

Tea, Milk, and Cake
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(KIK)

You can usually find a variety of issues not pertaining to the dysfunction of the insane mind at the Majestic Asylum. There were certain magnitudes of problems the inmates could provide, such as a mindfully synaptic fellow crushing the water pipes with his mind, or an over kinetically-charged patron setting fire to a cement plastered wall, but even then, the complex did have errors that occurred within the realm of the 'norm'. That norm was what Malic Majestic, CEO and main owner of the Majestic Asylum, was dealing with at this particular moment.

Here on his brass lined, birch wood table was a forest of white cream papers and overused pens, stacks and scribbles of text sealed with the hot wax of the Majestic seal (a cog within a gear), and renditions of financial compositions and frugal repair fees, so on and so forth. While Malic had concluded that most of his main staff delegate the issue of construction and underground fixings, some of problems presented were up to him to solve and him alone. Why? Under that pretense, let us just say the Majestic Asylum held much more than a few consciously enhanced individuals in the catacombs of its belly.

Amidst the light of an enormous, crystal-lined window, the black haired, brown eyed Irish nobleman mated the increments of a critical "detail" that had left him stumped for most of the morning hours. He had checked through the compendium records of Majestic Asylum and through all possible routing outlets and inlets, gone over the archives of underground blueprints, and was even provoked to possibly call Vostrikov (his closest friend) for assistance. Ergo, the issue in question was how to move the most intricately thought out and inherently dangerous inmate of his asylum. A telepathic, dream-stealer future bearing mute whom was simply named "Hijack."

Malic was always concerned for Hijack's safety. While the mute did not seem to hold for friendships or anything close to a companion, it was Hijack whom had saved Malic from falling under an unconscious disease that threatened to kill him, that being the time when he and Sapphire had visited Paradise Momentum.

He could have collapsed into a lethal comatose that would render him physically useless. Without Hijack, and the help of his maid, Sapphire, then the nobleman surely would have faced the grim gates of death.

Ah, then there was Sapphire. Just the mere mention of her name was enough to send a furious maelstrom of energy through the Irish nobleman. Malic was quick to pause and recount how much he valued her, how much. . . dare he think it? How much he loved her.

Sapphire played a role of grandiose magnitude in what was the spiraling confusion and lostness that was Malic's life. The death of his only relative and caretaker, Jasper Majestic (his grandfather) had left the young man in a disillusioned world of unfound prospects and a clumsy inheritance of the asylum. There was barely anyone to help him along the way, no real faces of sympathy, simply the fraudulence of money hungry companies and other "nobles" whom had a respect for Jasper's wealth, rather than the man.

But on that fateful day in early November, Malic had made the call and purchase that would change him forever. It was in that time that a girl with the lithe, dancer's grace and refined mannerisms so enigmatically came into his service, bred to be an enslaved maid to whomever would take her, a rabbit

chimera that softened the edges to the nobleman's chaotic, storm breached soul and essence.

After such a time with her, after all that Sapphire had given him, Malic made the ultimatum to set her free on Sapphire's birthday, that romantic month of February, that iconic Wednesday that was the 11th. Ever since then, the lapine had refused to leave Malic's side. In that indomitable time and hour, it was absolute that there was naught but a man and a woman, not master and slave, reduced to perpetuate in the love they had created for the other.

So it had happened three months ago.

Now, Malic could think of his lovely bunny and smile, grin when he would see her sitting in the botanical gardens at the hush of sunset, and rest easy as she fell asleep next to him, the two locked away in the confines of the Majestic Estate.

The Irish nobleman had to shake himself free of the dreamy trance engulfing him at the notion of her. Understanding the appropriate and safe extraction of Hijack was his priority now, and it had to be solved by the end of the month. Always caught in the extremes, he became adrift in the contemptuous ocean of ink and paper so intensely, he was not aware that someone had opened the door to his study and walked in, if ever so timidly and daintily.

The voice abruptly snapped him out of his work.

"Would you like some tea, sir?" demurely queried the love of his young world, the rabbit female, Sapphire.

Malic's gaze flicked upward and met the cool, calm cerulean stare of Sapphire's light blue iris', whom was smiling at him cheerfully in an attempt to avail the stress tensing through the nobleman. He didn't recall asking Sapphire for something such as tea, but somehow, this beautiful woman knew his mannerisms and agitations better than he did. A bit of sweet honey-liquor (a funny title he'd given it) would probably do him some good.

He returned her kind smile and nodded. "Oh, thank you. It's been a long morning," he said amiably, Sapphire gently talking a silver cup from the platinum-braced tray she was holding it and decisively placing it on the nobleman's table. Malic was quick to enlighten himself with a sip from the amber-hued liquid, at the same time keeping an airy fixation on the gorgeous lapine patiently standing before him.

She was always in the attire that would commonly be known as a French-maid's outfit, what with the high-cut satin skirt with an acid white apron, silver buttoned dress with porcelain frills sneaking over her slender shoulders and matching white lace gloves and stockings to grasp at her tender, luscious frame. However, juxtaposed to the allure of that submissive maid was the actual body and features of the girl, her fur a rich, luxurious coat of a sandy-tan and brown, while her hair was a river of radiant blue (the same as her eyes) tied in an intricate ponytail, her nails done with a mirroring hue in order to resonate with a precise and defining characteristic. The only detail that Malic pleaded with her to remove was that blue etching of a cog-and-gear tattoo imprinted in the design of her fur, seated at her right shoulder. It was the mark of the old days where the two were nothing *but* master and slave, and that was an ideal the Irishman wanted gone entirely.

Sapphire, for a reason she would not yet tell him, relinquished the appeal to remove it.

When Malic had driven down the last tender drops of his drink, he offered Sapphire the cup who took it with grace and placed it back on the reflective tray, giving a slight curtsy.

"Thank you, Miss Sapphire. I needed that," said Malic, returning, without delay, to the siege of his papers as his brown eyes traced back to his work. There was a silence in response that he did not seem to notice, devoid of hearing a few footsteps, the resting of a metal plate on wood, and the fumbling with silky fabrics and glistening buttons.

"Would you like more tea, sir?" pursued the rabbit, kindly prodding her love in a direction he had not yet seen. Without looking up, Malic shrugged, obliging.

"Certainly. Thank you then, Sapphire," he stated, scribbling down an array of numbers on the blanch white paper, still ignorant to the vibrant, yet timid, hunger in the lapine's soft blue iris'.

"Would you like some milk with it, sir?" she said, this time with a much softer inflection, one that made the Irishman cock his brow.

Milk?

He looked up from his work to reply.

"Ah, no, Miss Sa-"

He was cut off by a significant force, one that would be able to stop any regular man in his tracks, render every thought function of his brain pointless. Sapphire had undone the satin grasp of her dress, clipped off the silver buttons that left her womanly mantle exposed and protruding, that is to say, her breasts. The two fruits of the rabbit were merely covered by the tapestry of a thinly layered white bra, and the pink mounds of her hot nipples were nearly visible through the prudence of her undergarment. To this, the nobleman's mouth went quite moist.

Sapphire's long ears were at full attention to her love, and she had her hands folded in front of her, as if submissively awaiting some form of treatment. She did nothing, for the taunt of her supple breasts was enough to send Malic in a frenzy, and there was no need to act seductive or wickedly sexual; this demure look of curious anticipation was all she needed.

One could say it took a few moments for the image to register in Malic's mind. No matter how many times he blinked, he still had difficulty in believing it. The lovely Sapphire was always shaped to perfection (mayhaps the one benefit of genetic engineering), and her curvaceous attraction had left the Irish nobleman dumbstruck so many a time, but it was not often he saw her. . . bare. In fact, it was better as thus. To always leave Sapphire nude, to overwhelm her with sexual demands or intimacy was like setting fire to a diamond or continuously tarnishing gold. It was best preserved as a whole.

Wobbly legged and loose minded, the nobleman shakily stood, without understanding the reaction himself. His breathing began to increase in pace, and his heart started to drum with a profound intensity, while that bizarre, fiery glow lit up inside him, an oil to the furnace of his lust and love.

"S-Sapphire. . . what are you doing?" he murmured, not entirely certain of himself, as much as it pained him.

The lapine did not change her visage, tilting her head, appearing with a cute perplexity. "I do not understand, sir. I merely asked if you would like some milk with your tea," she responded coyly, and oh, how she managed her reactions and flirts so very well.

Sapphire glanced downward, took her right hand, and placed it on one breast, massaging the handful delicately, running a finger over the mini-tent of her nipple. "I do believe I have plenty," she stated absently, as though her implementations of this foreplay were utterly nonexistent. It was this very objectivity that made Malic drool, the notion that all this erotic phantasma were nothing more than a common day thing.

He could barely contain himself. Granted, Sapphire herself did not actually lactate, but the coolness and grace by which she claimed this was enough to make him a believer lost in euphoria.

