

Fate/Charm of the Devil Fae

*This fic is inspired by **Sticky Situation** by **Professor Quill**, **In Bloom** by **Flight of Fancy**, and to a certain extent **Benefits of Saving a Veela** by **WD_O'Neill**. Please check them out.*

Story Starts

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Ch 0.1 Prologue - Quenching of the Sword

Disclaimer: Everyone here is at least 18 years of age. In Japan, students are typically 18 years old during their last year of high school. So all scenes of a sexual nature were done between consenting adults.

But to be safe, let's add an addendum: this is a major AU. After Senior High School, students generally go to an academy for one to three years to take general subjects, think honestly about what they want, and prepare for higher education, or take vocational courses. This will take place during that period.

Shirou's base level 'Charm' is more akin to a Veela's aura; it lowers the inhibitions of people who are attracted to Shirou, but ultimately, it's up to them whether they want to act on it. It also depends on their general level of promiscuity.

In this story, both Sakura and Rin are fraternal twins, and I'm not going through the Illya-is-a-legal-loli route, nor will I ever—not that there's any wrong with young-looking or petite adults.

*Pain... sulphur... stench... rot... wrath... sloth... pestilence... death...
murder... slaughter... abuse... fool... greed... blasphemy... deceit... lies...
envy... defile... lust... dishonesty... lust... gluttony... lust... filthiness... lust...
fear... lust... lust... foolishness... lust...lust... anger... lust... lust...
emulations... lust... lust... hatred... lust... lasciviousness... lust... lies... lust...
lust... maliciousness... lust... pride... p-lust... sul-lust... ste-lust... lust...
lust... r-lust... wr-lust... lust... lust... lust... lust... lust... en-lust... bl-lust...
lust... unclean...
lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lust...lus
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The litany faded like smoke dispersing in the morning air.

Shirou Muramasa-Emiya—cook, blacksmith, student, archer, sword practitioner, fake school janitor, and Homurahara's brownie—opened his eyes to a familiar ceiling. For a disorienting moment, he couldn't quite piece together how he'd come to be here, pressed between two impossibly warm bodies that radiated heat like twin furnaces.

Ticklish strands of hair brushed against his nose with insistent, teasing softness that made him scrunch his face with an involuntary grimace—!

'What the hell—?!' The thought exploded through his mind as he huffed air sharply, trying to blow the curtain of hair from his face. The gesture proved utterly futile. The dark locks simply resettled themselves with almost deliberate intent, as though determined to suffocate him with affection.

His arms were pinned, twisted at awkward angles that denied him any hope of escape. Helpless, he wriggled uselessly against his captors, caught between two warm weights pressing in from either side. The possessiveness in how they held him was somehow both comforting and maddening in equal measure. He remained thoroughly trapped, suspended in a cocoon of tangled

blankets and body heat that smelled of sleep and something uniquely, unmistakably them.

"Mou—Shi...rou!" came an irritated voice from his right, drowsy with the residue of deep sleep but unmistakably displeased.

A series of rustles followed, the sound of someone shifting beneath the heavy quilts. His right arm was tugged deeper into the warmth of the body beside him—or rather, he realised with dawning awareness as sensation properly returned to his sleep-numbed limb, it was already there, had been there all night. His hand was wedged firmly between two thighs that were smooth and cool to the touch—or at least they had been before they'd warmed against his palm over the course of the night.

His hand easily spanned the width of the limb: slender yet toned, unmistakable evidence of someone physically active. He recognised the muscle definition without needing to see it, his fingers unconsciously mapping familiar geography in the darkness beneath the blankets.

To his mounting horror and rising embarrassment, a hand crept into view from somewhere within the tangle of limbs and fabric. It wandered blindly across his chest before a finger stabbed unceremoniously at his nostril with the precision of someone still half-asleep. He jerked—an involuntary spasm of disgust and indignation—before the questing hand abandoned that target and latched onto his neck instead. It pulled with surprising strength, dragging him backwards into the pillow with a grip that brooked no argument.

A head pushed free of the blanket beside him, only a dark crown visible in the dim morning light as it nestled into the crook of his neck. A satisfied sigh escaped her lips, the sound suggesting this was exactly where she'd meant to be all along.

His trapped hand slid lower along her thigh as she shifted, whilst her leg draped across him with possessive intent. Her knee pinned his waist with

gentle but immovable pressure, and her feet curled into the heat of his inner thigh with an unconscious sensuality that sent his pulse racing despite his best efforts. He fought against the rising tide of warmth that threatened to overwhelm his carefully maintained composure, acutely aware of how close he was to losing whatever fragile control he'd managed to preserve over the past weeks—and the relief he had due to yesterday's activities.

The blanket was yanked up to his chin with a sudden, decisive motion that abandoned his feet entirely to the cool bite of the air conditioner. Rin tucked her head deeper under the covers, burrowing into the warmth like a creature seeking hibernation as the unit groaned to life above them. It worked with mechanical determination to maintain the room at a brisk 17°C—a temperature Rin had insisted upon weeks ago, claiming it was optimal for sleep, though Shirou privately suspected she simply enjoyed monopolising the blankets and his body heat in equal measure.

"Ba—ka," murmured Rin Tohsaka, her voice muffled by the blanket whilst her breath tickled his neck with each syllable. Best friend turned lover, she muttered the word to no one in particular—though Shirou knew full well who it was meant for, who it had always been meant for, even before this shift in their relationship. The casual insult carried layers of meaning only they could parse: exasperation, affection, concern, and something more profound that neither had quite named aloud despite weeks of this new intimacy.

From his left came a small sound of protest. Delicate feet slid against his with surprising dexterity, dainty toes tugging at the far edge of the blanket with the single-minded determination of someone who refused to be left out of whatever comfort could be claimed. A rush of cool air pierced the warmth of their cocoon—until, mercifully, the blanket stretched and reclaimed his feet in its embrace, drawn upwards by the insistent pressure of those agile toes.

To his left, now curled into a tight ball beside him with her entire body folded into a compact shape that somehow still managed to occupy an improbable amount of space, was Sakura Tohsaka—another best friend turned lover, and

fraternal twin to the one currently using his right side as a personal heater. Her earlier rustling had freed his left arm from where it had been trapped between her soft mounds, allowing him at least some small measure of autonomy. He'd barely noticed the change at the time, too caught up in the sensory overload of waking to find himself sandwiched between them both, though now he was grateful for even this minor reprieve.

Finally free to move, he pushed away the black curtain of Rin's hair that had been smothering his face, drawing in a breath that felt like oxygen itself—necessary, vital, precious. His freed left arm draped over Sakura's back as she nuzzled against his side with the contentment of a cat who'd finally found the perfect spot. Her breath teased his chest with each soft exhale whilst his thumb traced lazy circles across her spine in what he hoped was a soothing gesture.

