

## All Bark, No Bite

“Could it be...that you...?” Omitsu stuttered, a knife hidden behind her back as she cried out, “You’re not human?!”

The old woman screamed as she was dragged into the cool night breeze, Daki’s obi wrapped tightly around her. They levitated in the air, and tears rolled down Omitsu’s face as the demon woman laughed at her stupidity. Why reveal your suspicions that someone is a demon when you’re obviously no match against them? That’s how everyone else survived.

“Farewell, Omitsu...”

“No...stop...” she pleaded, only for the belts to release their grip and she fell to her end. The crunch of her neck was all the proof Daki needed to confirm that she was dead, and as a crowd gathered to investigate the corpse, she skipped back to her room, uncaring of the shrieks down below.

Swooping in from the open window, she was outraged at what waited inside. Her lips curled in disgust as she cried out, “What the hell are you doing in here?! Get out! I hate dogs!”

Sitting patiently, the dog opened her mouth and said, “I’m here to deliver a message. To both of you.”

Daki gasped at the realization. That was no dog before her, as evidenced by how fur melted away, and a woman replaced the animal that had been sitting in her room moments before. Her luscious figure was draped by a dark kimono, patterned with blooming, crimson camellias. Yet, her head was still that of a dog with black eyes that disappeared in the darkness of the room.

She was an Upper Moon. Leagues ahead of her in speed and strength. Cunning. Vicious. A favorite of Lord Muzan’s.

“Muyume!” Daki exclaimed, bowing her head, hoping this sign of respect would atone for her previous outburst. “I had no idea you were coming!”

Her superior gave a single nod.

“Get out now, idiot!” Daki criticized internally, “She wants to talk to both of us!”

Obediently, her brother came forth, and Muyume stared. From Daki’s flawless skin came a demon covered in dark spots. From Daki’s soft flesh came a man of muscle and protruding bones. A mop of unruly hair rose up, and glowing eyes met her own. His pale, green irises were nearly drowned out by the golden sclera surrounding them. Were it not for the grin growing on his face, she would have assumed he was sickly.

“Now, now, little sister,” the man drawled, his voice like the cawing of a crow, “No need to be so rude... We’ve got a guest... There’s a real *half*-woman in our midst...”

The air was thick. A low growl emanated from Muyume’s chest, and the gleam of canines caught the light as she snarled, a warning to Gyutaro to know his place. He smirked.

Remembering her task, Muyume sighed, crossing one leg over the other, noticing Gyutaro’s eyes follow the movement as her kimono rose to expose the tantalizing flesh of her thighs. She smiled at how he licked his lips, her former annoyance dissipated, and said, “Slayers are on the move. Be aware of your staff and any newcomers around you. There’s word that a Hashira is making his way-”

Gyutaro interrupted with a cackle. Muyume raised a brow, and he sneered, “Such a fine piece of meat is worried about me? Today must be my lucky day...”

“Let her finish, Big Bro-!”

“Warabihime!” a voice shouted from outside the door, “Warabihime! Omitsu is dead!”

“Shall we kill them?” Gyutaro offered, revealing his blood sickles.

“Don’t do that! I don’t want to create a new identity again! Hide in there! Now!” Daki half-shouted, pointing at the closet at the other end of the room. She fixed her disguise as Gyutaro and Muyame concealed themselves in the *oshiire*, though it was nearly impossible to do so comfortably, the second shelf making them huddle even closer together.

The moment they slid the thin door shut, a stranger barged into her room, crying out in hysterics over the lady of the house being dead. Daki feigned ignorance, feigned shock, as the woman went on and on, asking if she had seen Omitsu before the accident, if it *was* an accident.

But within the *oshiire*, the heat was already taking its toll. Cramped into the small area, Muyume grimaced as Gyutaro squirmed around. She lay on her belly atop the soft quilts, and Gyutaro had her caged with his body, the two of them on all fours.

“Stop that,” she whispered when he tucked his head into the crook of her neck, to which the man replied, “Can’t help it. You smell so nice...”

Long fingers ran through her hair as he continued, “I bet you bathe in flowers and nectar...and you sleep under soft covers whenever you want...”

