

Locals called it the Anthill. It's real name was the Blackrock shopping center but... well, no. Its REAL name was Gobbo Industries proudly presents the Blackrock shopping center and entertainment supercenter, but locals called it the Anthill. The Shopping center was one of the largest on the planet. Once, it had been a quarry, carving stone from the Earth for construction projects. Later, it had been abandoned, and an entrepreneur had decided the colossal hole in the ground would be the perfect place to put a Shopping mall. On the surface, it was a sundrenched public plaza filled with trendy cafés and lawns. Only when you get far enough in to see what the many guardrails are protecting do you see the massive holes, lined with ivy, displaying the countless rows of shops, movie theaters, restaurants, and more that fill the subterranean space. A colossal underground complex filled with glass windows and speakers blaring the latest trendy songs.

The massive Mall had layers. The first one was (unofficially) called the Pits. Three large, central plazas with holes to the sky. Glass elevators, indoor plants, water fountains, and natural sunlight all created a dramatic locale that took up most of the shopping center's available space. Here you could find the majority of the eateries, as well as clothing stores, electronic shops, arcades, a children's play area, an indoor theme park, and more. The Pits were what most people thought of when they thought of the Anthill, but there were... more layers. Places accessible only by elevators, that don't see the sky.

Most people know of two.

The somewhat ironically named Abyssal Zone was the second layer. A much less open plan area where you can find magic shops, brothels, and other such debauched things. Theoretically, this layer was open to the public, but it wasn't the sort of place you'd find massive crowds. It was a tighter, more intimate, less brightly lit area for people who have... specific desires.

It was on this layer that one could find the largest collection of slave shops. Places where servants, pets, companions, and more could be freely traded. Not to imply that such shops were kept down here due to being... distasteful. You could find slave shops everywhere. There was a petstore in the Pits that sold micros like mouse girls, fairies, and all kinds of insects. This layer housed the majority of pet shops because the close proximity to the magic stores was convenient for the shoppers.

The next layer was not, in fact, open to the public. Most people knew very little about it indeed. All they knew... was that it was somewhere you could only go if you were rich or famous. Preferably both. Stores and other diversions that had no time for the common born, mouth breathing masses. As for what exactly lay in this most mysterious layer?

Honestly, just more expensive versions of the upper two. Clothing stores, brothels, magic shops, restaurants... Just a lot pricier. And a LOT more judgmental. It was called the Blackcard Lounge, and to most people it was as deep as the Anthill got. Of course, rumors abound about further layers. Places with merchandise that wasn't strictly... legal. Places that even the city doesn't know the existence of, where true depravity reigns. The Blackrock shopping center and

entertainment supercenter firmly denies any and all rumors about possible portals to the world beyond.

In a clothing store in the Blackcard Lounge, a young wolf girl admired herself in the mirror. Her name was Katame Nikuyari, heiress to the famous Nikuyari family. She was beautiful, of course. 21 years old, 182 cm tall, 199 if you counted the pointed ears on top of her head. Long black hair ran to her shoulders, with volume and a cross between waviness and sleekness you can only get through extremely expensive hair products. Soft features, but piercing orange eyes that were currently hidden behind a ludicrously expensive pair of sunglasses. A generous bust strained a loose T shirt and a black Bra. Her midriff was bare, exposing the barest hint of her abs. She had the perfect mix of soft and hard, slender and thick. Her rear end filled her blue denim shorts perfectly, as black leggings concealed her thighs. Long black pillars ending in a pair of designer sneakers that cost more than some houses. A fluffy wolf tail wagged vaguely from above her shorts, and a mysterious bulge stretched the front of the overworked denim.

In other words, beauty. Obviously, it wasn't natural. Well... no that wasn't fair. She'd been born with a pretty face, and a good figure. But... so were most people in this world. It wasn't surgery that gave her the kind of body supermodels drool over. It was magic. Souls, purchased from specialized vendors (many of whom operated in the Anthill), were trapped in her body. They filled out her bust, rounded her rump, even enlarged her cock. Such treatment wasn't cheap, but it wasn't as uncommon as some think. Even the Middle Classes tended to have a few souls rounding out their bodies, though most couldn't afford the sheer extent to which Katame had enhanced herself. With their power, her strength, speed, stamina, vitality, sex drive, magical reserves, even her lifespan were enhanced along with her beauty. Did she care that her body was a prison to over 30 people with thoughts and feelings of their own? Did she spare a thought for the poor souls rounding her rear, trapped in her sweaty shorts, their only relief coming in the form of bathroom trips and sexual encounters? No. No she didn't. Nobody did. After all... that was what they were there for.

Katame posed in the mirror, admiring herself from a few angles before dramatically removing the sunglasses and posing again. "Yeah... I dunno. Manako?" The wolf girl looked down. Standing next to her, thoughtfully studying her face, was her slave, pet, oldest friend, comfort food, and portable Onahole, Manako. Her favorite bun had light brown, dark yellow hair and a tufty tail. She had slightly more western features than her owner, with larger golden eyes, but maintained a round face and pale skin. Like most of her species, she was on the skinny side. That said, Katame had made the usual decision to have her PETS soul enhanced as well. Thus, the 1ish meter tall (not counting ears) rabbit had a perfectly shaped butt and a surprisingly generous bust for a bun. Some people in this world preferred to keep their pets naked, or perhaps even dressing them in shameful clothing in an attempt to humiliate them. Katame thought those people were missing a huge opportunity to play dress up. To draw attention to her sheer adorableness, Katame had draped her in a punk rock style of dress. A loose shirt that came pre ripped showed off her bra straps. A tiny mini skirt wrapped around her waist hid basically nothing, and existed mostly to show off the fancy belt Katame had picked out for her. A pair of knee high socks and jet black stompin' boots were a controversial pick, given that flip

flops were considered standard if your pet absolutely HAD to wear shoes, but Katame couldn't deny they completed the look. A spiked collar wrapped around her throat, to which Katame had attached her leash, currently held loosely in the wolf girl's left hand. Not that she worried Manako was going to make a run for it, but leash laws were pretty strict in the city. And finally? Well... the Miniskirt wrapped around Manako's waist didn't hide much of anything. If you looked, you could even see the bunny buns as she walked. Katame didn't believe in panties, so when she bent over, you could even see the shiny buttplug she made all her pets wear at all times.

Fun fact, it was actually made from souls itself. The magic powered a cleansing spell that kept her backdoor nice and clear in case Katame felt like butt stuff.

The fact that it was enchanted meant sometimes people would run up to the defenseless bun, and try to steal it, ripping it out of her bunny buns and running for it. Katame had reduced the threat of this happening by making the business end of the plug exceptionally large. If you suddenly yanked on it, you'd probably take the whole rabbit with you.