He found himself caught between competing urges: the desire to hold them both closer, to sink deeper into this moment of peaceful domesticity, and the desperate need to put distance between himself and the increasing difficulty of maintaining his restraint.

He found himself staring at the ceiling, attention drifting from the warm bodies pressed against him to the lattice of wooden beams and lofty rafters that crowned the quiet grace of their traditional Japanese home—'well, semi-traditional,' he admitted wryly to himself. The wood was old and weathered, bearing the patina of decades, yet it remained solid and dependable, bearing the weight placed upon it without complaint or creak. He envied that consistency, that reliability, wondering if he might ever achieve such unshakeable stability in his own cursed existence.

His gaze shifted reluctantly from the rafters to the window, where an amulet swayed with measured persistence. Its pale feather was trapped within a pendant ringed by intricate runes and geometric lines that glowed faintly in the morning light. It tapped against the glass with a soft, rhythmic sound—as though in quiet protest, or perhaps silent plea.

The air conditioning unit's blower made the amulet move in rhythm, creating a soft, hypnotic pattern that had become far too familiar over the past weeks. He watched it with the intensity of someone observing a countdown timer, aware with every fibre of his being that it marked something approaching inevitability. The swaying motion seemed to mock him, each gentle tap against the glass a reminder of time running out.

The amulet was the source of his angsty brooding for the past few weeks, a constant reminder of the ticking clock that governed his life. He'd barely left his room for almost a month now, and the isolation was beginning to show. He'd constructed excuses for his self-imposed exile—necessary work, maintenance on his extensive collection of weapons, studies that couldn't be neglected—but both Rin and Sakura knew the truth was far simpler and infinitely more shameful. He was hiding, plain and simple, and no amount of rationalisation could disguise that fact.

Within the amulet lay a feather, a remnant from a minor moon goddess—one of many slain in the ancient war against Sefar, in the age when mystery still reigned supreme and the supernatural walked openly alongside the mundane. But that age had long since passed into history and legend, becoming little more than footnotes in the records kept by the Mage's Association and the Church.

Now, gods, spirits, and phantasmal beasts survived only under the yoke of Gaia and Alaya, their dominion ceded to mankind through centuries of conquest and attrition. The world had moved on, its mysteries fading with each passing generation, and the old powers had been relegated to memory and carefully maintained pockets of secrecy.

The feather came from the goddess Silene, a moon goddess whose spirit had resisted every enchantment, every intoxication, and every temptation that had been levelled against her in her final hours.

That legendary resistance had been her defining trait, her final act of defiance against those who would see her fall. Woven into an amulet through rituals he barely understood—though Vivian had explained them with patient precision during its creation—the feather stifled the pull of his charm and kept desire in check, holding back the tide of corrupting influence that constantly threatened to overwhelm what remained of his human consciousness.

For eleven years, the amulet had kept his curse at bay, serving as a fragile shield against the darkness that dwelt within him. Yet in the past year, its light had dimmed perceptibly, the pale glow that once emanated from the feather growing weaker with each passing month.

It thirsted for ever longer beneath the moon as though its reserves of power were finally running dry, the magical potency bleeding away like water through cupped hands. Now it demanded a week's worth of moonlight for scarcely an hour's use—a terrible exchange that left him increasingly vulnerable with each cycle. If the trend continued at its current rate, soon even a full moon's worth of power wouldn't last for more than a minute.

With no alternatives presenting themselves despite weeks of frantic research and desperate consultation with every resource at his disposal, his life was set on a drastic turn that he could neither prevent nor adequately prepare for. The inevitability of it sat like a weight in his chest.

Thankfully, he had been wrong—or at least, not as right as he had feared.

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Flashback to the morning before...

Clang. Clang. Clang.

'Pathetic,' he thought bitterly, as his hammer bit into the billet with far more force than was technically necessary. The metal sang beneath the blow, a high, clear note that should have been satisfying to any blacksmith's ear.

Instead, it only fed his frustration, his growing sense of impotence in the face of forces beyond his control.

He raised the glowing billet with his tongs, eyes narrowing as he judged its form with the critical eye of a master craftsman who'd spent decades—or at least, who possessed the inherited knowledge and muscle memory of one—perfecting his art.

"One last heat," he murmured to himself, setting the billet back into the roaring mouth of the forge. He watched as the flames embraced it with eager orange and yellow tongues, the metal beginning to glow cherry-red within seconds.

The heat washed over his face in waves, and he welcomed it despite the discomfort, needing the physical sensation to ground himself in something real, something that wasn't the constant thrum of arousal beneath his skin.

He stood in his magus workshop and smithy, a space directly connected to his bedroom via the fusuma that separated his sanctuary from the rest of the household.

The workshop was entirely his own domain—walls lined with weapons in various states of completion, from rough forgings to fully enchanted blades, and shelves bearing alchemical ingredients and exotic materials whose properties he was still learning to fully exploit. It was here that he'd spent most of his time these past weeks, losing himself in the meditative rhythm of metalwork whenever the curse threatened to overwhelm him.

He had been avoiding everyone these past few weeks with a dedication that bordered on obsessive, barely emerging from his workshop except for the most necessary of reasons. The amulet made for him by Vivian, Runeas, and Lady Avalon had finally given out—or more precisely, had degraded to the point where it could no longer be relied upon to do its essential work of suppressing his curse. The knowledge sat like a stone in his chest, heavy with

the weight of implications he didn't want to examine too closely, implications that involved becoming something he'd sworn never to be.

Now robbed of the only means to live an ordinary life, to maintain even a semblance of the normalcy he desperately craved, he brooded in self-imposed isolation. The sanctuary of his workshop had become both refuge and prison, a place where he could lose himself in work whilst keeping everyone else safely at arm's length.

Yet that was the lesser problem, the surface concern beneath which far more troubling waters ran. What truly troubled him, what kept him awake during the long hours when the amulet's light grew thin and his control began to fray, was how his lust had surged in the face of its failing power. The curse that had always simmered beneath his skin now threatened to boil over entirely.

His charm was always active—woven so thoroughly into his being that shutting it off would require separating it from his very existence, an impossibility given how deeply it had been integrated into his devil nature. Through constant practice and sheer force of will over the past eleven years, he'd managed to control it to a degree that had become almost automatic, almost second nature.

When dialled down, his charm simply heightened existing attraction, lowering inhibitions in those who already felt drawn to him rather than creating or manufacturing desire where none existed. It wasn't mind control—it couldn't make someone want him who didn't already harbour some degree of interest. But fully released? That was different, dangerous, something that could override rational thought entirely.

And he didn't trust himself to maintain that delicate control against the raging lust within him—a consequence of Angra Mainyu's curse and his rebirth as a devil hybrid, a creature whose very nature inclined towards the indulgence of base desires without shame or restraint.

