whatever you decide on, you should probably hurry up and think of something. The perfect moment might be now or never, considering the next Gudaguda event starts at reset tonight."

"Oh fuck!" I express, completely startled, "I almost forgot! If she's in a bad mood when the event starts, she might not talk to me the entire time!"

Mash pats me on the back surprisingly hard, it almost knocks the wind out of me. "I'll take care of the rest of your work tonight. Run to her, senpai! Fly, you fool!"

"I owe you one," I smile, and bolt out of the room. She's right, I am a fool, but I guess a fool like me is a perfect partner for the Fool of Owari.

I find Oda Nobunaga in the facility's gym, running a treadmill. I think she has earbuds in, and doesn't seem to notice me. I politely wait for her to reach a stopping point, and by politely wait I mean feast on the sight of her because right now I'm basically just a depraved pervert who really wants to fix this communicational gap with his girlfriend.

She is SMOKING in those tight yoga pants and the skin tight tank top that shows off her midriff. She's not wearing her hat, so her raven black hair is flowing freely with subtle motions in response to her movements.

Gosh though, I'm actually starting to struggle to think of what to say to even break the ice. When I see her running machine slowing down, I approach her location. She has a water bottle standing on the ground near the machine, and I pick it up. She turns to where she placed it with the intention of picking it up, but instead I hand her the bottle with a smile.

"Hey Nobu..." I say to her, focusing on trying to not to sound sheepish, "I was wondering--if you aren't busy--if you would like to spend the evening together?"

She has a plethora of mixed feelings and all of them are fighting one another to try and decide which one will influence her facial expression. Eventually a rosy flush blushes her cheeks as embarrassment almost takes her, but she stifles it in favor of a bit of disdainful half-smile.

"Gee, master, I'm glad you remembered that I exist," she scoffs with sarcasm. Somehow, deep down in her voice, I can sense gladness though. It's the same emotion I feel right now, just being close to her and talking with her.

"I know, I know..." I admit. At this point I already know how I'm going to approach this conversation. "I'm not here to make excuses or try and justify anything. Nobu, I'm just going to say it up front. I miss spending all of my free time with you! It's been hell being stuck with all of these jobs and missions and paperwork, and--"

She shakes her head with a wistful, yet amused smile. "It's ok, I understand it. You've been busy trying to save humanity. I know that. What kind of selfish person would I be for trying to pull you away from such important stuff? You don't have to apologize."

She lifts the water bottle up and begins chugging from it, but I grab her free hand and cup it tightly between both of my palms, and bright her arm close to my chest and my heart. "But I want to apologize anyway. Because you deserve an apology, and you deserve better."

The mood has intensified, and she's starting to let her nervousness show. This is adorably awkward for both of us, but fuck if I'm not going to get her hot and bothered until she's soaking wet. In fact, she's literally wet already as me grabbing her hand kind of startled her into some of her water spilling and trickling down her face.

I lean into her personal space and revel in her adorably timid reactions. I stick my tongue out and catch some of the drops of water which are about to drip off of her chin, lapping them up before nibbling on her skin. I kiss her cheek softly, and then I purse my own lips around her bottom lip to start gently tugging and releasing it, playing with it like elastic.

I wrap my arms around her waist and pull her in and go for a deep kiss, which she wholeheartedly accepts and returns for quite some time.

Nobu snickers through her nose, evidently quite amused. She has to pause to laugh, which brings the first of what will be many kisses to a close. She grins while still trying to sound



haughty and in charge. “You cocky devil. You think you can put the moves on the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven with a few smooth words and some fancy kissing. After all this time you’ve kept me waiting, no less! Simply inexcusable. Do you *know* how long it has been since you last pleased me?”

I embrace her tightly and rest my chin upon her shoulder as I whisper into her ear. “Three weeks and four days. I’ve been counting...” I start to explain, before taking a greedy squeeze of her ass. “And I’ve been desperately wanting to put an end to that counter.”

“Hmm. You’re cheeky, I’ll give you that,” she grins with a confident glare. “But you have some nerve even counting that last one. Hell, for the last year we’ve had little more than quickies here and there.”

She aggressively, yet carefully, slides her thigh in between my legs, and begins grinding herself against my crotch in a tantalizing rhythm that has me craving for more. “You’ve got a lot of lost time to make up for.”

“Just tell me what you want me to do, Nobu,” I practically prostrate myself to her in a teasing manner. “O great and powerful Oda Nobunaga, tell your faithful retainer how he can best please his mistress.”

“Pick me up and carry me to my room, for starters,” she commands, pecking a few more kisses at my lips.

“As you wish,” I reply as I hug her tightly to communicate just how much I’ve missed her. I slide my arms between her legs and lift her off the ground. I blaze through the hallways, at this point a man on a mission.

I toss her onto her bed which she bounces on whimsically from the impact. I crawl onto the bed after her, holding her arms down and hanging my head right above hers as our seductive smiles meet. “Now tell me what you want next,” I ask of her.

“You know what I want,” she mouths quietly.

“I’m just a subordinate of the great Demon King, my general will have to be more specific in what she wants,” I tease, deliberately playing dumb to get her more and more wound up. “Perhaps my Nobu just wants to cuddle lazily while talking the night away? Or maybe she would prefer I just massage her weary body and tired muscles. Surely that’s all she wants, right? I can’t imagine what else she would desire at this exact moment.”

“You dork!” she starts laughing, “Of course I want all of that and more. You’re going to worship me until I’m satisfied.”

“Of course, my Nobu,” I smile and rub my cheek against hers lovingly. “This dedicated subordinate will give his all to worshiping his mistress. I’ll play soft and sweet little games with your nipples. I’ll stroke my fingers through your hair and tickle your scalp. I’ll lick your body all over as all of your stress melts away completely. I’ll even kiss your feet and suck on your toes in utter dedication to you, my Nobu. But surely that’s all it would take to satisfy you, right?”

Nobu is literally squirming around back and forth with excitement and biting her lip. “Stop playing games and give it to me, master.”

I steal a kiss and our tongues entwine as we kiss passionately. I can’t think of anything but her sensual taste, but I remember that I’ve been given an order. “Your wish is my command. This subordinate will pleasure Nobu’s greedy pussy with the dick she fell in love with.”

I slide inside of her with a single, powerful thrust. It practically expels the wind from her lungs completely. “Oh fuck... oh fuck... hang on, I can’t... oh fuck...” she babbles almost incoherently.

We’ve both waited for way too long to start second guessing ourselves, so I don’t give her any time to catch a break. I’m already pounding her wildly, only taking occasional pauses to accentuate the pleasure from the sensation of slowly pulling out before slamming right back inside.

Oh man... I got a little ahead of myself. Fuck... I try to slow down, and even to stop completely in place for a bit, gritting my teeth and trying to hold it in. Nobu keeps moving her hips though, and I can’t stop myself from cumming a bit.

“Already?” she giggles, “Maybe this subordinate needed his mistress even more than she needed him...” she taunts me, scratching her finger under my chin as I try to catch my breath.

“Of course I need you,” I admit as I lean in for another kiss, “Nobu, I’ve been a mess without you by my side.”

Without pulling out for even a moment, I gather myself and initiate round two. “How amusing,” Nobu speaks, but she takes a pause to hum an incredibly sexy moan of pleasure. “Of course my subordinate needs me, the general he so adores. Though he’d have to be supremely impudent and absolutely full of himself to expect Oda Nobunaga to reciprocate that sentiment.”

Her whole body rocks as I put all of my energy into each attack. The advice I was given, to leave nothing unsaid... I’m going for it. I’m going to tell her everything. “The sentiment that he can’t live without his Nobu, who he loves with all his heart?”

Nobu’s face turns red as a tomato from the intense pressure of the moment. “Erm, y-yes. Of course, that very same sentiment,” she stutters, tripping over her words. “T-though I’m not so cold-hearted as to... ignore such a profound and earnest confession of... I-love...”

I cup my palm against the side of her face, gently stroking her soft skin and holding her with such a strong adoration that I know she can feel it through my touch. “Nobu, I promise... no matter how tired I am or how tough things get, I’ll make time for you every single day.”

Her eyes look like they’re starting to become watery from the combination of everything happening as I continue stroking in and out of her with my hard cock. “And we’ll do all kinds of things together just like we used to. Some nights we’ll have sex, and some nights we’ll fuck like wild until we can’t move our bodies, and some nights we’ll make sweet love until

morning. I'll make sure you climax as much as you desire. I just don't want to be unclear about anything anymore, and I can't tell you this enough. I love you, Nobu. I love you so, so much."

"I..." she starts to mumble, and she wraps her arms and legs around my body as tight as can be. "Damn it all, I love you! And I don't want you to ever think that I don't just because it's hard for me to say it straight like that. I... want to be with you, too!"

I'm so happy to finally hear her say that she loves me, that my whole body feels like it's on fire. I'm feeling light headed, in fact. I'm so happy that my vision is getting blurry.

"Keep hitting that spot, master... I'm so close," she begs.

I can't stop myself anymore. My mouth latches to hers and we kiss in such a sloppy and primal way, drool practically leaking from our lips. Our tongues play games with one another, licking and tasting and wrestling and caressing to our hearts content and we both moan ecstatically into each other's mouths. My dick and her pussy play much naughtier games themselves as I slide in and out of her most sensitive places, exploring every inch of her insides as we get closer and closer.

I already feel her twitching and spasming. Though our lips are still locked, I take the briefest of pauses to speak in between more kisses. "I love you," I find myself repeating like a lunatic who has lost all reason, "I love you, I love you Nobu, I love you!"

Her moans become more like squeals, and then almost like a shriek. I grab her wrists and pin her down with the last few dynamic thrusts. What a fantastic, unforgettable finale. I feel her clenching down on me so firmly and tightly, and I fire off what must be ropes upon ropes of cum, still moving in and out as much as I can manage while I'm actively filling her to the brim.

We keep on kissing for I don't even know how long, both of us moaning like crazy people the entire time, and letting our pure, animal noises do the talking. If she feels even half as good as I do, then that must still be a hell of an orgasm. By the time I'm finished, I can't even feel my balls anymore.

Nobu grabs me and pulls me in for a strong, meaningful hug. "We have to do that again," she says between heavy pants, "I need it more."

I kiss her on the cheek and run my hand across her hair repeatedly and lovingly. "You know, the next event starts in the morning... we should probably get some sleep, don't you think?"

She catches me off guard with a sharp pinch to my ass. "Fine. But mark my words, there better be plenty more where this came from," she threatens seductively.

We embrace and I could not possibly feel happier than I do right now. I feel myself drifting off to sleep, knowing that whatever there is to come... whatever challenges await us tomorrow... Nobu and I will be together to face them.



# **The chapter I impulsively churned out because it was 5 am and I couldn't get back to sleep**

## Chapter Summary

Wake up in the mornin' feelin' like Honnoji  
Grab my lantern, I'm out the door, text her eggplant emoji  
Before I leave, a golden apple for a stamina snack  
'Cause when I leave for Nobu's room, I ain't comin' back

"I'd like to thank all of you for being here for this emergency meeting," I say meekly, recognizing that I'm not normally one to take such drastic and formal measures for an issue.

It's so early in the morning that I'm really surprised the majority of the crew showed up when I called everyone together on such short notice. Everyone is still in their pajamas, Mash is carrying her teddy bear with her... Sylvia is trying her best to stay awake, whereas Meunier is not and literally falls over onto the floor, snoring.

"Well, out with it, Fujimaru," director Goldolf expresses, "What did you go and drag us out of bed for?"

"I'll get right to it," I announce, looking into the table with uneasiness in my voice, "Nobu's in pretty bad shape. She's been curled into a ball all week like a depressed Sonic the Hedgehog."

Merlin walks into the room, looking the same as ever. I don't know if he actually sleeps, to be honest. He's kind of an odd one. "What's got her feeling so down in the dumps?" he asks, "Any idea what might have caused this?"

"I know exactly what caused it," I chagrin, "Gamepress ranked her new Avenger version as D Tier... she's officially the lowest tier 5-star servant in the game, according to them."

"Jesus Christ," Da Vinci gasps softly, "That's a low blow. And Nobu had been waiting for years to finally get a 5-star alt. I can see why that'd sting so much."

"I know..." I say with hardly any spirit left, and I lean my elbows against the table to grasp my head in desperation. "I don't know what to do to cheer her up."

"Have you tried playing with her asshole?" Da Vinci suggests.

I can't even begin to think of how to respond to that. "I, uh... don't think things are that simple," I manage to speak.

“I’d give it some more thought,” Da Vinci doubles down, “According to the latest research, nine out of ten people have at least some level of reaction when you play with their asshole.”

Holmes tries to speak and yawn at the same time. “Crass as it is to admit, the data doesn’t lie, Mr. Fujimaru.”

“Look, guys. I’m already an Ass Man. I don’t exactly need an excuse to do that,” I admit with a strange mix of both pride and concern, “But, like, this is kind of serious, I guess? I don’t think eating ass can solve every problem. Most problems? Sure. But not all of them.”

“Bold claim, but can you back it up?” Da Vinci holds her chin with skepticism.

“Mmmm... yeah... back dat ass up...” Meuniere mumbles in his sleep, evidently hearing at least part of the conversation in his half-conscious state.

“Well, I mean, even if butt stuff were the answer, it’s not just one problem,” I try to express, “Even beyond the whole ‘bottom tier servant’ thing... she’s depressed that I rolled for her Avenger form anyway. So it’s like jealousy on top of everything else.”

“It must be strange being a servant,” Sylvia mentions, “Having alternate versions of yourself running around and whatnot. Can’t even really imagine what that must feel like. Though, in a way, I almost feel like it would be better if an alternate version of me were like a total pushover and stuff. Would make me feel better about myself, tbh.”

“Did you just say ‘tee bee aitch’ out loud in spoken conversation?” Merlin asks, “Are we not hiding how online we are anymore? Hell yeah. That’s pretty poggers.”

Merlin and Sylvia both do the pogchamp facial expression at one another.

“I don’t think this is helping, guys...” Mash sighs.

I think about it for a bit. “Actually, I wonder... that might have been exactly what I needed to hear!”

“‘Poggers?’” Holmes repeats in disbelief.

“No, not that,” I clarify, “I meant that I should show Nobu that I’m not even interested in some alternate universe version of her in the first place.”

“I’m impressed you managed to glean a useful idea out of everyone’s sleep-deprived antics,” Goldolf praises me. “If I may add a suggestion, though: a gift may help. If you can think of something she would like, such a gesture might really show her you care.”

“That’s a good idea!” Da Vinci nods, “Didn’t you just spend a rare prism to buy a Lantern of Chaldea last month?”

“You’re right!” I recognize, “I had been saving it for a rainy day. That might be perfect.”

“Indeed,” Goldolf nods, “So you should get right on that and go cheer up Miss Oda. And, if all else fails--and you can trust me, a notorious lady-killer, on this--never underestimated

the power of butt stuff.”

I’m already out of the room before even stopping to question the conversation that we all just shared together.

I make my way across the facility until I reach Nobu’s room, and I knock a few times. After a brief wait, I try again. After the third series of knocks, I carefully let myself in.

The only light in the room is the TV, which I can see is playing an episode of One Piece. Nobu is curled up and bundled inside of her lengthy red cape, sitting on the edge of her bed and staring at the anime playing on the screen. She doesn’t really react to me entering the room. I plop down and sit next to her on the edge of her bed.

“I see you’ve switched back to the sub rather than the dub,” I casually start conversation.

“I mean, I’m literally Japanese, so it’s obvious I’m going to like the original more,” she smirks. I can tell she’s trying to be humorous, but her low level of energy seems to fall flat. She has deep and dark bags under her eyes as if she hasn’t been sleeping. I feel so bad seeing her like this, I just want to make her feel better as soon as possible.

I try to keep the chat going as light heartedly as possible. “You say that, but you seemed to really enjoy the 4Kids dub quite a bit.”

“Well... you’ve got me there,” she admits, “It just had a sense of wabi-sabi that was really enjoyable. I can respect Funimation’s dub, but it’s just not the same goofiness. So I went back to the original.”

“Y’know, I like the original more, too,” I take the opportunity to say, and I reach my arm around her shoulders to pull her in against my side. “The original Demon Archer, sometimes-Berserker Nobu who the others can’t compare to.”

Though she’s still wrapped in her cape like a cocoon, I can feel her push me away, and she seems to be gritting her teeth. Her expression of annoyance would be almost cartoonish, but I know that she’s seriously upset, so I can’t really say I’m amused seeing her make such a face. “Away with you and your silver tongue, you bastard. You wouldn’t have spent twenty tickets and 150 sq on that red haired harlot if you were telling the truth.”

“I just want to like, show spiritual support, you know?” I reason. “I’m the number one Nobunaga fan, after all. I wanted to show appreciation for you finally getting a 5-star form...”

“Argh!!!” she shouts in frustration, burying her face into her cape and somewhat muffling her outburst. “I’m such a laughing stock. The whole internet is probably laughing at how weak Avenger me is!”

I consider patting her on the back, but instead wrap both of my arms around her bundled up form to embrace her as best I can. I hold her like this for a while, just the two of us, with nothing but an episode of One Piece in the background as white noise.

“You know, tier lists are trash anyway,” I tell her, “And I know it’s cliché, but you don’t have to be the strongest at everything to win. Didn’t you see that time that Hijikata basically one-shot each of the final boss’ HP bars during C.C.C. event? The absolute unit. And Gamepress calls him C Tier!”

“I appreciate you trying to cheer me up, but...” Nobu starts to speak, but stops to sigh.

“Ok, let me put it this way,” I segue, “Monkey D. Luffy ate what should have been one of the weakest Devil Fruits in the entire One Piece series. The shit made him turn into rubber. And yet he throws down against almost literal gods who can turn into lightning and move faster than light and destroy mountains and shit. Try telling him he should be low tier on the power scale.”

In a slightly aggressive gesture of affection, I shake Nobu a few times as we hold, and then start to gently rock back and forth. “And like, try telling the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven that she’s not one of the strongest badasses around. Ya dig homie? You’re awesome and super powerful. And hell, when you put on a swimsuit, you’re damn near the strongest servant around!”

I think her sadness is starting to show cracks, so it might be safe to get a little goofy. I start to sing softly, imitating an infamous opening song that the One Piece dub used once upon a time. “*YO! Ya-yo, YAAAA-YOOO! Dreamin’! Don’t give it up Nobu!*”

“Wait what,” she questions.

“*Dreamin’! Don’t give it up, Nobu!!*”

“Oh my God,” she starts to snicker, now recognizing what I’m quoting.

“*Dreamin’! Don’t give it up Nobu!!! Dreamin’! Don’t give it up, give it up, give it up, give it UP! Here’s how the story goes, we find out, bout the daimyo who claimed Japan, there’s no doubt! The Nobu who crushed Buddha will sing, ‘I’ll be king of the demons, I’m, gonna be king!’*”

She is actively laughing at this point and she forcefully pushes me backwards onto the bed and hangs over me. Now that she’s out from the inside of her cape, I can see that her cape and her hat are the only things she’s wearing at all. “You’re such a goofy idiot. And a total weirdo. Who tries to be romantic by singing the fucking 4Kids One Piece rap?”

“Someone who just wants to see his Nobu smile again,” I admit earnestly while I caress her cheek as she looks down from above me.

She tries to maintain her smile, but can’t quite manage. “I know you’re probably just trying to butter me up so that we can have sex or something, you horn dog. But you’d probably be better off fucking Avenger me or something, her and her stupidly huge whore honkers...”

I grab Nobu’s shoulders and roll her down to the bed so that we are both laying on our sides and looking at one another.