Manako walked around her owner, considering the glasses. "Can we try the super reflective ones again?" She suggested, gesturing to the shiny glasses on the rack.

Katame raised an eyebrow. "Really?" The wolf shrugged and slipped them on. "I feel like a traffic cop." She grinned and Manako giggled.

"Yeah, in a vacuum they're totally cop glasses. But there's a real look there if you have the right outfit." Her rabbit nodded wisely as she walked back the way she'd come to unwrap her leash from around her owner's legs.

Katame stepped back and admired her whole body. "Huh... you've got a point. What do you think, Hitsumi?"

Standing quietly next to the pair, smiling faintly to herself, was a young sheep girl. Despite being the same age as both Manako and Katame, she had a somewhat more mature face. Her semi curly white hair was cut at the base of her neck, and was mostly hidden by a large straw sunhat she was wearing indoors for some reason. That reason, of course, was because it had been included in the outfit her owner laid out for her, and no extra instructions to remove it had been given. A far more recent purchase than Manako, Hitsumi had only been around for a few years. Furthermore, she'd been specially ordered from a fancy breeder who specialized in fully trained servants, not that Katame would tolerate being seen with a pet who was anything less than both stunning and stylish. Her immense bust had needed very little enhancement, but rich creamy milk could be drawn from her sensitive teats with only a little encouragement. It had only taken a few souls to turn her stunning body into a breathtaking one. All together she was a lot more heavy set than either of the other two girls, but she was far from fat. Pillowy thighs, a thick butt, and a warm expression made her soft as can be, but her figure was undeniable.

As for clothing, Katame had decided to go for a beach goers vibe. A pair of sunglasses that Hitsumi wasn't sure if she had permission to wear rested on top of her hat, which had been specially made to accommodate her small curled horns. A black bra strained to keep her obscene chest together, as a loose, red, floral patterned dress hung off her hips. The wavy fabric ran all the way down to her ankles, and a long slit all the way back up to waist on the side revealed she wore nothing under it. Nothing, of course, except for a larger version of Manako's plug, shining faintly between the sheep girl's cheeks. A small fuzzy tail stuck out from above her dress, and a translucent white shirt draped over her shoulders opened down the front to reveal her dobonhonkaros. Two small flip flops protected her feet, though she was well trained in moving without them. Finally, a far slimmer collar rested around her neck, less striking than Manako's spiked monster but a lot more in line with her outfit. Her leash rested comfortably in Katame's hand.

Her hongagongabobolobongas bounced slightly as she looked up, surprised to be called on. "Oh, I think it looks lovely, Mistress." She bowed as she spoke, her voice still vaguely carrying the southern accent from her time on her old ranch.

Katame rolled her eyes behind the reflective glasses. "Yeah, I guess. Whatever." She flicked the glasses off and threw them onto a large, wobbly tower of clothing held by a well groomed, tan skinned human in a business-like suit and skirt. A thin collar marked her as property of the store. "Yeah I'll take all those." Katame gestured to the tower. The service woman nodded and waddled off, struggling to keep the stack stable.

The wolf girl strode off after the attendant, tugging her pets along with her. "Well. That's done, I guess. You guys feel like doing anything else while we're out?"

Manako shrugged. "Uh... Wanna get smoothies and go driving down Old Heart Road?"

Katame barked out a laugh, leaning against the counter as they arrived. The human hurriedly began ringing her up. "Fuuck. Last time we did that we got smoothie all over the car! You guys spent 3 hours scrubbing before I just gave up and called a specialist. Manako's smile faded somewhat as she recalled the explosion of fruit juice over the expensive leather seats of Katame's favorite sports car. Well, it was funnier in hindsight.

"Mistress, you said you wanted to see the Blackwing movie? There's a showing in about 20 minutes with available seats." Hitsuji gestured to her tablet, a glowing piece of magical tech she used primarily to keep track of Katame's schedule.

Katame shook her head. "Nah, I was gonna go see that with Cynthia. Well... whatever. Let's just get out of here then."

The clerk had been waiting patiently for the trio to finish their conversation. She leaned forward to tell the price... and Katame shoved a credit card in her mouth. Manako whistled at the several thousand bits worth of clothing her owner wasn't blinking at. Bowing, she took it, finished

the transaction.. "Thank you so very much for gracing us with your presence. May we take this to your-"

Katame snapped her fingers and the massive pile of clothes and shoes vanished into a pocket dimension. "Hey, keep an eye on my pets real quick. I'll be right back." She handed the leashes to the surprised human and stalked off towards a door that said "WC".

Manako stared up at the confused human holding her leash. "So... guess you're my new master. What're the hours like here, anyway?"

The bathroom was only a single room. A comfortable looking western style toilet and a sink waited for her in the center. In the corner, a nude elf sat on a stool with an optional box of condoms, a box of tissues, and a marker next to her. She was clearly bored to tears, but perked up a bit when Katame entered the room. Puffing out her chest and smiling. A smile that faded ever so slightly as Katame walked right past her and towards the toilet.

She was about to drop her shorts when she noticed something. Something aside from the empty jar behind the toilet for some reason. Inside the toilet bowl, a small, glowing figure hovering in the air above the water.

The figure looked a bit like an elf herself, except her skin had an ever so slightly bluish tint to it. She was nude, with an average chest. Beautiful, insectoid wings spread from her back, fluttering slowly, not nearly fast enough to keep her in the air. "Huh, toilet fairy. Well I guess a fancy place like this, would be pretty weird without one."

Katame wasn't particularly impressed. They were common in rich places like this. Her parents had a bunch back at their old family estate. Huh. It'd been a while since she'd gone home. Obviously she could just fly over, it's just... No. She didn't really have a good reason for not going back in a while. She made a note to head over sometime soon.

The elf girl and the fairy traded nervous glances as Katame blanked out. "Um, if you'd prefer some privacy, we'd be happy to step out for a bit..." the elf ventured.

Katame looked up. "Huh? What? Oh no, I'm fine." The predator dropped her shorts around her thighs, pulled down her leggings, and sighed. Aiming her cock at the bowl, she tried to relax.

The wolf left the fairy to flush the toilet and walked over to the sink to wash her hands. Katame snuck a glance at the elf girl, who clearly was used to this by now. She was sitting politely, ready for service, clearly bored out of her fucking mind. "Not a lot of people use this restroom, do they?" Katame asked, rubbing her hands with hot water.

"Hmm? Excuse me miss?" The elf blinked, looking surprised that someone was talking to her.

"Not a lot of foot traffic in this store at all. Places like these rely on a smaller number of richer customers. Obviously the employees have their own toilets, so it's just customers who'd use this one. Of them, only a small handful would be desperate enough to actually use a public toilet. And it's a small handful of THEM who'd use a relief girl like you, right?" Katame went through the problem in her head as she looked at the elf. More specifically, the small table NEXT to the Elf. A box of condoms, a marker for people into that, and a box of tissues.

The Elf looked embarrassed. And a little upset. "I'm... sorry Miss?"

Undeterred, Katame continued. "Of course, that's a much lower percentage than even regular crowds. About 70% of people who regularly use public relief slaves are people who don't actually own any slaves themselves. A small portion of the population overall, but still significant. As a general rule, use of public slaves decreases the higher the target income is. Not a lot of people wanna wait in line for a public hole if they have one of their own they can use. In fact, relief slaves as a concept came about largely as a means to ensure frustration among the lower classes was kept to a minimum. Upper class establishments then realized the commoners were being offered a service they weren't and decided to order a slave to hang out in the bathroom mostly to prove they could. Fast forward a few centuries and here we are." Katame recalled what her various private tutors had banged into her head. "And more importantly, here you are. Sitting in a bathroom with an unopened box of condoms and a nearly empty box of tissues. Not to mention the empty tip jar you hid in shame behind the toilet. What, do you just schlick the day away?" Katame gestured to the table. The elf girl colored, then her expression grew angry.

"Alright listen! I don't need yo..." she began... then stopped. Horror crept into her eyes as the realization she'd just shouted at a free woman, a predator, and a valued customer all at once. That'd be unforgivable in a fucking convenience store, but this was an exclusive shop that catered only to the rich and powerful! A thousand terrible futures flashed across her eyes as a smug grin darkened Katame's features.

"Oh? Well that's not particularly respectful, is it~ I might have to teach you some manners." The predator laughed as she stepped forward.

The elf squeaked.

The freshly clean fairy watched with interest.

"She's been in there for like... an hour." Manako leaned back on the stool she was eventually provided. The two pets were in an alcove near the checkout counter, their leashes attached to a

hook on the wall. Manako rocked back and forth on the tiny stool she was sitting on, as Hitsumi frowned at her and refused to sit in the provided arm chair.

"Manako, y'all- I mean! You should know better than to be impatient. We were told to wait, so we'll wait. And get off that stool! We were not given permission to sit down!" The sheep girls glared disapprovingly at her senior, who rolled her eyes in response.

"Hitsu, darling, sweetie, babe, honey, listen to me. Our owner isn't some foreign princess who needs to keep up appearances or whatever. I've known her since forever. She doesn't want us asking permission for something as stupid as sitting down. We're slaves, not robots." The bun glared back, almost able to see her face from below her gonhonagahoogas. It took a lot of skill to sit on a plug as big as hers without being uncomfortable. Manako wondered if that was the reason Hitsumi was always standing up. She hadn't gotten used to it yet.

Hitsumi smiled. "Well, Manako darling, I know you didn't receive a proper education so it's hardly your fault, but in fact the word "Robot" actually comes from the old word "Robota", meaning slave. So yes, I do think you could improve a bit if you behaved a little more robotically." She blinked sweetly down at the rabbit staring daggers into the bottom of her gobonhonkaros.

"Why do you never act this insufferable where Katame can hear you?" Manako replied, considering if a good kick to the tiddy could make her cream all over the wall. (Answer: it could, but she'd have to reach high enough first.)

"It's not proper for slaves to make idle chatter in the presence of their masters." Hitsumi retorted.

Manako rolled her eyes. "But seriously. It's been an actual hour. We should go check to see if she's alright."

Hitsumi blinked, frowned, then looked concerned. "Oh... yes I suppose that would be appropriate. I... thought you were just bored."

Manako smiled, smugly. "As I said, I've been a slave for a lot longer than you, milkshake. I'm just gonna knock and ask if she's alright." The senior slave hopped off the stool and realized standing up made her shorter. It didn't stop her from strutting in the direction of the bathroom... then choking as her leash caught.

Snrk~

Manako glared up, but Hitsumi's poker face was unbreakable. Also, she couldn't see it behind her breasts.

Katame adjusted her belt and flung open the door of the bathroom, the cool air of the store welcome on her sweaty body. Manako and Hitsumi stopped bickering long enough to glance into the bathroom before the door closed behind her.

An empty box of condoms lay discarded on the floor, as an elf girl drenched in some mysterious white fluid tried to stand on shaky legs. "Th... thank you... for... using meee..."

The door closed right before she fainted. Hatame took a deep breath, her hair slick with exhaustion. "Woof! Well I do feel better. Let's get the hell out of here, huh?" A shameless grin split her face as she took her pet's leashes in hand and began striding for the exit.

Manako eyed the sweat-caked skin of her owner, drying quickly in the cool air. Her smell was overpowering in a very good way. The rabbit girl subconsciously rubbed her thighs together as she walked. "So, you baited a toilet girl into getting snippy with you again, didn't you?" She smirked as they left the store, attendants in smart clothing and collars bowing as they left.

Katame shrugged. "Do you know how much effort they put into their work if they think their life is on the line? I'm so sick of girls that just lay there and take it, you know? It's worse than those ass wall things."

The trio walked past the luxurious store fronts. Hitsumi sensed her mistress was expecting an answer. "Ah, such behavior really is deplorable. They need to accept that-" "Ya know I think some of my sisters were put into one of those..." Manako interrupted Hitsumi. "I remember this big order came in and wiped out a whole generation of buns. Well, it's not like anyone bothers to tell us where we're going. I always thought I was gonna be some fancy onahole or something." She frowned as she recalled her past. Katame laughed. "You are!"

Manako laughed with her as they stepped into a glass elevator. Slowly, they began to rise through the floors of the Blackcard Lounge, and towards the parking garage. The diminutive girl placed her hands on the glass door and stuck out her rump. "Well, if that's an order I'm always happy to oblige~" She looked over her shoulder with a smug, challenging look. Their joking was interrupted, however, by a loud groaning sound.

No, not from the elevator, which was now being lifted through a large fish tank filled with mermaids of countless species. Larger ones chased terrified smaller ones around, while others lazed around in the water. Some swam all the way to the surface, going through small magical entrances to the countless fountains dotted around the Mall. A sudden unexpected noise from an Elevator currently suspended both underground AND underwater would certainly warrant concern, but the groaning was from Katame's stomach. The wolf girl went silent as her pet's ears twitched. "Or ya know, I'd be happy to fill any other desires you might have." Manako raised an eyebrow as Hitsumi stepped forwards. "I'm happy to oblige you as well, Misst-" that was as far as Hitsumi got before Katame reached up and pulled down her bra, letting her Boingaloings boing freely. Manako sighed and leaned against the glass wall as Hitsumi blushed and lifted up her breasts. She... actually struggled to do that. The sheep girl was not particularly

strong, and her chest was heavy. Katame leaned forward, and placed her mouth on her right teat, massaging the other with her hand. Hitsumi moaned as her chest was played with, a red flush on her cheeks as she watched several mermaids swim over, pointing and laughing.