Of all sins to take root in him, why did it have to be lust? The cruel irony was almost enough to make him laugh, if the situation weren't quite so dire. Why not pride, which he could have channelled into endless self-improvement? Even gluttony would've been tolerable—devils could at least shape their own bodies, so gluttony would have been manageable, controllable. He could have dealt with that.

Had his sin been pride, he could have poured it into the forge with every hammer-strike, channelling that intense, burning need to prove himself, to exceed expectations, into the creation of ever-finer blades and ever-more-powerful artefacts. Most devils, after all, chose their sin consciously during their transformation and managed it with remarkable restraint, needing only to sate it once or twice a week at most to maintain their sanity and equilibrium.

But when a grail-empowered evil god curses you with lust—when a curse born of divine malice and supernatural corruption targets one specific aspect of human weakness—it becomes an altogether different problem, exponential in its complexity.

These past months had been torment of a particularly insidious variety, and the last three weeks worse still, each day bringing new evidence of the amulet's deteriorating efficacy. The amulet no longer worked reliably, no longer responded predictably; it now required longer and longer charges—drawn from nights standing beneath the moon, from moonlight that needed to be collected and condensed into the delicate feather at its heart—for increasingly less use, less relief, less respite.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

Once, in better days, a few quiet hours of moonlight had sufficed—the amulet would drink its fill over a handful of nights, and peace would follow, a blessed reprieve that lasted until the next full moon rolled around. Those had been good days, sustainable days, days when he could maintain the comfortable

fiction of normalcy and pretend he was just another student living an ordinary life.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

The rhythm of his work matched the rhythm of his thoughts, repetitive and grinding. As he'd reflected earlier, he didn't trust himself with his aura when his mind was hazed with lust, when every thought became a struggle against impulse and instinct rather than rational decision-making.

To lose control now, with his charm fully active and his devil nature heightened by the curse's relentless influence, could prove catastrophic—not just for him, but for everyone around him. He had no desire to become that kind of monster, to join the litany of demons and devils who let their nature override their humanity entirely, who gave in and stopped caring about the damage they caused.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

Barely thirty minutes since he'd last relieved himself—a euphemism he hated but couldn't escape thinking—and already the urge was rising again, insistent and demanding, like waves battering against a failing dam that threatened to break entirely.

The frequency had been increasing too, spiralling out of control, each cycle shorter than the last, the intervals between necessary relief shrinking towards a terrifying horizon where they might disappear entirely. In between sessions, he'd buried himself in the workshop's endless projects, losing hours in metalwork that had become almost meditative in its intensity, the only thing that kept him grounded.

The walls bore witness to his obsessive productivity—lined with katanas of varying styles and historical eras, Chinese daos with elegant curved blades that sang when swung through the air, Western straight swords both single

and double-edged, polearm heads ranging from simple spears to elaborate halberds, axes of every weight class, and knives in every configuration he could imagine or research.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

Half of the weapons lining his workshop walls were enchanted with a myriad of abilities that went far beyond mere metalwork—some techniques learned from Vivian's patient instruction over the years, others inherited from his old, forgotten family whose members had clearly possessed knowledge that extended far beyond the mundane crafts. The enchantments ranged from simple durability enhancements to complex bounded fields that could be deployed from the blade itself.

That family, too, had been victims of the Fuyuki Fire eleven years ago, their home concealed deep within the park's forest, hidden away behind layers of barriers and sophisticated magecraft that had ultimately proved insufficient against whatever catastrophe had destroyed the city that night. That complete erasure haunted him as much as his own lost memories did—perhaps more, since it meant he might never know who he'd been before that night, before Angra Mainyu's curse had transformed him.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

Runeas and her retinue had led the investigation into that night, dedicating weeks of careful research and archaeological reconstruction in an attempt to piece together what had been lost to flame and chaos. Among their primary goals was to trace his origins, since the fire had stripped him of every memory of his life before waking in that hospital bed. They'd been close to something significant a few weeks ago—Runeas had mentioned as much during one of her brief visits, her expression troubled—but then she'd gone quiet on the subject entirely, which typically meant either they'd discovered something terrible or they'd hit a dead end they couldn't navigate around without more information.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

For now, he kept his distance from everyone, telling himself firmly that it was the noble choice, the responsible option that protected those he cared about. He hoped against increasingly desperate hope that his guardians—Runeas, Vivian, or Lady Avalon—would find a solution to his predicament, some means of extending the amulet's usefulness or perhaps discovering an entirely new approach to managing his curse. But the hope was brittle, fragile, cracking a little more with each passing day of silence.

Clang. Clang. Clang.

But still, no word from them had come. Not anything concrete, anyway, nothing beyond vague reassurances that they were working on it. They had offered him relief, should he want it—Vivian had been explicit about that during her last visit, her meaning unmistakable.

Part of him whispered that he was a nobody, after all, someone unworthy of the extraordinary support of those who had stood beside him from the start, undeserving of the help they so readily offered without asking for anything in return. Tempting though it was to accept, to surrender to the logical solution his guardians had proposed and stop fighting the inevitable...

Clang. Clang. Clang.

'Argh!' He shook his head violently, as though he could physically dislodge the intrusive thoughts threatening to consume what remained of his resolve. Rias barging into his workshop just days ago, coyly offering him 'help' in that perfectly innocent tone that had been anything but innocent, hadn't helped the situation one bloody whit.

She'd known exactly what she was doing, exactly what she was offering, and the worst part was how much he'd wanted to accept. He had rebuffed

her—barely, by the thinnest margins of self-control and sheer desperation—though the effort of turning her away had nearly broken something fundamental in him.

He'd come that close to snapping entirely, to giving in and consequences be damned. He'd clung desperately to the reminder of his agreement with the Phenex and the Gremory families, the binding pact that governed his current obligations and constrained his actions.

It wasn't concluded, wasn't finished, and Riser still retained the contractual right to demand his rematch, his opportunity to reclaim what he'd lost in their initial bout. The thought of the upcoming battle had served as an anchor, keeping him tethered to consequence and responsibility when everything in him wanted to surrender to the curse's demands.

Clang.

The hammer came down wrong.

"Fuck," Shirou muttered through gritted teeth as the hammer fell too hard, driven by a sudden spike of frustration and distraction that sent it crashing into the billet with enough force to send vibrations rattling up his arm. The sound echoed through the workshop like an accusation.

He hadn't ruined the piece entirely—years of instinct had prevented complete catastrophe—but he had definitely damaged it, earning himself several more rounds of careful shaping and hours of additional work to correct this single moment of inattention.