Malic stepped around his desk, feeling a stirring growing in his nether region, brown eyes firmly affixed to Sapphire and her beauty, as though she would be lost should he look away. Rather surprising the rabbit girl, juxtaposed to immediately delving in to her heavenly mantle, he placed his hands on her shoulders, and kissed her, first on the cheek, briefly on the lips, then down to the neck.

Her mechanisms for this little game had briefly vanished. Sapphire was not in control. Assailed by the tender pecks of her absolute love, she was entranced and in a haze, taking her arms and slipping them around Malic, lightly moaning with the sensation of his love smacks. He was able to tease her through his kissing, nearly missing those greatly sensitive spots, and then reinvigorating her with lusty licks on the lips, unleashing her hunger, flooding her tender body with heat, just as he was.

Malic rubbed her sides through the fabric of her dress, managing with relative ease to slip some of the tethers off, Sapphire obliging in her half-closed glances and peeks. He successfully got her top body exposed, the only remaining fabric her bra, still assaulting her with loving embraces and kisses, perhaps in an effort to demonstrate he were more interested in being sweet to her than "taking" Sapphire's body.

She kind of pushed back on him, nudged off briefly to regain herself, face blushing heavily as her breath became deep inhales and exhales.

"You're going to get tired sir," she said between breaths, "take a drink before you wear yourself out," she offered, once again returning to the focus of her lapine fruit, those that even Malic could not grasp fully in his palm. Her idle minded cunning was to become the dominant one here, play the game according to her own rules.

The Irish nobleman was so blurred in thought process he was not content to argue. The civilized function of his brain gave way to the primordial drive that slept within all living things, a dam of intelligence and control now shattered by the tide of desire. With trembling hands, Malic seized the strings of white and unhinged them, tossing them aside when they ceased to tug at Sapphire's delicate form. What remained, of course, was the supple axis of the rabbit's bust, unusually artistic in an erotic sense.

What else could he do but give way to the lapine's offer? He knelt, falling to his knees, and, with steady precision, planted his lips around one of her juicy pink mantles, while in succession using his free hand to grasp and massage the other. A stream of nibbles and tugs were quick to ensue, Malic doing every possible thing imaginable to this one point of a female's form. He let his tongue flit out and moisten the naval, besieged it with caring nips and bits, as his anonymous hand flicked and rubbed the other, rounding over its mantle as it send fields of pleasure billowing through Sapphire.

The maid herself thoroughly enjoyed it. She took her lace-gloved hand and rested it on the Irish nobleman's head, moaning in feverish grunts of pleasure with the endless massaging and licking of a soft, stern mouth. Her love would retreat and react with a sequence of things, switching sides to focus on the other breast, taking the two fruit and pressing them together, experimenting with a lavish of details to derive whatever lust he could muster. Within this world, there was always a giver and a gift. Today, this was Sapphire's gift to her mate, her partner to the end of the cosmos and beyond.

She allowed him to seek out her tight thighs and hips, grasp them, trace his exploring fingers over hidden areas. Half-mindedly, Malic ensued to rid his lovely bunny of her skirt, quickly undoing her grandiose leather belt and revealing Sapphire openly to him, she reduced to her panties, stockings, and high heeled shoes. With this finished, he slowed his sucking and throbbing of her lovely breasts, pausing, breathing heavily to view the wondrous curvature of her entire frame.

Sapphire stroked his hair, and pulled his head to rest on her stomach, letting her cool, soft hands send shivers of delight through his flesh.

He looked up at her, half-smiling, half-dazed, and spoke, as gently as he could. "Miss Sapphire, could you get me some more tea?" he queried, while his love returned that caring smile, bending down to kiss him heavily on the lips, before acknowledging.

"Of course, sir," she said, releasing him to return to the tray, which held a small pot and the empty glass Malic had returned to her.

During this refined foreplay, Malic removed himself of the heavy clothing sifting on his frame, the coat, pants, suit, and all, measuring himself with comfort as he only left a pair of blue striped briefs on. Better to get it out of the way than have a nonsensical task of struggling to remove the enriched attire off his body.

The lapine came back with a clear glass of amber-hued liquid and handed it to Malic, wearing the guise that the nobleman had been exposed like this the entire time. He took it, and greedily swigged it down, washing away a growing dryness that had started to emerge in his throat.

"It tasted quite good with milk, Miss Sapphire," he stated, complimenting the overall game that Sapphire had managed to manifest. His love smiled demurely, but did not break her overall persona, still with inference that all this was a common duplicity.

