



Art by [Mr.Lewd](#)
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Hiyoko Saionji... you were going to get to meet Hiyoko Saionji in the flesh! *The Ultimate Traditional Dancer!* She was as cute as she was elegant.

And short.

Her graceful moves and adorable charm caught the awe and praise of thousands, and you were just one of many that appreciated her dancing prowess.

At least that maybe *would* have been the case if she wasn't a double-wide shortstack with the fattest **CLAPCAKES** in the world. She could have probably afforded to have a kimono custom made that *didn't* cling so snug to her curves, but everyday you thanked the gods that she didn't.

Constant loads were lost to her twin hills of assfat. She didn't even have to dance in a very sensual or erotic manner – anything was enough to get those curves moving so hypnotically.

Even the most innocent photos of her were the greatest strokefuel you could ask for.

Thinking about it all gave you an erection you clasped your hands on your crotch to hide, although it was only *barely* concealed. You tried to focus on other things, like how the couch in her changing room was cushiony. *Her ass was probably even more so.*

Okay, shifting the focus may have been failing, but the attempt was at least there. Besides, how could you stay *unexcited* when your mind wandered back to the one stipulation with the meet? A stipulation on *Hiyoko's* end, at that.

The sexy Saionji was required to fulfill one wish of the guest, and it may be **a~ny~thing**. You double-checked with her manager, and he confirmed your question with a large grin. It gave the feeling he might have known what you wanted.

A dream may finally come true.

That dream was closer than you realized, too. You could hear the noise of Hiyoko's famous strut, which consisted of her butt's loud smacking as she walked. She knocked on the door to make her presence known, and then in she came.

The blonde's beauty was truly something to behold. You've gone to in-person performances before, but it was new to be *this* close to her. She immediately gave her full attention to you, looking you up and down through half-lidded eyes.

She looked plain annoyed, yet a small blush accompanied it. With a deep sigh, she made her way closer to you, and the expected sounds came with it.

CLAPH~WOBBLE~CLOPH~JIGGLE~THWOPH...

All of that meat was **mesmerizing**.

Your teeth sunk into the corner of the lip. Hiyoko turned her nose up in disgust immediately. She stopped once she was standing in front of you, face washed in pure contempt.

"Uuugh... so *you're* the nasty pigshit I have to be spending time with today. Why do I even have to be here with some obsessive weirdo!? It's not like I want to be here or anything, so don't get any funny ideas!"

Ah, the classic tsundere. She was sour on the outside, but you knew she had to be at least somewhat sweet deep down. Her **ass** certainly is sweet, at the very least.

Hiyoko shifted her weight, cheeks quickly clapping. She made the attempt to appear less stand-offish but didn't succeed very much. It was impressive how someone so cute could have such a resting bitch face.

"Tell me what you want already! Even if we may have all day, it doesn't mean I wanna be kept waiting. Keep it within reason if you don't want me stomping the life out of you, you nasty ant."

Even her insults were another to make you throb, nearly sending your hands flying off your erection. Honestly, why bother hiding? She'll know how perverted you are with your request either way.

"...~🍑🍌"

"... W-W-WHAT THE **FUCK** DID YOU JUST ASK ME TO DO!? *Tw...twerk?* Why would I subject myself to something as lowly as that for a *creep* like you! If I could, I'd kick you out and tell them to go pick another fan!"

If she could kick you out. It's already established she truly has no say in the matter, but the blush makes it feel like she could even *like* this.

It may take a little bit of convincing to do this. Your lips start moving again, coming up with the most nonsensical excuse your mind could formulate.

"...🍑🍌=🍌!!! ...🙏?"

"Even if twerking *is* dancing, dipshit, it's not a traditional *Japanese* dance! A-And doing something so lewd isn't even my style!"

"...🌐+🚩🍌! ...💡"

"Huh... so, you think that if I try out some dances from other regions, it might help to give me some more ideas for my traditional dancing? Hmm. Well, I guess I can see where you're coming from. It'll help keep things fresh, and make sure that I- **AGH!** No, y-you're just trying to think of excuses to make me do this for you, pervert!"

"...!"

"You're not even denying it! I mean, it'd be pretty **hard** to do that."

The way she enunciated 'hard' seemed strange for a moment, until you realized her eyes had been drawn to your barely hidden erection.

“You only want something to jack off to later. Bastard. B-But...” The blonde trailed off and hugged her arms around herself. Her legs buckled as her eyes shifted between your face and your tent rapidly.

You could only smile. Her lust was obvious.

Hiyoko scowled right back, mouth twitching at the edges as she wasn't sure to frown or smile as well.

“... T-Tell a single soul and y-you're fucking **dead**.”

“...~❤️?”

“O-Only if I show my bare ass for you, too? **Grrrhhh**, you...! Fine! Do it! Take your huggy dick out and pump it to me too, for all I fucking care! Take it in while you get the one chance of your life, you virgin!”

Before Hiyoko even made her move, your cock was already out and lightly stroking to her visage. She gagged in disgust, but you swore there was a strange wet spot at her crotch that was growing with each passing second...

Hiyoko turned around, jumped onto the coffee table with a loud **CLAPH** of the cheeks and another **THWAP** as she dropped it down low like an expert. Hiyoko proceeded to undo her kimono just enough so she could drag the lower half of it off her buns, looking back almost a little *nervously* as she showcased her mounds of pure **twerkfat**.

If she wasn't built for being the Ultimate Twerkthot, then you didn't know who was.

You had to take a moment to sit back and *admire* her thick bottom. It was sculpted so *perfectly* round, each cheek literally as fat as a globe. They were clearly built up of a lot of fat, probably due to all the gummies she liked to eat.

The detail that stood out the most to you was a large sakura branch tattoo on her right asscheek. Tattoos were meant to be ogled, and that train of thought led to many assumptions about Saionji-san over here.

“...🌸❤️” You smiled, throwing your hips harder against your palm while complimenting her ink.

“S-SHUT UP! I'm n-not a sexfiend like you, don't get the wrong idea! This was just-uhm.” She clearly couldn't think of a single excuse. Cute. *Cute!* “Oh, nevermind! Sit back, relax, be good for me and **jerk it** until you're finally satisfied.”

The kimono-clad brat huffed and started tossing her hips up and down, her twerking strangely starting off with clear skill put into it before going more amateurish. Of course this fat-assed *doll* of a woman knew how to throw it back. Her hesitance added to the appeal, but you'd make sure she'd change it up before long.

One hand grasped onto your girth and the other at the balls, rubbing along the former and rubbing against the latter. It was like all the other times you got off to Hiyoko. She was simply, you know, *right in your face* now.

Why sit *back* when you can sit *forward* for the best view in the house. Her fluffy kimono-stretching rump jiggled like pudding in front of you. It was coated in a light layer of sweat that made it all shiny, probably due to a dance or two she was performing earlier that day.

This meant you'd have droplets of sweat fling off and smack against your face quite often, conveniently landing near your lips each time and being slurped up each time.

It was delicious. You almost wished you had asked to rim her instead. