

Freefall

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Urotsukidōji: Freefall

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Little Izanami bounced her ball with one hand as she stared up at a towering skyscraper casting a shadow over her playground. Covered with cranes and scaffolding, she watched as workers crawled over the upper third of the building like tiny ants. As she stared, she wondered what the city would look like from way up there. Other questions drifted through her thoughts, in time with the bouncing ball.

Did it rain up there?

Would she look like an ant herself?

Could she see the bright red ball?

What would it be like on the very top?

Giggling, she caught the ball in one hand and let her eyes drop down the slick rubber. Tiny fingers of an eight year old clutched the ball. She twisted her hands, squeaking it, before looking back up at the construction. She felt very tiny looking up and somehow, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the little figures crawling over the half-built skyscraper.

The ball slipped from her fingers, rapping against rain-slicked asphalt. The hallow, ringing sound couldn't draw her attention from the building. The rest of the world faded to black as she stared up at the concrete and steel. Soon, the only thing that existed in Izanami's world was a bright red ball, a building, and the rapid thump of her heart.

“Izanami?”

A lighting bolt shot through her thoughts and the world came rushing back. She spun on her polished black shoes, the red ball and skyscraper forgotten. Her grandfather, an older man with graying

hair sat primly on a steel bench. Always proper, he folded his black trench coat to protect his suit from the rain, but otherwise looked like he sat in his boardroom, commanding thousands of others.

She beamed happily and ran to her grandfather. He smiled back and held out his arms so she could land into them heavily. Picking her up with a grunt, he turned to face a man next to him.

“And this is the most beautiful granddaughter a man could ever have, my little Izanami.”

A man in his twenties smiled at her and held out his hand. Izanami reached out and shook his head, but he surprised her by kissing the back of her hand. She blinked, unsure of what to do, but her grandfather interrupted both of them with a faintly disapproving grunt. The man quickly withdrew his hand and stood up.

Bowing, he spoke curtly with a strange, guttural accent to his Japanese. Her grandfather spoke back, his voice as hard as a katana. Izanami watched curiously as he left, the image of the man fading as the mist swallowed him up.

By evening, the only thing she could remember was his spiky green hair.

By the next day, she couldn't remember him at all.

—

Six years can pass in a heartbeat, but the skyscrapers in Tokyo always caught her breath as she rode the glass elevator up to her grandfather's office. Steel beams that rushed pass the glass didn't mar her reflection in the glass: short black hair, a blue and white hair band, and the warmest brown eyes in Japan. She grinned to herself and brushed the raven hair from her face, tugging on the ends for the fun of it. Her eyes focused on the skyscrapers in front of her, ignoring the steel beams that occasionally interrupted her vision. Most of them were older now, just getting the hint of smog and grime but still as fascinating as the first time she saw them.

The elevator bell rang out as she reached the top-most floor of the building. Turning around, she watched the wood and steel doors parting to reveal her grandfather's office. The secretary looked up at her, then gave a tiny bow as she stood up.

“Good afternoon, Anzu.”

“Good afternoon, Izanami-sama. Your grandfather is talking to a client, but he will be willing to speak in a few minutes.”

Izanami nodded and smiled brightly, “Thank you.”

Waiting in her grandfather’s office was a very familiar habit of hers. She loved him with all her heart but from dawn to dusk, he worked every minute of every day. Only a few brief hours did he step away, and she made a point of being there for him, his favorite and only granddaughter. With a delicate smile, she brushed the seat of her skirt down as she settled into the leather chair near the door. Her outfit, a skirt that matched her headband, fluttered against the dark leather and she pressed her legs tightly together.

It only took twenty minutes before she heard the handle to his office being opened. Standing up carefully, she stood up straight until the door cracked open. Then, she bowed as an appropriately deferential granddaughter as her grandfather stepped out, leaning on his cane.

