

My Web, My Pet, My Rules

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by [sultrysapphics \(sappysapphics\)](#)

Summary

Cat and Mouse Games are quite amusing, but eventually Kafka was bound to get bored of running in circles and try a far more direct approach. Ambushing Himeko in her bed was a necessity, the restraints come complimentary to that, and the strings piercing through her consciousness to rewrite her from the inside out? Those are...for atmosphere~

I hadn't intended to write a fic that was quite as MUCH as this, but things happened and the more I wrote the more dramatic tensions escalated until we have this literal mindfuck! Please look out for the archive warning on this, just in case it's not your cup of tea, but if you're looking up a mind control fic it probably is.

Notes

Another fic hopping on the Kafka/Himeko train. I had intended to write another Arlecchino/Furina one after my last Kafka/Himeko one (The Glint of Wine at Midnight), but I got distracted and when I woke up this was written. Oops!

As I said in the summary, please mind the content warning on this one just in case it's a sensitive matter for you, please put yourself first, and approach these topics in the real world with as much respect as humanly possible, fiction like this exists to explore power fantasies and circumstances that are purely for the sake of those indulgences within safe environments. This is for the kinky ride!

That being said writing this was entirely motivated by how much I enjoy writing characters with mind control/enchantment abilities being lesbian as fuck, so here we are!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

"There you go~ give it all up to me. Surrender every scrap of individuality into the web~" Kafka purred from above, her eyes glowing in the dim light of a shadowed bedroom, lit only by the flashes of a cosmic storm passing by the windows of the Astral Express distantly. Kafka's strings netted across the entire room, curling back to one of her hands, as the other one was cupping Himeko's chin, and toying with her lips using her fingertips. "Submit to the many ways they tangle and grind all thought into dust."

Himeko's breathing grew heavier and heavier, as her wrists desperately tugged against the restraints pinning them against the wall, the same strings that were curling through her hair and prodding into the corners of her consciousness. Her breasts felt light weights on her lungs, pressing them down to strangle out the air from her lungs with every heaving pant. Coming down heavier and heavier under Kafka's command.

"You're getting so close- you just need to give up Firecracker~" Kafka urged, caressing her fingers under Himeko's chin, and slowly slipping them up, sending shockwaves down her spine from the tender touch.

"K-kafka- get them- get them out~" Himeko moaned, her mouth lolling open as another wave of heat hit her nervous system, causing her insides to twitch and face to haze with a lustful stare upwards at her dominator. "my mind- it's all going hazy~" Himeko's eyes started to shut, before, through sheer force of will she kept them open.

"That's the big idea~" Kafka giggled in her low register from above, licking her lips as she slowly slid her hand down from Himeko's chin to the plunging neckline of her dress. "a prude like you in a dress like this? You could use some adjustments to make you into the depraved pet I want you to be~"

Kafka slid her hips backward down Himeko's body as if grinding on a pole until her face was so close to Himeko's, that her lips parted on instinct. Sure enough, Kafka and Himeko's lips met, in a smear of red and purple.

Himeko wasn't sure why her body responded the way it did until the webs weaving through her consciousness started to show themselves. The neon strings decorating her room were very obvious, but these influences of cognition and thought that was weaving through the channels of her brain were so hidden that Himeko only felt one when it tugged. Himeko's tongue flattened against the bottom of her mouth, inviting Kafka to slip into her mouth and dominate it without resistance. Himeko's eyes shut tight, and thighs clenched as her body was far more sensitive than normal. Just a caress of the lips had her feeling like a bitch in heat, and the taste of Kafka's kiss was similar to the buzz of alcohol invading your system and deluding common sense into hedonistic impulses.

Kafka's lips pressing against hers makes her drool, unabashedly drool like she was nothing but a woman experiencing the reigning pleasure of a vengeful goddess of lust. Despite as much as she wanted that celestial image to linger in her head...there was something less embarrassing about that alternative, Himeko knew what this really was. She was the victim of a succubus, that she had been too weak to resist the charms of. She was fighting, but she was losing, Kafka's lead only growing with every moment that they swapped spit and Himeko

could smell her perfume. Ingesting through any of her senses, Kafka's domination, only made the grip those strings had in her mind tighter.

Even then...as Himeko's eyes closed, and her whimpers into Kafka's lips grew...a part of her had surrendered.

"Finally~" Kafka growled, pulling back from the kiss, and looking down at Himeko, holding herself up on her hands. "the first seam~"

Kafka rose her torso back up, wiping the spit from her lips with one hand, and then motioning upwards with one finger to Himeko, her finger glowing with a pink string that connected right to the middle of Himeko's forehead.

"You're a wicked creature~" Himeko snapped up at Kafka, trying to muster the energy to animalistically snap her teeth at the woman above her, but all that came out was a heated whimper among a bratty rebuke. "having to rely on a trick like this~" Himeko gulped, not making her case any better as she continued to heave through lustful breaths, showing that Kafka's control was very effectively giving her what she wanted!

"Oh baby~" Kafka purred, staring downwards with another sadistic glimmer in her eyes. "I don't do it because it's easy- on the contrary- your will is quite strong." Kafka evaluated with respect. "I do it because it turns me on to rewrite your very mind into being mine~"

"Control freak~"

Kafka's hand cracked downwards and struck Himeko across the cheek with the back of her gloved hand. At the same time, the thread in her forehead tugged.

"KAH!" Himeko cried out in pain, seeing white for a moment as the unexpected strike expertly struck her across the face. The pain blasted through her body, causing it to twitch in a way she wasn't used to, the raised sensitivity also affecting her pain tolerance. The hardness of the leather glove, and Kafka's knuckles beneath, it would definitely bruise her cheek in the morning. Yet...it made her so fucking wet. It moistened her chest, and in the absence of any air in her lungs from her yell of pain, her entire oxygen system felt different. Each breath wasn't just carrying air in her blood cells, but spreading a toxic infection from her brain to her toes with each thump of her heart. A strike like that the starting pistol, in a climbing wave of increased lust, oozing through her skin.

"I think the only freak here is you- babygirl." Kafka disagreed, shaking her head with a disappointed tut. "Conversion of pain to pleasure normally takes several of these threads~" Kafka waved with the hand connected to her forehead. "but it took me just one...you're a hardcore masochist aren't you~?" Kafka fully bit her lip, the realisation striking as she spoke, and causing Kafka to feel the most turned-on she had all night.

"So what if I am." Himeko fought back, the adrenaline from Kafka's slap giving her enough energy to push back yet again. "Going to use that to break my mind even more? I'm not ashamed of that."

"Not ashamed of being a wet little slut with an extreme preference for pain, from dominant women who want to keep you as their personal slaves?"

"I didn't say that~"

"But you thought it~"

"Liar."

"Do you want me to start repeating your other fantasies until we can agree that I've read you inside and out?"

"This one is quite simple- just a little facesitting?" Kafka questioned with a drawling smugness in her voice as she wiggled her bare ass back and forth.

Himeko's face was entirely taken up by the Stellaron Huntress' cunt, and against her better judgement, she was devouring from it like an obedient puppy scooping up water from its bowl. Her restrained hands didn't allow her to pull Kafka's butt down further to get a full mouthful, so she was left with whatever she could lick up at the maximum extension of her tongue...or whatever would drip back down onto her face from those velvety folds.

Consuming the pink was just as intoxicating as the kiss had been, the sensation wasn't reserved for just the upper set of lips.

"You have a *very* dextrous tongue!" Kafka complimented, sending more shivers down Himeko's front. Kafka had her legs in a full set of splits, laying her calves on the top of Himeko's restrained arms, while one hand sat on her back, and she was using the arch of her thighs to tempt Himeko with more pussy like delicious hanging fruit. The twitches of her clit like the rustling of leaves in the breeze. "I'm a little jealous at how often the Trailblazer and that delightful pinkette get to enjoy this kind of treatment~" Kafka poked fun, feeling Himeko's tonguing get a little more vindictive and smiling to herself as the string in her free hand grew even thicker from the formed connection.

"I do not sleep with Stelle or March- they are passengers on my train." Himeko objected, breathing mostly through her nose to keep her mouth free to lather Kafka's sex with her worship. Even as she regained her ability to decline the woman hovering over her...she continued to lick. That was her purpose right now...she had fallen into a schedule of work and was determined to lead the project to its climax.

"Although, how often have you thought about it?" Kafka proposed, tugging at the string in her hand.

"once~" Himeko moaned, the words slipping from her lips as heat gathered to make her breasts flush pink. The strings forced her to answer, compelling her and stuffing her mind with lust.

"Once?" Kafka questioned again, looking at the brightening string, and running her hand down Himeko's neckline again. Before slipping over the top of her dress, to pressed one fingertip down on the hard nub of a nipple that was lifting the fabric.

"Once a week~" Himeko moaned as the stimulation, even through the fabric, would have been enough to make Atlas falter. With pleasure as intense as this, why wasn't Kafka touching her pussy? She would have been fucked senseless in minutes from how hot her skin felt, but Kafka's lack of interaction with her privates made her suspicious...she was being edged...

"Once a week is very often~ what kind of things do you imagine them doing to you?" Kafka asked, as her body posture shifted, sliding her legs back together to place her knees on either side of Himeko's head and lower her muff onto Himeko's face at a better angle, to reward her for her obedience. Himeko drank up the positive reinforcement just as planned, suckling desperately in the same way a drunkard loves their bottle.

"I often imagine myself dominating them." Himeko moaned, confessing as her legs twitched in place and clenched together so hard to hide just how sodden her dress was around her crotch from Kafka. She was sure though, that Kafka felt her embarrassment, as Himeko's face turned bright red and hot pressed between Kafka's thighs. "Stepping on March and watching her beg me to cum with her thighs locked around my heel. To plant my pussy on Stelle's face and demand that they pay for their ticket through sexual service. To take both of them on walks, crawling with leashes through these hallways in degrading outfits...or being pushed against the windows to bare their breasts and faces to the vacuum and judgement of space..."

"When I'm done with you- I'll move onto them then- or make them do those very same things to you in return~" Kafka cruelly plotted, wiggling her ass down on Himeko's face.

"MPH--" Himeko squealed in alarm, as her entire view turned dark and all she could feel was the dampness soaking into her cheeks. Her tongue pressed to new depths inside Kafka that made even the seasoned dominatrix's walls contract with pleasure, as Himeko serviced the pussy currently suffocating her and informing her of all the ways she was going to destroy her. Kafka's ass lifted after a few moments, leaving a long trail of spit between Himeko's lolling tongue and Kafka's folds. "y-you c-can't Kafka!"

"Could, would, should." Kafka remarked, her own pink blush growing as she fondled one of her own breasts. "If you're suggesting it is impossible- you are simply incorrect, and if you're suggesting I shouldn't then let it stand as a testament to how low I am going to bring you- that in the morning you'll be soaking wet over the very idea of it~" Kafka threatened.

"Why not just take me. Do your sick things to my body, corrupt my very being~" Himeko struggled, tugging against the string cuffs on her wrists again, to even less avail as her strength was leaving her from the mounting edging. "live out your perverted fantasies of domination and control on me, but leave them alone! I'll come willingly and surrender entirely right now if you promise not to turn them into whatever I'm going to be!" Himeko's eyes squinted tight, still licking, still feeling Kafka get wetter herself with each instant of submissive talk.

"Oh, honey~" Kafka purred, sliding her free hand from her own breast to grab Himeko's throat and start to ride her face with a bucking of her hips. Tightening her grip enough to let her hand act as the anchor to swing her body back and forth into Himeko's tongue. "we'll see how you feel about that after I've rewritten every fibre of your slutty little brain. I'm sure you'll get lonely if it's just you- you might start peeing on the carpet." Kafka condescended, like speaking to an animal.

"aghk" Himeko moaned nearly silently as the fingers curled around her throat and jeopardised her already rapidly thinning air supply into an even more narrow passage through her neck. Himeko had to choose to serve or to breathe, and god knows she was choosing to serve.

"Choking as well?" Kafka laughed from above. "Kinky~"

Kafka continued to ride Himeko's face, not allowing for further objections, toying with the borders of Himeko's consciousness as right when the air deficiency would get to her, she would get a gasp of delicious fragrance through her lungs. Not only feeling especially cool, from the fluids on her face and being trapped in a hotbox of heat, but each burst of cold air in her lungs and across her face would give her even more of Kafka's enchanting aura through her throat. Kafka's hand, connecting to her forehead like a leash was weaving, and each bit of her that got hooked on Kafka would inevitably be used against her but she didn't care.

"That's~ it~" Kafka panted, as her body tensed, and Himeko's face was showered in the fruits of her labour. She would have tried to lap them up, but Kafka's body swung around to sit on her chest before Himeko's tongue could start to clean up the wet aisle she had left between Kafka's thighs.

Kafka's body landed with a bounce, her hand releasing Himeko's throat, and placing both hands on either side of her head against the wall. Himeko took her first chance in minutes to look at Kafka's body..and she seemed even more beautiful in the aftermath of the cunnilingus...the fluttering of her faintly squinted eyes and solid pupils...the curve of her hips pushing down on Himeko's stomach. Where her breasts hung right at eye level, and if Himeko hadn't been trapped by her wrists, she may well have bounded forward like a dog tied to a post to try and wrap her lips around the nipples that were so, so close.

"Such a good girl making me cum like that~" Kafka panted, her heated breaths like the ripple of blankets pushing the air out beneath them as they flattened out over a mattress. "aren't you~"

"Yes~" Himeko nodded, her mouth hanging open to show her tongue, as her eyes briefly glimmered with violet, the strings phasing through her head twitching once in place with an affirmative signal. Himeko certainly enjoyed being called a good girl for Mommy ~

"Yes, what?" Kafka prompted Himeko, swinging her breasts like pendulums right in front of Himeko's eyeliner.

"Yes..." Himeko repeated again, her slack mouth about to pronounce the word she knew Kafka wanted so badly...but the fire in Himeko fought back. The hazy lust overtaking her mind and the addiction to Kafka's pleasure was wrapped in constraints of metal, unfurling

and clamping in place to hold back the worst impulses corrupting her soul. "No. No!" Himeko's eyes flared back to life as she rebuffed the control.

Despite this, a second thread wormed out from her forehead...and slowly wrapped in a little spiral cone around Kafka's extended fingertip, forming the second thread within her grasp.

"So needlessly difficult Himeko—" Kafka sighed, shaking her head in disappointment that made Himeko's whole body whine on a biological level... "and despite your objections, a second thread joined my hand- meaning that despite all of this defiance—"

"You really *love* to hear yourself talk, don't you?" Himeko snapped back, mustering her courage before—

"Meow."

The threads tugged.

"Mew~" Himeko complied, letting the tiny, adorable feline sound leave her lips as her eyes instantly softened into a submissive look. What of Himeko's consciousness that could object, did, it wailed as the parachute chord was pulled and common sense was thrown back into an abyss within an instant of hope returning to her defiance of this treatment. Her lips creased, and Himeko winked making the noise, trying to appear as cute as possible.