His mind, thoroughly hazed with distraction and the constant undertone of arousal that coloured every thought and clouded every decision, kept drifting to thoughts he shouldn't have been considering, scenarios he shouldn't have been entertaining even in the privacy of his own mind. Images of Rias's offer, of Vivian's knowing look, of—

"No!"

The word came out sharper than intended, echoing off the workshop walls. Knowing that he would have to 'clear' his mind again—and hating himself for it, for the weakness it represented, for his inability to simply endure—he lowered the still-glowing billet into a bucket of vermiculite with far more force than was necessary.

The granules hissed and shifted around the hot metal. The relief would be temporary, fleeting, lasting perhaps half an hour if he was lucky. But it was all he had, the only tool left in his arsenal against the curse.

With a growl that was far more beast than man, he snatched up a towel from its hook, dragging the rough fabric across his sweat-soaked skin as he strode towards his room with single-minded purpose. He moved with the grim deliberation of someone completing an unpleasant but necessary task.

His muscles burned with the exertion of hours spent at the forge, and his mind was already fracturing at the edges, anticipating the physical release that would ground him, at least temporarily, back in something resembling stability and sanity.

He slid the fusuma aside with practised smoothness, his mind already elsewhere, already anticipating the grim relief awaiting him—and froze entirely, every muscle locking in place as his brain struggled to process what his eyes were seeing.

Runeas sat with perfect posture, her red hair catching the afternoon light filtering through the window. Vivian lounged beside her with that eternal knowing smile playing at her lips. Lady Avalon waved with a grin and a quirk of an eyebrow that suggested they found his shocked expression thoroughly amusing, perhaps even entertaining. Taiga—his guardian, his adoptive sister in all but name—lounged against a cushion with her characteristic

nonchalance, though there was something watchful in her gaze. Rin and Sakura sat with studied casualness that didn't fool him for a second, their postures relaxed but their eyes sharp, assessing, waiting for something.

All of them were seated around his chabudai in a loose semicircle, as though this were some sort of intervention. Steam rose from their teacups, and the faint scent of green tea hung in the air—evidence that they'd been waiting for some time, perhaps timing their arrival for exactly this moment when his control was at its thinnest.

The towel hung forgotten in his hand, still draped over one shoulder. He stood there in the doorway wearing nothing but his work trousers, chest bare and gleaming with sweat from hours at the forge, caught like a deer in headlights.

Rin stood sharply, the movement precise and controlled despite the fury blazing in her eyes—that particular shade of aquamarine-grey that burned when she'd reached her absolute limit and was about to make her displeasure known in no uncertain terms. She thrust a finger at him like a weapon, her arm perfectly straight, her voice cutting through the awkward silence with the force of a judicial pronouncement.

"Shirou! You need to cut the shit—now!"

Lady Avalon patted the cushion beside her with a gentle, deliberate motion, the silk whispering softly beneath her fingers in the tense quiet. "Why don't you sit down, Shirou?" Her voice carried the measured calm of someone long accustomed to command. Meanwhile, Rin remained standing rigidly at her side, arms crossed beneath her chest, her posture betraying the tension coiling through her frame like a spring wound too tight.

He crossed the space with visible reluctance, hyperaware of every eye tracking his movement. His bare feet padded against the cool tatami, the sensation grounding even as his mind spun. He settled into the cushion amid the circle of women, acutely conscious of his half-dressed state—still shirtless,

still sweating from the forge, still visibly aroused despite his best efforts to will it away.

Yet the fog in his mind only thickened as his predicament reasserted itself, blood rushing south despite the mortifying circumstances. His skin prickled with uncomfortable awareness, every nerve ending alight. The heat radiating from his body seemed to intensify with each passing second, a furnace burning from the inside out that had nothing to do with his earlier work at the forge.

Shirou pinched his thigh hard enough to leave marks, desperate to distract himself from weeks of accumulated tension—a futile gesture that only sharpened his awareness of how dangerously thin his control had become. The pain barely registered, swallowed by the tide of arousal threatening to drown him entirely.

Lady Avalon suddenly leaned in without warning, her features drawing impossibly close to his own, invading his personal space with the casual confidence of someone who knew exactly what effect she had.

The faint scent of honeysuckle and something more exotic—something distinctly otherworldly that made his head spin—wafted from her porcelain skin as he found himself helplessly tracing every detail with an intensity that bordered on obsessive: the sharp, cutting elegance of her cheekbones that could have been carved from marble, the luminous crimson of her eyes that seemed to glow with ancient knowledge and dark amusement, the delicate slope of her nose, the graceful point of her elven ear catching the lamplight, and those lips—soft, dangerous, inviting, promising things he shouldn't want but desperately, achingly did.

"He's clearly at his absolute limit," Lady Avalon murmured, her breath ghosting warm against the shell of his ear in a way that made him suppress a full-body shudder. She withdrew with deliberate slowness, as though savouring his reaction. "Best we pause the talk and tend to his hunger first, don't you think?"

Confusion crashed through him like a tidal wave, drowning rational thought. 'Tend to his—what?' He shivered violently as the room's ambient chill from the still-running air conditioner clashed with his feverish internal heat, the sharp contrast raising goose bumps across his sweat-dampened chest and arms despite the fire burning beneath his skin.

"Now, Rin and Sakura—are you truly sure about this course of action?" Runeas asked the sisters directly, her normally confident tone edged with genuine uncertainty. Her purple eyes searched their faces, looking for any hint of hesitation or doubt that might suggest they weren't fully committed to what they were proposing.

"Yeah, we'll sort out sword-for-brains here," Rin said curtly, jerking her chin towards Shirou with an expression that somehow managed to be both exasperated and fond. "We can discuss the broader implications further once we've dealt with the immediate situation." She waved off their lingering concerns with an impatient gesture, her decision clearly already made and immovable.

Everyone but Sakura rose to their feet in a rustle of fabric and shifting cushions. Vivian and Runeas departed first, their faces carefully arranged into studied neutrality despite the weight of what they were leaving the twins to handle. The fusuma slid shut behind them with a soft click that seemed unnaturally loud in the charged atmosphere.

Taiga lingered at the threshold, one hand resting on the doorframe as she looked back at them. Her expression was shadowed by genuine worry, all the customary brightness and playful energy draining from her features until she looked almost like a different person entirely.

"If you need help, just call us," she said quietly, her voice stripped of its usual cheerful volume and teasing tone. The very absence of her characteristic cheer underscored just how serious she considered the situation to be, how

much trust she was placing in the twins to handle this without causing Shirou—or themselves—lasting harm.

Lady Avalon was the last to leave. She leaned down gracefully and pecked Shirou gently on the cheek, her lips barely grazing his flushed skin in a gesture that was almost motherly despite her youthful appearance. "Enjoy yourself," she murmured against his temple, her voice carrying layers of meaning he couldn't quite parse through the fog clouding his mind. Then she too departed with a knowing smile, the soft rustle of her elegant garments fading into the distance beyond the closed fusuma.