“To be honest, I don’t even like the second or third ascensions for your Avenger form,” I try to appeal. “Like, design-wise I guess they are cool? Kind of? But they aren’t Nobu. They aren’t MY Nobu. My one and only Nobu.”

Her lip starts to quiver a bit, both from my emotional confession as well as because I’ve sneakily taken it upon myself to slide two of my fingers into her pussy, which I’m now lazily exploring the insides of. The earliest and softest of her moans is like the opening to the most beautiful music to me.

She reaches for the tv remote and turns off the anime in the background. I noticed that she’s basically caught up with the anime completely, and is already in the flashback portion of the current Wano arc. “You’ve made crazy progress through One Piece, it usually takes people years to get this far. Maybe I shouldn’t be distracting you from it, I guess I should go...” I tease.

“Fuck you, stop being so cheeky and finish what you’ve started,” she glares at me with an impish smirk. She starts forcefully pulling at my clothes to undress me, and in short order I’m just as naked as she is.

In barely a matter of seconds, she’s on all fours, shaking her hips at me and practically begging me to mount her doggy style. I’m more than happy to give her what she wants.

I grab her plump butt cheeks and squeeze them, toying with them endlessly as I pound her over and over again. “You’re pretty cheeky yourself, Nobu,” I tell her, “Trying to act like you’re bothered by your Avenger version having bigger titties. Acting like you don’t know damn well that you have the sweetest ass on the planet.”

I get down on all fours myself right over her, with my body pressed against hers completely so that I can feel her whole back against me, and so that I can whisper into her ear as I plap against her repeatedly at a rapid pace. “Seriously, I love everything about the way you are Nobu. You’re already the ideal mix of cute, sexy, funny, and gorgeous. Better get ready for me to ram you all day and all night until you can get the picture that you’re the one I want.”

Her legs and arms give out and she falls onto the bed under the pressure of assault from me fucking her so fiercely. I follow suit and practically lay on top of her as I continue drilling her into the bed. She bites her pillow to keep from yelling, and the whole room is echoing from the claps of her ass against my pelvis.

I slide my hands under her body so I can start twisting and pinching her nipples. “Please Nobu, will you come out of your room after this? You’re missing out on all the Gudaguda festivities. It’ll be tons of fun having you by my side.”

"But... the new Nobu gets a higher damage bonus than I do..." Nobu second guesses herself, "And you may as well take advantage of the higher bond bonus she gets, too..."

I slow down my thrusts, but emphasize each one with even more force than before, slapping us together with each motion. I also wiggle my fingers into her mouth to start

playing around with her tongue. "Stop worrying about comparing yourself to the new Nobu. Here, I brought something special for you to think about."

My coat is still hanging from the bedside where I can reach it. While still slipping in and out of Nobu to keep pleasuring her, I reach into my coat pocket to reveal my gift to her. "Nobu... I know we have already reached max bond level. But I want you to have this lantern. I want to take our bond to the next level."

She's just about speechless, and me fucking the daylight out of her probably isn't making it any easier to speak. "I'm serious, Nobu. This bond is something that you and I share, and no one else."

She stops me enough to get a moment to roll onto her back, and we continue missionary and face to face. Lo and behold, she has the brightest and sweetest smile on her face. This is the smile I wanted to see! It's enough to cause me to finish almost instantly.

Though finish isn't the right word, really, because we're going to keep going until the sun is up, and probably long after that too. It will take a LOT of bonding to reach the next level, after all.

# Up all summer to get lucky

## Chapter Summary

The other summer bikini servants can only tempt me so far, my heart belongs to my Gudaguda Girl Nobu <3

Summer this year got off to an explosive start, in a lot of ways! We've been goofing off in this Las Vegas singularity like a bunch of loonies for a few days now, fighting sword duels and gambling with reckless abandon.

Oh well. I guess gambling in casinos is only the second most self-destructive gambling addiction one can have, and is still better than being addicted to spending money on Gacha mobile games.

... I know, I know. You don't have to tell me. I'm already going to therapy over all of this. (Da Vinci makes for a surprisingly good psychologist, on this note.)

Well, anyway. Of course Nobu has been with me the whole of the vacation! In fact, her Atsumori Beat skill keeps the whole team going more often than not. I guess I'm not surprised to find out that Oui and "Iori" are both party girls at heart, and both love to jam and dance it out to Nobu's sick guitar playing. The whole singularity has been like a never ending rock concert!

On another note, I didn't really expect the rest of the Gudaguda gang to show up as well, but I was happy to see them. As it so happens, all of the Nobus made up with one another after OG Nobu got over her initial jealousy of... herself? I'm still not really sure how any of that works.

At this exact moment and time, the rest of the crew are all out doing their own things and having fun around the city. Nobu and I are spending the afternoon together, on a date of sorts.

"So who's idea was it to sell deep fried butter at those food stands, anyway?" I ask Nobu, seeing as she was/is in essence the head of this Rakuichi Rakuza casino.

"Well," Nobu thinks back, tilting her head and holding her chin to think, "I had heard about fried ice cream being a thing and thought that sounded insane, so I started asking around to see what other fried things people could think of. A little of this and a little of that happened, and somehow butter got involved."

"That explained everything and yet explained nothing," I joke.

“Hard to say when or where in the process it happened, but it can’t be helped! Uwhahaha!” she laughs without a care in the world, “Though what CAN be helped is that I’m adding fried pickles to the menu as well. I got into an argument with that Man-Slayer Demon Commander over it and I decided it would be better to just give him what he wanted rather than have things come to blows.”

We walk around a bit more, just talking and laughing about random things. “Where would you like to head next, Nobu?” I ask her.

Her head hangs a bit and she pulls down the brim of her hat to cover her face, as if to hide embarrassment. Her face is certainly bright red. She also grabs onto my arm and clings onto it tightly, before leaning in towards me to whisper in my ear. “We’ve been doing it a lot since we got here, but I want to find even more places to try and do it without getting caught.”

“You’re certainly starting to get bold,” I whisper back with a smile on my face, “You really get insatiable when you put on that swimsuit, huh?”

“You’re one to talk,” she giggles back, “You’ve ogled more servants than I care to count since you got here, you idiot pervert.”

“Get real,” I brush aside, “That’s not true at all.”

“Are you lacking in self awareness so much you don’t even realize it?!” she questions in half-amused disbelief, “It’s like this every summer, your eyes are glued to servant’s asses, thighs, feet... it’s quite shameful, really!”

“Really?” I blink, “You have to be exaggerating...”

“Pretend I’m bluffing at your own peril, fool!” she spits back defiantly, “Every time that penguin parka primadonna stuck out her tongue with that smug expression on her face, you got 30%... no, at least 45% erect!”

“... I don’t think it counts if I’m not even reaching the halfway point...” I try to muster up as a meager defense of my alleged actions.

“Every time I catch you glancing at that Katsushika girl’s feet in those weird heels, I notice you getting at least 60%... no, at least 65% erect!” she argues.

“Where are you coming up with these oddly specific percentage estimates?!” I ask back incredulously.

Nobu steps in front of me and faces off against me with a pout and her arms propped at her hips in a standoffish pose. “I know your cock better than you do, you idiot pervert. Of course I can gauge the length and stiffy-ness at just a glance! Don’t you dare forget that your balls belong to me, either! Honestly, have you forgotten that I’m the Demon King of the warring states? You’re lucky I don’t have you executed for treason, trying to go behind my back like this!”

“I wasn’t going behind your back about anything!” I deny, “We’re just helping Oui fulfil her dream destiny of becoming the top sword beauty!”

Nobu punches me. “Really, master!” she protests, “I know that she is the poster girl of this event and that you two are partners until she can win her sword duels, but at least try to have some decency in the meantime! Seriously, dude... you’ve got me and my mouth-wateringly sexy, curvy swimsuit figure right here!”

She’s right! My eyes rapidly scan her from head to toe, and I’m already excited. She comes in close to me and wraps her cape cloak around my body, and with both of us obscured I doubt anyone around us can see the fact that she’s now firmly grabbing my crotch.

Nobu’s practically up in my face while this close, and she grins at me with a devious smirk. “There we go... 100%. Nice and stiff. At least this guy is more honest than you are.”

I’m starting to sweat, looking around us. We’re basically still in a crowd of people in all directions, yet Nobu is squeezing my junk so aggressively, of course I’d be rock solid.

Still holding my arm, she pulls it and leads it towards her until she’s forcibly rubbing my hand against her crotch through her bikini, while still keeping us both obscured by her coat. “Come oooooonnnn,” she taunts me, “I know this excites you just as much as it does me. Let’s go find somewhere to do it.”

I think for a moment about where we could go. “Let’s go somewhere with a pool or something. If we play it cool, I bet we could fuck underwater in broad daylight and no one would ever know.”

“Mmm...” Nobu moans pleasantly, and she’s at this point grinding her body against mine like a horny animal. “Being surrounded by strangers while you mess me up... damn it, master! I can’t believe you’ve turned me into an exhibitionist. Let’s go right now, I can’t wait any longer.

“Me neither,” I nod assuredly. As we leave the area, Nobu keeps holding onto my arm and leaning against me as we walk. I am so in love with this woman.

We settle on Lambda’s casino, slipping into the pool and finding a nice spot near the edge. We try to act natural as Nobu swims over to me and turns to press the back of her body against the front of mine. “So... we’re really about to do this...” she whispers.

“Yep, right out in the open,” I tease. “And it sure is crowded here. Must be a really busy day.”

The sounds around us are quite active. Chattering people, rowdy servants, spinning slot machines, and even penguins making whatever noise penguins make. “I bet there’s over a hundred people in all directions,” I whisper to her as I stealthily slide in between her bikini bottom to put myself inside of her. Her whole body quivers and she closes her mouth to desperately try and stifle a moan from coming out.

“Oh fuck... this is so crazy,” she shivers, reaching her arms backwards to grab my hips as I thrust back and forth as inconspicuously as I can manage. I wrap around and hug her tightly as we get bolder with our movements. She slides her arms slightly up my waist, but then she instead overlays them over my own arms to hold me as I hold her. “Tell me how it feels,” she commands me.

“So good that I can’t think straight,” I whisper into her ear. I gyrate my hips to grind in a circle and begin kissing her neck.

“You better not think of anyone else other than me right now,” she warns, “I have exclusive rights to you, master. Don’t forget that!”

“AHH!!!” an unfamiliar voice screams so loudly that it causes us to freeze in place. “LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! I CAN’T BELIEVE IT!!!”

Oh fuck, oh man, oh geeze, have we been caught?

It seems... someone over at the slot machines just won the jackpot, actually. The sound of waves upon waves of coins pouring out of a machine starts to echo throughout the casino as virtually all of the people in the area start to crowd around the lucky winner. It’s practically a party over in the distance with cheering and screaming--heck, even most of the penguins have gathered around the commotion.

It seems like it’s just the two of us here over by this corner of the pool, with no one’s attention directed at us...

Nobu rapidly spins around and wraps her arms and legs around me like an octopus. “Fuck me, right now, as hard as you can!” she tries to tell me, locking into a deep kiss which drives me insane.

We go at it like crazy, with not so much as an attempt to keep it a secret anymore. It would be completely obvious what we’re doing if someone so much as even glances in our direction, this is super risky... but I’m loving the thrill. I sink my fingers into Nobu’s squishy butt as we wrestle our tongues. She explores my mouth and I hers, tasting each other vividly as I feel the insides of her pussy gripping at me more tightly than a bear trap.

“I love you, I love you,” I start repeating in between kisses as I slap my pelvis against her with such force that it starts sloshing the water around us from the drastic motions. We could be caught so easily... but I don’t care, I just care about loving Nobu.

I know she must be going bananas from this excitement, too. She’s digging her nails into my back at this point. “Keep going, keep going, please... I’m cumming, master!”

She kisses me to try and muffle her yells, and she practically melts in my arms as she is enveloped by the pure bliss of what must be an extremely powerful orgasm. She’s completely winded, but with her lips glued to mine, she’s having trouble deciding whether or not to focus on kissing me or on trying to catch her breath. She slows down her movements for a brief moment. “Oh my god, that was so...” she starts to speak.

However, I start thrashing my hips again wildly. “W-W-WAIT! Hold on, Master!! I just... I just came... noooooo!!!”

I spin her and move her to position her belly against the wall and to hang her over the edge of the pool, and I start railing her doggy style. I don’t last too much longer with how crazy turned on we both are. I can tell by her reactions that she’s cumming again, and at this point I blow like a volcano, filling her up.

Oh man... this was so overwhelmingly good. So ridiculously great that I’ll treasure this summer memory forever. Nobu seems like she’s like one step shy of passing out, she’s so exhausted and overstimulated, so I help her to pull her bikini back in place and resume some sense of normalcy now that our secret fuckfest has concluded... for the time being.

We’re both surprised by someone cannonballing into the water right near us, splashing us both with a massive wave. Mash pops out from the water. “Wooo!!! Senpai, did you see? I won the jackpot at the slot machines!”

“That was you?!” I ask in surprise, “Whoa! Congratulations!”

“Thanks! I hope you get a chance to win big and get lucky as well!” Mash grins from ear to ear. “But right now, I’m feeling like the luckiest girl in Las Vegas!” she bids us adieu before swimming off to go meet with some other Servants from our group.

This leaves Nobu and I with another brief moment together. Nobu clings tightly to my arm and rests her head against my shoulder, smiling peacefully. “She’s only the second luckiest girl in Vegas,” Nobu whispers lovingly to me, and kisses me on the cheek.

# Space Case

## Chapter Summary

\*No Space Ishtussys or Calamity Janussys were actually ate in the making of this chapter.

“Maaasteer~!” I hear whispered soothingly into my ear, just enough to awaken my most basic senses. I must have been sleeping. I don’t have the energy to open my eyes yet, but I can tell that was Nobu speaking to me. The sensation of her breath against my cheek accompanies each word as she speaks. “Maaasteer, it’s time to wake up. Come on, you lazy dog.”

“Give me a break, my schedule is all shaken up...” I mumble.

“Oh, come now,” Nobu says, and then clicks her tongue three times in disappointment. “Why are you so exhausted lately?”

I hadn’t really thought about it, and pondering the question starts to get the gears in my brain moving enough to get me out of my just-woke-up mentality. “I guess... the lack of routine has been troubling for me.”

“Eh?” she blinks, “Like what?”

“I dunno... I just feel like life has changed so much, it’s hard to keep up,” I try to think.

“I guess there’s no shortage of changes since we left Chaldea,” Nobu recognizes upon deeper introspection.

I lean up and stretch my arms a bit to get the blood flowing. “Even beyond that, even just the passage of time feels odd to me,” I elaborate a little further. “Summer moves to Autumn, then to Winter, with little holidays and events along the way. Like, the year usually has checkpoints and stuff, y’know? It feels like the last few months have been a blurry stretch of time, without many breaks. We didn’t even really get to celebrate Halloween together, on account of getting kidnapped to a different universe and going into space...”

Nobu grabs my shoulders and pushes me back gently, until my back is up comfortably against the wall and I’m sitting up straight. Nobu and I are in little more than underwear, so as she starts to snuggle up against me I can feel the full pleasure of her skin. She wraps her arm around my waist, and with her other arm she slides her hand down into my boxers.

“It’s ok, I’m listening, you can keep talking,” she speaks softly with a sexy hint of playfulness to her words.



“Well... I guess it was a fun event either way, but... I dunno... going to space was just, a lot, you know?”

I can feel the pressure of Nobu's finger tap against me, with the added sensation of the tip of her fingernail accompanying each tap. She touches the underside of my dick and begins slowly sliding and scratching upwards, getting me erect extremely quickly.

“You're getting pretty stiff,” she comments. “We haven't really done it since you got back from Space... which means you're pretty backed up now, right?”

“Yeah... extremely,” I wrap my arm around her in return, and manage to grip onto and squeeze her plump butt cheek.

“I didn't really like this event,” she says as she lovingly leans her head onto my shoulder, at this point grasping and slowly stroking up and down to get me off. “I wanted to spend Halloween with you, but instead you got taken away by two stripper space vixens from planet bimbo. You better not have done anything weird with them...”

My mind drifts as I try not to lose myself in pleasure. “Ishtar and Jane were super nice at least...”

Nobu's grip gets more aggressive, and I sense that she's feeling a bit irked despite her continued efforts to stroke me. “Yeah, well I didn't like how they were all over you when you summoned them back here. They practically kicked down the door and yelled, ‘we're ready to get our Space Ishtussy and Calamity Janussy ate!’”

I snicker a bit. “That's the silliest thing you've said in a while. You know it wasn't like that.”

“Master, I'm holding your manhood in my hand right now, and you most certainly got harder as we talked about them,” Nobu accuses, “Did you *want* it to be like that...?”

What a loaded question. Her speed increases and she keeps slamming her hand up and down, making it really hard to focus. “Of course not...” I manage to moan.

She playfully slaps my rod, which is so rigid by this point that it sways and twitches back up to full mast. “I doubt that they or anyone else would even be able to handle this beastly cock anyway. Only I, the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven, am capable of taming and commanding such a dangerous weapon.”

“I'm telling you, Nobu, I don't want to be with other girls...” I try to reason with her.

“I know you're telling the truth,” she smirks, looking me in the eyes. However, her expression turns a little sad and she stops rubbing me briefly. “But you seem so down in the dumps lately. I want my cheery, energetic, crazyass man back. I... want to do something nice for you, so that you can cheer up and feel good again.”

“What are you talking about?” I ask.

“Here’s what we’ll do...” she begins to explain. Instead of fully clenching my dick with her whole hand, she changes her grip style a bit. She lets go with three of her fingers, to the point where she’s only holding me with her thumb and pointer finger, which she slides up to form a small ring specifically around the head of my penis. “Now, you’re going to be honest with me,” Nobu instructs, “I’m going to let you get away with this just this once. Go ahead and think about all of those other slutty servants you’re always ogling. We’re going to burn off all of those impure, perverted thoughts.”

Without warning, she starts expertly massaging the head of my penis, using her petite hold and very subtle movements to maximize the bliss that I feel as she drives me insane in my most sensitive spots.

I guess... my thoughts start drifting. There really are so many sexy servants... there have been times where I’ve thought about Nero, or Oui, or Ushiwakamaru... I feel as if I’m starting to melt as my black slides down the wall, and soon I’m laying down in bed again, lacking the energy to even sit up straight.

Nobu slides her palm against the back of my head to slightly lift me up, practically pampering me as she continues her pinpoint assault on my glans.

Suddenly, she stops, which almost causes my muscles and joints to lock up as it feels like my entire body is under Nobu’s control. She instead caresses my balls slowly, toying with me. She lifts one side and then the other rhythmically, and I can’t even think enough to process how I feel. All I know is my cock is certainly throbbing, twitching, and--hell, it’s probably spinning around in circles like a helicopter for all I know. I want to finish... I want to cum so badly...

She leans in, hanging her head over mine, and presses the surface of her lips to mine. “Alright, Master,” she whispers, “Those nuts are probably engorged, filled to the brim. All that greedy, unfaithful, perverted semen... every last one of your little spermies swirling around like mad, begging to be let loose into some bitch. They probably don’t even care who, or why, so long as they can explode.”

She and I hold an extended gaze with one another. “Nobu, I... I...”

She rapidly swings leg across me and gets in position to mount me. “Good to know you still remember my name. It’s ok, you foolish master. I’ll tame this nasty nutsack. Just say my name again.”

“Nobu!” I shout, “Nobu!”

She sits down and takes my whole dick in one motion. I can’t think straight! She grabs my wrists and stretches my arms out, pinning me against the bed. She starts pounding her pussy against me, and... and...