"Bark."

Another harder tug threatened to rip her mind.

"Aroof!" Himeko obeyed again, the sound leaving her mouth an instant after the command was completed, with little regard for personal dignity. This time her tongue lolled from her mouth, and her eyes both widened, her torso arching forward to the best of its ability to grow as close to her owner as she could with a dedicated enthusiasm. Himeko felt the phantom sensation of a tail wagging from her butt, and brushing against the sheets behind Kafka's body.

"Hmm...I'm not sure which one I like more!" Kafka giggled, shifting her hand from side to side as if swishing a lever, and watching Himeko's expression change between the two modes.

As it moved back and forth, ricocheting elegantly behind a deep-seated psychological obsession, and transparent enthusiasm for worship, Kafka evaluated each one thoroughly. Both were adorable to see in the expression of the dignified woman that she was breaking, and it was hard to know where to start. However, one must make a decision, so Kafka chose.

"Let's take a trip to the parlour- pet~" Kafka purred, sitting back and standing up, as a series of strings lashed out from her hand to form a collar around Himeko's neck, the restraints around her wrists going limp...

All of Himeko's pride left her, staring up at the swaying ass of sexual royalty before her.

Being led crawling, by a woman who still had red lipstick plastered around a set of completely bare thighs, marched down the hallway of a train without an ounce of anxiousness or fear about who might see her. Himeko crawled over carpets that kept snagging against her dress being pushed down into it, with her eyes locked on the faint shimmer of sweat on Kafka's ass, and the trails of the same cum that stained Himeko's face running down her thighs. Kafka paraded her body, taking Himeko's own pride away to move with tenfold of her own.

Following in the wake of a woman that mighty it was impossible not to feel inferior, and moreover, owned. The fact that Himeko was still in her dress made it worse. Being naked would have been embarrassing, but being seen in clothes that highlighted her majesty and dignity, on a leash, was even worse. The height of her presentation being brought low for her passengers, god forbid March or Stelle to see her in this state...

"Empty? Hm. Disappointing." Kafka remarked as her head popped into the Parlour room, panning to look around and then rolling her eyes once she realised she would not be getting an audience. A handbag swung from one of her arms, and while Himeko's vision had been too hazy to make out a solid shape, she could have sworn Kafka loaded something phallic into it...

The pet and her owner walked towards the bar of the parlour, with Kafka nonchalantly dropping her bag on a seat on the way, motioning for Himeko to approach. Her flushed face must have looked truly pathetic, as she hobbled closer, and looked up to where Kafka was patting the bar.

The train was oddly sinister at night...Himeko's fear of someone coming in at any moment for a late-night tipple made every single entrance and window to this room feel like it was doomed for disaster at any moment...

"Get on." Kafka commanded, tapping her nail on the bar. Though...the strings from her hand didn't tug...

"Nmph-" Himeko couldn't bear to open her mouth, so a needy whine of objection came up instead as she moved to her knees and faced her chin away. "Hmph!"

"I told you-" Kafka warned, her purring voice getting even lower and more dangerous as one heeled foot slammed between Himeko's thighs and put pressure right on her hyper-sensitive pussy. "to bend over the bar."

"NYAHHHH~" Himeko reeled from the pleasure, her lungs emptying in a single moment as she slumped over Kafka's leg pressing down on her. She could have forgotten about the dress on her body, and honestly mistaken any of her skin for the centre of her erogenous zone as her entire nervous system felt the crash from that brief flash of electric ecstasy passing from Kafka's foot, into her pussy and upwards. It had her panting, it had her desperate, it had her so eager to obey.

Himeko's body shot up the moment that Kafka's foot receded from between her thighs, and her body flopped down over the bar. Laying her hands in front of her head, and raising her butt to give Kafka the view to end all views~

Himeko displayed, with all the humiliation she had left the utterly drench grey spot in her pure white dress. The dress hugged tight to the curve of her peachy ass, so tight that it nearly tore as Kafka squeezed each cheek with her clawed fingers to make Himeko wince and gasp from the sensation of having her holes parted like so. Kafka barely had to wave her fingers to see how the smell of sex was tainting the dress, and the fluids that Kafka had been slowly teasing out of Himeko were forever marring the purity of the elegant white garment.

"Good kitten~" Kafka purred, her lips parting into a broad smirk, and eyes widening as she drank in the delicious sight of feminine humiliation. Her hand slipped beneath the rim of Himeko's dress where it split to show her leg, and peeled it up to unveil the present before her. "I'll teach you better than to fight back."

The long sticky strands that curled away, as Kafka pulled the dress out of the way, revealed a swollen pink pussy beneath, nearly glowing from how sodden the skin had grown. So thick with wetness that the light danced off of it like sunlight through a puddle of needy pink. Every inch of Himeko's sex was vulnerable, and so, so desperate for any kind of touch. Kafka herself gulped, not feeling fear of course, but feeling a sudden anticipation climb for what noise she could tear from Himeko's throat if she even touched it.