He rested more of his weight on top of her, and added, “I guarantee you get fucked every night, don’t you? With this body...” He grinded his hardening length against her ass, earning a surprised mewl from Muyame as he muttered, “...you get *anything* you want, right?”

Rolling her hips into his, Muyame snickered as Gyutaro sucked in air through his teeth, his cock straining against his pants. Loving the press of his dick against her clothed cunt, she said, “I *do* get everything. A decent night. And a good meal.”

Gyutaro loved her sultry voice. His body grew hot - hotter than ever before.

“I’ve never felt the touch of a woman...” Gyutaro confessed, arms curling around her middle cautiously, like she’d disappear into a cloud of smoke if he made one wrong move, “Never touched one like this either...”

He waited for her refusal. Waited for her to jump and throw things at him. Waited for her to lash out, “*Don’t touch me, you monster! Hideous creature! How dare you think you can lay a finger on me?!* ”

“*Dirty, filthy, disgusting! You’ll spread your filth onto me! You’ll make me rotten like you!*” Those were the words he was waiting to hear. After all, as his hands rise to grope the soft swell of her breasts, what other reaction should she have? Especially since she’s just so beautiful. Such a looker like her shouldn’t be accepting a touch from a creep like himself.

But she doesn't push him away. Instead, she continues to wiggle her ass against him, letting out the quietest of sighs. Hesitantly, he slips his hands beneath her kimono, and the sudden whimper she makes when his fingertips graze her nipples blinds him momentarily. It's a sound too wonderful for his ears. And he **needs** to hear it again. Grabbing the collar of her kimono, he prepares to rip it right off of her when-

"What do you mean you don't know what happened to her?!" the voice screeches from outside, "One moment, I see her walking over here to your room! The next: she's dead outside!"

"I already told you: I haven't seen the old hag at all today!" Daki retaliates. The woman must have left the door open, that's the only explanation as to why she hasn't killed her off yet.

"Damn..." Gyutaro muttered under his breath, "Even when the chance of a lifetime is right in front of me, I can't take it. Guess you'll have to be a good, little dog for me and stay quiet, huh?"

He leaned close to her ear and snarled, "Roll over..."

Doing as instructed, longing to relieve the throbbing of her sex, Muyume flipped onto her back and slowly slipped her kimono off her shoulders, opening it to reveal the curves hiding beneath the fabric. Gyutaro's jaw went slack, his previous cockiness replaced by awe as his eyes drank in the sight of her.

He was silent for a moment, needing a second to regain himself. Impatience made Muyume squirm, and she whined out, "Touch me."

He couldn't bring himself to move. He was locked in this position, even though his dick twitched, begging for friction.

Muyume huffed, "Fine. If you won't help me..." Sighing as she slipped her fingers through her folds, gathering the slick while occasionally rubbing gentle circles along her clit.

"...then I'll..." - gasping as she stared up at the demon's wide eyes - "...do it myself..."

Gyutaro couldn't peel his gaze away. His eyes were locked on the motion of her fingers that were now pumping into her hole. Whatever hollering and fighting going on outside the room didn't matter, as his ears were trained on Muyume's soft moans.

As much as this somewhat eased the desire welling up inside herself, she needed more. Something only he could give. And judging by the enormous bulge between his legs, there was *so much* he had to give.

Gyutaro nearly blew their cover when her hand palmed at his groin, biting his tongue to prevent the groan threatening to release itself. That was all he needed to snap back to the present.

*"This woman..."* he thought to himself as he freed his cock, *"...I can't believe that she'd actually want someone like me..."*

He doesn't know if he should feel proud or ashamed of himself for such a score. Part of him still thinks it's a trick. Part of him thinks it's a miracle.

Drool pooled in Muyume's mouth at the sight of his cock, so veiny and glistening with pre-cum. Removing her fingers from herself, she happily wrapped her legs around his thin waist and extended her arms to him, inviting the demon into her embrace.

But as willing and excited as she was, Gyutaro only felt cold sweat running down his back. His heart thundered in his ears as he passed his length through her folds, wincing at the warmth that greeted him.

"Hurry..." she pouted, her own hand, covered with her juices, wrapping around his dick to line himself up with her awaiting entrance. But he still stared, dumbstruck.

*"He just needs a little encouragement..."* she realized.