Shirou couldn't make sense of what was happening, his thoughts scattering like startled birds as Rin slid closer with predatory grace. Her eyes were visibly dilating as she studied him, pupils blown wide until only thin rings of aquamarine remained. The intensity of her gaze made something low in his stomach tighten with equal parts anticipation and dread.

He tried desperately to reel in his charm, to pull back the invisible tide of compulsion radiating from his very existence, but the haze of lust that surrounded him like a physical presence made conscious control all but impossible. It was like trying to stop breathing—technically possible, but fighting against every instinct screaming at him to just let go, to surrender to what his cursed nature demanded.

"Sakura, do it—now—before he bolts like he did with Rias," Rin commanded sharply, her voice cracking through the room like a whip, brooking no argument or hesitation.

Black ribbons—dark as midnight and thrumming with barely contained magical power—surged up from beneath the tatami like living shadows given form. They moved with serpentine grace, coiling around Shirou's limbs before he could even think to pull away. The enchanted silk wound around his wrists and ankles with inexorable force, tightening just enough to keep him immobilised without cutting off circulation or leaving marks on his skin.

Shirou's breath hitched sharply as the ribbons held fast, testing them instinctively even though he knew it was futile. The slight friction of silk against his bare skin served as yet another reminder of just how easily they could trap him, how completely helpless he was in this moment.

His muscles tensed automatically against the restraints, but the pressure didn't yield an inch—instead, the bonds seemed to pulse with their own awareness, almost sighing contentedly against him, as if they enjoyed the taste of his futile resistance and the racing pulse beneath his skin.

Her words stung more than the physical restraints ever could. Rin's voice was edged with frustration—yes, that familiar bite of impatience—but beneath that surface irritation, something deeper lurked, something raw and vulnerable that made Shirou's stomach twist with guilt and shame.

"You know, Shirou," she said, her slender fingers already working open the buttons of her blouse with clinical precision, each movement practised and deliberate, "this situation is entirely your doing." Each word was measured, carefully enunciated, but he heard it despite her attempt at control—the slightest waver beneath the accusation, a tremor she couldn't quite suppress. A knife's-edge of emotion, something dangerously close to hurt, to betrayal even. His breath caught at the discovery, at the realisation that he'd wounded her more deeply than he'd imagined possible.

'Had she been waiting? Had they all been waiting?' The thought crashed through him with the force of revelation. 'How long had they known? How long had they been preparing themselves for this whilst I hid like a coward?'

"Our first time deserved to be more than this desperate scramble," she continued, her voice dropping lower, more intimate despite the edge still clinging to it. She shrugged out of her shirt with a fluid motion, the fabric whispering against her skin as it slid down her pale arms, pooling momentarily around her wrists before she shook it off entirely. The blouse landed

somewhere to the side, forgotten. "But perhaps we should have spoken sooner, should have forced this conversation weeks ago instead of letting you torture yourself—and us—with your misguided nobility."

The scent of her washed over Shirou in an intoxicating wave—clean cotton still warm from her body, the faint floral notes of lavender soap she'd always favoured, and beneath that something uniquely, unmistakably Rin. The familiarity of it was overwhelming, grounding and disorienting in equal measure, a reminder of how long they'd known each other, how deeply intertwined their lives had become.

Shirou swallowed hard, the motion painful against the tightness in his throat.

"But—" The word came out hoarse, desperate. 'I was afraid. I am afraid.' The confession screamed through his mind even if he couldn't voice it aloud. His charm had seeped into everything over the years, an invisible poison warping desire, twisting intention, corrupting genuine emotion into something false and manufactured. What if they only wanted him because of it? What if the curse had stolen their choice without any of them realising it? What if they never had a real say in this, in any of this—?

Rin pressed a finger firmly to his lips, silencing the spiral of self-recrimination before it could gain more momentum. The touch was warm, solid, undeniably real. Her skin carried the faint scent of chalk dust from the classroom earlier that day, a mundane detail that somehow grounded him more than anything else could have.

Meanwhile, Sakura rose gracefully from where she'd been kneeling beside them, her movements flowing and silent as water. She crossed to his closet with quiet purpose, bare feet making no sound against the tatami. The slide of the door was nearly soundless, but the whisper of fabric as she retrieved his futon from its storage seemed deafening in the charged tension filling the room.

"Yes, yes—charm this, charm that," Rin snapped, pulling her finger back from his lips to punctuate her words with a sharp, dismissive gesture. A pulse of concentrated magical energy licked over Shirou's skin like static electricity, and suddenly his remaining clothes were simply gone—vanished in an instant and reappearing folded tidily on the chabudai as if by teleportation. His work trousers and underwear now sat arranged with almost mocking neatness.

He shuddered violently at the abrupt absence of fabric, the cool air from the still-running conditioner laving over his suddenly bare skin, raising goose bumps across his chest and thighs even as his cock twitched prominently. He was aching hard, flushed dark with need, a bead of precome already forming at the tip and threatening to drip.

Rin's frown softened momentarily as her gaze swept over him with frank appraisal—tracking slowly down the rigid line of his length, the prominent curve of his tip, the thick veins standing proud beneath flushed skin. The visual evidence of his desire for her was impossible to hide, impossible to deny. She exhaled slowly through her nose, shaking her head with something that might have been wonder or exasperation or both.

"Sometimes," she muttered, hands settling on her hips in an unconsciously imperious pose despite her own partial nudity, "I think the devil's system of imagery-based magic is outright cheating compared to magecraft." The casual teleportation she'd just performed would have required complex bounded fields and significant preparation with traditional thaumaturgy.

Then her lips twitched upwards, just slightly, a hint of her usual competitiveness surfacing. "Well—we'll start visiting the Clocktower next summer to improve our magecraft anyway. Can't let devil magic be our only advantage."

Sakura reappeared at his side, soundless as ever, and laid his futon out beside him with careful, almost ritualistic deliberation. The fabric whispered softly against the tatami as she smoothed out every wrinkle with patient

hands, ensuring the surface was perfectly even. Shirou barely registered the action, too focused on Rin standing before him, on the hammering of his own heart.

The black ribbons binding him coiled anew with serpentine grace, slithering beneath his back with surprising gentleness. They lifted him bodily—the sensation was strange, disconcerting, like floating—before lowering him carefully onto the prepared bedding.

His head came to rest near Sakura's knees as she settled into a kneeling position at the futon's edge. The warmth of her bare thighs pressed close to his face, soft skin radiating heat, and Shirou looked up almost involuntarily—

Gold eyes met violet.