She held her pose for a few heartbeats, then stood up with a smile. Her grandfather beamed happily at her, but she realized someone stood next to him. With a graceful little bob, she let her eyes slide over to him and focus on her grandfather’s visitor.

At the sight of his green hair, she felt a sharp bolt of lighting coursing through her body. Her eyes widened with surprise, then she realized both of them were looking at her. Swallowing, she bowed to the stranger and tried to calm her pounding heart.

“Good morning, grandfather.”

“Ah, you remember my granddaughter, Faust?”

He spoke with the pride in his voice. Izanami’s eyes lifted up to look at Faust. His lips pressed tightly together, with just the very edge curling with amusement. He had wide eyes but didn’t look American. She guessed he was European, but he looked so different from the Japanese men she grew up with.

Faust’s smile stretched across his face. He spoke with his suddenly familiar guttural accent and she realized he was German.

“Yes, I think I do. Has it been ten years already?”

Izanami spoke without thinking.

“Only six.”

Her grandfather’s lips tightened and he let out a warning grunt, but Faust held out his hand for her. She hesitated, then reached out,

letting her soft hand press into his hard palm. He took it with a smile, rotating her wrist. She held her breath as he bowed down, his angular body bending to lay a single, firm kiss in her palm.

His lips felt warm against her skin and she felt a heat rising up from her cheeks. And, then she blushed even hotter as she felt a tiny little tingle between her legs. Inhaling sharply, she could only stare at him as he let his lips linger for a moment, then stood up.

“Faust,” growled her grandfather.

Casually, Faust turned back to her grandfather, his fingers caressing against Izanami’s before releasing them. She held out her hand in the air as her heart pounding in her chest. The heat grew inside her even as she realized she wasn’t moving. Carefully, she lowered her hand to her side and made a show of straightening her skirt.

Her grandfather grunted again, then stared hard at Faust.

“Thank you for coming. I will see you on Friday.”

Faust bowed clumsily. Izanami saw his eyes lock on hers, a dark gaze that stole her breath away, then he stood up straight.

“A pleasure,” he said before walking powerfully out of the room. Izanami gulped and watched him, her insides shaking long after the door closed behind him. Her grandfather gave her a few seconds, then smiled.

“Now that he is gone, what would you like for lunch?”

“Same place as usual?”

Her grandfather chuckled and nodded to Anzu.

“One hour.”

—

“Grandfather?”

Izanami spoke as subtly as she could. In her hand, a pair of chopsticks balanced delicately on her fingers, holding a piece of salmon sushi without dropping even a single grain of rice. Her grandfather tore his gaze away from the shrine he admired, his own lunch box still in its wrapper.

“Yes, Izanami?”

“Who is Faust?”

Something sparked in his dark eyes, then he turned away to watch a priest inspecting one of the statues.

“Just a man.”

She could hear the hardness in his voice, warning her of a suddenly forbidden topic, but Faust's lips on her fingers sent a shiver down her body at the memory. She swallowed her sushi before asking another question.

"What kind of man? He doesn't look like your normal clients."

Her grandfather grunted, "Not a client. He needs something for me, but he can provide something I want."

"For business?"

"Yes," he said simply.

Izanami didn't ask any more questions and her grandfather didn't volunteer any more information. For the briefest of moments. Izanami thought like a hentai and wondered if she was the price between them. Then, looking in her grandfather's eyes, she realized it came down to simply money and numbers.

"I see, I'm sorry for asking."

He stood up.

"I don't want to talk about this again."

She bowed her head, looking down at the ground.

"Yes, grandfather."

"Come, let's walk."

—

Laughing loudly, Izanami skipped with her friends as they left school. They all wore the matching blue and white uniforms, but beyond a doubt, she looked prettier than all of them combined. She held hands with Leiko, her best friend, as she swung her leather pack from two fingers. Around her, swirls of blue and white streamed down the stairs and toward the gate of the school. Every day, it felt like being in a river, a petal floating on the surface of some raging storm.