Soul enhancement. Soul enhancement allows you to do... well... almost anything, really. As a general rule, most use it for aesthetic purposes... but some use it in order to make their body work... better. For instance, binding a soul or two to your bust can make someone who isn't pregnant lactate.

Like a certain sheep girl, standing in an elevator, trying to remain calm as her owner sucks on her breasts. She could feel her breasts begin to give up the goods. Warm, creamy milk running into her owner's mouth. So shameless... so lewd. Her breasts created fluid faster than even Katame could drink it. Hitsumi's chest felt heavier, and when the wolfess broke away to attack her other teat, she felt milk running freely from her nipple. It ran down her bosom, dripping onto her clothes and the floor.

Manako wasn't impressed. Her own chest needed a bun in the oven to put on a show like that, so seeing Katame drinking so heavily from her stung just a bit. Only a bit, but Manako remembered a time when Katame would eat her every day. The rabbit girl would reform and Katame would promise that this time she'd control herself long enough to play a game, or watch some show, and then ten minutes later Manako would disappear down her throat.

She'd been around long enough to know what Katame was about to do, and set about her duty. Reaching up, she grabbed the waist of Hitsumi's dress and pulled, letting the fabric fall to the floor.

Manako did not frown as she saw her pillowy thighs, together holding more meat than almost her entire body. Mostly because she looked a little further up and smirked when she saw her dripping cunt, swollen and extremely ready, her lips already open to receive... well... anything really. **At least I still get more dick than you.** Manako kept these thoughts to herself though, as she reached a hand up and grabbed the small shiny gemstone stuck between Hitsumi's cheeks. The sheep girl gasped as Manako's small hand wrapped around the plug filling her rear... and pulled. An entire school of mermaids were glued to the window as her ass slowly opened, letting out the gleaming metal toy.

Manako grunted with the effort, but once it got moving it moved easily enough. The toy was massive, obviously. The bun didn't have an exact measurement of Hitsumi's, but she knew it was over twice the size of her's. She felt a strange sense of victory as the colossal plug was wrenched free. It had two... uh... bulbous... bits, same as Manako's, and left Hitsumi's rear end wide open and gaping. Liquid dripped freely on Manako's head as the sheep girls' arousal reached greater heights. She scowled and pulled back, sitting on the floor of the elevator with Hitsumi's plug in hand. It was still warm, much like the wet patch on the rabbit girl's ears and hair.

Manako would admit, if asked, she somewhat missed the days she was constantly being devoured by her owner. She recalled a fond memory of Katame being so extremely excited to show Manako a new videogame, but so extremely hungry, that she tried showing it off as the rabbit was inside her stomach. After realizing she couldn't actually see the screen, Katame had swallowed her own console to let her take a look... then panicked as she realized her game system wouldn't reform like Manako would. Cue a frantic, half digested rabbit trying to push the handheld back up her throat from inside as the wolf sobbed and heaved onto her floor. The uncomfortable truth was that Hitsume just... tasted better. She was bred for this, of course. Manako was sourced from a mid tier prey farm that bred thousands of bunnies a year, and Hitsumi was ordered from a prey farm that had a "We don't advertise, if you can afford our product you'll know who we are" policy. She was bigger, more filling, and just... better.

Hitsumi, of course, cared for none of Manako's woes. Only her intense training prevented her from jilling off as Katame broke off from her breasts and ripped what remained of her clothes away. Her lovely hat and sunglasses fell to the floor as the wolf opened her mouth and engulfed her head. Katame moaned as her rich flavor filled her mouth, eagerly sucking her down bit by bit. Her hongagongagonhonagahoogas sprayed milk wildly as the hungry wolf grabbed them, pushing them roughly into her maw. Saliva joined the ever increasing puddle of liquids on the floor as Katame scarfed her down.

Hitsumi opened an eye as she was forced down the tight tunnel of flesh. Her chest hurt, milk ran over her chin and dripped down her hair as her breasts were compressed into her body. A closed valve was slowly inching closer to her face as she slid down Katame's throat. Hitsumi closed her eyes and held her breath as she slipped through, gasping in the sour air of her owner's stomach. She could see a familiar pool of acid waiting for her below as bit by bit she was forced towards it face first. Her eyes stung, but she gasped in relief as her breasts entered Katame's belly, springing back out into what limited space was available.

Her rounded butt and legs stuck out of Katame's mouth. The Herm moaned in pleasure as her sheepy's sex slid over her tongue. Playfully, she gave her soaked entrance a lick, then several, smiling inwardly at her sudden movements. Katame swallowed her generous assets and started on her legs. With both hands, she grabbed Hitsumi's ankles and began pushing them down. Her stomach groaned as the majority of Hitsumi's body slid inside it. An entire woman's worth of flesh, and her athletic tummy had only the tiniest bulge. Hitsumi tried to curl up inside the stomach, trapped tight in a space far larger than it should be and far smaller than she wished it was.

Katame flicked off Hitsumi's flip flops, swallowed her feet, and closed her mouth. A few seconds later, the last of her mutton lunch entered her stomach. For a moment, Katame stood upright, unmoving in the elevator, then:

BUUURRRRAAAAAPPP

Manako covered her ears as she let out a massive belch, the faint scent of Sheep on her breath. "Aaah, I feel so much better~" Katame rested her hands on her stomach, feeling the slightest hint of movement behind her toned stomach. Manako had a bundle of soaked clothes in her arms, a large plug gleaming beneath a straw hat. "I bet. How much power did you pump into that toilet girl anyway?" She asked, glancing up at her owner's smiling face. It was nearly impossible to remain upset when she saw Katame so happy.

"Huh? That was pure virility!" Katame gave an exaggerated, offended glare to her friend.

Manako raised an eyebrow. "An entire box of condoms?" Katame's stomach growled as it eagerly broke down the girl who looked only slightly more sheepish than Katame herself. "Well, maybe I used a little..."

Manako giggled. Katame reached down and banished Hitsumi's clothes to the shadow realm.