"What if I just left you here like this~" Kafka crooned, her voice like jagged glass grating into Himeko's mind. She felt the strain of those mental threads pulling away, and a primal fear overtook Himeko.

"No! No please!" Himeko squealed, raising her ass higher, trying to present it as even more of an offering. A wave of humiliation hit her. She wasn't even trying to contend with Kafka, all she could do was make herself more appealing and beg that it was good enough, there was no more fighting back.

"Oh, but my dear~ sex should be loving." Kafka disagreed with a condescending tut. "People should beg for it to show how much they want their Mistress~"

"P-please~" Himeko began with a feeble whine.

"Louder." Kafka commanded without a second thought, her voice shutting down Himeko's and forcibly restarting it with a jolt of electricity through her body as Kafka brushed a single fingertip along the line of Himeko's pussy. Just surface level, from South to North.

Himeko would have cum right then and there if every muscle in her entire body was not fiercely clenched to prevent herself from melting into a puddle. It felt like literal lightning was arcing through her synapses, the simultaneous detonations of a hundred charges of ecstasy coded into the very DNA of her body. Everything twitched and lurched with the impact of cannon fire. She was glad her lungs emptied from the impact because Himeko couldn't fathom the sound that would have emerged from her lips if she had even a wisp left in her.

"PLEASE!" Himeko mewled, her dignity shredded. "I don't think I could cope if you don't fuck me, I'd go mad! Fuck me please Kafka! Fuck me until my body never forgets the shape of your fingers, or whatever you stuff inside of my body! I'm yours! I'm your little puppet, pet, maid, or SEAT!" Himeko whined, crying in her throat as her eyes teared up and back shivered. "I've never felt this kind of thing before and I want you to push me until I shatter beneath you! BREAK ME! CONTROL ME!"

An entire web unfurled from Himeko's head, and the lashes of neon pink curled around Kafka's waiting hands like gathering a marionette's strings to accept the gifts of total manipulation into her grasp. Every fibrous strand laced into Kafka's nerves until the two were bonded on a level deeper than physicality.

"You forgot to mention slut." Kafka tutted, with a smirk, as her hands finished buckling the apparatus at her waist. "You're not going to be able to stop thinking about sex after this~"

The tip of a ribbed plastic dildo rubbed against Himeko's entrance, parting her lips properly for the first time, and Himeko felt like her entire being was parted down the middle...and then punctured.

"KYAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-" Himeko wailed, as the strap would have gone in dry, had her fluids not drenched it nearly instantly, allowing the ribbed rod to fill her up in moments. Kafka did not go in slowly, she fell like the crash of the storm sending sailors overboard into a whirlpool of shock, pain and an agonising quantity of lust that returned Himeko to only her instincts. There was no room for thinking in this level of lust, there was just your body and what you were feeling within it. It both overwrote greater thought and defined the experiences of your primal self. Changing the game, and dominating it at once with the overpowering dominance of lesbian lust. A single thrust and all of Himeko's vast intellect belonged to the dominating will of Kafka behind her, slamming her hips against Himeko's ass.

"Yes~" Kafka's low voice purred, groping her breast once, sliding her fingers over her naked skin before she cupped them around Himeko's ass and set the pace of her thrusting, holding onto those pale cheeks with elegant fingers scrunching up the fat of her love handles.

"GAH- GAH- AH- AH- AH- AH~" Himeko moaned at every thrust, bursts of air leaving her as rapidly as she was rocked against the bar underneath her, splattering the harness on Kafka's waist with her wetness for each time the huge dildo punched against her cervix and caused her entire back to lurch. This dildo was far too big for her, even if she did have some to entertain herself for the purposes of masturbation, Kafka's strap was easily three times the size of what she was used to. Her stomach and lungs could feel the impact, and having this huge ribbed cock inside of her felt far too good. Developing a preference for being stretched until she was utterly stuffed with a length that her body was rewritten to accept fully inside.

"I'm so impressed with how tight you are~" Kafka groaned, feeling the stimulation of the harness slamming back against her own waist, bringing her the little tickles of pleasure from just how hard she could feel she was hitting Himeko. This brutal volley pleased Kafka as well with its sheer power. "Arch your back~"

"GYAGH YES MISTRESS!" Himeko slobbered, as the threads through her mind pulled, puppeteering her arms to pull in close, and let her push her torso downwards to arch her shoulders up, and lift her butt even more. The moment she moved, the pleasure only got worse and worse, but those taught strings lining her very thoughts wouldn't let her break position, forced to hold an uncomfortable pose like a dancer practising doing splits. Himeko arched her back without complaint and only thanks as her pussy was thrashed from behind, and the only thing she could hope to do was improve the view of her dominator and try to be the best fuck pet that she could ask for. The most obedient submissive she could aspire to be turned into by her new owner.

"Mistress already?" Kafka laughed, her voice rumbling through the chuckle that sent romantic flutters through Himeko's heart. "Oh, you're *such a good girl~*" Kafka purred again, deciding to reward Himeko for her active obedience. Kafka's hands moved, one hand staying on Himeko's butt to guide her thrusts, and the other that the strings of her mind coiled around, grabbed Himeko's hair and pulled it back.