He then strode forward, and locked his hands around Sapphire, cupping them on her waist, letting his earthly brown eyes mix with her own cerulean iris'. With such enticing whirlpools circulating about them, Malic felt his member begin to grow hard. Through his briefs, Sapphire was able to sense the impending stiffness, but did nothing to admonish or embarrass her love.

"You know, cake goes quite well with tea and milk, sir," implied Sapphire, tilting her head and retaining her monotone, professional voice. Malic blinked. His curiosity was once again aroused, wondering what she meant by 🍰 cake.'

She flicked her ears in an unseen excitement. "Would you like some cake?" she asked auspiciously, barely able to let loose a wide, invigorated grin. Malic was both intrigued and attracted; even if the lapine wasn't referring to something of the flesh, there was at least something sweet in it for him, yes?

"I think that would be nice. What kind of cake is it?" he asked in response, going along with this game, starting to wonder if it would involve a French restaurant.

Sapphire flicked her wrist that was near her hip. With it, the latch to her panties was undone, her body now only clasped with the see-through stockings and porcelain high heels. It fell to the floor as her nether region was exposed, her snatch just barely wet from oncoming anticipation, thirsting and starving for Malic's hard shaft. She then proceeded to sit down on her tight, taut buttocks and spread her legs somewhat, still staring at Malic with her icy blue eyes and blatant, calm smile.

The Irishman's left eye twitched, and a tent had now formed in his briefs. The whole of his entity was smoldering, and a screaming throb had burst in his loins, a loud voice resounding in his thoughts.

You're not getting away this time. If you don't take that, I'm going to throw you off the balcony! The little voice said, his supposed ♦inner animal' that always held his more "illicit" and crude minded impulses.

He didn't need to be coerced any further. Slowly, he pulled down his briefs and did away with them, sending the poor trunks off in some haphazard direction, while he lowered himself to Sapphire, who grappled his shoulders just as his genital had fallen near the opening of her nether lips. Wordlessly, the lapine lover lied down to rest easy on her soft back, while Malic, just teasingly, started to rub the length of his member over her now juicy vulva, Sapphire clenching her teeth when a spasmodic storm of pleasure spiked through her body.

Carefully and gently, Malic placed his tip at the opening of her snatch, and with precise and delicate ease, began to push in, Sapphire letting out a long string of groans when each heated inch of him penetrated her. As he fully slid in, she gave a yelp, her mate holding it there for a few moments, a simultaneous euphoria sweeping through the two before he began his systematic thrusts.

Malic let Sapphire's strong legs coil over his chest and over his neck, while he started his thrusting into her puckering pink loins. Each clash caused the rabbit girl to grunt, yelp, or moan in a long heavenly gush of ineffable sensations, while he himself felt overwhelmed with things that were beyond words, just the phantasmagoria of incredible feelings roll through the vials of the flesh. And, what always starts slowly begins to transcend in speed. Deeper and harder he would go, the pre of the two spurting in light amounts of translucent liquid, a painting in motion that was the ultimate act of love.

Sapphire herself attempted to increase the gourmet of spasms she was experiencing. One of her delicate hands clenched on her large breasts, squeezing it and pulling at it as though it were Malic's own palm. Each time Malic would thrust in to her, she would also attempt to tighten her legs around that push, catch the member and draw out each drip of his seed that she possibly could. Her hips bucked, clenched, and released, while her eyelids remained firmly shut, lost in this river that was known as sex.

Malic began to wonder if it was his imagination. It was a vexing thing, this pleasure, to have your body enticed even further by the caress of silky soft fur, to have at that enormous bunny fruit that you could not even hold entirely. He was lost as the two writhed together, captured by her moist velvet, wishing it would go on and never stop.

One rolling dream managed its success as Malic had his orgasm, letting forth a breaking stream of white hot semen that drenched Sapphire's inner lips, she reacting at the precise same time but letting out a long ♦bunny-howl' of her own, feeling her buttocks and hips shake violently as the last bits of their actions

died down. The nobleman, for a few moments, refused to budge, keeping his length within her, until he finally pulled out, his whole body quivering and sweating with the fury of their drunk romanticism.

Breathing intensely, Sapphire clambered over and rolled on her chest, eyeing her gasping lover as their quick session of intimacy ended. "Did you enjoy your cake, sir?" she said in immense huffs, cyan blue hair dappled with droplets of timid sweat. Grinning, face reddened and blushed, Malic chuckled, his loins retracting from its current stiffness.

"Y-yes. . . it was quite good. . ." he replied with a hint of joking, in some disbelief that his love could manage the game so well. Even after an orgasm, she played her part perfectly.