Sakura tucked a lock of her long purple hair behind her ear, the motion serene and almost shy despite the flush staining her cheeks a delicate pink. One small hand settled lightly on his chest, right over his frantically beating heart, the barest pressure but somehow grounding. Her touch was warm, gentle, reassuring in a way that made his throat tighten.

"Leave everything to us," was all she said, her voice barely above a whisper—and then she leaned down gracefully and kissed him.

Shirou couldn't move, couldn't breathe, couldn't think.

Her lips were soft—so impossibly, devastatingly soft—and warm against his. She tasted faintly of the green tea she'd been sipping earlier, a delicate sweetness mixed with something uniquely Sakura. Her warmth pressed into him as she angled her head, her breath hitching audibly as she coaxed his mouth open with gentle insistence. The tip of her tongue flicked against the seam of his lips with a hesitant flutter, asking permission rather than demanding entry.

Fuck—

Fear spiked through him like ice water despite the heat—was this his charm forcing her hand? Had he somehow stolen this moment from her without meaning to, corrupting what should have been her choice into compulsion?—but then she moaned against his mouth, the sound low and genuinely needy, vibrating through both their bodies, and Shirou's carefully maintained control frayed just a little further, threads snapping one by one.

When she finally pulled back, a thin thread of saliva still connected their lips, glistening in the lamplight. Her lips were parted, swollen and reddened from the kiss, her pupils blown so wide that only the faintest rings of violet remained visible around the edges.

But it was the smile she gave him that truly undid something in his chest—gentle, fond, utterly sincere, the same one she had always reserved just for him since they were children. That smile had never been about his charm, had never been anything but genuine affection.

The realisation made something painful and warm tighten behind his ribs.

Rin gave his cock a playful slap—hard enough to sting, the sharp sound cracking through the room—before swinging one smooth leg over his thigh with feline grace. Her slick folds pressed hot and dripping against his bare skin as she settled there, straddling his leg, and the wet heat of her arousal was unmistakable evidence that she wanted this. His hips bucked automatically at the contact, a groan tearing from his throat despite the ribbons still holding his limbs.

"Idiot." Rin's slender fingers curled around his length without warning, her grip confident as she stroked him once, firm and deliberate from root to tip. He jolted beneath her touch, his entire body going rigid as pleasure sparked bright and sudden up his spine, radiating outwards until his toes curled. "That was Sakura's first kiss, and you just lay there like a dead fish doing nothing."

Her grip tightened meaningfully, dragging up his shaft with agonising slowness, the friction dry and merciless. Shirou gasped, his back arching involuntarily off the futon.

"We're devils—we do have natural resistance to supernatural compulsion," she continued, her other hand skating down the ridges of his abdomen with deliberate intent, nails scraping just enough to make his muscles twitch and jump beneath her touch. "What was actually annoying was your charm seeping out uncontrolled over everyone in the house, every single time you 'relieved' yourself whilst you sulked alone in your workshop." Her tone was pointed, accusing. "Do you have any idea how distracting it was? How many cold showers I had to take?"

Her folds smeared slick heat along his thigh as she ground down harder, her wetness thick and clinging, leaving trails across his skin. The heady, musky scent of her arousal curled around them both, filling his lungs with every breath, mingling with the faint lavender soap still lingering in the air and creating an intoxicating combination that made his head spin.

"Now..." She shifted her weight, bracing herself with one hand flat against his abdomen, thighs flexing as she lifted herself up and repositioned above him properly. Her eyes locked with his, blazing with determination and desire in equal measure. "You'll repay us for every miserable week we spent waiting for you to stop being a martyr. Tenfold."

She spread her thighs wider, fully exposing herself to his gaze—the glistening pink of her inner folds on shameless display, already swollen with arousal and slick with her own wetness.

Her clit throbbed visibly, the small bud standing proud, and Shirou's mouth literally watered at the sight as she lowered herself with agonising slowness. Her wetness streaked along the underside of his shaft as she dragged herself

forward, coating him thoroughly until she pressed herself fully against his base, smearing her heat across his skin without taking him inside yet.

Rin's face twisted—not in pain but in barely restrained pleasure—a deep flush creeping from her cheeks down her throat and spreading across her chest. Her lips parted on soft, breathy moans as her lashes fluttered, eyes threatening to close entirely. Her spine arched beautifully as she rocked against him, grinding her clit deliberately against the base of his cock, her hips circling in a slow, utterly devastating rhythm that made him see stars.

To his left, there was the quiet thud of discarded clothing hitting the tatami—and then Sakura knelt beside him once more, completely nude now, her long dark hair spilling like silk over one pale shoulder.

She was breathtaking—soft curves where Rin was lean muscle, fuller breasts that swayed gently with her movement, the elegant line of her waist flaring to rounded hips. She was beautiful in an entirely different way than her sister, and the sight of her stripped bare made his already racing heart stutter.

"Please," she murmured as she leaned in close, her breath ghosting warm against the sharp line of his jaw, her soft lips brushing the rough stubble there that he'd neglected to shave in his isolation. "Let go and trust us, Senpai. You're not stealing our free will. We want this—we want you—exactly as you are."

Shirou shuddered violently, her words cutting through the last of his resistance like a hot knife through butter.

The black ribbons binding him slackened in response to some unspoken command from Sakura—not entirely, but enough to give him some freedom of movement. His hand shot immediately to the nape of Sakura's neck, fingers tangling desperately in those silken purple strands as he hauled her back down, their lips crashing together a second time with none of the gentleness of the first.

This kiss wasn't hesitant, or exploring, or sweet.

Sakura gasped sharply as their mouths collided, her fingers threading through his hair and gripping tight, her lithe body pressing closer until her bare breasts flattened against his chest. Their tongues clashed immediately—no shyness now, no testing, only raw heat and desperate need—Shirou licking aggressively into her mouth, tasting her properly this time. The sweetness of her initial kiss gave way to something deeper, darker, infinitely hungrier as she opened for him completely.

Saliva glistened at the corner of her mouth when they finally broke apart for air, both of them panting. Her lips were thoroughly reddened and swollen now, her breaths coming fast and uneven. But she chased his mouth again almost immediately, seemingly unable to stop herself, her smaller frame trembling with the visible force of her want, her need.

Above them, Rin let out an exaggerated groan of protest, rolling her hips against him with deliberate, torturous slowness that made his cock throb almost painfully where it lay trapped between their bodies.

"Mou... you stole his first kiss already," she muttered with theatrical annoyance, though the breathlessness in her voice betrayed how affected she was. She ground down harder in retaliation, the wet slide of her arousal against his shaft utterly obscene, coating him thoroughly with her slickness.

She pouted down at them, the expression almost comical if not for the way her thighs visibly quivered with each deliberate rock of her hips, barely restrained need written in every line of her body. "We agreed he'd be mine alone for my first time."