Both girls looked up in surprise as the elevator door opened, revealing an expansive underground garage filled with various refueling depots. The underground chamber was brightly lit, and decorated with large advertisements for the Anthill's various amenities. Sweet smells were pumped in from the air ducts, which would've probably made Katame hungry if she hadn't already eaten. A robotic valet stood unblinking behind a small podium. Her body had clearly been based on a human, though only in rough shape. Bright pink hair, glowing anime eyes, and exaggerated sexual features created an entity that probably excited a lot of teenagers, but never did much for Katame. You couldn't eat a robot after all, which was one of the main reasons people made them. Putting a sign on your staff saying "No vore", made people resent your establishment. Thus, inedible robot girls were created to do all the jobs that were too important to be suddenly vacated by a hungry customer.

Manako looked somewhat uneasily at the artificial smile. "Damn those things are creepy. I do NOT understand why anyone would wanna put their squishy bits anywhere near them..."

"Good (Afternoon) (Miss), would you please allow us to serve you?" The Robot girl bowed deeply at a perfect 90° angle. Katame frowned and flashed a small card from her pocket. Immediately, the valet's head snapped up, and her eyes flashed. **"Certainly! (Miss). We will retrieve your vehicle immediately! Is there anything else we can assist you with before This Unit goes?"** Katame made a dismissive gesture and the robot turned around and walked into the maze of cars. The wolf girl shuddered. "You're telling me. They're not so bad if the soul inside has some agency but those automated puppet ones are just... ugh."

Manako frowned at the rapidly retreating robot. "Really? I uh, don't make a habit of introducing myself to those things." She murmured, only partially sure the metal girl couldn't hear her.

Katame nodded. "Oh sure. There was an android at this brothel in Yokohama. She had full sentience active, so she was just like... a person, but with a metal body. And detachable limbs. And a few... uh... other upgrades too~"

Manako suddenly got a panicked look on her face. "Please tell me you're not going to buy one. I... I can't handle their eyes..."

Her owner just laughed. "Oh? You're getting awfully presumptuous in telling me what to..." Katame stopped as she looked down at Manako's pale expression. "Well... I don't really like them anyway, not even I can digest metal. Cynthia might?" Manako took a deep breath and nodded.

The two stood there for a moment before Katame's stomach growled. Manako eyed the tightly packed tummy of her owner appraisingly. "You're really working away on her, huh? Seriously, how much did you pump into that elf?"

Katame frowned. "You're really on this today. How is it your business what I spend my power on, anyway?" She was getting a little annoyed now. Manako was her friend, but a servant was still a servant and a certain level of respect was due.

The rabbit girl blushed and looked away. "Well... ya know... I was just wondering how much you had left. And if maybe I could help you relieve some stress, ya know?"

Nervously, she glanced up at her owner, who stared blankly at her, then laughed. Her laughter echoed down the parking structure, bouncing off the walls. "Ooooh so THAT'S what you were thinking, huh? Well I suppose I could set aside some time to play with my darling bunny bun, but.." Katame's voice took on a sing-song, playful tone that Manako would recognize anywhere. Rolling her eyes over her smile, she played her part. "Pwease Mistwess? I'll do anything fow you~"

The pair giggled together. "Well, I suppose there's nothing for it~ But you'll need to do all your chores~" She leaned down and wagged her finger like a posh nanny. Manako kept her eyes wide and nodded like a good little girl... despite actually being a few months Katame's senior.

A sleek black car rolled quietly around the corner, followed by a sprinting robot. Obviously, the servants were not allowed inside the customers cars, so the robotic girl ran alongside the vehicle at a relaxed 64 kph. The vehicle itself was a large, solidly built model that drove itself neatly in front of its owner. Along the side of the door, sleek silver lettering spelled out "Kokuchin" The door swung open as the robotic valet caught up. **"Good (Afternoon) (Miss). Your vehicle, the (Kokuchin) has been (Cleaned) (And) (Refueled). Please do not hesitate to ask if there is anything else we can do to serve you!"** The android girl bowed. Katame admired her car's shiny exterior, then gave the valet a dismissive gesture. **"Thank you for using our service! We hope you have a wonderful (Afternoon) and an even better**

(Evening)! With that, the robot bowed and stepped back, allowing Katame to climb into the front seat.

The interior was rich and roomy. Unnaturally roomy, actually. There was far too much available legroom for all four seats, not to mention head room that extended far beyond what the roof of the car should have actually allowed.

It was, of course, a bit of dimensional tampering. Only a bit though, far less than what was possible in some of Katame's other cars. Small vehicles where you could step inside and enjoy an entire room you can walk around in, complete with sofas, tvs, and an open bar.

The problem was that large internal dimensions slowed ships down. It wasn't fun to take a turn at the corner when you are worried about your open bar sliding merrily off the shelf. The Kokuchin was built for speed, so it was just... a car... albeit a roomy one.

Manako slipped inside after her owner as Katame slammed the door and sped off, the engine humming to life as she raced through the spacious garage. She zipped up a ramp, and narrowed her eyes as natural sunlight had the temerity to show its ugly face. The windscreen darkened slightly, and Katame turned onto the street proper.

The Anthill was in the center of downtown, being constructed beneath a large park-like area. The looming shadows of skyscrapers grew long beneath the afternoon sun, and the electronic billboards illuminated the early evening crowds.

Katame felt a tickling on her thighs. Looking down, she saw two fuzzy ears and a smug face sitting between her legs. "Give it a second, I want to get on the skyway first."

The Kokuchin turned onto a ramp that led to an overpass... that suddenly came to a stop. The wolf girl casually pressed a small button on her console, and the engine hummed. Slowly, pressure on the suspension eased... then was eliminated altogether as the car rose into the air. Her wheels snapped 90 degrees down, and Katame laughed as they shot forwards, soaring over the city streets.

Carefully marked skyways where aerial traffic was allowed criss crossed over their heads as Katame shot down the path. Manako looked nervously up through the sunroof. Larger structures were visible in the darkening sky, while ships too big for the Skyways slowly pushed through the air. She could see the seven moons easily, and the glimmering lights of their structures slowly began to shine for the night. The rabbit girl grinned at the absurd display of wealth and power, she couldn't help it.

Her stomach groaned. It was always groaning, of course, but this one was particularly loud. A loud note in the quiet orchestra of flesh that was digestion. The rushing of blood, the rhythmic

heartbeat, the pushing of gasses back and forth, and the bubbling acid was a surprisingly comforting sound to the current occupant of the stomach.

Hitsumi took the deepest breath she could as her vision faded in and out. Her owner's stomach was always tight, but it was getting tighter now, compacting her painfully. She couldn't move, not more than her fingers and toes. Maybe if she'd had all her energy she could have moved around a bit, but the sheep girl was weak. Obviously, she'd been digesting for a while now. Katame's stomach was taking something important from her, something more than just her flesh and using it to refill her reserves of power. "Life is the basis of all magic. The acts of sex and vore, the beginning and the end of life, are critical to it's function." She spoke quietly to herself as she tried to move the hand she'd cleverly put between her legs before losing all her strength. Smiling at the realization she still had most of her fingers, she began stroking her swollen sex.