What a powerful, uncontrollable orgasm... I feel like I’m in zero-gravity in space again. And even after a number of splurts, when I think it might be ending... Nobu kisses me. Her lips... her tongue... fuck... I can’t think. I’m literally stupid. I need her so much. I don’t want anyone else. I want my Nobu!

...

“Maaasteer~!” I hear whispered soothingly into my ear, just enough to awaken my most basic senses.

... I feel déjà vu.

Suddenly I return to reality, realizing Nobu is laying on top of me, holding me in a tender embrace. “You clocked out for what must have been a few minutes! I’m impressed, you horny bastard!”

She lightly slaps her palms against the sides of my face, sandwiching me to where our eyes lock intensely. “Look me in the eyes,” she commands.

And boy, do I. Her face is blushing red, and she looks gorgeous.

A smile slowly builds until it conquers her whole expression. “I’ve heard the modern phrase ‘post-nut clarity,’ but it seems to me more like you opened a third eye and reached enlightenment from that nut,” she jokes. “Who were you thinking of when you came?”

I grab her and hold her as tight as can be and plant kiss after kiss against her. Lips, cheek, forehead... I don’t care where, as long as it’s Nobu. She’s giggling and laughing, trying to push me away. “Calm down, calm down! I’m not going anywhere. Now, come on... answer the question. Who were you thinking of?”

“You, of course...” I answer, and continue licking and sucking the skin of her cheek.

“Damn right,” she confirms, enjoying every moment of my ravenous desire to enjoy her face. “Now that we’ve gotten that out of your system, I need you to remember something important. So listen carefully, faithful retainer of mine!”

I pause with attentiveness, though I’m panting and out of breath from how excited I am.

“Master, no matter how you are feeling, and whatever is ailing your mind... remember that you are supremely fortunate! You have earned the right to be the boyfriend of the strongest and most capable woman in the history of the world. I, Oda Nobunaga, will not allow my partner to suffer or tire or struggle in any way! So next time you feel like you need help, I will permit you to rely on me. And do naughty, sexy things with me too, of course.”

I can’t really think of the words to say to her, so I just continue stroking her body and giving her the most passionate love. I let my heart do the talking.

“Mmm~” she moans, “So, now that you’ve had the vast majority of the fun so far... can you still keep going? Is it my turn, now...?”

I basically pounce on Nobu and we go at it like animals. All these complicated and troubling emotions about the passage of time and other worries can wait, I’ll sort them out later with the help of my lover, Nobu. Right now, all that matters is that I feel a fire burning in my soul knowing I’m going to make her as happy as she makes me.



# A Weird Wish for Christmas... Part One

## Chapter Summary

Whoa... things might actually get a bit serious here...

Aside from a bunch of Santas trying to kill each other, Santa Island has been a bit of a winter wonderland for us. The whole crew is here, living it up and having a blast.

Da Vinci and Holmes look to be living it up, driving the Shadow Border around as if it were a giant snowmobile. Not sure if that's the safest use of expensive military technology, but they're both smarter than I am, so I assume they know what they are doing.

Mash has been building a snowman with the help of Fou. "We did a great job, Fou! Now we just need to put a carrot on for the nose."

As Fou sniffs around for any spare carrots, he bumps into a large ice structure. Merlin seems to have outclassed their snowman, as he has constructed a 1:1 model of the tower of Avalon out of snow. He's standing at the balcony near the top, and waves down to Fou in a rather smug, almost condescending way.

... A well placed flying drop kick from Fou put the flower mage in his place, sending the entire tower toppling over with Merlin still on it.

"Don't you have clairvoyance, Mr. Merlin?" Sylvia asks, holding out her mitten to offer to help Merlin to his feet. "How did you not know that taunting Fou would end that way?"

He accepts the offer and, once back up, dusts snow off his entire outfit. "I weighed my options, considered the consequences, and decided it would be worth it," he shrugs nonchalantly.

Meuniere chuckles. "Those two really have a Bill Murray and Gopher kind of character dynamic going on, huh."

Da Vinci abruptly cuts in via radio commentary. "Meuniere, I swear to God, if you mention Caddyshack one more time."

In addition to all of the fun antics everyone else is getting up to, Nobu and myself are having fun with a sort of impromptu shooting gallery.

"Toss another one, Master!" Nobu requests, peppy as ever, and regaining my attention on the task at hand.

I roll up a decently sized snowball and toss it as fast as I can through the air. Nobu summons a floating matchlock rifle to her side and nails the snowball right in the center with a well aimed shot. “Hahaha! Training Nightingale to be a better archer has me all fired up! Send more targets my way!”

As instructed, I toss more, having some fun with it. I toss one from underneath my leg, and Nobu gets more and more creative with a behind-the-back shot. I juggle multiple snowballs and toss them rapid fire, and Nobu’s rifles float through the air to hit each of them. It’s like a circus show, watching her weapons dance and her bullets fly. This little carnival game is actually rather fun!

“Watch me fire some trick shots, Master!” Nobu smiles brightly. For the next few rounds, she manages to bounce bullets off of trees, hit multiple snowballs with a single shot, and other really fancy displays of prowess. The two of us are grinning and laughing, having a great time!

“So, Nobu,” I chat casually as we continue our games, “Have you done any thinking about what you want for Christmas?”

She holds her chin. “Hmm... not in particular!” she smiles, “Though it would be nice if you could finally have the luck to summon that manslayer finally. Chacha and I need more Gudaguda friends to share tea with. But other than that, I think I have everything I could want.”

“Well, that’s great to know,” I grin, her words having warmed my heart. I think she and I are on the same page that we’d be content to just have things keep going the way they are forever.

A powerful gust of winter wind blasts at us from seemingly nowhere, however, which starts to move the cluster of snowballs I had just thrown. I wonder if Nobu will still shoot them out of the air with them moving so unpredictably? Even the bullet she just fired seems to be off the mark, sailing into a nearby rock and ricocheting towards—

!

What just happened...? Nobu seems to have dashed right next to me, and she’s holding her hand outstretched in front of my face. She clenches her palm into a fist, and I feel a few drops of something sprinkle against my face. I touch whatever it is, and I see that there’s blood on my finger...!

Nobu opens her palm, and a bloodied bullet drops from it and hits the snow on the ground, staining it red.

“Nobu, are you alright?!” I frantically question.

“Of course I’m alright,” Nobu scoffs. “I’m a servant, after all—and a highly talented one, at that! Catching a bullet out of the air is nothing to a Demon King like myself, muwhahaha!”

I carefully grab her arm and apply a healing spell to her, mending the wound that the bullet left. Soon her palm is healed back to normal, but there's a significant tear in her glove where the projectile pierced it. She jerks her arm away from me defensively, and she stares at her hand. She then looks back up at me, and holds eye contact without saying anything.

Nobu is... shaking. She seems rather rattled. After a very tense few moments of locking eyes, I'm not so sure everything is ok. She pulls the brim of her hat down to cover her upper face and turns away. I'm glad she's ok, but... something feels strange. But I don't want to make her any less comfortable. "We... should stop for the day," I manage to speak.

"Yeah... agreed," she nods. By now, the others have sensed something went wrong and have run over to check on us. But, as quickly as the shooting accident happened, everything is back to normal. I think...

—

It's a bit later in the day, and we're back home at the base for now. I've been helping the Director and some others organize some paperwork and compile some data from the recent events.

"And you're sure she's fine, despite the unexpected injury?" Director Goredolf questions me, sounding concerned. "I suppose a bullet wouldn't cause too much harm to a Servant, especially with such a quick medical response. I can have the staff give her a quick look to make sure that there's no lasting damage to her spirit core, if you'd like."

"I don't think she's still hurt, physically," I explain. "But she was acting strange after it happened. I can't really tell what she's thinking or feeling."

"Master!" I hear Nobu shout, alerting me from behind. I turn, and she immediately forces a bottle into my hand, as well as a plate with what looks like a healthy meal on top of it. "I made you a protein milkshake, and a home cooked meal filled with all kinds of good stuff in it, so eat up! It's good for you!"

"Hello, Nobu," Mash greets her kindly, "We were just talking about how we're a bit worried for you. Senpai told us about the mishap on Santa Island, and we're just wondering how you are feeling."

"Me? I'm feeling fine. Just peachy. I'm the Demon Lord-iest I've been in years!" she tells us, seemingly without a care in the world. "Just making sure that Master gets his fill of good eats. And Master, you should come with me to the gym in a few minutes! We need to train and get stronger at every chance we get."

"And your hand is doing ok?" Sylvia raises as a potential concern.

"What? It's fine," Nobu passively brushes off, "There's nothing to worry about."

She practically skips out of the room, leaving us all kind of puzzled.

“If you ask me,” Meuniere speaks up, “I think she might be trying to, uh, what’s the phrase. Not like, ‘save face,’ necessarily. But I think she might be trying to put on a tough guy act?”

Sylvia thinks about the situation. “I think there’s more to it than that. But I don’t really want to put words in her mouth. I think maybe Fujimaru-kun should maybe try to talk with her about how she’s doing in private, where she might be a little more comfortable.”

“Yeah,” I nod, “I was hoping to get a chance to do that anyway. I hope whatever’s bothering her is something she’s willing to talk about.”

—

I head on over to our meeting place at the gym, and find Nobu suiting up with boxing gloves. “C’mon, Master, let’s spar a bit!”

“You sure are full of pep today,” I comment, “Any particular reason?”

“Well... we just need to train more. That’s all,” she reasons. “So throw on some gloves, and see if you can last fifteen rounds against Japan’s most fearsome warlord!”

“You’re acting like you have something to prove,” I draw attention to with a bit of humor. “If this is about the thing that happened earlier... nobody thinks any less of you for getting a little scared by that injury. We know you’re still a badass.”

“What are you talking about?” Nobu asks, “This isn’t about me at all.”

Hmm. I thought maybe the others were right in assuming that Nobu was trying to show off in response to that perceived moment of weakness from getting hit with that bullet in the hand... but maybe it’s something else?

As I prepare to get ready for the boxercising, I take off my shirt to increase my maneuverability. I catch Nobu watching me as I do, and she moseys up to me while looking me over. “I suppose I don’t really comment on it much, but... you sure do have quite a few scars on you, Master.”

I look down on myself. “Huh. I guess I do,” I admit. “But ever since I came to Chaldea, I’ve been out there fighting with all of you Servants as best I can. I think it would be weird if I had made it this far WITHOUT getting scratched up.”

Nobu’s lips curve into a hopeful smile. “That’s the type of selfless heroism deserving of a place on the Throne of Heroes,” she grins, before thumping her gloves together. “Now, put ‘em up!”



That felt a bit strange to hear her say that, but I suppose she was just saying that as an expression or something. I step into the ring and we square up, and the punches start to roll out. We take things slowly and methodically, as this is just training.

Nobu gets a hit on me, socking me in the jaw. The fact that my head is still on my shoulders tells me she isn't at all using her Servant strength. "That was sloppy, Master, you'll have to move quicker than that."

I get my head in the game, and we dance around each other's footwork and exchange a few more swings. Another bop on the head gets me by surprise.

"What happened to your reaction time?" she criticizes.

I shake my head, and we continue going at it. I last a pretty good amount of time keeping up with her, but another thump to the head has me seeing stars. "Why do you keep aiming for my head?" I ask, a bit distraught.

"You have to be able to move more quickly in emergencies," she states, matter-of-factly. "You'll never make it to the Throne of Heroes if you can't pull off super heroic feats of skill!"

Again with mentioning that. "Uh, Nobu? I don't know why you keep bringing that up. But can Masters even meet the criteria to get accepted into the Throne? I thought only legendary figures could become Servants."

"You saved all of the human race, and you're on your way to saving it a second time!" Nobu argues, "What could be more legendary than that?"

"Most of humanity doesn't even know the first Grand Order happened, so it's not like I've left a mark on history or anything," I rationalize. "I'm not that important in the grand scheme of things."

Nobu is silent. "... Of course you're important..." I think I hear her mumble to herself, but she seems to take a deep sigh before speaking to me directly. "Well, let's just... go to the showers or something to clean up. We put in good work today, but let's keep training more and more every day!"

She's definitely acting weird, but I can't even really begin to think of a way to approach the subject of how she's acting, so I just comply in silence.

—

In the shower room, the two of us get undressed in preparation to rinse off from the exertion. We're both sweating quite a bit from the workout, but the chill of winter makes it rather uncomfortable in the moderately cold room. Hopefully a nice warm shower will clear our heads.

It's silent for a time, leaving us to our thoughts. Before I turn the shower on, Nobu asks me something. "You got a Holy Grail from Santa Island, right?"

"Yes. We have an extra now, that's right," I confirm.

"I..." she starts to speak, but pauses momentarily to gulp. "I think I have a wish. You know, a wish for Christmas. Like you asked about."

I raise a question in return. "What would that be?"

"Can we—" she starts, "--Or, can you—wish on the grail to join the Throne of Heroes?"

"What's with the recent obsession with that subject?" I sincerely ask.

"It's not an obsession," she shakes her head. "This is just, really important to me."

"Well... like I said, I don't think I'd qualify," I admit, "And I don't think that's something that the Grail could grant anyway."

Nobu changes her mind. "Can it grant my wish if I wish for you to live forever?"

"Uh?" I blink, confused.

"I don't want you to have to be in danger anymore," Nobu asserts strongly.

"I... appreciate the gesture, Nobu. I really do!" I try to comfort her. "But that's just the nature of the job. As surely as you or Mash or anyone else is going to be in danger, I'm going to be right out there with you all as we fight together to save the world."

She doesn't have a response, so I keep talking.

"Danger is just a part of life," I try to reassure her, "And what happened to the confident Demon King of the Sixth Heaven who laughed about her own death and said, 'it can't be helped?'"

"This isn't about me," Nobu speaks with reservation, sounding like she has a growing frustration that is slowly boiling to the surface. I don't really know what to say to her in response, but I keep talking in hopes of finding the right thing to say...

"It's ok what happened earlier," I try to console her, "These things happen. It's nothing to be scared about. And if anything, I thought it was pretty cool when you caught that bullet—"

Nobu slaps me in the face.

\*!\*

She grabs me by my shoulders and pushes me up against the wall, staring me down with a furiously upset glare.

“It’s not ok! And it wasn’t cool!” Nobu shouts at me, scaring me. “What if I hadn’t caught it? That was a bullet! Your brains would have been on the ground behind you! You’d be dead, it would have been my fault, and you want me to just laugh and say it can’t be helped?!”

Oh... this whole time, I was worried that she felt upset about the shooting incident because we saw her get hurt. I was thinking it was her pride that was hurt. But... but was she upset because *I* could have gotten hurt?

Her breathing is intense as she keeps me pinned, and it only intensifies as I feel her shaking arms. It’s an extremely stressful few seconds that feel much longer than they probably are, but Nobu finally throws herself against me and buries her head against my head to where I can’t see her face. She wraps her arms around me like an octopus and clings more tightly than I’ve ever felt.

I instinctively hold her in response. My God... I was an idiot, how did I misinterpret her feelings so badly? How could I have thought that she was nursing a wounded ego? It’s like I don’t even know her at all. She... she wasn’t worried or scared about herself...

It’s hard to hear her trembling voice through the hair surrounding her head, and through my chest as she talks while pressed against it. But what she does say shakes me to my core. “I can’t lose you, Ritsuka,” her voice quivers.

I feel her tears begin to stream down my flesh as she silently chokes down sobs.

I’m tearing up, myself. I stroke her hair again and again, still holding her as she cries into my arms, desperate to try and make her feel better. I... I can’t think of what to say. I hate seeing her in pain like this. This... isn’t what things are supposed to be like.

It’s not Nobu’s hand that needed healing. It’s her heart. And what I need to do to heal that is to show her that I’ll do everything I can to be there for her.

I’ll just... need to figure out the right way to do that. Eventually, after what feels like entirely too long a period of anxiety and pain, her tears slow. She finally raises her head to look up at me with her moist eyes as they fluctuate unsteadily.

“Nobu, I... ” I try to muster the courage to say, “I want to... well, please let me...”

I take a moment to steel myself, and I look back into her gaze with the strongest determination I’ve ever felt. “Just like you’re always there for me, I’ll be there for you. Forever. I promise you that. Let me prove it.”

She rolls her lips inside her mouth as if to bite them nervously, and she closes her glistening eyes to nod her head a few times, in silence.

I turn on the showers, and the two of us de-stress under the warm caress of streaming water. The hot, thick mists of steam quickly fills the cold room, and the sensation of the scalding droplets almost cleanses our minds as well as our tensed muscles. Our holds on one another don’t loosen one bit, and it’s as if our worries melt.

As we trade soap and wash one another's bodies peacefully, Nobu leans in to whisper to me. "Please stay with me tonight," she implores with her melodic voice that strikes at every one of my heartstrings. I smile at her and rub my fingers to push her hair behind her ear, and she smiles back at me.

The shower concludes, leaving us feeling purified by the event. As we continue to reach around and feel each other's sleek, naked bodies, hormones positively swirl as both of us grow more and more into the mood.

As I throw my arm around her shoulders and pull her close, I drape a towel around both of us for cover so we can walk the short distance from here to my room. The door doesn't even have time to close before she throws the towel across the room, and in an instant our tongues are fighting far more aggressively than any of the sparring practice we did prior.

I love the taste of her. The scent of her sweat, mixed with the scents of the fresh soaps we had showered with, is a heavenly combination. I'm filled with the most carnal senses of pleasure. Between the sloppy sounds of our mouths entwining, there's just enough of a pause between kisses for her to tell me something so important. "I love you," she opens her heart to me, kissing me again. "I love you!" she repeats.

She spins me around and guides me as I fall backwards onto my bed, only for her to fall with me and take the opportunity to pin me down with more sensual kissing. I slide my palm across the path of her spine, before smoothly diverging to the side so that I can caress her waist and hip.

I want this moment to last. I do want to be with her forever and ever.

More than anything, I want to grant Nobu's Christmas wish.

# A Weird Wish for Christmas... Part Two

## Chapter Summary

Happy Holidays, everyone!

I don't really have any idea what time it is, but it must be late. Nobu and I were already deep into the evening when we went off together. So much has happened in just a few short hours...

The lights are off, and there are only a handful of soft noises in the room. One of those is the metronomic ticks and tocks of the clock. The base is so quiet, I wouldn't be surprised if this room were the source of the only noises throughout all of Chaldea. Christmas Eve is a silent night, indeed. I imagine most everyone else is asleep by this hour.

The other noises, however, are from us. Nobu moans softly while biting onto her finger, and I greedily lap up the juices from her body. We were moist and slick from the water of our shower earlier, but that was quickly replaced by more sweat as our lovemaking became more and more passionate atop the bed. She's laying on her back with her legs spread, opening her entire crotch area as my personal playground.

I, on the other hand, am kneeling on the floor at the side of the bed, with my face buried between her legs.

I tease, tickle, and massage her most sensitive spots while probing my tongue in and out of her pussy. I also take pauses from the action to drag my tongue up and down her smooth thighs, heightening the anticipation for when I'll next attack her vagina. I roll my lips into her inner thigh, right into the crevice near her pussy lips. I stop there and suckle on her flesh, knowing that it will drive her crazy being so close yet so far to where she really wants my mouth to go.

The ambient glow of the small night light next to bed is just enough for us to make out one another's faces in the black of the night. She looks down at me and we lock eyes, and I manage to smirk deviously as I continue nibbling. She finally goes so far as to grab onto my head to try and direct me back towards her special place. I part my lips from her body and hover directly over her quivering pussy to where she can certainly feel my breath.

"You really want me to keep eating you, huh?" I ask her playfully, my voice no louder than a whisper. We both keep our tones low to avoid waking anyone else.