Sakura pulled back from Shirou's mouth just far enough to speak, her voice remarkably even considering how thoroughly debauched she looked—but her fingers, still tangled possessively in his hair, tightened just slightly in warning.

"Further coaxing was required." Her tone was mild, almost prim, which made the contrast with her next action all the more striking.

Then she pulled firmly, forcing Shirou's head back and exposing the long line of his throat. She latched onto his neck immediately, teeth scraping deliberately over his pulse point before she sucked hard enough to leave a mark. He groaned—loud, desperate, completely helpless beneath the combined assault—the sound torn from somewhere deep in his chest.

Rin's breath hitched sharply at the sound, her pupils dilating further—and then she groaned as well, her hips stuttering in their rhythm as a fresh wave of wetness slicked against his cock.

"Unbelievable—my first time, and my sister's watching," Rin muttered, though whether she was complaining to Shirou or to herself wasn't entirely clear. The words tumbled out in a rush of exasperation and something else entirely—something that felt dangerously close to arousal, if she was being completely honest with herself. There was a hint of exhibitionism in the heat pooling in her lower belly that she wasn't quite ready to examine too closely.

Sakura pulled back from Shirou's neck with visible reluctance, admiring the dark mark she'd left blooming against his skin. Then, surprising even herself with her own boldness, she stuck out her tongue at her sister in an uncharacteristically childish gesture, her violet eyes glinting with a mixture of defiance and barely restrained desire.

She leaned in to give Shirou one final kiss—brief, but deliberately heated and possessive, a clear promise of what might come later when they weren't being scrutinised. She could feel Rin's gaze boring into them both, could practically sense her sister's mounting frustration at being momentarily sidelined from Shirou's attention, and that thought sent a delicious little thrill racing through her.

When she finally pulled away, leaving Shirou panting beneath her, Sakura straightened with measured grace. Her lips still tingled from the kiss, slightly swollen and warm. She rose to her feet with deliberate calm, as she crossed the short distance to his desk. The black ribbons binding his limbs dissolved obediently into shadow before sinking back into the floor, their purpose fulfilled.

The mundane action of retrieving his laptop grounded her somewhat, gave her something to focus on besides the aching heat between her own thighs. She opened the device, the screen's pale glow casting shifting shadows across her flushed face and bare breasts. Then she positioned his headphones carefully over her head, the cushioned earpieces blocking out the room's sounds.

She needed the distraction—needed something to occupy her mind while Rin and Shirou... well. Otherwise she'd be too tempted to join in immediately, and they'd agreed this first time should be just between the two of them.

Rin huffed out an exasperated breath but called out her thanks loudly enough to be heard through the headphones. Sakura waved her off with feigned nonchalance, already pulling up a web browser as if this were a perfectly normal evening, as if she weren't sitting naked at a desk while her sister prepared to lose her virginity mere metres away.

Shirou's hand clamped down on Rin's thigh, forcing her still as he drove his hips upward, grinding against her properly now.

Now freed from the ribbons, Shirou's hand immediately clamped down on Rin's thigh, fingers digging into the soft flesh hard enough to leave temporary indentations as he forced her still. He drove his hips upward with sudden strength, grinding his cock against her slick folds, the friction sending sparks of pleasure racing up his spine.

"Uh—yes—" Rin's voice wavered, losing its earlier confident edge, her bottom lip caught between her teeth as she stared down at him. The flush that had

painted her cheeks such a pretty pink had spread down her throat and across her chest, deepening to rose, her skin practically glowing with arousal and anticipation.

She didn't break eye contact as she rose up onto her knees, the motion lifting her off his cock momentarily. She reached down between them with one hand, slender fingers wrapping confidently around his length. The slick sound of her stroking him filled the room—once, twice, spreading her own wetness along his shaft, coating him thoroughly in preparation. Her palm glided smoothly from root to tip, thumb swiping deliberately over the sensitive head and smearing the bead of precome there.

Shirou's groan was absolutely filthy, his hips jerking up involuntarily into her grip.

Rin bit her lip to suppress a satisfied smile, though her eyes gleamed with smug triumph. "Runeas and Vivian were right—getting used to a dildo first made sense." She shifted her weight, guiding his broad tip carefully to her entrance, and her breath stuttered audibly at the first contact of heated flesh against heated flesh. The reality of it—of him—was so much more intense than any toy.

"If not, our first time with this—" She squeezed him pointedly, her fingers tightening around his girth for emphasis. "—would've absolutely wrecked me. You're not exactly modestly proportioned, Shirou."

From the desk, Sakura hummed softly, the sound barely audible—no doubt listening to music through the headphones as she determinedly browsed the internet, giving them privacy whilst remaining in the room as agreed.

Rin lowered herself with excruciating slowness, and even prepared as she was, the broad crest of him stretched her impossibly wide. The first inch was a

struggle, her inner walls fluttering wildly around the intrusion, trying to accommodate his size. The sensation was overwhelming—fullness, pressure, a burning stretch that toed the line between pleasure and pain. Rin whined high in her throat, the sound vulnerable and needy in a way she'd never let herself be before.

Shirou's fingers dug almost painfully into her thighs, his entire body pulled tight as a bowstring as he fought desperately against the overwhelming urge to buck up into her tight heat, to seat himself fully in one brutal thrust. His jaw clenched, tendons standing out in his neck with the effort of remaining still, letting her control the pace.

"F—fuck—" Rin's voice broke on the word as she rocked her hips slightly, working herself down another fraction of an inch, taking him bit by agonising bit. Her thighs trembled with the effort of holding herself up, of not simply dropping down and taking all of him at once despite her body's protests.

Every ragged breath Rin took, every visible shudder that wracked her frame, every breathy whimper she couldn't quite suppress, only stoked the fire burning in Shirou's gut hotter and brighter. The wet heat of her enveloping him inch by torturous inch was the most exquisite sensation he'd ever experienced.

Rin gradually set a rhythm—an agonisingly slow rise and fall—lifting herself until only his tip remained inside before sinking down a little further each time. Each drag of her impossibly tight walls along his shaft tore a moan from them both, the sounds mingling in the heated air between them.

Shirou groaned helplessly, his hands twitching where they clutched her thighs, fighting every instinct screaming at him to take control, to flip her over and drive into her properly.

Then Rin suddenly slammed down without warning—

"OH—!" Rin's sharp cry shattered the air as she took him completely to the hilt in one swift motion, her body clenching around him so hard that Shirou literally saw white, his vision whiting out at the edges. She was impossibly tight, impossibly hot, impossibly perfect.

Panting harshly, Rin stared down at him, her face slack with overwhelming pleasure, eyes unfocused and glassy.

And then everything dissolved into pure heat.