She assumed it was swollen, at least. Her face was pressed into the wall of her owner's belly, but it felt warm. Not hot, like some parts of her body, but a strange warmth. A few spare spurts of pleasure crossed her mind and she let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. Being digested didn't hurt as much as it should, but it felt... hot. As your flesh is doused in acid, it gets warmer, then burning hot as it falls off your bones. It's uncomfortable... but not that painful. Some people really like the sensation, Hitsumi knew. Not that it mattered, prey existed to serve their owners in any and every way. Back on her ranch, she'd been taught them all. Tea serving techniques, proper etiquette, dancing, singing, fashion, history, science, math, magic, foreign languages, massage, first aid, cooking, cleaning, all manner of instruments, personal grooming, make up, art, poetry, and more. Once she'd grown up a bit, she and her sisters had been taught... other lessons. Her cheeks still flushed as she remembered them, or she thought they did, provided they haven't melted off yet. Seduction, new dances, new massages, new ways of serving drinks and food, and sex. So much sex. Hitsumi could do a thousand things Manako couldn't, for any number of partners with any combination of genitals for far longer and with significantly more skill. So why did Katame always choose Manako for intimate service? **No... these are thoughts unbecoming of a slave. It's not like I've never been intimate with Mistress Katame...**

Oh she had plenty of such fond memories~ Katame used her body in so many ways. She'd be cleaning a table when her Mistress suddenly took her from behind, or Katame would order her to use her breasts to pleasure her cock, or..

Hitsumi took a deep breath as her fingers pleased what was left of her clitoris.

But the memory that stood out, the uncomfortable one, was Hitsumi's first day. The first order Katame ever gave her as her legal owner was to clean her room while Katame bred Manako on the bed. She followed her training perfectly, organizing everything while listening to the wet sounds of rough sex. She'd waited for the order she knew was coming, when her owner decided to break in her new slave. Hitsumi had been ready to do everything she'd been trained to do. Katame ordered her to eat the creampie from Manako's pussy, then left. Which she did, of

course, but Hitsumi had eventually realized she'd performed cunnilingus on Manako more times than she'd performed fellatio on her owner.

Katame's stomach groaned. Fresh acid coated Hitsumi's body anew as the walls constricted.

Her fingers slowed as Hitsumi felt one of her organs give out and a few bones snap. It didn't hurt like it should, and the sheep girl was used to it by now, so she kept going. She could hear them outside. It was rude to eavesdrop, but a slave should always keep an ear open to orders from their master. They were... flirting? Manako was shamelessly demanding Katame "play" with her. Bile rose in Hitsumi's throat, her own for once, as she heard Katame's ever present heart rate increase.

Katame zipped between a pair of floating skyscrapers as she made her way further above the city. Feeling a strange tugging sensation on her shorts, she looked down. Manako was struggling to pull her owner's shorts down while she was seated. Smiling, Katame pushed the button for autopilot and gave her a hand.

Manako managed to slip her mistress's shorts down to her ankles, taking her panties and leggings with them as her cock flopped out in front of her eyes. The rabbit giggled, taking a deep breath of the familiar smell of sweat, pee, and stale cum she'd learned to love so much.

"Itadachimasu~" Manako shouted in her owner's mother tongue before tucking in, licking beneath Katame's foreskin with clear delight.

"It's Itadakimasu. Not Itadachimasu." Katame raised an eyebrow as she looked fondly at the rabbit girl gently licking her cock. "Eh, I was close enough." Manako shrugged. Katame smiled and retook control of her car, letting her pet play with her as she drove.

Hitsumi scowled. Close enough? How absolutely ridiculous. The sheep girl was fluent in 5 languages, and could hold a basic conversation in a dozen more. Naturally, she'd mastered her mistress's mother tongue. The idea of butchering your owner's language like that was shameful! A disgrace! Hitsumi would've never made an error like that.

She was better than Manako, in almost every way. Why couldn't Katame see that? Why did she always choose her?

Hitsumi kept rubbing herself, not so arrogant as to try to make conversation as she digested. She spoke when spoken to. She was a good girl, not nearly as crude, or shameless as...

Hitsumi was so busy mentally complaining about Manako she lost her chance to get off one last time. Her spirit left her body unsatisfied and vaguely horny, unable to do anything but stew in her

own remains as she waited to move on to the next phase of digestion. The stomach gurgled and compacted her remains.

Manako listened to her kouhai gurgle as she took Katame's cock into her mouth. It was a challenge to fit something so big into such a small hole, but Manako had had a LOT of practice. She knew, for instance, that her job wasn't to make Katame cum. Just keep her excited until she got home. Then, they could start playing properly~ Manako felt herself dripping onto the carpet just thinking about it!

Something about sitting here, between her owner's legs, cock in her mouth, as she focused on something else entirely made Manako feel extremely safe. This was right, this was where she was meant to be. In bliss, she squeezed her butt around her plug, and charged down the length of Katame's dick, pushing it onto her head as she began licking her scrotum. The sweet flavor of her sweat, the sound of her stomach gurgling, the warm liquid dripping onto her hair, and the heat coming off her thighs, made Manako wish she was allowed to wear panties. She really was ruining this carpet...

Katame could've been home a long time ago, but she took the scenic route. Why? Why waste money and time seeing sights she'd seen a thousand times? People who asked questions like that quietly outed themselves as people who couldn't afford all the fuel they wanted and didn't have a bunny girl sucking them off. Besides, driving was fun! The Kokuchin zipped along the orange sky, skimming over the rolling hills and out over the ocean. Flight paths weren't as regulated this far from the city, so Katame was free to go joy riding. First, she dived down to the surface of the ocean, letting the engines spray water in a great trail behind her. Next, she'd take the ship up to the lower atmosphere and... **THUNK**

Manako gagged on her cock as Katame was taken out of her revelry. Kokuchin's automatic windscreen cleaning feature was already disposing of the smear of blood and small white feathers, but did nothing about the mangled seagull careening into the ocean in her mirror.

Blushing slightly, and extremely grateful that Manako was too busy being buried in her crotch to look out the windows, Katame decided it was time to head back.

Her stomach gurgled as Hitsumi's remains slowly funneled into her intestines, and she really wanted to cum despite Manako being extremely careful, so she made no further stops as she-

"What was that?" Manako gazed up at her, hands still absently stroking her shaft as a trail of saliva connected her lips to her tip.