"Of course I do," she answers back between panting breaths.

I spread her slit with two fingers and gently kiss her a single time, and then back off again. "Are you sure?"

She tries to sound angry, but can't hide her laughter. "Yes I'm sure! You're driving me crazy!"

I stick out my tongue and slowly lower it towards her with surgical care, but stop yet again to tease her more. "How badly do you want it?"

"I need it! Fucking... just eat me!" she commands.

Still not finished pulling her leg... well, I pull her legs to slide her closer to the edge of the bed, and lifts her up at a higher angle. Without warning, I plunge my tongue somewhere else entirely. I tangibly feel the shiver go down her spine as her body shudders. My tongue would have slid as far as it could go up her anus, but she clenched her muscles in surprise.

"Why do you never warn me before you start playing with my butt?!" she struggles to speak, but her tension eases up and I'm able to explore further. I get the feeling that she is getting used to this type of play. Hopefully even enjoying it.

I kiss the outer rim and pull just slightly while my tongue spins sloppy circles inside of her. She's so sleek and slippery from the shower earlier, and I'm in utter delight from teasing and tasting her perfectly clean asshole.

"You're so weird..." she tells me, as her voice almost cracks mid sentence from the pleasure. "You look like you're enjoying this so much, you freak."

I swiftly slide two of my fingers into her pussy and begin fingering her, to keep the action going while I pause to speak. "Not as weird as you are for enjoying it," I joke, "After all, it's not the first time we've done this..."

"What even gave you the idea in the first place to start licking me down there...?" she questions me.

I jostle my fingers little by little to keep stimulating her. "There's just something so arousing about how naughty it feels to eat your ass out like this, Nobu. Like I'm committing some kind of crime or something."

"Muwhaha!-OOH! Oooo..." Nobu laughs surprisingly, but is interrupted by a sharp noise of pleasure on account of my tongue going back in for another dive. "Imagine what humanity would think if they knew the Master saving them was actually the Notorious Anal Bandit of Chaldea."

I give a light but hearty slap to her left butt cheek and deeply, cartoonishly kiss her right cheek. I tug it, and release it with a pop as it snaps back to place. "Nothing wrong with a dashing rogue admiring the booty he has plundered."

"You really push the boundaries of what it means to be 'cheeky,'" Nobu snickers. "Geeze, Master. Who ever thought that the genius of the warring states would get so aroused by such nasty decadence..."

“Is it so unnatural for a great leader to enjoy sitting on her throne?” I debate back, “It just so happens that your throne is my face.”

“I can’t believe you just said that,” Nobu snickers, still trying to keep her voice down. “You’re incorrigible.”

I resume my assault on two fronts, still fingering her pussy aggressively. I keep the pressure up on both sides, honestly losing myself in the passion. By the time I can’t take it any more, I scramble to stand up, my knees weak from crouching so long and my head dizzy from the fumes I’m running on. Holding her by the ankles, I lift her legs high into the air, to which she rests her heels on my shoulders and her legs across my body.

“Hey, Nobu, do you think maybe...” I ask, trying to be direct but still nervously tiptoeing around the subject. With the head of my meat practically poking at her rear, she definitely knows what I’m trying to ask though.

“I suppose it can’t be helped, we’ll end up trying this eventually some day anyway,” she tries to smile, but I feel her shivering with a bit of anticipation.

I go in slowly, first the head, and then further and further down the length of my cock. Soon I’m in, only to slowly slide back out. I wasn’t sure what to expect, officially having anal with Nobu. It’s different... and exciting.

As I get a good rhythm going, I hug my arms around Nobu’s legs tightly, which helps me to keep going and also gives me intense pleasure being able to feel her slender and soft legs so close to myself.

And, given that her bare soles are practically in my face at this point, I give in and start having all kinds of mouth sex with her feet.

Nobu giggles. “It’s like all of your most sinful, lewd fantasies at once,” she teases me, bending her right leg so as to wiggle her toes right at my lips. I don’t even answer, because I’ve already taken the opportunity to wrap my mouth around a good number of her round little toes.

... I rapidly pull out of her and erupt across her belly. I couldn’t last very long at all, especially after spending so long hyping it up.

We both start laughing softly as I flop onto the bed next to her, and she grabs some tissues to wipe up.

“That good, eh?” she grins.

I move in to kiss her, but she holds her hand up to my face. “Whoa whoa whoa now!” she smirks incredulously, “You want to kiss? After where your tongue has gone?! You ate my ass, dude!”

I pout. “It was clean though.”

She considers that point. “... I guess it was.”

I playfully push my head more assertively into her hand, until her hand is the only thing keeping me from direct contact against her face. "Trust me," I tell her soothingly. "You can trust someone who eats clean ass. In fact, you should only trust people who eat clean ass."

She starts laughing to the point where she has to move her hand to cover her mouth from making more noise. Now that it's no longer barricading me, I snuggle my face against hers with the most aggressively tender affection, and I kiss her cheek.

"Plus, I've kissed you after you've sucked and swallowed before," I reason, "So you know as I do that it doesn't matter as long as it's you."

Nobu rotates to get more comfortable, until she's laying on her side and looking right at me. "Master... you're so right. Nothing matters as long as it's you... and I always want to be with you."

I was hoping she'd finally open up about what's been on her heart and mind this whole time.

"When the accident happened earlier, and when that bullet accidentally bounced towards your head... I felt like my whole world was going to crack into a million pieces," she sniffles. It's still hard to see in such dim lighting, but I can tell by the fluctuation within the reflecting light that Nobu's eyes are starting to get watery.

I shift until I'm on my shoulder as well, and we are facing one another. I embrace her, and we hold tightly while wrapping our legs around each other. I can't manage to say anything other than her name. "Nobu..."

"I just... didn't know what to do," she whispers into my ear. It's not the whisper of someone trying to keep a quiet secret, it's the whisper of a woman who is bearing her full emotions out in the open to someone she trusts. "I don't even want to think about how painful it would be if you were no longer by my side. Not just because I'm your servant, and I'm meant to protect you... but because you're the man I love. I mean it. With all of my heart, Master."

Unbelievable jubilation, hearing her say that. "You've come a long way from being afraid to say the word love..." I comment, trying not to cry myself.

"I mean it!" she asserts strongly, "And after all you do, you deserve to be happy. You deserve to be able to wake up every morning with that charming smile, and I want to be there every morning when you do. The thought of... of you dying... it makes me feel sick, like I can't even think straight."

"Shh," I calm her, and I place my hand on her shoulder. I gently rub the tears from under her eyes. "I'm not going anywhere, Nobu. I refuse to, in fact. Seeing you hurt like this is more painful to me than any bullet ever could be. And for that reason alone, I'll always keep getting back up no matter what happens."

She kisses me with such force that it almost blows my senses away, and we got lost in an otherworldly make out session.



The grandfather-clock-styled bell tolls softly ring twelve times in a way that is grand, yet subtle enough as to not actually wake anyone sleeping. Yet to the two of us, it simply reminds us how late it has gotten.

“Master,” Nobu speaks, drawing lines in no particular pattern around my chest with the tip of her finger, “I’m still... really feeling it.”

“Me too,” I smile back. “Actually, you know what would really be exciting...?”

She shivers. “Oh boy... I’m either going to love this or hate this. What is it?”

—

The door to our room slides open quietly, and we stick our heads out from the door to look both ways.

It would be dark outside anyway, and that is something which has been deliberately emulated here. The fluorescent lighting is usually on at all times within Chaldea, but not tonight. Mash, Da Vinci, and the others strung dimly lit lights on holly and wreaths across the hallways and within the rooms of the compound, and the rest of the usual lighting has been traded for darkness. The lights almost feel like candles, providing a tender warmth to the mystery of the night.

As if to harken back to the magic of childhood memories, this is something we’ve tried to craft a specific atmosphere for. Surely enough, as Nobu and I carefully silence our footsteps down the hallways, we feel impish as if we were staying up past our bedtimes for Christmas Eve. Or, at this point, it is officially Christmas, according to the chimes of the clock earlier.

We’re fully butt ass naked as we explore Chaldea in the dead of night. One wrong move or one loud noise and we could get discovered. It’s absolutely an intoxicating thrill, and we intensely tease one another’s bodies as we try to stifle our laughs. I’m already rubbing my hands all around Nobu’s body, and she has made every attempt to stroke and grasp at my penis which is already at full mast from excitement.

We somehow manage to make it to the designated space that has been set up for Christmas. It has the warmth and heart of a mid-sized family room, complete with a stunning Christmas tree. The room has been draped in a red carpet, decorations are plentiful, and there’s even an actively crackling fireplace illuminating the room with a dim, orange aura.

In no time at all, we’re rolling all over the carpet while kissing like crazy people. We try to keep as quiet as possible, but there’s no containing these levels of horny. It’s barely a minute into this shocking midnight exposé before Nobu is on her stomach, I’m on top of her, and I’m fucking her warm pussy with heavy thrusts. We’re muffling our voices as much as we can, but the sounds of my pelvis slapping against her plump ass feel amplified by the absolute

silence that would otherwise be present. It's as if every slap could wake up everyone, and that just drives me to pound her even more thoroughly.

We shuffle through a lot of different positions. She tends to enjoy riding on top of me, cowgirl style. It's especially fun when she climbs onto her hands and knees on the couch and I ram her from behind.

I have no idea how loud we are actually being, because to us it sounds like the Earth itself is shaking from our fuckfest. But maybe that's just the thrill making it seem so much more risky. It's so crazy. I'm hard enough that I could cut a diamond with my dick if I wanted to, and Nobu is almost on fire from the passion of it all.

Nobu carefully stands up and places her two hands on the mantle above the fireplace, arching her back out and waving her butt back and forth to entice me. I grab her hips with great force and start slamming her intensely, with both of us feeling a heavenly, mellow heat from being so close to the open fire.

Our bodies get closer and closer, and I match the curve of my back to hers. We're practically spooning while standing and I grind up against her, and feel my cock throbbing in suspense, with the perfect climax very near on the horizon. I nibble my lips onto her earlobe, licking it up and down within my mouth.

"Fuck, Master... make me cum," Nobu moans in the meekest of whispers. "Make me cum, please... I need it...!"

I reach around and vigorously grab one side of her face and turn her head to the side by force. I'm rough enough for her to know I mean business, and while pumping her from behind I lock into a dramatic and deep kiss.

With a well placed slap of our hips together, I violently cum inside of her womb. While losing my mind in pleasure, I pull her tongue from her mouth and into my own mouth, and massage it all over as I lick and taste it from all angles.. I pull back and thrust again for a second splurt, lifting her onto her tiptoes from the force of the fucking. Nobu's moaning through her nose in absolutely cathartic bliss, and I can't think anymore. I pull back and in again for a third shot, and a fourth and fifth. My legs almost buckle by the time both of us return to our senses.

Our kissing continues even after my cock pops out of her. She turns around and we embrace, practically falling to the floor while kissing passionately.

Eventually, I'm laying on my back and Nobu has her arm wrapped around me. Funny enough, we've rolled to the point where we're both basically under the Christmas tree together.

"We're so going to get caught in the morning..." Nobu says partly in fear, but partly excited from the thought.

"Yeah..." I recognize, "Two loonie love birds stark naked under the Christmas tree. Can't even think what the other's will say."

“I suppose if we wake up early enough, we may still be able to stealthily vacate the area back to our room before anyone is any the wiser!”

“Where the fun in not getting caught?” I jest.

“At the very least, if anyone does see us like this,” Nobu smiles, leaning in close to me to whisper into my ear, “It’ll be very clear that the two of us both got what we wished for.”

It’s true. I couldn’t ask for a better present under the tree for Christmas. I look longingly at Nobu, and from the corner of my eye I see that a nearby quilt has been laid out nearby. I reach to bring it towards us to wrap up underneath. “Merry Christmas, Nobu, my love.”

“Merry Christmas to you too, Master,” she kisses me, and we drift off to sleep under the peaceful and mellow caress of the fireplace.

# A Valentine's Dinner at Cafe de GUDAGUDA

## Chapter Summary

(Please drink responsible, and also please don't fuck on tables in public restaurants, probably)

It's been almost a week since that day...

I am fortunate to be alive.

The staff thought I was a goner. They said my mana was almost entirely depleted.

Though I've had to use the assistance of crutches at first, I'm able to wobble around on my own.

...

Just another Valentine's Day, basically.

Fou jumps into sight, making "foufoufoufou..." noises as if to signal that there's about to be a flashback.

—

The air is cool and wintery, just enough to see my breath. Despite that, I feel a burning heat in my blood of excitement.

I love the night life of a city. Surrounded by the neon lights of lively businesses and establishments, being caressed by the wind which tunnels through the bustling streets between buildings... It's a fantastic environment with a fantastic mood to it. Given that this is within the simulator, this place has a few extra touches that cause things to dazzle even more wonderfully than if this were reality. In a place like this, light pollution would normally leave the sky pitch black. But with a few tweeks of the settings, the sky has been tuned out so that each and every star in space is brightly visible. Even the swirling colors of distant galaxies and nebulae can be acutely seen.

In case it wasn't clear, I've been very careful about making sure everything about tonight is perfect in every way!

I feel like I'm standing outside of a red carpet event in Hollywood. The building I'm waiting outside could be mistaken for a large theater. It's of a size and grandeur that only the finest dining establishments could ever possibly hope to achieve. I can hear the muffled melodies of a piano and jazz instruments from within the building, softly leaking their way out into the city streets.

Fitting of such a high class social establishment, my crewmates are in suits and tuxedos. More or less, all the men are pretty much acting as wingmen for me right now, and have been throughout planning this evening.

"How are you feeling, Fujimaru?" Meuniere asks me. "Nervous at all?"

"Hella nervous," I smile, shaking a bit from both the chilly air as well as my own anticipation. "Do you think I look underdressed?"

The Director isn't physically with us here, as he needs to be monitoring the simulation for safety. But he isn't shy about appearing as a hazy blue hologram, joining us in spirit. "Personally, I thought it was a nice touch, deciding to wear the Anniversary Blonde mystic code," Goredolf expresses to me.

"Indeed," Holmes concurs, smoking from his pipe. "The classic vest is a much underappreciated piece of formal wear. It's classy, yet subdued. A top shelf fashion statement, if I do say so myself."

"It's one of my favorites out of all your Mystic Codes," Merlin agrees.

"You're just saying that because it's a really good Mystic Code for Buster Memes," Meuniere simplifies.

"Well, yeah," Merlin doesn't bother denying. "But Nobu herself fancies Buster playstyles. So symbolically it's a wonderful fit, and very appropriate to the occasion."

"Speaking of, I see a limo rolling up," Meuniere points out. "Must be the lady of the hours!"

I find myself nervously rolling my lips into my mouth and gulping. I take a deep breath.

"Come now, my dear lad," Holmes chuckles, "He dusts off the shoulders of my shirt and then straightens my tie to make sure that I'll look my best. "There's nothing to be afraid of. I may not be quite the caliber of romantic as my friend Watson was, but even I can tell you've gone above and beyond. Miss Oda will be thrilled."

The luxurious car pulls to a stop in front of the carpet leading towards the building entrance. This is my cue! I approach the car, and from within I hear the laughs and voices of Mash, Sylvia, and Da Vinci. It feels like the same energy as a girl's night out on the town. As my heart thumps loudly, I courteously open up the door, and then hold out my hand.

A hand wearing a glove answers my call, and I feel the smoothest of fine fabrics as Nobu grasps my hand and I help her out of the vehicle. The pointed clack of high heels echo against

the pavement as she briefly steps onto the street before I walk her forward a few steps onto the carpet in front of the building.

Nobu is... she's dressed in... I never thought I'd see her like this...

Oh man. She is in a drop-dead sexy dress which parts to one side enough to expose one of her bare legs. Even her hat is off, and instead she has her trademark emblem in the form of a pin in her hair on the side of her head. Her deep black hair flows freely, with the added touch of a horizontal braid running behind her ears and around the back of her head. This is like a date right out of a fairy tale.

I'm literally speechless seeing Nobu like this for the first time. She definitely takes notice of how impressed I am.

"Teehee~" she smirks and winks, pulling the sides of her outfit and slightly twirling in place, to show off different angles of herself to me. Her dress must have sequins or something, as it literally sparkles with light from each subtle movement she makes. "What do you think?"

I nod my head up and down in enthusiastic approval. "You... look gorgeous!" I praise her.

"Naturally!" she grins, as cocky sounding as ever. However, she subdues her voice to a much more mellow level than she usually speaks. "My dear, loyal retainer... I hope you recognize how fortunate you are. The Demon King wouldn't dress like this for just anyone, after all. But I will pull out all of the stops for you, Master."

I'm too overwhelmed from all of my senses right now to form coherent words, so I simply bow and outstretch my arm towards the restaurant, gesturing my open offer to lead her inside.

She smiles happily and grips my hand more tightly, and the two of us go into the building. All of the ladies who had escorted Nobu here show her signs of support, as do all of the guys who had helped me get prepared myself. They make themselves scarce now that they have done their parts to set up this spectacular date night for Nobu and myself. I owe them all big time.

"Welcome to *Cafe de GUDAGUDA*! How the hell are ya?! " Mori Nagayoshi shouts with absolutely no inside voice. He's uncharacteristically in a fancy suit himself, and even more uncharacteristically seems to be manning the front podium at this restaurant. "Table for two, right?!"

Not the greeting I expected, but ok.

Actually, I don't know WHAT I expected. I thought that everyone in the restaurant would be just simulated people and stuff...

"Hahaha!" Chacha laughs, physically jumping onto the podium with her fists at her waist in a haughty pose. "Welcome to the finest restaurant in... well, anywhere, ever! Chacha

hopes you are all hungry!”

“I know what you’re thinking!” Mori laughs boisterously, “And I can explain! Us Guda folks wanted to show our support to you two on your big date night! So we’re the staff here at this joint!”

“Yeah, but Oryou told you two to help in the kitchen and not to cause a scene,” our local dragon lady Oryou tells him aggressively.

“Haha!” Mori laughs, “I guess you want to die?!”

Oryou throws the first punch and the two begin slugging it out in an actual brawl, which Chacha tries to break up. However, despite jumping up and down, she isn’t nearly tall enough to get either Oryou or Mori’s attention.

“Uh, sorry about that,” Oryou’s partner Sakamoto Ryouma chuckles in a cautiously-dismissive way. “Right, uh... right this way,” he leads up to our table.

“Please enjoy your stay!!!” Mori shouts to us between chaotic laughter, despite Oryou detaining him via chokehold and forcibly dragging him away.

Well... this is way more rowdy than I was anticipating! But maybe things are better this way. Nobu and I don’t usually take things so seriously, or so formally... so perhaps a goofy dinner for two is right up our alleys. Either way, I still try to maintain some chivalry, as I pull out Nobu’s chair for her to allow her to sit first, before taking a seat of my own on the opposite side of the table for two.

The music we heard from outside is even more wonderful in person. The dulcet tones and flavorful scales of smooth jazz tunes remind us that this, in fact, the fanciest restaurant that Chaldea’s simulators can cook up. We’re fixed in essentially the center of the room, and what a room it is. Chandeliers hang from high above, lighting up the vastly expansive room. There must be room for hundreds of people in here, but at the same time it feels intimate as if it were just the two of us here.

Nobu and I are already making eyes at one another, and she has a perfectly graceful smile on her face. “This is already quite the party,” she giggles.

Two small plates fly onto the table from the side as if they were thrown by frisbees, making clanking noises, and breaking our concentration completely. A few pickles follow suit, landing on the plates in front of us with squeaky thumps.