On the other side of her, Chizuko gossiped loudly about students from the higher classes. Leiko seemed to know everything, but Izanami only heard a few of the choice bits from the lunch room. She listened with wide-eyed excitement as they talked about the two girls caught making out in the gym and the boy sneaking around the hedge wearing his underwear on his head. All three of them giggled at the image and wondered which student got caught.

Then, Izanami felt a shiver coursing down her spine. It felt like masculine fingers drawing lightly down her skin and she released

Leiko's hand to clutch the small of her back, where the sensations stopped.

"Iza, what's wrong?"

Izanami shook her head.

"Nothing."

Leiko peered into her eyes, "Right? What is it?"

Izanami lifted her eyes up to look at Leiko, then a shadow caught her attention over her best friend's shoulder. Eyes focusing, she caught sight of a man standing in the center of the stream of students. Like water, the students poured around the man, spreading apart to stream down both sides of the street.

The pressure increased at the small of her back and she arched her back in response. A faint flush rose up on her cheeks as she stared at the figure in the center.

Spiky green hair.

Tall and slender.

Only one man she knew who looked like the man's silhouette.

"Faust."

Leiko frowned, not seeing Faust behind her.

"The author?"

Chizuko giggled, "No, Faust is the character, you are thinking Go—um—Goethe. Goethe wrote Faust."

Izanami barely heard her friends as she stared at Faust, her eyes shimmering with strange emotions. She felt her breath bubbling through her throat, almost a whimper lost in the din of students. The pressure on her spine increased and she inhaled sharply.

Her focus grew sharper until only Faust stood in her world. She heard her heartbeat drumming loudly, beating in her chest as she stared at the slender German. She stood in a beam of sunlight as the rest of the world grew dark.

Then, her attention broke as some impatient student pushed her forward. She stumbled with an inarticulate shriek, past Leiko and Chizuko who had stepped aside to argue literature. Her feet skipped on the concrete and she fell forward. Hands flung out, desperate to catch something and she prayed she wouldn't make a fool of herself.

Only to land against something hard and powerful. Her palms pressed against cloth and she looked up as her heartbeat pounded

even louder in her chest. Faust looked down with a smile. She stammered as she grasped at her wits.

“I-I-”

“Good afternoon,” he said. She flushed as she felt him speaking through his chest, the deeper voice vibrating her fingertips. It sent tiny shivers down her spine, to pool in her gut.

“Um, hi.”

Faust said nothing. Behind her, Izanami felt her friends’ attention focusing on her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw them staring at her with open-jawed surprise. She blushed and looked back up at Faust.

“W-Why are you here?”

Faust chuckled dryly, “For you.”

An instant flush burned in her cheeks and she stammered.

“M-Me?”

“Yes.”

His simple response brought more bolt of electricity pooling in her gut. She looked down to her hands as the blush grew hot on her cheeks. Seeing her pale fingers on his chest, she snatched them away.

Faust just chuckled again.

“Your grandfather mentioned you liked seafood with rice, right? There is a restaurant over by the cape, he said you liked it. Would you be interested in an early dinner? I have nothing else to do.”

He spoke so smoothly, Izanami couldn’t do anything but nod speechlessly. Her friends disappeared completely from her world as she stared into his dark eyes.

—

Embarrassed, Izanami stepped from Faust’s limo. He drove her home for a few frantic minutes of changing her top. It clung to her breasts—which were already large for a girl of fourteen years—and showed off her trim stomach, but in the time she had, it was the first thing she could find. Now, standing outside his limo, she felt self conscious and a little bit like a slut.

The two ladies outside the restaurant bowed respectfully as she looked at them. She knew them on sight, if anything by the sheer number of times her grandfather took her to the place, but she felt like a complete stranger as she stood there. They started to give

their customary greeting, but it froze in both of their throats as Faust stepped out of the limo. He towered over Izanami and the rest of the Japanese. Izanami swallowed as she watched their responses, looking up and up in utter shock. Then, their training took over and their faces wiped clean of the shock as they opened the doors to the restaurant.

Faust, like many foreigners, didn't seem to know how to eat sushi. He picked up the pieces with a fork, biting it in half and chewing loudly. She had to fight back the giggles at his lack of grace, but he seemed to enjoy the food enough. He avoided the wasabi after sniffing it once.

Izanami used her best manners as she ate, working with all the grace and delicacy she could. Even with her growing fascination with Faust, she could feel her grandfather's honor pushing her to act on her best behavior.

Between struggling with his food, he spoke of his time in the military. He spoke of things in another country, in a different time, and she couldn't help but listen to every word. He told her of the amazing machines of war—which didn't interest her—but when he started to talk about watching the civil engineering building bridges and fortresses, she found her interest piquing.

The night grew later when he told her about his father's laboratory in a tall building in Berlin. She hung on every word he said, asking about the architecture and the height. She could feel the tension rising as he elaborated on his memories, pausing with a frown as he struggled to recall something years before.

Faust stopped in mid-sentence at one point.

"You like buildings, right?"

Izanami nodded.

"You know about the buildings here in Tokyo?"

"Yes," she grinned.

"Ever heard of the Takehiko Tower?"

Izanami's eyes widened in response. Takehiko stood as her grandfather's greatest competitor. They matched each other in sheer ruthlessness and a brilliance with money and people.

"Yes," she said simply.

"I'm buying it."

“Buying it? How? That would cost billions! And Takehiko would never sell to a foreigner.”

Faust chuckled dryly.

“Yes, actually, but I have the money.”

“And that is why my grandfather is doing business with you?”

He cocked his head, “Yes, in part. He wants to buy out Takehiko and I want his building.”

“His building, why?”

Faust’s eyes glittered in the dim light of the restaurant. He leaned forward and spoke softly.

“I like buildings.”

Izanami whispered sheepishly, “I do too.”

“Really?” he said in a tone that didn’t sound surprised. Izanami whimpered at the closeness of his body. He reached out and took her smaller hand in his own. She felt a tingle of some other emotion crawling up into her body, ideas that only just started to become a reality a few years before. She blushed even hotter and stared down at the table for a moment.

“Do you want to see it?”

She jumped back, “No!”

Faust raised an eyebrow and Izanami sat back down.

“Sorry, I-I thought you meant something else.”

Faust’s eyes glittered again.

“I meant the building.”

“Building?”

“Yes, the tower. Do you want to see it?”

The perverted thoughts that started to seep into her mind blew away instantly.

“In Takehiko Tower? The top?”

Even as she spoke, her voice cracked.

“Why not? I already have ownership of the building, we signed the paperwork this morning.”

“I-I,” she stammered, “They never let me in that building.”

“Why?”

“My grandfather, but it was the only building,” she hesitated, “in Tokyo that I couldn’t get in.”

Faust smiled and leaned forward again. She stared at his lips as he chuckled.

“Are you saying I have the keys to the only skyscraper in Tokyo you haven’t been in?”

She spoke in a little girl’s voice.

“Yes.”

Faust’s smile widened, “You want to see it?”

“Yes.”

“You would do anything, wouldn’t you?”

The tension between them grew even hotter and she flushed. Her hands dropped to her lap as she pressed her legs tightly together. She felt a tingle of excitement burning in the wet core of her body. She felt scared and hyper at the same time as she stared at him. But, a small amount of dignity remained.

“I-I can’t do that, I’m not a-”

Faust grinned, “We’ll figure out something. Come on, let’s go.”

“Now? It’s night.”

Faust stood up and held out his hand.

“So, I heard Tokyo is beautiful at night.”

“It is,” she whispered as she took his hand. He helped her up and guided her out the door. The wait staff wished her a good night politely, but Izanami could hear the disapproval of a fourteen year old girl going out with a man well in his twenties. But, that didn’t stop her from crawling into the limo.