"YES! I'M SUCH A GOOD GIRL! A GOOD SLUT! ALL YOURS!" Himeko moaned, looking back to look at Kafka with an infectious joy in her eyes. The passionate excitement of someone with no other thought in her mind but their love for you. Pain oozed the same as lust in Himeko's nervous system, but being battered so brutally, and feeling the sting from her hair join the circus of agony and ecstasy, Himeko just revelled in it. Bathing in the sensations of being alive, being used, and feeling love. The strings gathered around the hand in her hair could take anything they wanted and hide it, or make her think it. She started to recall every single tense conversation that resulted in a hot bath after arguing with Kafka, the few close calls they had nearly joining lips and Himeko could almost feel the sensation of them joining, all of those fantasies that approached her on lonely nights of being humiliated. She could experience them all. The only price was one she had already paid, so she just soaked in the consequences of her Faustian bargain...granted...not one she had considered making until now.

After tonight, Himeko would never be able to forget how strong Kafka was. Not only from the force with which her thoughts were turning blank, her body was being freely manipulated, and it felt like the muscles of a beast were slamming against the cheeks of her ass. The memory of Kafka's pure vitality and ability to cause harm could be easily measured by how Himeko felt she was about to black out from pleasure. So much stimulation from the most painful, and pleasurable thing that had ever happened in this corner of the galaxy, that Himeko was so physically overpowered that her body could not physically take it. And yet, where Himeko didn't have the strength to keep herself together, Kafka did, and would not let tonight end.

If it had ended there, Himeko may have escaped the worst of what was to come...

"H-himeko?" March's voice pierced through the haze of chaos and ecstasy that Himeko was experiencing from being conquered by Kafka's will.

"M-March!" Himeko's eyes shot open, and her head spun to look to one side, the last fragment of individuality inside of her holding on, and feeling immense alarm.

March stood in the parlour, and despite her own mind being in Kafka's control...this felt real. It wasn't some illusion conjured to trick her, it really was March. It was March, standing in her nightwear, a dress down to her thighs and striped pink and white thigh-high socks. Her face was aghast in shock, and her legs locked where they were standing as the member of the Nameless just...watched in utter surprise as their fairy godmother and evil stepmother were getting naughty in the middle of the bar.

"I- I must be dreaming-" March gasped, an absolute expression of horror crossing her face as she stared at Kafka...seeing the terrifying smile come across the Stellaron Hunter's face.

"M-March it's not what it looks l-like-" Himeko began to say, trying to perform her normal duties and immediately cradle March in support and affection, protect her from people like Kafka, but was intercepted...

by the tugging of the threads in her mind...

"I'm such a slut aren't I March~?" Himeko slobbered, looking towards March as her arms moved on their own to tear her dress open and expose her breasts, letting them swing back and forth as she flirtatiously pushed her ass back into Kafka's thrusts even more. She pressed her torso against the bar, her back still arched, but wiggling her butt like a cat stretching. She held up each of her hands, with her elbows still on the bar, and gladly accepted as Kafka tied her hands together with a bow. "Don't I look sexy getting fucked like this~?" Himeko lolled her tongue out towards March, the lust in her mind overwhelming and all too powerful for one woman to resist.

"This...this isn't you!" March objected, throwing down her hands at her sides with balled-up fists! "You're not like this!" March sniffed, tears growing at the corners of her eyes, before they widened in fear again, from Kafka extending her free hand. Moving it away from Himeko's butt now, and gesturing it with a curl of her cruel fingers towards the Nameless girl. "ngah~"

Kafka's strings lashed out from the walls like spikes or poisonous darts being triggered in an old catacomb, as from multiple angles they pushed through March's body in separate directions and the girl's eyes went dull into just pastel pink pupils. Her fear vanishing, and standing up in a neutral pose under Kafka's direction.

"March, darling, listen to me~" Kafka instructed. Dominating March was child's play compared to dominating Himeko. "Why don't you tell us what you *really* think about Himeko here?"

"I think she looks c-completely...s..." March resisted, pushing back...and failing. Devoid of her usual bouncy emotion, she was static in place and robbed of all texture in her voice. An empty husk to poke around and play with. "really slutty. Like those ladies Stelle and I saw in Belobog...selling their bodies on the street corner..."

"Ugh~ oh my~" Himeko mewled, her eyes being tossed back and her head thrown even further by Kafka yanking back the red hair in her grasp. "y-you're making her watch- me getting f-fucked~" Himeko moaned, feeling waves of embarrassment and humiliation heat up her already thoroughly burning body with even more of that sweet pleasure she was

developing a reliance upon to function properly. "making me talk about how much of a slut I am- while you fuck my pathetic body in front of her~ oh f-fuck~"

"How does seeing her like this make you feel March~?" Kafka urged March as if she were lecturing to a student while she thrust against Himeko hard enough that she was forcing Himeko's breasts to slide across the surface of the bar. If it had been any less smooth it would have left friction burns, but right now was just making her whine and stimulating her chest as well.