“Welcome to *Cafe de Shinsengumi*,” our waiter greets sternly with stone-faced seriousness. He happens to be Hijikata Toshizo. “I picked your appetizers for you. Be grateful. What will each of you have to drink?”

“Hmm...” Nobu considers, “I suppose one can never go wrong with shochu.”

“Excellent. And you?” Hijikata asks me in an almost confrontational tone.

“Maybe something light to start...” I mention, with my eyes glancing down the wine menu.

Hijikata shakes his head aggressively. “Wrong answer. Be a man. I’ll be back with Captain Morgan’s Private Stock.”

“O-Ok...” I blink.

He leaves to go get the hard liquor.

“I, uh... guess we’re getting drunk tonight,” I chuckle, having had very little say in the matter.

Nobu’s lips curl waggishly. “This might be fun. You’re usually conservative with drinking. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you tipsy, before.”

“I suppose it is a special occasion,” I chuckle.

“Usually Valentine’s Day has been pretty casual for us,” Nobu mentions, “What made you want to go all out, this year?”

“I’m always thinking about how big of an impact you have on my life, Nobu,” I explain, “When I think about all of the tough times you’ve helped me through, and all of the wonderful times you’ve shared with me... I just wanted to make some kind of gesture to show you how much you mean to me.”

A bemused grin overtakes her as she rhythmically rocks her head back and forth slowly. “Mmmm. You don’t need to tell me things I already know. But... keep talking. I like hearing you say things like that.”

“I want to have special, tender nights like these,” I tell her, “Evenings that can break through whatever regularity and expectations we’ve formed with one another, you know? Even if we spend every day together, and make love every day together, we should still set aside evenings to remember that what we have together is special.”

She leans her elbows into the table and weaves her fingers through one another. She holds her hands together so as to rest her chin upon them. “You have a splendid way of thinking. Recently I had just been musing on the thoughts of how wild things have been seemingly every day. It’s quite nice to slow down and admire things slowly, for a change.”

Okita Souji runs to our table, also dressed as a waiter. She bows to us to apologize. “I’m sorry for Mr. Hijikata’s behavior! I’ll get you some real appetizers shortly! And may I offer you the bartender’s choice of cocktail tonight, which in Master’s case will be within much more reasonable levels of alcoholic content?”

“Oh, uh, sure,” I blink.

“Excellent! I will be back shortly!” she nods.



I open my mouth to speak to Nobu again, but Okita instantly returns with her super speed. “Here you are! Our bartender had personal recommendations for each of you. A Long Island Iced Tea for Nobu, and a Mai Tai for Master!”

I don’t really speak the language of mixed drinks very well, so I’ll just hope for the best.

Our waiter expertly sets some actual appetizers on our table, bows once more, and zips away.

“We sure keep strange company,” Nobu laughs lightly.

I lift my drink to take a sip from the straw. My head almost jerks back in response to the sharp taste. “Whoa... that’s pretty strong,” I remark.

“What? I thought Mai Tais were supposed to be light and fruity drinks. I didn’t realize you were such a lightweight, Master!” Nobu teases me.

Maybe I am... Well. I’ll just have to keep chipping away at this drink very slowly.

In the meantime, I feel like I want to talk to Nobu about everything, yet nothing in particular. Just being here with her in this magical place makes me feel all fuzzy and warm.

“Hey, Nobu,” I call to her, “I know I said it already, but I think you look absolutely fantastic.”

“Thank you, Master,” she hums. “It was hard deciding on what type of outfit to go with. But I thought it would be worth surprising you with something spicy and sultry like this...”

I take a few more sips of my drink, as the taste is bothering me less and less it seems. “I sure am lucky. I can still hardly believe that my life is real. That I’m actually sitting across from the woman of my dreams.”

“To think that we lived hundreds of years apart... and that we would have never met one another in any other circumstances,” she considers, “It’s as if the stars aligned for the two of us to be together like this. And there’s no one else I’d rather be with.”

I feel like my face is completely flushed red with nervousness. “You... really mean that?”

“Of course I do,” she asserts. I didn’t notice, but she has already finished her drink by now. She must be much more experienced with liquor than I am. Everything about her exudes confidence.

“You’re so capable and charismatic and dependable...” I praise her.

I think our waiter must be using super speed to refill our drinks and plates and such, because I could have sworn both were already empty. Oh well, I’m really starting to enjoy the taste of this Mai Tai thing.

I feel Nobu’s foot tap against my shin from under the table as she eyes me with a mischievous grin. “And I will have you know something, Master. I don’t take you for granted

by any means. Just as much as you surely recognize what an honor it is to be with the most feared, capable warlord in all of Japan... I know how fortunate I am to be with you. The greatest Master with the biggest heart of all."

She breaks into a bit of a snicker, and I notice her face is getting pretty red as well. "Hehe... we sound like lovestruck fools, trying to confess our feelings. But perhaps you like it when I've smitten with affection like this?"

"I do... I really do," I tell her, my face brimming with happiness.

"Well, it's not like this is new to us," Nobu jokes, "After all... we've been together for years now. You've made me yours so many times that I've lost count. And you're going to do it again, tonight, right?"

"Nobu... you're being pretty direct," I smile, feeling a little dizzy.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" she taunts me, "I'm sure you've been thinking about this all day. You can't wait to get a piece of me after dinner."

"God yes," I exhale with certainty, before backtracking. "I-I mean... I would love to spend the evening with you after this... of course."

Nobu literally begins crawling across the table on her hands and knees. She grabs my ties and pulls me close to her, until our noses are touching. "Who says we have to wait until after? Why don't we have some fun right now? You've done a superb job of getting me in the mood."

"Is the room getting really hot right now, or it is just me?" I ask Nobu, actually legitimately a little concerned because I'm starting to sweat.

"Maybe. Take off your clothes then," she grins, undoing the buttons and exposing my bare chest. I can feel her breath against me, and it smells very strongly like alcohol.

"This is pretty bold, even for you," I laugh. "You might be getting a little drunk, Nobu."

"Nahhhhh," she laughs, "Didn't you hear earlier? They gave us light drinks anyway. You worry too much."

"But we'll make a scene in front of all of these people," I tease her, "They're already glancing at us."

"Good," she laughs. She grabs me by the back of my head and kisses me roughly. She practically shakes me as she toys with me.

After a very, *very* sexy make out, she pauses to speak. "I know your game, Master. You chose a public place to spend Valentine's Day because you know being watched is my kink..."

"Maybe, maybe not," I coyishly deny. But actually, I can't really remember what I was responding to. "What was the question again?"

“You silly master,” Nobu says as she takes off her glove and smoothly slides her palm against my cheek. “You must really want to engage in drunk play. I’ll play along. Lest you forget, that I know your kinks as well, muwahaha!”

I close my eyes for a second, and when I open them I see Nobu standing on the table. Her legs are locked in a confident, showy stance as she stands high above me and looks down with a very sinister looking grin. “Come on, Master. Let’s have more to drink! Here, check THIS out.”

She kicks off her high heel, and wiggles her toes in front of my face. Instinctually, I open my mouth towards them...

Suddenly, I taste liquor. I see that she’s pouring her drink onto her foot, which is running off of it and dripping into my mouth.

“I learned this freaky foot fetish move from a Quentin Tarantino movie,” Nobu cackles, madly proud of herself. “It must be working, since I seem to have enraptured you completely!”

Nobu’s foot... Nobu’s toes... this tastes so strange but I want more... I begin sucking on her toes in a trance.

“Sorry to interrupt again!” Okita shouts. Oh, that’s nice. Our waiter is back. Did she bring our food?

“Master! Snap out of it!” Nobu shakes me off of her foot. Oh, I guess it would be kind of rude to talk with my mouth full.

“I, on behalf of the entire staff, would like to apologize!” Okita tells us, “As would our bartender!”

Who is the bartender? Oh, it looks to be Miss Okita Alter. Why does she look sad?

“I definitely didn’t fall asleep while pouring the liquor when making your cocktails,” Okita Alter says, matter of factly.

I think the room is spinning.

“... I fell asleep while pouring the liquor when making your cocktails,” she says the exact opposite of what she said a second ago. She’s funny.

I feel someone holding my head up. Oh hey, it’s Ryouma. I feel him using his pointer finger and thumb to stretch my eyelids open to look at my eye. And he’s feeling my pulse, or my temperature or something. “Damn. I think we messed up. Master is piss drunk.”

Nobu crawls down from the table and she sits sideways in my lap, her legs hanging off the side of my chair. I feel her holding me longingly and nuzzling her face against me, and she’s super warm and it feels great. “Oh well! Muwhaha!” she laughs, “A little booze never hurt anybody!”

“Even Chacha knows that isn’t true,” Chacha shakes her head disapprovingly.

“You’re drunk too, Nobu,” original Okita points out.

“Am not,” Nobu staunchly argues, and I feel her pinching my nipples and licking my ear.  
“Ok, maybe a little.”

The other Guda Gang members seem to step off to the side and huddle like a football team.

“Nobu, what’s happening?” I ask.

She gets back on the table, and starts to pull me towards her. “We’re about to climb on top of this table and have wild and crazy sex. You sexy drunken fool.”

“Neat,” I say. Everything feels so warm and nice...

... Oh. OH. Oh man, yep. Ok, now I feel REALLY warm. Nobu’s pussy... I feel so great right now. She grabs me tightly, and I start shaking my hips back and forth.

I hear some voices off to the side. “I guess the least we can do is make sure neither of them die,” I hear someone mention. Wonder who they are talking about.

I think Nobu is trying to communicate with me, but every time she tries to talk, she breaks into laughter. I kind of feel the same. I can’t really say anything, or even think about anything. I just know that we’re fucking and it feels INCREDIBLE.

I touch and feel Nobu all over her body, and I can’t get enough. I suck on her breasts and spank her ass and make out with her to my heart’s content.

She spins me over onto my back, and rides me extremely roughly. “Master, be mine forever,” Nobu pants, and I feel the saliva from her tongue trickle against me. “Stay with me. Don’t ever leave!”

I feel Nobu kiss me super strongly. I feel her pound my pelvis like a jackhammer as we kiss. I think I feel the table under us break? I definitely feel my body hitting something hard, probably the ground. Also, I feel an obscenely powerful orgasm which sends shockwaves up my spine and shoulders, and practically my whole body.

Mmm. I think I’ll sleep for a bit.

—

I guess we both learned a lesson in why it’s bad to drink irresponsibly.

“Hey, Master?” Nobu asks me.

“What’s up?” I respond.

“Sorry I let things get so out of hand last week...” she apologizes to me.

“Well, uh... it happens, I guess,” I reckon.

Nobu hugs me. “But, despite things kind of taking a different turn than we expected... I really appreciate everything you did to pull together that dinner for me. It was such a heartwarming gesture. I’ve never had a Valentine’s Day like that ever before.”

“It sure was unforgettable,” I chuckle.

“Well, how about some time we try again?” she suggests. “Only next time we won’t get drunk off our asses, and we’ll have a proper fancy dinner?”

I kiss my loving sweet Nobu and wrap my arms around her waist. “It’s a date.”

# Surprise Party

## Chapter Summary

Here's a nice bite-sized chapter to keep things interesting. I'll write more later!

Y'know, I wasn't expecting the rerun of the last GudaGuda event to happen so soon. And I really wasn't expecting it to overlap with my birthday this year! I was even blessed with birthday luck, having rolled two more copies of Avenger Nobu and getting her to NP3. I thought I had basically experienced all of the happy little surprises in store for me.

Yet here I am in one of the hallways of our base, with my pants down to my ankles as Nobu absolutely works my rod with an incredibly aggressive, sloppy blowjob. My back is thoroughly against the wall, and she's even pinning my arms as well to keep me in place.

I chuckle a little bit, but the light laughter is held back by my heavy panting as Nobu takes my breath away with each slurping motion. "Holy Jesus, Nobu... we're in broad daylight..."

She looks up and her ruby red eyes lock with mine. She makes an overly-cutesy face as if to suggest innocence, but her beguiling smirk betrays how devilishly naughty she knows she's being.

She goes deep, and then slowly slides the full length of my cock, releasing it at the end. She kisses the most sensitive part of the tip and seductively licks it a few times. I end up bending my knees inwards to try and stop myself from exploding everywhere from the teasing.

I take a deep breath, and realize I'm shaking. "And here I thought you had forgotten my birthday the other day," I smile.

Nobu stands back up and begins grinding her body against mine while gently nibbling at my lower lip. "I must say, attacking you with your guard down and seeing the look on your face was worth the planning. I wanted to catch you by surprise, so I kept you waiting for a few days."

"Well, your scheming certainly worked," I admit.

She leans on her toes and plants a kiss on me, which I am thrilled to reciprocate. She knows exactly how to melt my heart...

As Nobu laughs, I feel the humming vibrations through our lips. She starts undoing my shirt, spreading it open and exposing my chest and torso. "Alright, Master. You must be hanging right on the edge. Now, experience the pleasure of your mind being blown away as Oda Nobunaga steals your heart all over again!"

She sidesteps quickly and, before I know it, she's wrapping her arms around me from behind. She raises her hands in front of my face and makes a show of taking off her gloves, showing me her pristine bare hands. She slides them down my belly and starts giving me a reach-around hand job.

"Your cock is so hard," she whispers into my ear. "I can feel how strongly you are throbbing. I can barely fit my hand around it."

I watch with fascination, seeing her beautiful fingers grasping around my penis and shaking up and down it. It feels so good that I close my eyes, swing my head back and moan.

As if taking advantage of my weakness, I feel Nobu put pressure on my body as if to force me down. My legs slowly give way and I fall to my knees softly as Nobu guides my movement. She presses her body against my back, rubbing sensually. I in turn stretch my arms out to hug her backwards, curling them around her waist and grabbing the underside of her plump ass cheeks.

She works her magic, carefully controlling her motions and choosing exactly where to rub and stroke my dick with expert precision, and even sticks her leg in between mine in order to calmly grind her thigh against the bottom of my crotch.

"Do you love me, Master?" she asks with a needy tone.

"So much, Nobu. I love you so, so much, baby," I pant desperately.

She leans in until she's breathing right into my ear. "I love you too. You are my one and only, Master."

My moaning intensifies, and Nobu softens my voice by sliding two fingers into my mouth. "Careful... keep quiet, or we might be found out."

I'm at complete sensory overload right now. My penis feels so extraordinarily good, being handled expertly by the woman who knows my every weak point. My focus, however, starts to hone in on every detail of her pointer and middle finger inside of my mouth. She mischievously toys with my tongue, pinching it between her two fingers at some points, yet tickling and massaging me at other points still. I'm utterly lost in pleasure...

"I thought you just liked my feet and toes, but it seems my hands and fingers are driving you crazy too. You must really like sucking on every sexy part of my body, huh, Master?"

She gyrates her pelvis against the back of my leg, and I feel how moist she is as her juices leak freely and soak her clothing. "Look at how sexy you are, you beast of a man. You're wearing nothing but an open shirt, presenting your entire body for all to see. Maidens would take one look at your member at full mast and they would go mad with delight and desire."

I'm seriously losing my mind here, and the speed at which my dick is pulsing makes me question how fast my heart must be beating right now. Not as fast as Nobu begins beating my meat, however, speeding up as if to show complete command of me.

She giggles confidently. “Well, too bad. None of them can have you. Never forget that I have conquered not only your heart, but your body as well! Heheheh... no matter how much any of the other servants may want you, you belong to *me alone*. ”

She seductively pulls her fingers from my mouth, and taps me on the nose. “And if anyone were to ever try to make a move at you, I’d tell them to fuck right off!” she cackles with an almost snarling sense of superiority in her voice. She even completes the sentiment with a full gesture, holding up her middle finger in front of my face as if she were flipping off the entire rest of the world to lay claim to me.

She immediately takes that middle finger and slides it right back through my pursed lips. She quickly moves it in and out repeatedly, as if she were finger fucking my mouth. I suck on her middle finger in utter bliss and I listen and feel her breath from behind me. She’s panting as much as I am, considering how aggressively she’s screwing my mouth and jacking my meat at the same high speeds.

“Muwhahaha...” she laughs, trying to contain her own enthusiasm. “And they don’t have to just take my word for it. Let’s hear it from Master himself. Who do you love?” she asks, briefly releasing her finger long enough for me to answer.”

“You, Nobu!” I answer strenuously, and I stretch my mouth out like a dog trying to bite at food in order to suck her finger back into my mouth so I can keep tasting her wonderful flesh.

“And I, you, my love,” she speaks directly into my ear. She continues fingering my lips, but her other hand focuses on attacking nothing but the tip of my cock with the full intention of finishing me off explosively.

She keeps taking into my ear, telling me the sweetest words that I want to keep hearing forever. “I love you... I love you, Master. I love you, my dear, my special master. I love you...”

She drags her tongue up and down the side of my face, licking me as well. We are both complete maniacs for each other, and I feel her spasm against me as she moans loudly. She’s so into it, she made herself come.

And, of course, she makes me too. From the deepest recesses of my balls, I feel an overwhelmingly oppressive sensation of pure ecstasy so strong it could block out all other sensations. The pleasure wells up, and I can’t hold it any longer. Nobu begins aggressively stroking the entire length of my penis again as she makes positively sure to milk out everything I’ve got.

From my sack to the tip, I feel the cum flow across the entire path of my urethra, and it’s a wild ride. “MMMMMMMMMM,” I cry out through my closed lips. The only thing stopping me from screaming is her finger plugging my mouth. I let loose an extreme volume of extra thick semen, firing off all of the lust my lover had accumulated in me since the moment we met eyes in the hallway before she attacked me. She keeps jacking me and jacking, and my hips gyrate and spiral in circles in response as she milks out every last drop, until all of it is in a sticky strings on the floor in front of us.



The room is spinning and my body is shaking. My body practically loses strength and I almost flop to the floor, simply held up by Nobu as she keeps licking my face and gently rubbing her finger nail against my frenulum to milk out the last few spurts from me.

I open my eyes slowly and our gazes lock once more, and without another word we connect with an extremely passionate kiss. Even though she has finished me off, she keeps massaging my penis gently to further tease me. I'm even harder now than I was before.

"Let's clean up this mess, and then head back to your room, Master..." she suggests.

"I hope you're ready," I warn, "You had your fun making me your plaything, but now it will be my turn to dominate *you*."

She licks her lips. "That's what I like to hear. Since I was a little late in celebrating, we have lots of lost time to make up for. We're going to be together all day and all night."

Of all the surprises I've experienced lately, I think the happiest will always be being reminded how much my Nobu loves me. She is so sweet, and sexy, and perfect. I can't wait to pound the living fuck out of her! It may have been my big day, but she's going to enjoy the celebration just as much, if not more... and that's a promise.

# All Nite Long

## Chapter Summary

Note to self: next rock band themed chapter I need to make them perform a parody of "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)" by Jimi Hendrix, only with the name changed to "Nobu's Smile (Slight Return)"

You may recall that Nobu was about to lead me back to my room so I could fuck her brains out.

Ok, ok. Just a bit of context, then. This whole rerun event has been a wonderful, wonderful time. We've been blazing through the content, grinding for resources, grinding for QP, grinding on each other, and all around just having a great time. Things have been sweet, cute, romantic, lovey-dovey, and starry eyed. So you can bet all of that stuff has happened, we're just skipping to the fun part.

Status update: currently fucking her brains out.

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuuck," Nobu exhales, with each word from her voice vibrating because of how roughly I'm shaking her back and forth. I hold her wrists tightly and pull her arms each time I slap my pelvis against her as I rail her from behind. "Hooow do you stiill have sooo muuuch energyyy?!"