—

Thirty minutes later, she leaned against Faust as they rode up the elevator to the building she stared at as a child. She could still remember that red ball. The anticipation of finally looking down at the park felt as sharp as a knife. She felt so excited about it, she didn’t mind Faust’s arm around her shoulder, holding her against his body. Instead, she stared at the numbers as they flashed up toward fifty.

The door rang out at the top floor. Izanami stepped forward as she stared at the door. Faust let her go from his arm as the door slid open.

Izanami gasped with joy as she stared at the penthouse. Designed to show off the view, she could only see sparkling glass in front of her. The pillars supported it from the inside of the floor, which laid Tokyo out in its glory. Stumbling forward, she raced to the window and stared outside.

A beautiful night with clear skies.

Lights that clung like moss to buildings.

Her mouth opened with excitement as she peered down at the streets, enjoying how the cars flowed through the roads like some sort of pulse of the city.

Panting, she lifted her hands to grind her palm on the glass. It felt icy to her skin and she shivered at the delicious feeling that dribbled down her back to pool in her belly. She gasped even louder as she looked around the base of the tower, looking for the park she remembered so vividly.

Faust's hands laid across hers and she jumped. Looking up, she felt a sudden heat growing between her legs. She looked into his dark eyes and felt weak in the knees.

"Faust?"

He leaned over her as he spoke.

"I'm not going to fuck you, Izanami."

She let out a sigh of relief, but even as the glass fogged in front of her, she wondered what it would be like to be his. She shivered and looked up at his hand, then back into face. Faust followed the gaze, then smiled.

"You are a pretty girl, Izanami."

"T-Thank you."

She felt his gaze burning her skin. Between her legs, in time with the tiny pants that filled her throat, she felt a throbbing. Her clitoris, that tiny fold of flesh that sent tingles to her toes, felt swollen and hot. She wanted to itch it, without even realizing why. Even if he didn't want her, she couldn't help feel that he wanted something from her.

He leaned forward even more, until his lips rested centimeters away from hers. She felt his breath on her skin and parted her lips in anticipation. When he leaned forward, she caught his mouth with her own. A tiny gasp filled the space of their mouths and she felt her first kiss being taken by the handsome stranger.

They broke after a moment, then kissed again. She moaned into the embrace, her hands still pinned to the warming glass. She felt vulnerable and exposed, but excited and hot. Faust let his lips linger on hers before breaking. She gasped at the hotness of his breath, then blinked with shimmering eyes into his gaze.

“You remember the park? Where we first met?”

Izanami whimpered, her heart pounding powerfully in her chest. His other hand cupped her chin and turned her toward the glass. She trembled with anticipation as he guided her gaze down to the shadows between buildings, to the asphalt squares and miniature spaces in the shadows.

She stared out into the darkness until she finally found it. A patch of asphalt in the middle of the city. Then, to her surprise, she saw a tiny speck of red rolling out from the shadows. She shivered, remembering standing in that park.

Then freezing as she felt a hand on her thigh, sliding up. She whimpered loudly, fogging the glass in front of her as Faust's hand pushed her skirt up. Her body shook with excitement, but she didn't dare look back. She wondered how long she could stare at that park as the fingers teased the bottom of her buttocks, tracing the line of her underwear with one curious hand.

Peering through the fogged glass, she watched the ball of red coming to a halt in the middle of the park. It almost distracted her from the hand that cupped her right ass cheek, then wormed a thumb underneath the elastic.

“F-Faust?” she gasped.

He whispered into her ear.

“Yes?”

Her breath fogged the glass even more than his thumb pulling her panties from her buttocks. He slid along the tight curve of her ass. She gasped as thousands of naughty thoughts filled her mind. She knew what he wanted, but she wondered if she could give it or if she just lost control of the entire situation. Then, she realized, she never had control.

A whimper vibrated in her throat.