Katame blushed crimson. "What was what? What do you mean?"

"It sounded like we hit something." She continued, gently kissing her tip without taking her eyes off her.

"Oh! That, uh... it was just a pothole."

"In the sky?"

"Yes."

There was silence for a while. Katame decided to change the subject.

"I was thinking of buying a fairy." She looked out the window as her car rose higher.

"You know if you get into too many more accidents they might revoke your lis-" Manako was cut off as Katame cleared her throat.

"You know they had one at that clothing store that impressed me." It would be easy to order Manako's silence... but then there'd be the look.

Manako rolled her eyes. "Better to buy a few, that's what I heard at least. 2 or 3 from a good breeder. Want me to do some research?" She gave up, summoning her cellphone from the aether.

Katame thought about it. "Later. Right now I want you to suck me off as I park."

A small duct on the bottom of a floating island was the entrance to Katame's garage. Pressing a button on the console, the large door slid open, and the Kokuchin flew inside. Her garage was pristine, of course. Mostly because it was usually Hitsumi down here. The once messy collection of tools and holiday decorations had been obsessively organized. Katame flew into the hanger, hovering for a minute as her tires rotated back to their terrarian mode. Then, she gently touched down, and drove into the empty space that Hitsumi had taken it upon herself to mark out.

Once, this had been a room filled with dirt, oil stains, and a small collection of luxury cars parked in any old location. Now, spaces for each one had been marked out in clear lines, and the ground was so clean it actually shone. Katame sometimes considered she drove on a surface cleaner than most people's dining table.

The wolf girl flung her door open and stepped out... barefoot. She'd considered taking the time to allow Manako to put her leggings, shorts, and shoes on again... but decided against it. Vanishing them into the shadow realm, she picked up her rabbit in one arm and headed upstairs. Her cock dripped onto the pristine floor.

Manako squeaked as she was grabbed. With her butt facing forward, there wasn't much she could do but look at her owner's wagging tail and bare cheeks as she walked upstairs. She could feel cold air on her pussy lips, and knew she was probably dripping onto the floor. She dangled like a piece of luggage from Katame's arm, her skirt riding up to reveal just about everything. Well, not like it mattered, given they were alone in their house.

Katame threw open the door to her bedroom and dumped Manako on the bed. The rabbit girl scrambled to her feet as she saw her owner begin to get undressed. Frantically, she removed her own clothing, slipping off her boots and...

Manako joyfully screamed as a naked wolf girl tackled her. She looked up at her mistress, staring down at her with such a casual hunger, and shivered. Her owner's hands ripped off her skirt, then her shirt and bra, leaving her in nothing but her collar, socks, and plug as she lay panting on the bed. The babbt girl smiled slightly as her wet cunt was revealed, demanding attention as it leaked onto Katame's sheets.

For all the times they talked, no words were spoken now. None needed saying.

Katame grabbed Manako by her arms and lifted her up, laying down on the bed... then placing the bun on her lips. Manako squeaked and fell over almost immediately, landing on Katame's own chest as she struggled to support herself. Her thighs squeezed together on instinct as her owner's tongue invaded her pussy, licking up her juices and sending jolts of sensation through her body.

Her flavor coated her tongue as Katame devoured her friend, playing with her flower as Manako struggled to adjust. Facing her stomach, Manako tried leaning forward and reaching for Katame's own cock, standing straight upwards in defiance of the gods. Smiling, the rabbit girl began to crawl forwards... and stopped. Two fingers. The hands that were clutching Manako's thighs rested two fingers on her lower stomach, right where her ovaries would be. Even when she put her full weight against them, those two fingers prevented her from lying flat on Katame's chest. The wolf laughed in amusement as she licked deeper into Manako's needy slit, parting her walls with wild abandon.

"Oh, come on... that's... that's not fair..." She moaned as she tried to lean forward anyway, reaching out a hand for her cock. Barely, she could touch it with the tips of her fingers, not enough to stroke it. Her foot thumped the headboard in frustration, then suddenly she fell forwards, landing head first on Katame's groin. The wolf girl looked down at the rabbit rump sitting on her breasts, as her fluffy ears immediately set to bobbing up and down on her cock. A gleaming plug sitting between her cheeks, beneath her cottontail. Chuckling to herself, Katame reached out, and clutched the tip.

Manako landed lightly as Katame released her. She licked the top of her shaft, pushing herself up to reach the tip. The massive pole leaked precum onto her face and hair, until Manako licked

it up with her tongue. Giggling with triumph, she prepared to stand up and straddle it... when she realized Katame was still clutching her rump. Looking over her shoulder in confusion, her blood froze as she saw her owner reaching for her butt.

Manako felt her ass clench in fear as the large weight inside of her shifted. Katame smiled... and slowly pulled it out. Her rear end resisted, bulging outwards around the handle, but Katame was unrelenting, and far stronger than the bun's buns. Manako moaned as the large, foreign object was removed from her rear, a slightly smaller twin of Hitsumi's that shone with her own juices. Her asshole gaped, a large twitching ring that seemed to beg for attention. Attention it quickly received as Katame dug in.

Manako moaned as her owner's tongue invaded her backdoor, fresh sensation running up and down her rear as the large foreign invader that usually filled her up lay abandoned on the sheets next to her. Trembling, she tried to resume serving Katame's cock.

Manako couldn't wrap her hand entirely around the monster that dangled between her owner's legs. It was exactly 35.3 centimeters long, with a circumference of 27 cm. Katame used to order her to measure it pretty frequently. Obviously, it wasn't natural. Manako remembered measuring a cock that was 21.2 cm... then Katame had gotten herself soul enhanced. The rabbit girl kissed her tip as her ass was mercilessly eaten, wondering about the soul trapped in her owner's cock. It must've been pretty dull, sitting inside her shorts all day. Manako hoped she made whoever it was's day interesting, at least.

Suddenly, Manako was yanked to the side, and found herself lying face down on the bed. Something thick and wet and warm rested between her cheeks, as her ass yearned to be filled up again. Katame smiled at the sight of the warm hole waiting for her. It had taken so long to train Manako's ass to this level, but the results were worth it. She pushed her tip in, slowly parting the buns sore ring as Manako moaned into a pillow. Her ass was so tight, but spread to accept her so easily. Breathing heavily, she began to thrust in and out, hands on her pet's hips as she pushed deep into her rear.