"I need this so badly," I groan through my gritting teeth as I focus on sliding the entire length of my cock in and out with each motion, pounding away like a lunatic. Nobu's luscious hair is so long that it stretches across the entire length of her upper body, flowing like waves in the ocean. I momentarily let go of one of her wrists so that I can part the strands to both sides to expose the bare flesh of her back.

Still holding one of her wrists, I use my now free hand to wrap my arm around her waist. I move and adjust myself to bring myself in as close as can be, until I match the arch of her back and our bodies grind together. In this position, I slow down to controlled, smooth motions as we soothingly rock back and forth. We can catch our breath and recover a bit while still driving each other wild as I pleasure her.

"Mmm," I hear her hum joyously, and I can tell she's biting her lip. "Feeling your skin against mine is paradise, no matter how many times we do it, heehee..." she softly giggles.

I begin sliding my hand from her waist to her stomach, and begin sliding it up her body while feeling each and every sexy slope and curve of her figure. With just a brisk tickle to tease her nipple, I continue my path of motion until my hand slips up her neck and finally to her chin, and I softly grab a hold of her jaw and slide a finger or two between her lips. She

squeezes her lips down, and from inside of her mouth I feel her tongue go wild playing games with me.

I squeeze my cheek against hers and we cuddle our faces together as I keep slowly sliding back and forth inside of her, and she moans while sucking on my fingers. "Nobu, earlier, when you kept saying that you love me over and over again..."

With her mouth still full, she snickers through her nose, evidently quite proud of herself judging by the cocky tone of her laughter.

I laugh back, and I pinch a firm squeeze of her breast in an aggressively possessive manner. "Nobu, baby, I know you're about to brag and taunt. But... let's be genuine tonight. I want you to know my deepest feelings. To hear you say that you love me, so firmly and so assuredly... it made my heart beat like crazy."

She slowly grabs my hand to move it away, freeing her mouth to speak. "It... made mine too," she admits with the volume of her voice at little more than a whisper. Our faces are still touching to the point where she looks blurry from this close up, but she distances herself just slightly enough for us to make clear eye contact with one another. "I felt like my chest was going to burst."

My eyes widen and my smile intensifies. "You really mean that?"

Here eyelids narrow every so slightly and her face blushes red as can be. She shows me the warmest, most comforting smile I've ever seen. "You ought to be proud of yourself, master," she comforts me, caressing the side of my face with her palm. "You're the only person I have ever, or will ever, say those words to."

I feel the delicate, exquisite sensation of the hair on my neck standing on end as goosebumps send tingles all around me. And since our bodies are practically stuck together, I can physically feel Nobu's own goosebumps forming. It's such a wonderful treat to hear her say something so earnest, I almost have trouble believing her. "You... aren't just teasing me?"

"You're the one teasing me, you fool," she chuckles, sliding her hand across the length of my arm to hold me as I keep playing with her nipple. "My life was little more than war and conquest. I felt like my existence was as brief as a gunshot. The word love never left my lips a single time... the very notion never crossed my mind. I never met anyone who would have ever given it a reason to."

I feel a trembling through her body, but she stays firm and leans in to nibble at my lips. "But now, master... when I look at you, I feel as if love is the only word I CAN say. I've never felt anything as strongly as what I feel for you."

I'm getting dizzy. I'm losing myself in the twists and turns of her pussy, and losing myself even more in the dazzling magic that her words hold over me.

"You've won me over completely," she giggles. "I'm so enraptured by your wiles, what ever shall I do...?"

I feel her thumb slide across my face and under my eye, and I realize she's wiped a tear from my face. "Alright, master. I'm worried your heart won't be able to take any more of this sweet talk..."

"Nobu... thank you,," I express to her open heartedly, feeling like I'm narrowly choking back what would probably come out as ugly crying if I were to let it. "Thank you for being you. Thank you for—"

"Shhhhh," she hushes me. "You big oaf, quit it. You're going to make me cry too," she deters. With a quick change of mood, a devilish grin grows on her face. "All I desire right now, is for you to forcibly remind me why I have fallen so hard for you," she smiles.

She opens her lips and sticks out her tongue towards me, licking the air a few times. She swirls her tongue in circles suggestively, and I get even more outrageously horny watching. "Come ooon, master," she goads me, "Tongue kiss me, hard. And don't stop pounding me for even a second."

I lose all inhibitions. Still glued to her body, I tightly wrap one arm around her belly and the other arm upwards across her chest where I can lightly grab her smooth neck to hold her head as close to me as possible, and we absolutely let loose with a shamelessly filthy makeout. My thrusting gets faster and faster as drool leaks from our mouths and down our chins in the lewdest possible ways.

Nobu continues making primal, lustful noises. Each moan is sloppier and more uncontrollable than the last. I let go of her wrist, and go right for her clitoris and begin rubbing it aggressively. I feel her expel her breath completely from the surprise, but I don't let her gasp, and keep her linked to my mouth and continue tongue fucking her face throughout her surprise. Her whole body tightens as she raises her voice even more loudly.

Despite tensing up as her muscles stretch to their limits, eventually her whole stance goes limp. Without even meaning to, I end up forcing her down against the bed as I keep swinging my hips recklessly while I lay on top of her.

I think my new favorite noise in the word might be Nobu desperately wailing "UNGGGGHHHH," muffled by the pillow she's laying face-first into and clenching her nails into. It's like listening to the most wonderful symphony, because she keeps making those gorgeous groans nonstop as I go at her like a jackhammer.

"You're so perfect, Nobu," I try to say with as suave a voice as I can, but parts of the sentiment come out like grunts due to the forceful motions I make and the heavy breathing it takes to keep those motions going. "I'd do anything to please you."

She's moaning so loudly I doubt I'll get a coherent response from her. I twist her onto her side and lift her leg into the air and start thrusting into her from the side while we spoon in bed together. I look up at the toned figure of her leg and her shapely foot as they wiggle back and forth in the air, turning me on way more than it should. As her other leg is still laying out flat, I'm treated to the heavenly sensation of my sack sliding up and down against her inner thigh as I continue fucking her.

Combine that with the smell and texture of her hair against my face, the scent of her sweaty body, and the lingering taste of her saliva still in my mouth... it's as if all of my senses go out of control.

I have such a sudden orgasmic pressure that it almost knocks the wind out of me as I blow an intense load before I can even realize it. It lasts for quite a few seconds as I heave and ho as if I'd been punched in the stomach.

"More... more, master..." Nobu begs, and I don't miss a beat. I've already rolled her on her back, spread her legs, and started making love with her in a missionary position. The whole bed is damp with sweat and Nobu herself is completely sleek with perspiration. In my scandalously horny state of mind, all of her nasty sweat simply adds a salty flavor to her as I lick her all over. Her face, her neck, her shoulders... I stretch her arm out and I start licking and sucking on her armpit, too. She doesn't resist at all, she simply shivers and moans with delight as I worship every part of her curvaceous form.

Nobu was not kidding when she said we would be at it all night. After another round of fucking, we take a break to get some water. Another round of doggystyle and we take another break to try and change the bed sheets, but we end up rolling around and fucking on the floor before long. We try to take a shower, but that also predictably ends in more fucking.

At one point we got a knock on the door from Mash reminding us that we still need to do the challenge quest for this event to get the extra crystalized lore, and it takes Nobu all of ten seconds to absolutely annihilate the challenge boss with her noble phantasm specifically so we can get back to screwing more.

I feel like my whole body is numb by the time we think we're finally finished, but we make the mistake of snuggling together and kissing more, and before I know what's happening we're fucking again, and again...

I'm woken up by my alarm next morning. Nobu is sound asleep with her arm strewn across my body and her leg curled and wrapped around me possessively. In a sleepy daze, she smiles and kisses me on the cheek.

I sit upwards to stretch. I... want to see more of Nobu's sexy, naked body. I carefully grab her shoulder and roll her onto her back, and spread her legs apart. I'm treated to the sight of a massive creampie leaking from her pussy, forming a pool between her crotch which is accompanied by a stringy trail of cum which leads back to smoking gun, the true culprit responsible for such a scene, my semi-erect cock. Actually, no, it's fully erect again.

Nobu rubs her eyes a bit and giggles under her breath, and now she's looking right at me. There's not even a need for words. I fall into her loving arms and melt into a passionate kiss with the woman I love, my perfect Nobu.

# THE STORY THUS FAR...

## Chapter Summary

She lived bitch

“Thanks for making time for this, Mr. Fujimaru,” Holmes nods in my direction, shaking my hand while I take a seat. Da Vinci, Director Goredolf, and Mash are all here. The atmosphere would feel like an interrogation in this small little room next to the command room. Good thing I’m used to these semi-frequent status reports, so the situation is much more relaxed.

“Right, this is pretty overdue...” I say with a bit of embarrassment.

“And the thanks extends to you as well, Miss Oda,” Holmes continues.

Nobu is sitting in the chair next to me, having spun it around backwards to rest her crossed arms on the back of it. “Of course,” she smiles, “There’s nothing else to do right now anyway! Bwahaha!”

“I think I speak on behalf of all of the staff in saying that we’re being generously lenient here with you two, despite your lack of updates,” the Director scolds us.

“Though, it kind of falls on us for letting it slide for this long,” Da Vinci owns up, tapping her fist against her head and sticking out her tongue to make an ‘oopsie’ face.

“Senpai has still been doing things,” Mash protests, “We’ve just neglected to log any of it to the records...”

“Come now, everyone,” Holmes pacifies the room, “It is a simple matter to just recount all that has happened over the last... oh, roughly half of a year.”

The Director shuffles a stack of papers together and adjusts a pair of reading glasses. “Indeed. Let’s pick up right from where you last left off. It says here in the records that near the end of April, you...”

His eyes scan rapidly as he reads the document while silently mouthing the words on the page. His face gets more and more red and he has to adjust his tie and loosen his collar. “... Well, I can’t say I’m surprised. I swear, though. It’s like you two are *MACHINES*. ”

I mean, he’s not wrong. “I plead the fifth.”

“Don’t only guilty people plead the fifth?” Nobu asks skeptically. “Also, the American constitution wouldn’t apply to us here in Chaldea anyway, would it...?”

“That makes us both guilty then,” I confess. “You have guilty feet, and guilty feet have got no rhythm...”

“Regardless, and moving on,” the Director coughs, “We’ll take things from the beginning of May. What was your next major update?”

“Uhh... give me a second to try and remember,” I request. I’ll just... pull up the wiki on my phone at this point. I’ve totally forgotten.

“Oh, right,” I speak up to break the silence I left the room in, “The Requiem event was around that time, huh.”

“Sounds as good a place as any to start our chronicling,” Mash encourages.

“Well, I remember that we played a Werewolf Game,” I recollect, “And the other players kept getting upset at us because Nobu and I were, I guess, taking too long?”

“What does that mean?” Da Vinci asks.

“Well, in that game, there’s a day phase, and a night phase. And Nobu and I were apparently spending too much time during the night phase.”

“All night, every night...” Nobu recalls with a nostalgic smile and her head in the clouds. “But, we still won, so it doesn’t matter!”

“Moving on,” Holmes pushes the conversation, seemingly unphased. “I believe the next part was when I got my Interlude,” he thinks back proudly while smoking his pipe.

“This isn’t about you,” Da Vinci punches his shoulder lightly.

“It’s not like anything else particularly interesting happened for a few months, just a lot of even re-runs,” I recall.

“It wasn’t until Servant Summer Camp that new things started to happen,” Mash recalls, “Though I’m not sure how much of the actual happenings you two would remember, given how preoccupied you were everywhere you went. Like, in the cabin. And in the hotel. And in the cabin. And in the other hotel. And in the produce section of the supermarket. And in the cabin again. And on the lake, and in the reverse cabin...”

“At first I was surprised that any couple spent more time off in the woods getting intimate than Sigurd and Brynhild did,” Da Vinci comments, “But then when I thought about it, I guess it really wasn’t that surprising.”

“I don’t think intimate is the word to describe what they do. I think attempted murder is more appropriate,” Holmes deduces as if he’s solving some great mystery.

“At least Nobu had fun with her friends for a bit,” I remember. “I’m very glad that poisonous mushroom didn’t kill you.”

“Let’s not talk about that,” Nobu strongly suggests.

“What happened next, anyway? Wasn’t there an Ooku re-run in there somewhere?” Goredolf tries to recall. “Not one of my finer moments, personally. But at least you stuck it to that obnoxious Kama woman.”

“Oh yeah! Hahaha!” Nobu laughs, “We really pissed her off! She was so flustered! She was spouting all of that nonsense about how Master wasn’t looking at her and how I had him wrapped around my pinkie finger, and how it was so disgraceful and disgusting and junk. She was sooooo mad that she couldn’t tempt him.”

“How did you manage to get through the floor related to abstinence, by the by?” Holmes asks us. “I thought the idea was to not give in to the temptations, but given the track record the two of you share I highly doubt you kept things in your proverbial pants.”

“Oh, no, we didn’t at all. There isn’t a wall in the entire Ooku I didn’t pin her against,” I laugh, provocatively rubbing Nobu’s thigh much to her flustered dismay.

“M-Master, you don’t have to go into... such detail...” Nobu sweats nervously.

“It’s all ok though, because we just nuked Kama with Nobu’s noble phantasm. She was barely worth the trouble,” I shrug.

“I suppose the rules of the Ooku may not have applied to GudaGuda particles,” Mash speculates.

“Fair enough,” Holmes accepts. “Now then. Where does that bring us on the calendar?”

“We had that grail front series of battles,” I remind him.

“At first, Master complained when I wouldn’t put on a bunny suit like that Celt woman did,” Nobu explains, “But he stopped complaining really quickly when I put on my swimsuit instead.”

I sigh with a light hearted laugh. “In my defense, I knew that nobody could stand a chance against your summer form.”

“Yes, however, Miss Oda did not actually fight,” the Director asserts, “Considering you two never left each other's sides the entire time.”

“Joined at the hips as usual,” Da Vinci whispers jokingly.

“We’re going to have to discuss battlefield tactics at length in the near future...” the Director rubs his brow.

“So that brings us to today!” Mash excitedly catches us up, “We just finished the epilogue to the Yamataikoku event.”

“You rushed through this one incredibly quickly,” Holmes points out.

He has a point. “I get depressed AND anxious during the GudaGuda events where Nobu and I are apart for long periods, so I can’t help but blaze through the story until we’re



together again.”

Nobu seems slightly moved by my words, and she grabs hold of my hand tightly. Our eyes align with each other and a smile creeps across her face.

“At least you got to spend quality time bonding with your brother in law, right?” Mash suggests.

This is kind of a tough topic to discuss. “I kind of don’t like Nobukatsu that much? Well, it’s not that I don’t like him. It’s more that, after he was summoned, he ended up catching wind of how much Nobu and I... you know. First, he told me he’s going to kill me. And then he just kind of huddled up in a ball in a corner and has been like that ever since he learned.”

“He’s... an odd one,” Nobu admits. “Clingy doesn’t even begin to describe it.”

Nobu sees me kind of sulking. “Hey, Master, c’mon now. He’ll get over it eventually. Probably. Maybe. Besides, we don’t need his approval to be together.”

That warms me up quite a bit to hear. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Well, that just about wraps up our catch up session,” Da Vinci winks, “Thanks again for being here, everyone.”

“Indeed,” the Director agrees. “Now, it’s high time we all get back to work.”

We all get up from our seats and head out to do our respective jobs at Chaldea.

Though, as Nobu and I walk down the hall, I briskly wrap my arm around her waist and suddenly take us on a detour into a vacant janitor’s closet.

“Whoa, now!” Nobu whispers in surprise as the door closes behind us. “So aggressive! You’re acting like you have something to prove!”

“Nah, it’s like you said. We don’t have to prove anything to anyone else,” I chuckle, unbuckling her pants and rolling a kiss up and down her neck. “I just need you, Nobu.”

I feel her heartbeat intensify as our bodies press together. “Haha... I thought we were supposed to be getting back to work.”

“We are,” I kiss her cheek and nibble at her flesh, “My job is to make you happy, obviously.”

“Heheheh,” she snickers through her grinning teeth. “You’re so cheesy. Just shut up and give it to me, idiot.”

I’m inside her in no time at all, and I massage her chest in circles as I go in and out of her frantically.

There’s no time for words, only lusty make outs. I toy with her tongue as our mouths messily mix together, And I lift one of her legs as I press her against the wall to rail her even

harder.

As we bang more and more, changing positions all the while, we strip down more and more until we're both completely naked as she rides on top of me. I spank her ass a few times, enjoying her timid reactions each time I intensify.

Nobu bites her lip and closes her eyes as she rides me in a trance, and in no time at all, she's spasming across her entire body as I fire off straight up into her. She collapses on top of me, holding me tightly.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Nobu excited pants in my ear. "But it was only a quickie... Give me more. I need more..."

I'm not really sure how much time we spend in the closet, since I completely lose track of it. But hey, if Nobu and I end up spending another five or six months together like this, that's fine by me.

# Intervention

## Chapter Summary

More GudaGuda gang fun!

Halloween is just around the corner yet again. One of my favorite times of year! I don't actually know what's in store as far as upcoming events go. I just know that I'd like to at least enjoy some Halloween festivities.

More importantly than picking my own costume, I need to help Nobu pick HER costume. This is a prime opportunity to convince her to wear something extra sexy. I can't help but imagine all sorts of-

Someone grabs me from behind and drags me backwards into the janitor's closet. Dang, Nobu! Another closet adventure so soon? We practically tore the closet down the last time we were in here.

I'm smiling as my back is aggressively slammed against the wall. Nobu's... much taller. And wearing a Jason Voorhees-like hockey mask, and... she has a knife. That knife is right at my neck.

...this isn't Nobu.

"Say your prayers, bitch," her brother snarls at me.

"...Nobukatsu?" I blink in confusion.

"Shut up," he snaps, "Any last words?"

I was going to say something about how him telling me to shut up and then asking my last words is pretty contradictory, but there's someone standing behind him. "Is that Nagao Kagetora behind you?"

"Nice try, trying to distract me," Nobukatsu ignores. "Time to die, fucker."

Kagetora bonks him on the head with her fist. "OW!" he yipes, dropping the knife and holding his head in pain.

"You have some nerve, entering these sacred grounds and causing a ruckus," Kagetora criticizes. "If I weren't the avatar of Bishamonten with an image to uphold, I'd kick your ass. Actually... I might kick your ass anyway."

“What do you mean sacred grounds?” I ask, honestly more confused now than I was five seconds ago. “This is a janitor’s closet.”

“This is my booze cellar. I keep all of the good liquor hidden here,” she explains.

“Ah,” I see. Actually, I don’t. “Wait, are you here all the time?”

“Approximately,” she confirms.

Well that’s peculiar. “So why didn’t you stop Nobu and I when we were getting jiggy in here a few days ago?”

Nobukatsu lunges at me, swinging his knife haphazardly.

Kagetora grabs him and literally suplexes him. “Settle down, you crazy brat,” she commands while dusting her hands off, “Master and I are talking! Oh, and to answer your question, Master. It’s because it was interesting.”

I forgot that Kagetora is another odd one. It’s even stranger because she’s always smiling, no matter what. Even when chugging a bottle of alcohol bottom’s up, which she’s doing right now. “Well, anyway, thank you for saving me,” I show appreciation.

“No problem,” she wipes her mouth with her sleeve. “You and Nobu are welcome here any time, of course. But only because I like being reminded that I’m the strongest warring states general who ever lived, so it amuses me to see other daimyo from my time period get fucked like bitches.”

“Hey, watch it...” I frown at Kagetora, “Don’t talk about Nobu that way.”

“I’LL KILL BOTH OF YOU,” Nobukatsu shrieks.