But, then looking out at the Tokyo, staring at that bright red ball. She felt his thumb pressing against the base of her spine, then moving down into the crack of her ass. She whimpered and leaned against the glass, her breasts grinding on the smooth surface. Hot and suddenly excited, she couldn't see through the fog but her eyes remained riveted, seeing nothing while feeling everything.

Faust's thumb glided down her ass, parting her cheek and resting for the briefest of moments on the tightly puckered opening of her

ass. She wanted to say something, but he moved down after a heartbeat, pulling aside the thin strip of her panties to expose her smooth sex.

Shuddering with excitement, Izanami closed her eyes to enjoy every feeling. Inside her thoughts, she tried to imagine what would come next. A blow job? Rape? Or wild passionate sex right against the glass? She even wondered what he would look like naked. Her legs parted slightly as he pulled the fabric from the slit of her being, then explored her moist folds.

The first man to kiss her and the first man to ever touch her pussy. She felt a world of firsts burning brightly that night. Faust breathed heavily as he parted her outer lips, caressing the tiny delicate folds with the tip of his thumb. She shivered, leaning even more on the glass as her right leg spread out slightly.

“Take off your skirt,” he whispered in her ear.

Hands shaking, she obeyed without question while staring into the fogged glass. Hands dropped down to her waist, fumbling with the zipper of her skirt. His hand curled up between her legs and she felt a pressure on her clitoris. It felt hot and exciting, more so as she let the fabric of her skirt slip from her hips to puddle on the floor. She felt naked, but not nearly as naked as the hand that curled back to circle the slick opening of her sex.

“I-I’m a virgin.”

Her revelation didn’t compare to his own response.

“I know.”

Her head snapped around to stared at him. At the same time, he rubbed his thumb on her clit until her knees grew even weaker. She leaned more on his hands, dangling from his grip as she stared into his dark face.

“H-How?”

“You are a flower, Izanami, but I’ve been also watching you for a long time.”

She found it hard to form a response with his hand exploring her pussy. She spread her legs, letting her shoes tap on the ground to give him more access. He teased her, parting her nether lips and bringing more pleasure to his body, but never plunging into the wet opening of her being. She licked her lips, hungering for him but

Faust contended himself with just bringing her to the edge of orgasm.

“W-What do you want?”

Faust chuckled dryly.

“I want many things, but tonight, I’m looking for one thing.”

His thumb slid up to her ass again, circling around the tight opening. She clenched her buttocks to dissuade him and he chuckled before following the swells of her pussy. She felt him running the tip along the swollen folds, letting them seal back up tightly before parting them.

“W-What?” she gasped.

“I needed this building for one thing.”

“W-What?”

“You.”

Izanami nearly came at his response. She pressed tighter on the glass, her nipples aching as she continued to fog the glass.

“What for?”

“I want you. I’ve wanted you for six years now, ever since I saw you as a little girl.”

“I-I’m only fourteen.”

“Old enough for me.”

“A-Are you...?”

She left her question hanging, but Faust said nothing. He drew his finger away from her pussy. She felt his fingertips circling up to the small of her back, then pushing forward. She gasped and arched her back, squeezing her belly against the surface. She looked down to see her suspended practically in the air, only glass between her and a plummet of fifty stories.

“No, but I want you to do something tonight.”

She whimpered, “What?”

Faust drew away suddenly, his hand abandoning her. She gasped and slumped to the glass, sliding down as her legs spread out. She felt moisture dripping down her thighs. Glancing up, she saw the streaks her body left in the fog. Turning slightly, she looked over her shoulder at the tall German.

Faust smiled and turned around. Izanami blinked as she saw a black cloak rippling out from him, spreading out with his movement.

“F-Faust?”

“Yes?” he asked as he pulled something from his cloak.

“W-Where did that come from?”

He chuckled, “I’ve always been wearing it.”

Izanami frowned, trying to remember the cloak, but it seemed to slip from her thoughts. Part of her mind refused to acknowledge it while the other couldn’t imagine him without it.