"There is still some left, sir," Sapphire went on, suddenly taking Malic off guard, "please, have some seconds," she said demurely, while the Irishman's brown eyes went just a tad wider.

Seconds?

Sapphire watched him from behind, taking a slender hand and lightly tracing it around her second hole, that the opening of her anus. She rubbed it fruitfully, sending an appropriate invitation to Malic, while he still looked at her with yet another twitching eye. Sapphire's puff tail somewhat flicked and shivered, attempting to raise a bit so as to leave herself bare and waiting. It was left to her ex-master to see if he was still "hungry."

He paused. He wasn't entirely certain about this. It would be the first time he had divulged in sex with her concerning an orifice that wasn't intended for that type of thing. However, she was offering it to him, she either wanted to experiment or was interested in pleasing him. Either way, Malic did not want to insult her, and began to ready himself for another erection.

The Irishman lumbered over her and eyed her tight, round rump, doing her a brief justice by kissing a cheek and massaging it with his hands. The lovely bunny hummed in pleasant demeanor as Malic's gentle palms roved over her haunches and let loose a few tiny squeezes here and there, dappling it with his fingers and rubbing over the cheeks with gusto. As he did, his member began to reawaken, blood engorging the genital at prospect of once again having a variety of good feelings embrace it entirely.

Finally, he was hardened once again, the penis eager to explore this new, unfound area the rabbit had chosen to share. With curious intrigue and newfound care, he let his tip press at the small puckered area, gazing steadily at Sapphire at the slightest instance of injury.

He began to thrust inward. Luckily, the lubricant from his own juices and the rabbit maid's had allowed for such an easy entrance, the moist warmth sucking at Malic when he, surprisingly enough, got his whole erection down the hole of Sapphire's anus. The lovely bunny had reacted by grunting loudly, she breathing out a new magnitude of huffs with the neo-sensation this had presented her. Suffice to say, it felt good.

Assured that he hadn't harmed his love, Malic started with a new ravenous magnitude of thrusts. It was not a simple matter, however, for he could not penetrate and retract as quickly than with the vagina. The opening was smaller, tighter, and gave far more levels of ecstasy than he imagined, but he could not openly pound his lover at a high junction of speed, lest he cause a ridiculous nuance of problems and tearing.

How the feelings were incomprehensible. The ecstatic phantasma Sapphire felt was more than she could ever imagine. She could not label the sensation, for it was yet another ineffable manifestation that she had so long implored to happen. Now it was. The delight of Malic's member was so great, Sapphire had to lift herself off the carpeted floor and allow Malic to raise her up slightly so as to reduce friction and create more of a simplistic motion, one that was making her feel very, very hot.

The Irishman was uncertain of himself, but pressed on. The tightness was incredible, to the point where he felt he wouldn't be able to go in or out any farther. Clearly, what Sapphire had done was a move in the right direction. He had always heard about the prospect of "anal intercourse" but never really implied to use it, for a great variety of reasons. This euphoria, however, not being one of them.

Then, like so many times, it ended as quickly as it had come. Malic was the one who had the orgasm, Sapphire only left to feel the warmth of his semen ride up her second hole, she remaining in the tide of ecstasy. In this instance, it was really for her mate only, for Sapphire was simply allowed to have a grandiose sensation for an extended period of time, rather than coming to a climax that left her with a consuming afterglow.

Gleefully, the rabbit pulled off the Irishman, toppling over to enjoy the bizarre but wonderful spasms that had racked her anus. Malic was breathing very heavily this time, on his back, sweating profusely from every pore in his body, eyelids half shut in an effort to find some peace. As much as he enjoyed the experience, it was very, very exhausting.

Sapphire crawled to her love, and fell atop him, relaxing on his chest while he draped over her with one of his arms. She giggled and grinned at him, shutting her eyes, tired as well from the quick ordeal.

"Was it tasty, my love?" queried Sapphire, finally returning to her common personality, relinquishing the guise of the ever dominated maid.

Malic laughed hoarsely. "Yeah. . . let's. . . save that cake. . . for a special occasion," he breathed out, neglecting so many factors he would have to deal with when he would get up again.

So, for the time being, a spot of tea, a drip of milk, and a serving of cake had managed to erase the stress of moving Hijack around. He had asked Sapphire what other kind of desserts she had, but she only laughed, kissing him and saying he would have to wait to find out.

The Irishman was quite eager to find out the "cake" he would have for his birthday.

= **End** =
(KIK)