"Betrayed...disappointed...lonely..." March admitted honestly, with her unmoving body and empty eyes still staring towards the bobbing Himeko being pushed and pulled over the bar she had bent over. Seeing the flop of her breasts, and how they were compressed. Seeing her butt all exposed with splatter from her own juices as Kafka pounded her into the next life.
"...and aroused..."

"Lift your skirt-" Kafka commanded, twirling a finger, as she encountered resistance imposing a sexual command so quickly...but March was aroused enough from the sight of Himeko's fucking that the command hooked her without trouble.

March wordlessly raised her skirt, revealing only a thong underneath over her entire stomach and thighs. A simple black garment worn to bed under her evening dress was currently just about dripping with her own wetness. Not only the sight of Himeko being fucked, but being forced to watch and being controlled, even if parts of her mind had been sedated her body was still turned on by the control of the gesture. How easily she had been taken over and turned into a decoration of that pair's night together.

"Cum." Kafka commanded, tapping a finger on the back of Himeko's head.

"GYAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" Himeko wailed with all the strength and enthusiasm she had in her, all of it tugged by those succubine strings throughout her brain. Forcing her to go through the process of orgasm under the direction of just a single word, causing this crashing wave of total annihilating ecstasy to crash against the atoms of her body and cast her into a realm of infinite pleasure. She saw stars and blots of black in her vision as the simple quantity of lust was nearly too big for her body to handle, yet through sheer obedience she held on. Kafka wasn't knitting her back together anymore, Himeko was...through her own will to continue to be used as a sleeve for Kafka's strap, and sadistic amusement, keeping herself going to grant her more of a show.

"*emph~*" March whimpered as she heard Kafka, like a mouse that got spotted stealing cheese. The tiniest noise as she didn't quite hit a climax...but her pretty pale thighs quivered and her pussy twitched.

"You're very cute~" Kafka smiled towards March, endeared by the adorable sound that she elicited from the traveller without even addressing her directly. "You'll definitely be the next that I break the mind of," Kafka announced her plan proudly, there was nothing that March was going to be able to do about it after all. "But it's Himeko's turn. So take your thong off, and just hold your skirt up there darling~ if Himeko could think right now- she would love an audience to her claiming~"

"AH!" Himeko yelped as even though her body was still lolling and cum drunk, Kafka slid an arm under her torso and picked her up so that Kafka was thrusting upwards to hilt the giant dildo inside of her, while fondling one of her breasts support her torso, and still tugging back on her hair to bite Himeko's ear and whisper into it. "Mistreghhhh~" Himeko gagged as her mouth went completely limp, just dripping with tears and drool.

"Yes, Mistress." March's voice complied, speaking blankly despite her body's arousal, as she slid her underwear down her legs and proudly displayed her needy, moist sex towards Kafka. The resistance that Himeko had displayed, though fruitless, was more than March was even attempting. The way her body was instantly spun into the web around Kafka, her cognitive resistances had surrendered when they saw Himeko...

The dignified navigator of the Astral Express getting absolutely *Fucked*. In the wettest, most physical and demeaning way possible. Listening to her wail out her enchanted moans, her body defiled and bare in the parlour of her own domain. Kafka hadn't just dominated Himeko, she owned her. Kafka had invaded every obsession in Himeko's mind and painted over them all with portraits of her own likeness. She had captured, in mental paint, the most deranged and toxic kind of adoration, and coated Himeko's synapses in it. March had honestly never believed Himeko was able to make these kinds of facial expressions...

"GAH~ GAH~ AH~ AH~ AH~ AH~ AH~ AH~" Himeko panted in rhythm as Kafka's strap continued to pummel her pussy, being faced towards March so that Himeko could salivate at the sight of another person staring at her as she was ruthlessly dominated. "I'm still- sensitive from- AH~!" Himeko tried to protest, or even just explain to her Mistress behind her, but the words were leaving her with the tightness of her chest and how rapidly all energy was thrust out of her.

"Cum." Kafka remarked again, tugging Himeko's hair once more, and whispering in her ear with a roll of her low voice.

"KAFKA~~~~~ EH~~~~~" Himeko's entire body shook as if an earthquake tore out from her body, with its epicentre right inside of her. Glasses rattled on the bar as Himeko wailed out with the noise of pure fear, laced through with a deep enjoyment of that intoxicating adrenaline. The experience of fight or flight in her system was turning her on, so this sensation of pure instinctual terror overloaded her circuits. Even with Kafka's control moving every part of her body and mind, her body went limp in Kafka's arms, which expertly held it up still.

March gulped in front of the two of them, her fluids sticking to her inner thighs, and hands clenching around the hem of her skirt. Only the slightest bit of movement to her body occurred...the licking of her lips staring at Himeko's breasts...

"Good girl~" Kafka purred in Himeko's ear, letting her twitch in response to hearing that nickname that would forever be a weak spot to her now~ "Two isn't bad~" Kafka evaluated, kissing Himeko's neck, as her hand still fondled one breast in place. "for now, that is~"

"mishh...tresh..." Himeko hissed out with a hoarse voice and a limp mouth, her head unable to sway back and forth from the hand in her hair, so even as her eyes were closing she stared

onwards at March in front of her. Her eyes locked on March's face...and the growing look of jealousy in her pupils.