Faust held out his hand. She trembled as she took it; he helped her to her feet and she swayed against his body. Blushing, she ran her fingers between her legs to bring the strip of fabric back over the swollen mounds of her pussy.

Hands pulled her close to his body. Her palms ground to his chest, trembling with her frail form compared to his. He brushed her hair.

“Ready?”

“What are we doing?”

“I think the view would be perfect... from outside.”

She looked up with renewed excitement. Faust smiled and picked up the edge of his cloak. The inside looked brilliant red. She watched as he drew it over her, plunging her world into darkness. She felt a stifling coolness wash over her. After a second, she reached out to pull the cloak off.

To her surprise, her fingers didn’t touch fabric. Frowning, she waved out her hand and didn’t feel anything. Turning around, she reached out for Faust but somehow her hands slipped away from him as she turned. When her fingers clutched for him, they curled around nothing. She whimpered in her efforts to reach out for him, but somehow she could reach nothing. Stretching out, she waved her hands in all directions but she didn’t touch flesh, fabric, or metal.

“F-Faust?”

Her voice didn’t echo in the darkness.

“Faust!”

She screamed out as loudly as she could, but only mute darkness responded. She tried to walk in one direction, but as her foot left the ground, she found she couldn’t put it back. Instead, she found herself floating the inky void. Without light, she couldn’t tell if she

moved or remained still and it scared her. She screamed out shrilly, clawing for anything to get purchase.

Minutes later, she came to a stop. Her mind focused on the darkness. Knowing that Faust wanted something from her, she drew her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. Closing her eyes, she let her mind drift into a slump.

And dreams of bouncing red balls on asphalt.

Cold air woke her. She cracked open one eye and stared out into the stunning vista of Tokyo, naked and brilliant. No glass, no steel, no concrete stood between her and the most incredible view she ever saw. Her eyes shifted to the right, looking at Faust as he held open his cloak. It shimmered red in the lights of her city and looked almost as beautiful.

Wind teased at her hair. She felt it tugging on the fabric of her top and the slickness that teased her sex. She shivered with anticipation, afraid to look down. Somehow, she knew that she floated in air, with nothing below her by the city.

Faust made a gesture and she felt the wind rushing up past her. It grabbed her hair and tore at her outfit. She felt cool wind streaming between her legs, sexual and primal at the same time.

Then, without being touched by anything besides nature, something dropped her into the night. Cool wind ripped at her skin and she panted as she accelerated quickly.

She didn't scream, nor did she want to. Somehow, her body falling toward the ground couldn't make a single noise. She found herself staring at the glass of the building, watching the steel girders whip past as she found the clearest view of Tokyo that she couldn't even dream of. Tears dripped from her eyes at the beauty of it.

The wind manipulated her body, twisting it until she plummeted head first. Her legs and arms flailed out below her and she felt butterflies in her stomach. The tears continued to fall as she drank in every sight of the city. She dreamed of seeing the world from so high, but she couldn't imagine she would see it in the reflections of a building.

Then, she caught movement in the flashing lights of the city. It looked like hands coming out from the window, but they matched

her plummet through the air. She stared at the hands, fascinated even as she saw black claws reaching out from dark green digits. She began to pant, unable to make any noise, but her gaze locked on the claws as they reached for her reflection in the windows.

The creature's claws curled in front of her. She saw the limbs passing over her reflection's face, but her vision remained clear as day. She gasped at the sight, wondering if she would feel anything when the creature suddenly ripped its claws apart.

She screamed out as she felt the clothes being torn from her body, shredding instantly. The tips of the claws scored her body, but left only a quickly fading mark on her flawless skin. The figure in the reflection, on the other hand, had a few more scratches, but she remained just as naked as Izanami.

Naked, the wind streamed around her nude form. She felt nature's touch as one long caress against her nipples, pussy, and ass. More intense than she could imagine, she spread her legs further apart just to feel the wind bringing closer to an orgasm of sight, sound, and fantasies fulfilled.