The door to the closet slams open as Nobu and her friends Okita and Hijikata rush into the room frantically. “Master! Are you alright?!” Nobu cries out.

Nobu runs to me and hugs me defensively.

“Thank goodness we’re in time,” Okita sighs with relief. “I knew I saw a creepy person in a Halloween mask lurking around here with a weapon!”

“You did good to call the Shinsengumi,” Hijikata announces stoically. “We will uphold the peace no matter what. Now, for the crime of attempted murder, your punishment is seppuku.”

“Wait, manslayer,” Nobu pauses, “Nobukatsu doesn’t need to kill himself. We can talk this out.”

“Overruled,” Hijikata denies, “Murder is NOT very Shinsen-gucci. No weaseling out of this one.”

“Who the hell taught Mr. Hijikata the slang term ‘gucci’???” Okita shouts.

“I’m so confused,” I sigh.

Kagetora offers me a shot of tequila, as if that will solve anything. It won’t, but I’ll accept it anyway. Cheers.

“Ok, ok, settle down, everyone,” Ryouma enters the increasingly cramped closet, along with Oryou. “Things have clearly gotten way out of control here. I’m here to mediate, and we’re going to work through this. Let’s go somewhere less, er, cramped.”

Our rag-tag group heads to the cafeteria, with Nobukatsu in handcuffs to prevent any outbursts.

Ryouma puts on a professional pair of glasses and leads us to a rectangular table. He has Nobukatsu and me sit on opposite ends of the table, facing one another, while he sits in the center of the table’s side. “Alright, alright. Let’s get right to it then. We’re going to use a negotiation tactic to really get to the core of the issue here. You’re going to air your grievances, but for each complaint you have to share a positive thing after. And, lastly, you have to exchange a promise.”

“Oryou will get us started,” Ryouma’s partner smiles while putting on a pair of glasses of her own to also look very professional. “Nobukatsu can start. Explain what’s upsetting you.”

Nobukatsu immediately slams the table and stands, pointing at me accusingly. “This asshole is fucking my sister!”

Nobu covers her face with her hand in embarrassment.

“In my defense,” I speak up, “I prefer ‘making love.’”

“NOBODY loves my sister more than me!!!!”

“Dude, these are VERY different kinds of love,” Nobu asserts sternly.

“It’s not real love! There’s no way! This guy must have tricked you or something!”

“Ok, ok, settle down,” Ryouma taps the table with a gavel. “Master, now you get to air a grievance. What bothers you about Nobukatsu?”

I’m kind of nervous. “Honestly? My thing is, I get really jealous. The idea of anyone being with Nobu other than me scares me. And I know it’s not Nobukatsu’s fault personally, but there just happens to be a lot of fucking weird ship art and hentai on the internet of Nobu getting way too intimate with Nobukatsu, and that kind of freaks me out a bit...”

“Dude! What the fuck!” Nobukatsu angrily shouts at me.

“I had hoped to go through at least the first half of my morning without anyone mentioning incest hentai, but here we are,” Ryouma coughs. “Alright, now that you guys have both gotten a major grievance out of your system: it’s time to flip the perspective. Think of something positive that you respect about the other. Now, Nobukatsu. You shared a

grievance. You got to burn off some steam, good for you. What good can you say about Master?"

Nobukatsu sits back down in silence. He can't think of anything...

"Sorry he's being this way," Nobu whispers to me, holding my hand affectionately to console me.

"Ok, so we've hit a wall here," Oryou mentions. "Let's trade the order then. Master, what nice thing can you say about Nobukatsu?"

I have to think a bit too, and I have to look past my own biases. "I think Nobukatsu is pretty cool, and I was excited at the idea of having a little brother, kind of... regardless of what we think of each other, there's still the potential for us to be like family, you know?"

Nobukatsu bites his lip.

"Good, good," Oryou pats me on the shoulder, then looks back over to Nobu's brother. "Now that you've heard Master, can you think of anything nice to say in return?"

He still seems silent, though he's no longer glaring at me. Instead, he's staring at the floor with a vacant look.

"Hey, bro," Nobu speaks out to him. "I'm sorry that this is bothering you so much. But, I just want you to know... Master never mislead me, or tricked me, or anything of the sort. He and I have fought and bonded together through countless battlefields. We truly, genuinely feel for one another. But that doesn't mean he'll replace you by any means. It just means that, although I have a bro who is precious to me, I also have Master... who is the love of my life."

I feel a tear roll down my face hearing Nobu speak with such an open heart about me. I clench her hand even more tightly and look her in the eyes, and we share smiles and looks which convey millions times more emotion than words ever could. "I love you too, Nobu," I quietly mouth to her.

Nobukatsu clenches the legs of his pants in frustration and hangs his head low as if he's immensely bothered, but he eventually clears his throat and speaks up. "..... Anyone who sister loves as much as she loves him, can't be *that* bad...."

"We're making real progress here, team," Ryouma smiles peacefully. "Alright. You've burned off some frustration. You've shared some admiration. Now, to seal the deal, it's time for each of you to give something up as a peace offering. Since we switched the order, I suppose Master can go first this time."

"I've already got something in mind," I explain. "Hey, Nobukatsu, check your spirit origin."

His head tilts in confusion. Suddenly his eyes widen. "I have... all three of my append skills unlocked???"

I nod. “Knowing you’re limited time and all, I used over 700,000 friend points on the FP gacha to make sure that I’d get enough of your servant tokens to unlock all of your skills.”

“Why the heck would you do that, knowing that I hate your guts?” he questions frantically.

“Cuz it would be nice if you didn’t hate my guts, I guess? Plus, like I said... if we can get along more like family, it would be swell...”

Nobukatsu seems genuinely moved, with an expression on his face that he’s both extremely surprised but also that he doesn’t know how to feel.

“It’s not a bribe or anything,” I try to explain. “It’s just, something nice I wanted to do because I feel like I want to support my little brother just like I support Nobu.”

“A touching gesture from master,” Oryou claps a single time. “Now, Nobukatsu. Have you a gift to offer as well?”

He sighs deeply and his shoulders loosen. “I guess... I GUESS..... the only gift I can really think to offer is..... to offer my approval... of your relationship together.....”

Everyone claps while Oryou throws confetti. Kagetora starts passing around shots to everyone present.

“Hmm. Nobody died,” Hijikata comments.

“Why do you sound disappointed to say that?!” Okita spits out her drink.

I get up from the table and approach Nobukatsu to offer a handshake. He reluctantly accepts and returns it. “Hey. I’m sorry for however I may have upset you. I’m just looking forward to us getting along, hopefully.”

“Yeah, yeah... we’ll see how it goes...” Nobukatsu says begrudgingly.

Everyone starts to clear out of the cafeteria until it’s just me and Nobu. She jumps at me and wraps her arms around me in a sweet hug. “I’m so happy you were able to work that out,” she grins. “My bro is protective, but he means well. I’m glad you didn’t take his aggression personally.”

“Even if I did, I’d still do my best to work past it no matter what,” I explain. “I’d move mountains if it meant getting to be by your side, my Nobu.”

Her face immediately gets flushed, and we kiss slowly and carefully together. When our lips part, Nobu’s smile radiates gorgeously.

I smile back. I’m a bit mentally exhausted from all of that, so I let my expression do the talking.

Nobu’s eyes get lusty and her grin morphs into a smug smirk. “That’s the ‘I wanna take you back to your room and ravage you, Nobu,’ look on your face.”

“Yes it is,” I nod confidently. “I want us to go and fuck the hell out of each other.”

“Heheheh, don’t you mean, ‘make love?’” she recalls what I said earlier.

I firmly grab Nobu’s soft ass check, pull her in close, and lean my face into hers. “First one, and then the other.”



# A Year to Remember

## Chapter Summary

I unironically love Eurobeat

Music: [Deja Vu](#)

"Come now, Fujimaru!" Sylvia calls to me, "You have to wear the cheap party hat as well! And while you're at it, put on these sunglasses that have frames shaped like the number '2023,' too."

"I feel like we've been partying for days," Meuniere recognizes.

"Of all the bizarre traditions you lot brought with you from Chaldea," Director Goredolf comments, "I am rather fond of the idea that a New Year needs to be broken in by listening to an unending stream of Eurobeat music. Dare I say, as a European racecar driver myself, Eurobeat music actually might run in my blood."

"Us Chaldeans are known for having wacky ideas, if nothing else!" Da Vinci smiles, drinking a glass of sparkling grape juice from a fancy champagne glass.

"Got any New Year's Resolutions planned, Master?" Nobu asks. "I hear that it's a typical tradition to make some sort of commitment or plan for the new year."

"That's a good question... I'll have to think about it," I reply. "I really want to think up a meaningful one that I will really want to stick with."

"That's respectable!" she nods, "One shouldn't come up with a half-hearted plan they won't see through."

"Wise words," Meuniere nods. "I've been telling myself for two years now that I'd stop drinking. But then I always remember that I work for Director Goredolf and promptly start drinking again."

"You make it sound like I'm some kind of horrible boss to work for!" the Director speaks, sounding offended.

Meuniere chugs his champagne glass from top to bottom. His is not sparkling juice, I'm pretty sure it's 100 proof tequila.

“But anyway,” Nobu speaks up, “I’m going to have to head out now, gang. Got some stuff planned. Give me a few minutes Master!”

Nobu leaves the room, I assume to get prepared for something special.

The party resumes for a bit, and we have some fun talking and hanging out.

Holmes peacefully smokes his pipe in his reading chair. “One simply must wonder what the lore explanation is for how we manage to get a holy grail every new year.”

“I just kind of found one behind the couch in the TV room,” Meunier shrugs. “Maybe we shouldn’t over think it.”

“And ideas on what to do with this one?” Mash asks me. “I think you have two left right now, right?”

“Not quite sure yet,” I consider. “I was thinking about maybe using a pair of grails on Santa Karna, he’s really cool. Or maybe I could use the two of them to get Bartholomew Roberts from level 80 to 90, I feel like I’ve been meaning to do that for a while... ack! Decisions, decisions.”

“I’m sure whatever you end up deciding on will be the right choice,” Sylvia encourages me with a peppy smile.

“Thanks for that vote of confidence,” I smile and nod, “I’ll try to make you all proud with my decision. But, anyway, I think Nobu’s probably waiting for me by now. I’m going to go after her. Happy New Year, everyone!”

“Happy New Year, Master!!” Da Vinci waves, as do the others. I wave back with a big smile, and head back to my room.

I race down the hall and open the door, and see Nobu wrapped around in a blanket sitting on the edge of our bed. She looks at me with a blushed face as I close the door and sit next to her to get comfortable.

“Hiya, Nobu,” I kiss her on the cheek. “Have you gotten your fill of partying?”

“Definitely,” she leans against me. “We sure know how to throw a freaking festival here in Chaldea. I’m all partied out from these last few days. So I’m really looking forward to spending some tender alone time with you.”

“I can’t wait,” I lick my lips, sliding my arm around her to pull her close. I try to work my hand inside the folds of the blanket she’s wrapped inside to get to her skin underneath.

“Calm down, Master,” she playfully swats my hand away. “You’re going to ruin the big reveal. I switched to my berserker version... and I’m wearing what you asked, too... but I think you’ll have to work for it, if you want it.”

“Gladly,” I rise to the challenge.

“I’ve got a pretty nice sex playlist sorted out for tonight, too,” Nobu tells me, taking out her phone and turning on a bluetooth speaker nearby.

Music: [Running In The 90's](#)

...

“Wait, fuck...” Nobu panics, “Wrong playlist. That’s the Eurobeat playlist for racing...”

“..... Let’s keep the Eurobeat on,” I suggest.

“Are you serious,” she blinks.

“Why not?” I laugh lightly. “The most fun thing about our relationship is how we can be sexy but also goofy lunatics at the same time.”

“Fine,” she giggles. “You sure are weird sometimes. But I suppose that’s what I like the most about you.”

She lifts her right leg in the air, exposing it in all of its bare glory. She flexes her toes to draw attention to her foot. “So, Master. It’s been a while since I’ve toyed with you. Knowing how much you love my feet, I bet you’d be dying to worship them.”

I’ve already left the bed in order to take a knee in front of her, lowering myself to the ground so that I can hold her calf upwards with one hand and gently cup her heel with my other. I kiss and caress her foot as if a gentleman prince kissing the hand of a princess, only much kinkier. I kiss and suck her toes one by one, enjoying the smooth roundness of the tips of her digits. Each one of them is a treat to roll around against my tongue.

“So, as an expert foot weirdo, which toe is objectively the best one to suck?” Nobu teases me.

“They are all marvelous, but I’d have to say the index toe next to the big toe,” I explain, licking that one up and down before elaborating on my answer. “Not just for being a joy to suck on, but because then you have the big toe on one side and the lil’ wigglers on the other. Nothing beats the sensation of having your toes around my face on all sides as I enjoy your taste.”

“Uwhahaha!” Nobu laughs, “I can’t believe how seriously you took that question. Sometimes I forget how enthralled you are with my feet.”

“I can’t help it,” I chuckle as I rub her left foot against the side of my cheek while I continue kissing and licking the right. “I love every part of you, Nobu. There isn’t a single part of your body I wouldn’t worship and enjoy.”

She spreads her legs apart and lifts her blanket enough to show me that she's not wearing anything around her bare crotch. "Well then, how about you worship my pussy for a bit."

I take my time dragging my tongue and licking up the entire length of her leg, moving from the back of her calf onto her inner thighs, and finally firmly planting my lips around her pussy as she so desires. I stir around her insides and pleasure her as much as I can. I could easily eat out Nobu all night if she wanted me to.

"So fucking good," she moans as I keep pleasing her. I wrap my arms upwards around her legs and lift them high into the air as I continue feasting upon her, enjoying the warmth and softness of her flesh.

We spend a good, long while like this. Nobu's voice gets louder and louder as she moans without a care in the world, purely focused on how great I'm making her feel.

I feel her starting to tighten up, but I keep her on edge by stopping before she can finish. "Nobu... I wanna see the special things you mentioned."

Nobu can barely see straight, and is panting like mad. But, she nervously removes the blanket and shows me that she has a bra on. However, upon taking off the bra...

There they are. The legendary heart shaped stickers over her nipples.

"That's so hot," I whisper to her. "Cmon Nobu, let's really have fun."

She sticks her tongue out at me and wiggles it in the air. "You have to kiss me first."

I'm extremely happy to grant her request, and we lock lips intimately. We spend a good minute or two tasting each other's mouths and kissing while moaning like animals. I can't hold it in anymore, and I shove my cock inside of her. The only thing preventing her from shouting is my mouth still pressed against her, muffling it.

Nobu lays back against the bed, allowing me to stand beside it and pound her ruthlessly. I feel crazy experiencing my entire length going in and out of her at full speed, really screwing her intensely.

Nobu lifts both of her legs and rests them on my shoulders, giving me a whole new sensation of ecstasy. I gently grab her left foot and hold it by her ankles, and go right back to worshipping her feet.

The combination of the rough fucking and the gentle caressing has Nobu giddy with excitement. She softly chuckles to herself between moans. I see her breasts swaying up and down from each thrust, and the nipple covers make it even more erotic to watch.

"Fuck... I'm going to explode," I grunt. I lean forward so I can grab and massage her breasts as I speed up my thrusting.

"Give it to me, fill me up Master!" Nobu pleads, holding me tightly.

I'm way ahead of her. I struggle to keep from falling under my own weight as my knees nearly give in from the intense orgasm as I seed Nobu with all of my might. She moans beautifully all the while, letting me know exactly how much she's loving it.

I roll onto my side and wrap my arm around her waist, holding her tightly. "I love you so much Nobu," I mouth into her ear and then kiss her.

"Here's to another year of staying together forever," Nobu hugs me back.

"Yknow, Nobu, I actually have an idea about a New Year's Resolution," I tell her.

"What would that be?" she asks.

"I have two holy grails right now... that could get you to level 104. I'd need eight more in total, but..."

Nobu rises up urgently to look at me direly. "Master... you don't mean...!"

I rise up as well, and rest my hand atop hers. "I think I do mean, I think this is going to be my goal for the year."

"But... holy grails are such a precious resource," Nobu cautions me.

"They are, which is why I've usually been so careful with them. I usually use them to balance out weaker servants... dare I say, I've been almost afraid of going the distance past level 100. But Nobu, you are more precious to me than any resource. I want the absolute best for you. So for my New Year's Resolution, I'm going to get as many holy grails as possible to try and max out your level to 120!"

Without a word, Nobu falls into my arms and kisses me with love, fervor, passion, and raw emotion. Though my eyes close as I receive all of her love, I actually feel tears roll off of her cheeks and onto mine. She must be crying.

I hold Nobu as close as can be as we finish our deep kiss. Nobu snuffles and wipes her eyes. "Alright, Master. You've twisted my arm it seems. Then let's make the most of this year. It'll be a year to remember."

## I guess "Meat Tower" is a new euphanism?

“Alright, Master. Time for a progress check,” Nobu dictates. She’s holding a clipboard with some records on it, and she’s wearing a button-up shirt with a tie and glasses. She looks the part of an attentive and diligent business woman.

“Mhm,” I agree.

“So, we’re at level 105 out of 106 right now, about halfway to a level up,” she reads off.

“Mhm,” I nod.

“With this latest event, that brings us to four more holy grails, which could potentially bring us to level 114 when we have the EXP cards for it.”

“Mhm mhm,” I confirm. “Mhmmhmm...”

“I’m just going to go ahead and recap the last few events to make sure we didn’t miss any grails along the way. Back in January, we had the Tengu event...”

I pause what I’m doing to ask a question. “What was the deal with that whole ‘Taira clan’ thing where you switched sides on me?”

Nobu looks so displeased. “Aw, why’d you have to stop? Also, it’s a historical inside joke, I swear. Please don’t take it personally, and please get back to work,” she tells me.

She forcibly grabs my head with her free hand and forces it back down.

I should probably mention that the shirt is the only thing she’s wearing. Her lower body is butt ass naked, her legs are spread high in the air, and I’ve had my face buried in her pussy eating her out for most of this time save for that on pause. Ah well, back to business.

“Mhmm.....”

“We had the Saber Wars II rerun... already got the grail for that one,” she checks off. “Then we had Valentine’s Day, which is always a blast– ooooooh! You’re giving me shivers down my spine, Master!”

I got a little excited and my pussy eating got a bit more aggressive thinking back to all the fun we have every Valentine’s Day, after all. She certainly seems to enjoy the change in pace and speed, so I keep at it like this.

Nobu closes her eyes and bites her finger, and can’t even focus on the task at hand fully. “R-Right, so uh... grail front was next–”

I attack her clit by lapping at it with my tongue, and she really starts to wiggle around and squirm with glee, completely unable to stay still under the pressure of my sensual kissing and licking.

Amusingly enough, she keeps trying to continue our task despite the fact that her breathing is unsteady and her voice is shaking with every word. “Then... the Phantom Thief museum heist... event... happened...”

“I really liked that one because we played the Persona 5 soundtrack through most of that—”

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop, damn it!” Nobu begs, throwing the clipboard away and clenching my head with both hands. “Just a little more... I’m about to... I’m about to...”

Seems like I’m about to bring it home and taste her sweet nectar. I keep doing what I do best and greedily eating out Nobu.

“Cumming!! Cumming!!” she whimpers, and her whole body spasms as she falls backwards onto the bed, panting as if she’s just run a mile.

I’m not done tasting her though. With her pussy momentarily satisfied, I am free to grab and slightly lift her butt cheeks, spreading them out so that I can look upon her cute anus. This whole time I’ve been smelling her womanly scent mixed with the slight fragrance of flowers, so I’ve known that she recently showered before we met. Nothing beats Nobu’s fresh and clean body right out of the shower, and I fancy a nice taste of her adorable asshole.