"Blood Demon Art: Seduction..." she cooed, trailing a claw along her collarbone. The scent of her blood wafted in the limited air of the *oshiire*, but it was not the metallic smell of death that he was accustomed to. Oh, *no*. This was the smell of temptation, setting his blood aflame, throwing his reasoning out of his skull.

*Want. Desire. Lust. A carnal need that he can finally satisfy.*

The wonderstruck look in his eyes was replaced by a dark craving. He glared down at Muyume with a toothy grin before saying, “You’re *that* desperate, huh?”

A woman’s scream signaled the end of the intruder. And stomping that went from vibrating the floorboards to silence meant that Daki was also no longer in the same room.

Gripping her hips, he finally gave the first push into her wet heat. All efforts at remaining quiet were eradicated. A deep rumble left Gyutaro’s chest as he relished in this new feeling. This pleasure that swallowed him in the same way that her pussy did. More and more and more. Pushing deeper and deeper into this heavenly bliss until every inch of his cock had been sheathed inside of her.

He was already a panting mess, and she was equally as disheveled. Looking down at the lovely woman underneath him, a burning began below his ribcage.

*“She’s too good for me...”*

Withdrawing himself from her, only to miss how well her walls hugged him, and in effect, immediately thrusting himself back inside, a shudder racked his spine. Muyume’s pleased cry nearly made him cum on the spot. And all his reluctance melted away as he found a rhythm in his movements.

Muyume held onto his broad shoulders and whimpered at every buck of his hips. There were no thoughts in her head, only a love for the increasing ecstasy building up within her core.

“You sure are shameless, aren’t ya?” Gyutaro jeers, slamming into her. Muyume can only mewl and gasp as he spits out, “Letting a demon you just met into this pussy...this tight...*tight*...pussy...”

His thrusts falter for a moment, and the realization that his orgasm is rapidly approaching hits him like a blow to the chest, knocking the wind out of him.

He can’t lose this. This is the closest he’s ever been to another living thing. She’s too wonderful. Too giving. Too good at taking his cock...he has to be sure she’ll stay.

“Let me breed you...” he mutters, and it’s more of a command than a plea, “...You’re a *bitch* in heat...I’ll settle ya down...” And when she nods fervently, whining out, “*Please,*” the pace he had set for himself to last as long as possible becomes one that seeks his own pleasure instead. He ruts into her, groaning and spewing out curses, his pelvis grinding against her twitching clit with every quick snap of his hips.

Their panting and squelching bounced off the walls, probably seeping through them and into the next rooms as well. But that doesn’t matter. Let them hear.

“You’re loving this cock, aren’t ya, pet?” Gyutaro snickers, leaning forward to run his tongue along her bleeding collarbone. Muyume’s back arches as she attempts to answer his question, but the noise that comes out of her mouth is more of a squeal as his wet muscle slithers along the curvature of her collarbone, and she nearly screams when he sinks his fangs into her neck. But his large hand is quick to clamp over her mouth.

“Good dogs don’t howl.” His growl rumbled from his chest and traveled straight to her fluttering pussy. And as he continued to drink the sweet blood, as he continued to taste the aphrodisiac, as he continued to gasp in her ear, Muyume’s eyes rolled to the back of her head as her toes curled.

Wound up so tightly, like the drawstring of a bow, pulling and pulling. There’s so much tension, so much waiting to be set free. Until finally...

“Gyutaro!” she cries out, that cord in her belly snapping as she trembles in his arms. The tightening and overwhelming pleasure of it all sends the man into a spiral. His abs contract as he gives one last push, before gushing hot ropes of cum into her. It fills her, more than she realized she could take. Flowing and flowing until it becomes *overflowing*. The heat of his cum warms her insides, and Gyutaro beams with pride as he runs a finger along the slight bulge where he knows he is inside of her.

The demons catch their breath, sweat mixing as Gyutaro allows his body to rest on top of hers. He flinches as she cards her fingers through his hair, the kind touch unfamiliar to him. He

closes his eyes, allowing himself to show the smallest bit of vulnerability as she continues bestowing him with affection.

The outside world doesn't exist at this moment. In this small space, stuffed with heat and passion, for the first time in over a century, or maybe for the first time in his entire existence, Gyutaro, in the arms of this beautiful temptress, feels something close to humanity.