Burning red eyes appeared in the reflection as some creature oozed out of the window. It reached around her image, looming like some beast about to grab its prey. Izanami whimpered, unable to tear her eyes away.

When the demon grabbed her reflection's arms, she felt pressure on her own skin. Powerful muscles pulled them away from her body and let herself be spread open. It only increased the incredible sensations of air whipping past her naked body, lapping at her sensitive nerves with every passing second. She parted her legs even further apart, stretching until her nether lips split to give the wind more access to her womanhood.

Unable to look away, she stared at her reflection. Something gray pushed out from the glass, curling up between her reflection's legs. It writhed and coiled for a second before spreading out into three thick appendages, like tentacles with thick rounded tips.

It took her only a heartbeat to realize they were cocks. Her pussy clenched with excitement, knowing that her virginity remained helplessly vulnerable to the cocks poised to violate her reflection. And somehow, she couldn't pull her legs together.

The sexual excitement from Faust and the wind that blew past her, she did the opposite of what she wanted. She spread her legs even more. Her reflection did the same, spreading lewdly for the demonic cock. She stared at the window, obsessing as the three cocks squeezed together and plunged down at the same time.

Both she and her reflection were violated at the same time. She felt the incredibly thick cock driving into her, tearing her open instantly. Slick and hot, her hole had no chance to resist the creature. The tip of the cock smacked against her cervix, deep in her pussy. Her tight pussy, virginal and unused, sent a spasm of pain and pleasure exploding in her body.

And, for the first time she since began to fall, Izanami arched her back and screamed out with all her might. It felt incredible, so slick and hot and hard as it drove into her. She felt the rounded ends of the demon's cock driving into her pussy, then one pulled out with a wet slurping pop. A second later, the second pulled out even as the first drove back into her. She panted as the cocks slipped out of her, popping out and plunging until it felt like something continually penetrated her body. It stretched her out wetly as the cocks penetrated her, she could imagine as they rolled inside her, pulling out and plunging back in between the other two. It felt like three hands violated her body.

An orgasm, the first orgasm she ever encountered from another touch, began to boil inside her body. Hot and liquid, it drove her almost insane as her body jerked in the demon's claws, his hands holding her arms as his shaft repeatedly plunged into her pussy.

She barely saw the streamer of blood pouring from her pussy, her virgin blood from the pussy that felt the demon's cock but couldn't see it. In her reflection, she watched her body and felt every touch and every claw.

She screamed out, begging for more. In the cold air of her fall, she felt the demon's breath on her neck, when her reflection and her body began to merge together in sensations. She could see the shadow of the demon on her skin.

But, his cock didn't stop. Faster and faster, it pounded into her. Each cock would slurp as it pulled out, then plunge back in with a wet sensation that fueled the fires of ecstasy to unimaginable

heights. Her entire world became nothing but her reflection and the demon's cock.

Then he came. All three cocks drove into her pussy, stretching it painfully apart as they swelled deep in her pussy. She felt the skin almost tearing apart as searing hot liquid exploded inside her. It poured out of her stretched sex and streamed out with her blood. It felt more intense being filled from the inside. The feelings only intensified knowing the demon came into her naked, unprotected sex.

Her eyes snapped opened as she felt the demon's body changing places. It faded from the glass reflection as the claws became more real around her skin. She felt it's heartbeat as it filled her with cum. She felt the roughness of the skin and smell of its orgasm.

As the demon's reflection faded, she saw Tokyo for the last time. Her eyes locked on the tiny little park she played as a child. The bright red ball sat in the middle of the moonlight, reminding her of everything she always wanted.

Wind ripped her tears from her eyes as she felt every fantasy of her life come true. She finally reached the top of every tower in Tokyo. She saw the world from every skyscraper. She came violently, her body tightening into a single red point of light.

She didn't even see the ground as it came rushing up.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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