"Yes, Pet?" Kafka spoke politely, kissing her neck more and getting the whimper she wanted out of Himeko. A squeak in her chest mixed with a shiver down her back, as her neck was marked with Kafka's lipstick.

"I love you." Kafka's Pet confessed words that could have gone unspoken, but every part of her body wanted to wail away the rest of her voice announcing to each inch of the cosmos. She stared at March as she said it, cementing this moment in her mind, giving up everything while looking the girl under her wing in the eye. "I love being yours..."

"Awww, baby~" Kafka rumbled into her pet's ear, nestling her head into the crook of her pet's neck. "you have no idea how much you love me~ you're never gonna stop thinking about it~" Kafka smirked, purring poison directly into her pet's spirit. "but that's so romantic of you- so have a little gift for the road~"

Kafka lifted her mouth, parting her mindbreaking lips, and whispering one more word into her pet's ear.

"Cum." She commanded, and Her Pet obeyed.

Himeko, as she was, no longer dwelt upon the Astral Express. The one who slept in her bed, who ate food at her desk, who moved with her body and spoke with her voice, was gone. Superimposed into the space that she left, was a woman who dressed only in the most decadent, degrading outfits credits could buy. A woman whose presence was telegraphed by moaning, buzzing or dripping. A woman who never left her Mistress' train, least of all without a collar and a leash. The person left behind on the Astral Express was just...Pet. Kafka's Pet.

Where she was, Kafka was always a step ahead, leading her crawling in her train. Her eyes averted to the floor, or looking up at her Mistress beside her whining like a spoilt animal wishing for its fifth or sixth meal of the day, those adorable little sounds that Kafka was always so able to resist and throw the lash of a black whip against her butt for even attempting. Yet...Her Pet continued to make them, panting like an animal in heat as she begged to be stuffed again.

Kafka's Pet never spoke for herself, except on those rare occasions that Kafka would let her stand. Such an occasion, was when they would have guests on the Astral Express, and Kafka's Pet was permitted to sit beside her on a leash and speak. The two lascivious lovers never stopped touching, their fingers intertwined, leaning on each other's shoulders, smiling and giggling in synchrony. They weren't private people, waxing lyrical about their exploits in and out of the bedroom to the wealthy ladies who would drink of the growing stock of wine aboard the train. The ladies they courted would be so enamoured, in fact, in their stories of

sexual ecstasy, that many of them remained on the train overnight...and left as totally changed people.

Kafka herself, was overjoyed, even though a smile rarely left her face already, one seemed plastered to it perpetually and always beaming with stilted excitement. The exhausted squint to her eyes, and the low tones of her voice not being brightened over, but generally replaced with an optimistic perspective. The only time she truly grinned, was when she had an ass bent over her lap, with a leash in one hand and a paddle in the other.

Out of the two, Kafka's Pet certainly seemed like the happier one. It was as if she was living her best life in paradise! Even when overcome by lust, she had nothing but the most glowing perspective on her life. She could be overcome by fear, and her instinct would be to let the worst happen, entranced by both the feeling of her own growing endurance and the lustful sensation of getting absolutely destroyed~

For those fortunate enough to enter the matriarchal domain of Kafka's bedroom, they would be met with only one sight.

Kafka's Pet, her body reeling in pleasure. Her body was coated in the sluttiest outfit possible, ropes, or nothing at all. Her mouth stuffed with her Mistress' pussy, or the buckled harness of a gag to silence her pathetic noises. Her holes soaking wet, exploited, overstimulated and erupted with every source of control and pleasure that Kafka was capable of considering. A very creative Mistress to flex the strings of control and domination into every aspect of her little submissive's life, while purring in her ears, and using Her Pet's near indestructibility to inflict all forms of sexual agony on her body.

In the times that her mouth was free, Kafka's Pet could only plead to fall further into this cradle of sin and be wrapped up by the strings of Absolute Domination.

End Notes

Similarly to my other Kafka/Himeko fic, I wrote this one out fairly sharpish, in a couple of sittings while working on my other projects, I ran into some personal issues throughout but I'm generally optimistic about how it turned out, god knows I don't publish without being happy with what I'm making. This one is a new one for sure, and still helpful for adjusting to writing Star Rail characters.

This fic does fall in a similar vein to my vampire Kafka/Himeko piece, and to be perfectly honest I mostly wrote it from not thinking I did enough for the mind control aspects of Glint of Wine, and kicked off from there with me wanting to still sit down to write out that stuff because I personally find it very narratively fascinating...and very hot. The explorations of other forms of control in BDSM is always something that appeals to me, beyond just the physical level and sexual level, straying into the psychological level is territory that I find deeply tantalising to explore.

After this fic I think I will leave Himeko alone for at least one mini-fic, she's had enough treatment and needs some aftercare while I write other characters being the ones getting fiercely dominated and controlled. I didn't mean to single her out like this for all of January, but I hardly think she's complaining.

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