Shirou drank in every sensation with desperate intensity—the velvet-soft walls clenching rhythmically around him, slick and scalding hot, as Rin gradually pushed herself further. She grew bolder with every rise and fall of her hips, her initial hesitancy melting away as pleasure overrode discomfort, as her body learned to accommodate him.

Her eyes fluttered open—aquamarine meeting molten gold—her face set with fierce determination despite the pleasure threatening to overwhelm her. She lifted her hips once more with deliberate intent, rising until only his cock's swollen head remained wedged inside her entrance, then slammed down hard, taking him completely, sheathing him in one powerful motion.

Their bodies met with a wet, obscene slap of skin on skin; her slick folds kissed the base of his shaft as a shrill cry of pure pleasure tore from her throat and filled the room. Rin's back arched beautifully, her spine bowing as their bodies pulsed and throbbed against each other in perfect synchronisation, whilst her juices dripped steadily down to stain the futon beneath them with dark, damp patches.

Breathless and trembling, they stared into one another—heat and desperate need mirrored perfectly in their gazes, pupils blown so wide in the dim lamplight that only thin rings of colour remained. Shirou's pulse thundered deafeningly in his ears, his blood singing hot beneath his skin as he struggled

to steady his ragged breathing and regain even a fraction of his shattered composure.

The air between them had grown thick and humid, heavy with the mingled scent of their sweat and the heady, unmistakable musk of their bodies joined together in the most intimate way possible.

Shirou gathered Rin carefully against him, strong arms wrapping around her trembling form as he kept her still, giving her body time to adjust to the overwhelming aching fullness of him buried completely inside her. She trembled against him—whether from the effort of restraint or from the aftershocks of sensation still rippling through her, he didn't know—her thighs visibly quivering where they bracketed his hips, muscles twitching with residual tension.

Every single inch of contact between them burned with intensity; her stiff nipples brushed repeatedly against his chest with each heaving breath, sending sharp jolts of pleasure racing straight through him like electrical shocks, whilst her frantic heartbeat hammered wildly against his ribs in a frenzied, erratic rhythm that perfectly matched his own racing pulse.

The warmth of her panting breath fanned continuously across his overheated skin, each exhale ghosting over his collarbone and trailing down to his sternum in a teasing, almost torturous caress that made him hyper-aware of every point where their bodies touched.

Unable to resist the pull any longer, he shifted slightly, drawing back just enough to claim her mouth once more. His lips sealed over hers in a searing, desperate kiss that spoke of eleven years of friendship, of trust built through shared trauma, of feelings neither had been brave enough to voice until now. Their tongues tangled together in a slow, molten dance, tasting the salt of exertion on each other's lips, the sharp tang of shared longing finally being fulfilled.

His fingers roamed restlessly across her sweat-dampened skin—tracing the elegant line of her back, the narrow dip of her waist, the graceful curve of her shoulder—before finally settling possessively over the soft swell of her breast. He teased her stiffened peak between his thumb and forefinger with deliberate pressure, relishing the way she arched beautifully into his touch with a breathy whimper of encouragement.

Rin rolled her hips experimentally atop him, the slick heat of her arousal smearing messily against his lower abdomen as their bodies moved together in instinctive rhythm.

Shirou groaned low in his throat, his carefully maintained restraint fraying dangerously at the edges when she rocked in a slow, deliberately circular motion, the movement dragging him deeper inside her with every subtle shift of her weight. The angle changed, and suddenly he was pressing against something inside her that made her gasp sharply.

Needing more contact, more control, he leaned back slightly, one arm bracing him upright against the futon whilst the other curled possessively around her hip, large hand spanning the curve as he began actively guiding her motions. His thighs tensed beneath her, powerful muscles coiling as he rose to meet her downward movements—each thrust unhurried but forceful, each drag of his length along her inner walls deliberate and purposeful, each collision of their hips sending cascading sparks of pleasure racing up his spine and setting his skin tingling.

Rin's moans climbed steadily higher in pitch, growing increasingly broken and breathless, her hands clutching desperately at his broad shoulders as if she might literally shatter apart without the physical anchor of his touch keeping her grounded. And then—oh god—her entire body suddenly locked rigid, her thighs tightening convulsively around him like a vice as her inner walls began fluttering in erratic, desperate pulses around his cock.

Her blunt nails dug crescents into his skin as violent tremors wracked her frame, her mouth falling open on a silent scream before she collapsed bonelessly against him, shuddering helplessly through the overwhelming waves of her climax.

Too fast, far too soon—her pleasure had overwhelmed her completely, the combination of physical stimulation and eleven years of pent-up emotional longing dragging her over the edge with embarrassing speed.

She buried her burning face against his chest immediately, forehead pressed flush to his sweat-slick skin as if she could somehow disappear into him and avoid confronting what had just happened. His cock still pulsed insistently inside her, rock-hard and throbbing, each pulse a taunting reminder of how little control she'd actually had—how thoroughly and embarrassingly quickly he'd unravelled her despite all her preparation and planning. The humiliation of coming so fast burned hot through the pleasant afterglow, settling like a heated coal beneath her ribs.

She thumped his shoulder with a fist far too weak to actually sting, her breath still hitching unevenly as she struggled to recover. "Not. A. Word," she warned, her voice thick with forced venom that didn't quite mask the lingering pleasure softening her edges. Even now, that stubborn pride of hers flared bright and defiant, absolutely refusing to let him think he'd broken her so easily, no matter how shamelessly she'd just come apart in his arms mere moments ago.

Against his chest, muffled and deeply reluctant, Rin forced the humiliating words out through gritted teeth: "Half a minute... then you can take the lead." The admission scraped her considerable pride raw, each word physically painful to voice. Her ears burned traitorously hot, scorching crimson beneath the protective fall of her dark hair. She could already vividly imagine his smug smile, could picture the unbearable warmth that would fill those stupidly kind golden eyes—

"Quick-shot."

Sakura's voice cut through the charged atmosphere from where she sat at the desk, perfectly audible despite the headphones that were supposedly blocking out the room. The single word dropped like a stone into still water.

Rin stiffened immediately against him, her fingers biting almost painfully into Shirou's shoulders, nails threatening to break skin. She didn't need to actually look to know with absolute certainty that her sister was smirking—wearing that infuriating, knowing curve of her lips that made Rin want to throttle her. Shirou, wisely, said absolutely nothing in response, but the sudden tension flooding his body betrayed him completely. He'd heard it too, and was desperately trying not to react.

Rin's glare snapped back to focus on him, wild and unsteady, pupils still blown wide with residual pleasure. "Shirou." His name came out as something between a growl and a plea, raw with renewed impatience and barely restrained need. Her thighs clenched deliberately around his hips in emphasis, the motion squeezing him internally as well. "Fuck. Me. Now."

His cock throbbed powerfully inside her in immediate answer, the pulse unmistakable, heat flaring between them like a solemn vow.

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END

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