Manako pushed herself up against her crotch, trying to please her. Her arms shook as her owner began moving faster, pushing her down into the bed with each thrust, sending ripples over her cheeks. "Aahahaha~ mmm~" The rabbit girl's voice squeaked and her legs shook, her body shuddering as she came. "ahhahaha! Ahh~" she giggled into the pillows. Katame grinned as her pet squirted onto her sheets. It had taken a lot of training until Manako could cum from anal alone, but it had paid off. She was a perfect little buttslut, a fuck toy for her owner. Katame grunted, Manako's ass milking her cock as she pumped it without restraint. With a groan, she hilted herself between her cheeks. Manako giggled a mad giggle as she felt thick strands of cum spray into her backdoor. Katame's balls clenched, focused on nothing but filling the bun to the brim.

For a while, they just lay there, connected with sweat running off both their bodies. Manako giggled into the pillows as Katame panted for breath. Then, she pulled out. A few last spurts of

cum sprayed on the rabbits soaked vulva as more leaked out from her ruined anus. A river of defilement that ran freely from her rear.

Manako looked over her shoulder, expecting an order to lick her owner clean. What she saw instead, was glowing lines of multicolored light forming on Katame's skin, flowing from her limbs to her chest, then downwards. The rabbit watched in a mix of glee and fear as her owner's balls swelled once more, and her rapidly shrinking cock perked up. Katame smiled down at her, fatigue forgotten, and casually flipped Manako over onto her back. She slapped her cock onto her lower lips, letting the rabbit feel its oppressive heat and weight over her womb.

With a grin, the wolf moved her head to the entrance, and pushed inside Manako's cunt. The rabbit girl squeaked.

Hitsumi moved slowly through her owner's intestines, listening vaguely to the commotions outside. Obviously she was dead, but that didn't mean much. Her soul was bound to her body until she was sufficiently absorbed, so she'd be here a while. She could see, hear, smell, and feel everything around her. Not in the same way, of course. There was no pain, no need to breathe, and no ears or eyes to see with. Somehow it just... happened. Hitsumi was pushing through a dark, damp tunnel. Around her, Katame's body gurgled and churned, pushing her deeper into her guts. Hitsumi listened to the pounding of her heart, her heavy breathing as she ravaged Manako with a malcontent ambivalence. It was what it was. Her body was using its magic reserves, which meant it drew even more from the soul in its guts. Hitsumi's vision went fuzzy as more and more power was drawn from her to defile Manako. Soon, she faded all together. Somewhere in Katame's mansion, a reformer hummed to life.

The moons shone in the night sky, casting a ghostly light on the world below. Katame's eyes were born for the night, and the large window in her room meant no artificial lights were needed.

The wolf was laying in bed, staring at the ceiling in quiet contemplation. It would be dawn soon. She'd stayed up most of the night violating her friend. An absolutely worthy use of time, but still probably a little unhealthy. Manako lay on the bed next to her, clutching a pillow and occasionally giggling in her sleep. She wasn't even wearing her collar anymore. It was the first time in a surprisingly long time Katame had seen her bare neck. Cum dripped freely from her well used ass and pussy, and covered her face, hair, breasts, and... well everywhere really. Katame's balls were very empty, and while refilling them again wasn't impossible, drawing on too much power wasn't good for you.

I need more servants. That was the main thought occupying Katame's mind. She wanted to send one to get her some water, but Hitsumi was literally in no shape to do anything other than digest and Manako...

Katame looked at her oldest pet sleeping peacefully in post orgasmic bliss.

She needed more servants. Definitely some fairies, but at least one more full sized girl too. Obviously she could just check a pet store, but rich people didn't use those. She'd make an appointment at one of the farms and...

With a sigh, Katame looked out the window at one of the glowing moons. She could almost make out the lines of the mega city covering its surface. Her parent's company owned a Rabbit farm up there, one of the best in the world.

Manako giggled in her sleep. "no... you can't... only Katame can do that..." she murmured as she drooled on her pillow. Katame smiled at the rabbit, who was very much not born on the moon.

Sighing, she pulled herself out of bed and left her room.

It was almost completely dark in her home. The only light coming from the occasional appliance, or a wall panel for the house's internal computer system. It didn't matter, there was enough light for Katame to navigate. She stumbled into her kitchen and glanced at a wall panel. "Water." She spoke aloud. Immediately, her refrigerator began filling a glass, which Katame grabbed.

She tossed back the cold drink, feeling refreshed as the cold liquid revitalized her parched throat. Then, she slammed the glass back towards the fridge and demanded another. She downed the second glass in one, then abandoned it on the counter.

For a moment, she considered taking her car for a drive, hitting up some place to enjoy the nightlife, maybe get ice cream or... something.

Her bladder voiced its disagreement with her plan. The water had reminded her how long it's been since she took a leak. "Eh, I'm too tired to go out anyway..." Katame grumbled and she stalked over to the nearest bathroom.

She didn't bother to turn the lights on or even close the door. Nobody was home except Manako and if she happened to wake up and walk over here... well it was nothing she hadn't seen before.

A pristine floor toilet sat in the middle of the dark room. Katame carefully straddled it, realized she had no pants to pull down, and lazily pointed her cock at the bowl. A dark yellow stream of urine splashed into the bowl as the wolf girl yawned.

After a minute, Katame scratched her ass and looked at a panel on the wall. "Flush." She spoke aloud, and a powerful jet of water cleared the bowl.

Katame washed her hands and left the bathroom. She felt a lot better, and significantly sleepier than she had a few moments before. Her entire body felt light as she walked back into her bedroom. Hitsumi was always a delight to eat, giving her body lots of what it needed to live. Smiling, she stalked back into her bedroom.

After a moment of thought, Katame crawled into bed... and straddled Manako's sleeping body. She grabbed the pillow and tossed it aside, pushing the rabbit onto her back. "Huh? Wuz goin'on?" Manako's eyes opened as Katame grabbed her breasts. The wolf didn't reply before placing her cock on her chest. Manako raised an eyebrow, then relaxed as Katame began aggressively titfucking her, masurbating with Manako's bust. It wasn't sex, Katame just wanted one last nut before bed. A nut she promptly busted all over Manako's smirking face. The rabbit licked her lips as Katame lay back and pulled the covers over them both. Clutching her bunny to her chest, she fell asleep almost immediately. Manako sighed and turned around, letting Katame spoon her. Her ears twitched as she heard her Mistress's voice. "愛してる~" the wolf girl murmured, so quietly even Manako barely heard it. "Yeah I know, you big dummy..." she replied, before drifting off to sleep herself, kept warm in her owner's tight embrace.

There was nothing particularly special about that day. The next morning, Hitsumi reformed and began organizing her owners' purchases. Manako searched for reputable sellers for prey, and Katame slept in until noon before doing some light studying. It wasn't a unique story, or even a story at all. Just a part of a day in the life of a single girl in an entire galaxy of souls.