I lick and slurp her butt obscenely, and I’m getting so hard in the process that I can feel my boner twitching up and down. “Oh God, you won’t even give me time to rest, huh...” she chuckles lightly. “Well we’re almost done anyway. We’re in the Akihabara event right now, afterall. Got the grail yesterday. Not sure if there will be enough time left in the event to do the post content, though...”

I wipe saliva from my mouth with my forearm. “As fun as it would be, we’d have less than 48 hours to climb 100 floors of the Meat Tower. It’s a real hassle when there are the stamina restrictions in place where the Servants get tired so easily...”

Nobu gets back up and pulls me up onto the bed with her. She lays me down on my back and lays by my side, hanging over me as she begins stroking me off carefully. “That’s ok, though. The only Meat Tower I need is the one between your legs, Master.”

She leans over me and starts sucking my cock. I honestly just lay back and enjoy the ride. Nobu has gotten extremely skilled at blowjobs, and she knows every which way around my most sensitive parts. I could just melt right here in the sheer pleasure.

I reach down and stroke my fingers across her forehead, parting her strands over hair away so that I can more clearly see her face as she slobbers up and down on me. Such a gorgeous sight! I feel like I’m getting close myself...

Nobu takes her lips off my dick and instead purses them around one of my balls, licking and sucking my sack while using her hand to jack me off rapidly. This sensation is totally new and mesmerizing, and I feel like my soul is sucked out of my body as I shoot off like a geyser. What a feeling...

I almost lose consciousness as I lay here breathing heavily, but Nobu's gentle fingers rubbing my chest keep me awake. "Alright, now we're event," she kisses me. "Either way, we've made great progress. We'll be getting to level 120 in no time!"

I wrap my arm around her shoulders and bring her in for a kiss. "Let's not forget to keep making memories along the way. It's about the journey as much as the destination."

"That's true," she sighs with content. "So, that being said, we'll have to have plenty more of these business meetings to keep careful watch on our progress. Any objections?"

"None whatsoever," I smile. "Ready for round two?"

Nobu swings her leg over me and sits on top of me, with my quickly-recovering dick starting to get hard in front of her belly. "You better believe it. I've got 100 floors of this Meat Tower to scale after all, so I hope you didn't have any other plans for the next 48 hours."

I feel like, rather than the servants, I'm going to be the one getting tired out...



## **No way..... A BASS PLAYER?!?!?**

"I can't believe you didn't write a chapter about the idol event," Nobu sighs. "I was a major secondary character in that event, too!"

"I never really understood the buzz about idols and stuff until that event," I say to keep our conversation rolling. We're backstage right now after a gig we just played, and we're shooting the breeze.

"I wonder why?" Silvia questions. "We're in a band together, and a band is basically the same deal."

"I think the appeal of idols is the absolute mania the fans get into around their favorites," Merlin hypothesizes. "It makes them super easy to troll."

"It was really fun though, I enjoyed all of the cool character themes and costumes," I admit.

"Well, it was months ago now, so I guess we should talk about something more current," Nobu brushes aside. "What was the last event again? The summer rerun or something?"

"Oh yeah, that was pretty cool. It might have been my favorite summer event yet. Though that's hard to pick a favorite, since summer events are usually the highlight of the year for me."

"It's kind of weird how well we handled that event," Nobu considers. "It was horror themed, and usually when the couple in a horror movie sneak off to go have sex, they're the first two to get killed. And we had a LOT of sex."

"Yeah, well, not every couple has the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven and an infinite array of rotary matchlock rifles," I posit. "I'd wager the horror monsters were more scared of us than we were of them."

"I'm honestly kind of envious," Silvia tells us. "You two have been dating for years now, and you're still very clearly in love and have a super active sex life. Relationship goals, to be honest!"

I wrap my arm around Nobu and hold her close to my side, and we smile at one another while looking into each other's eyes. "As long as I'm with Nobu, I'm always going to be happy. Even if our band never actually finds a bass player."

Suddenly, the lights on the stage cut off. We all turn our heads and peek out from behind the curtains to see what just happened.

Black flames erupt on the stage and put on a seriously impressive pyrotechnics show. Mist erupts from the sides of the stage, and a cloaked figure begins to lower down from above the stage, holding a bass guitar. It's none other than the Count of Monte Cristo, Edmond Dantes,

and as he lowers down onto the stage he plays a sick bass solo that sounds kind of like the one in the middle of “Suck a Sage” from Guilty Gear XX ( [this one right here at the minute and thirteen second mark](#) )

“Whoa,” Merlin expresses, sounding about as impressed as Merlin can sound, which isn’t very, because he’s so laid back all the time.

“That was awesome, Count,” I praise highly. “Will you join our band and be our bass player?!”

“Heheheh... HAHAAHAHA!” he cackles deviously. “I’ve been on standby literally since this story began because the writer thought that it would be funny if I were to become the band’s bass player. After waiting this long on the gag, I’m joining your band whether you want me to or not!”

“That’s impressive dedication and commitment,” Nobu nods while holding her chin, seemingly in approval. “Well, you’re hired. Let’s jam!”

We all group up and we play the entirety of Suck a Sage from earlier, mostly because we all like that song. This song doesn’t actually have lyrics though, so I just kind of practice my rock and roll scream and babble incoherently so I can be a part of it too.

“Ok, let’s do a song with lyrics next,” I pitch. “How about some Eurobeat?!”

We do a performance of The Queen of Mean by The Snake ( [this one](#) ) and have a great time performing together. At long last, our band is finally complete! Myself on vocals, Nobu on lead guitar, Edmond Dantes on bass, Sylvia on drums, and Merlin on keyboard! I hope I’m not forgetting anyone. It’s been a while, lol.

“This is so much fun! We’ll have to plan our next concert some time,” Merlin suggests. “But, for now, I gotta jet. See you all later!”

We break for the time being and head off to do other things. Soon it’s just Nobu and myself on the empty stage, having the entire gigantic auditorium to just the two of us.

Nobu hums contentedly. “You sound like you’re in a good mood, Nobu,” I point out. “What’s on your mind?”

“I’m just really happy lately, Master,” she tells me with a precious smile on her face. “You’ve been pampering me and loving me so hard this year, working so hard towards getting to level 120. I know we’re only at level 114 right now, but just the fact that you’ve been putting so much time and energy into trying to help me... it fills me with joy, you know?”

I kiss her on the cheek and hold her tightly. “It’s pretty exciting, thinking that we might actually get to reach our goal by the end of the year. We still have Lostbelt 6 to clear, and I’m sure quite a few more events as well. We should have more than enough grails to make your dreams come true, my love.”

Nobu blushes intensely. “S-stop it, you. Calling me ‘your love,’ and all that as if it were the mosts natural thing in the world... you scoundrel.”

“But it is, my love,” I kiss her again, “Why shouldn’t I call you the love of my life, Nobu?”

“You’re such a sickeningly sweet romantic,” she giggles. “But it makes my heart flutter, so I’ll allow it.”

“If there’s something you’d rather I call you, just let me know,” I offer to her. “I can call you my sweetest darling baby doll, I can call you a radiantly beautiful queen of a woman... heck, if you want me to talk dirty, I can do that too.”

“O ho ho,” she starts to laugh. “And what exactly would you say if I were to command you to call me dirty things, I wonder...? What if I wanted you to degrade me and insult me, would you do that too?”

“Well, if you’re putting me on the spot...” I lick my lips in anticipation, “I could call you the dirty slut you are, and make you an offer that your horny pussy couldn’t refuse...”

“My oh my,” she bites her lip, “And what would that be?”

“How would you like it if I strip you down and fuck you like a bitch right here on stage, while pretending there’s an audience full of people watching us?”

“Holy fucking shit,” Nobu gasps.

I immediately and forcefully grab her by the waist and shove my hand into her panties, tickling and fingering her sensitive places. I start to lick the side of her face as well, and with my other hand I lift up her shirt and expose her breasts. “I wonder what our fans would think, seeing you getting ravaged like this...” I tease her.

“Mmmm....” she moans, biting her finger.

I turn her around to face me, showing her back to the audience. I pull down her pants completely and spread her asscheeks, and I begin fingering her anus playfully. “To think, hundreds if not thousands of people watching as your boyfriend plays with your asshole as your pussy leaks its juices all down your legs...”

Nobu can’t take it anymore, and she begins French kissing me. She wraps her lips around my tongue and pulls it out of my mouth to suck on it, all as I continue fingering her ass and spanking her cheeks.

Wait a minute...!

In a stunning reversal, Nobu spins around me and pulls my own pants down, exposing my cock. She starts giving me a reacharound handjob, with my dick pointing outwards towards the audience. “What about you, Master? Do you get hard thinking about your firm cock throbbing in front of all those people, exposed for the world to see?”

Damn... she's got me good. I feel like I'm about to burst. But I can't let it end like this. I spin around and I lift Nobu up off the ground, spreading her legs and exposing her bare pussy to the world. While keeping her lifted, I insert my penis right into her. "Alright then, time to play hard ball. I hope your fans are ready to watch as my balls clap against your crotch over and over again until I fill your naughty pussy to the brim.

"Holy fuck...!" Nobu breathes intensely, gasping for air as I begin drilling her so loudly that it echoes through the auditorium.

"Come on, Nobu, play with your tits. Put on a show for them," I instruct her, which she happily obliges. "Now turn your head around and start kissing me."

We lick and kiss like animals as I keep pounding her. "I'm so fucking turned on right now, Master," Nobu moans. "I can hardly believe what it would feel like if there actually was an audience watching..."

"They'd all be masturbating to how hot this is," I tease her more.

"I'm so close...!" she squeals.

"Me too... let's give 'em a finishing blow to remember."

I rapidly piston a few dozen more thrusts into her, and then with a heaving shove I blast a load of semen inside of her. I grind out a few more powerful thrusts, each one releasing an additional spurt of cum. Nobu is screaming her head off and I'm grunting like a beast as cum trickles out of her pussy, down my balls, and drips onto the floor of the stage.

I gently lay Nobu down on her back, watching in ecstasy as she breathes deeply in bliss from our rough fucking. I sit down over her head and rest my cock on her face, which she eagerly starts sucking clean.

"I love you so much, Nobu," I whisper to her.

She doesn't let go. In fact, what starts as a cock cleaning turns into several minutes of sloppy blowjob, ending with me unleashing another load down her throat. "God damn... no fair... you're sucking the life out of me, baby."

I fall backwards and lay on the floor of the stage myself, and both of us are completely out of breath for a few minutes.

When I regain control of my body, I take a moment to have just a little more fun. I reposition myself to where I can pull her boots and socks off, and to where I can start kissing and licking her feet. I worship her feet as if she were a goddess, which gives her no end of amusement judging by her laughing.

"So, anyway, back to our conversation from earlier," she coughs, trying to sound normal despite the fact that I'm feasting on her tasty little toes, "What event are we on now? A Nerofest revival?"

“Mhm,” I confirm. “And nothing screams ‘hot and sweaty sexercise’ like a Nerofest,” I tease her, licking drops of sweat off from her feet and legs.

“There’s just no end to your appetite for my body, is there?” Nobu says playfully, wiggling her toes at me.

“Of course not. I’ll take every opportunity to feast on your divine form, Nobu.”

“Ah, so we’ve left the dirty talk and are back to the sweet talk... I like that,” she sighs whimsically.

“Shall we head back to my room and continue, my darling angel?” I suggest.

“Naturally,” she smiles with haughty pride. “You better have at least three more loads in those balls of yours, because we’re not finished until you’ve spun me around the world, loverboy.”

“That can be arranged,” I agree happily, helping her to pick up our clothes. “Let’s walk back to the room naked and try not to get caught, that’ll get us both excited again.”

Nobu gulps. “Fuck yeah, let’s do that.”

I’m so happy right now. I genuinely know in my heart that these weird days with each other as weird lovers will never end.

# A nice ring to it

## Chapter Summary

I hope to keep continuing to update with new chapters if I'm able to, so I won't call this the end. But whatever happens, I'm just happy to have shared these experiences with everyone.

If you have any suggestions on future chapters I could write, feel free to leave comments! Maybe it might inspire me to update more often =)

Thank you so much for reading this story and for being a part of this journey!

Hang on, let me get some pirate music to get this one started. How about ["Luffy's Fierce Attack" from One Piece?](#)

“Hoist the sails and catch the winds!” Nobu excitedly shouts, standing at the helm of our ship, steering us back towards the main island where we are camped out.

Nobu and I had been waiting for summer pretty much all year long, as we typically do together. It's the time of year where we are really free to go wild and bond to our hearts' content. What a pleasant surprise it was to learn that this year's summer event is pirate themed in the Caribbean!

“Aye, Cap'n Nobu,” I say, in my best pirate-y voice, “Now that we're all but officially wrapped up with the summer event, I'd say that leaves us the rest of our time here to just spend time together and do what we want.”

Nobu wraps her arm around my waist and brings me in close to kiss me on my cheek. “About time. I can already think of a few things we could do.”

“Whatcha got on your mind?” I ask her.

“Well,” Nobu considers, “I'm still a little salty about that sequence where you had to spoil that Kama goddess, even if it was to pacify her from destroying things. I think it's only fair that you show your devotion to me by pampering me as much as I want for the rest of this trip.”

“Of course I will,” I promise her. “I eagerly await the opportunity to worship your divine figure. So what strikes your fancy first?”

“Let's start with sunbathing on the beach,” she tells me.

"Fujimaru!" the Director shouts at me.

"Yes, sir?" I reply, somewhat caught off guard.

"What on Earth are you and Miss Oda doing in swimsuits?!" he questions us.

"It's summer?" I answer, or at least I think I do.

"It's February! It's 36 degrees out!" he argues.

"I guess it is a little nippy," Nobu recognizes.

"W-well, it was summer when I started writing this chapter..." I advocate for myself.

Director Goredolf's eyebrows lower into an empathetic pout, and he walks over to me and awkwardly pats me on the shoulder. "I'm... sorry. I didn't realize you've been so afflicted by writer's block."

"It's complicated..." I sigh sadly. "I guess I just don't have as much time lately as I used to."

"Turn that frown upside-down, senpai!" Mash encourages me. "I bet you have plenty to be happy about! Didn't you get enough Holy Grails to raise Nobu to level 120 like you said you would?"

"We did!" Nobu expresses confidently, swinging her arm around mine to hold me affectionately.

"Not just that, but I managed to get Nobu's Avenger form to level 118 as well. I'm just one grail away..."

"Well, I have good news for you both," Sherlock Holmes says as he enters the conversation, smoking from his pipe. There happens to be an event going on right now that will grant you one more grail. And, dare I say, this particular event I would consider more than fitting to mark the occasion. An event we celebrate every year, and a festival to celebrate those who love one another."

"You don't mean..." I blink in surprise.

"Oh, I do mean, Mr. Fujimaru," Holmes smiles to us. "It's Valentine's Day at Chaldea once more. I'm not much of a romantic myself, but even I can tell how meaningful it would be for Valentine's Day of all things to grant you your final Holy Grail."

"I agree completely," I tell him cheerfully. "Alright, Nobu. Let's go get that grail!"

We rush through the event without much trouble, grinding through battles with rapid efficiency.

I think the time is right to sneak a little surprise into the mix as well. I make a few preparations on my end while Nobu isn't looking to make sure that this will be an extra special moment for us.

When all is said and done, and we stand victorious atop a mountain of spoils from completing the event, we see the Holy Grail hovering in the air in front of us. I reach out and grab it, and a slip a little somethin'-somethin' into the cup of the chalice. I turn to Nobu. "Are you looking forward to this?" I ask coyly.

"I'm practically tingling with excitement," she chuckles. "It's hard to believe how far my Avenger form has come, too. Despite being one of the weakest five star servants, it only took a few upgrades over time for me to become one of the best Buster AOE servants in the game!"

"I'm so happy for you, Nobu," I smile passionately. "Well, here you are... The grail that's going to get your Avenger form to level 120."

Nobu smiles at me with a grand intensity, and I can feel her happiness radiating from her cheeks. "This feels all the more meaningful because you've been with me every step of the way, Master. You never left my side no matter what happened. We've been together for nearly seven years now... and I'll be happy to add this to our memories together."

"Hey... Nobu?" I ask her softly.

"What is it, Master...?" she wonders.

"This Holy Grail feels a little heavier than normal... there might be something inside it. Why don't you check?"

She looks positively perplexed, and almost as if she doesn't know how to respond. But she decides to look inside... and her face turns as red as her outfit.

Inside of the grail, I hid a wedding ring. It's an especially cool pirate ring that I found while hunting for treasure during the last summer event, and it has a cool skull on it. For anyone else, a skull on a ring would be a bad omen, or even ridiculous. But for two oddballs like us, one of whom happens to be the Demon King of the Sixth Heaven... I think a skull works perfectly.

When I found it, I knew I had to use it. I took it to Da Vinci's workshop, and she helps shine it back to its original glory by getting all of the rust and age off of it. It seriously looks like it just came out of a jewelry shop, brand new.

"M-M-Master, what's... this...?" Nobu stutters.

"It's just a simple gesture, really..." I tell her, teasing her. "But it's a gesture I should have made to you a very, very long time ago. It's one I've been wanting to make, badly. And when I found the perfect ring, I knew that the time was right."

Nobu gulps nervously, and covers her face with her hands to hide her embarrassment.

I reach into the Grail and pick up the ring. I grab her hand, and I slowly remove her glove to reveal her bare hand. Her skin is so smooth to the touch, it drives me wild holding her hand like this. I slide the ring onto her finger...



“Ah, good. It seems like a perfect fit,” I grin, looking deeply into her eyes.

Her eyes shift to the side, as she’s too emotional to look directly at me. “You buffoon... you’re supposed to ask the question first, before putting the ring on... you’re doing it all out of order.”

“Well, it’s not like I’ve ever done this before!” I laugh. “I figured I would just... do this my own way. Sorry if I’m being weird.”

“Heh,” she chuckles. I see a tear roll down her face.

“Huh? What’s wrong, Nobu?!” I ask her frantically.

She grabs hold of me and holds me with all of her might with a powerful hug. “Nothing’s wrong at all.”

Now that we’re embracing powerfully and meaningfully, I move my lips in right next to her ear so I can whisper. “Will you marry me, Nobu?”

She turns her head towards me and kisses me so strongly that I see stars. I feel my face start to get wet, and I realize that Nobu is crying so much that her tears are trickling against my face.

She briefly pauses so she can sniffle and wipe her eyes. “You have no idea how much this means to me, Master. Being a servant... being born into a world so different than the one I knew in life, and forced to fight endless battles... I never expected I could ever find true happiness. But hearing those words from you... I... Let’s just say, nothing in this world or the next would make me happier.”

“Guess this makes me ‘Mr. Oda,’ now, hehe,” I recognize. We kiss again for an extended moment of passion. “I promise I’ll try to be the best husband I can possibly be for you.”

“You just keep being yourself, Master,” she giggles. “Keep being the same weirdo I fell in love with. And I’ll keep fighting by your side. Let’s save the world together, as... as husband and wife.”

“I can’t wait to tell all of our band mates about this,” I grin. “They’re going to be so thrilled. We should put on a special rock concert at our wedding.”

“Now you’re speaking my language!” Nobu cheers, pumping her fist high into the air.

It’s hard to know how long this will all last. It’s hard to know who we’ll be a year, or two years, or many years from now. I’m sure eventually we’ll save humanity, and that will be the end of one journey. But by putting this ring on Nobu’s finger, I’ve made a promise. No matter how many of these adventurous journeys end, our true journey together is just beginning.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!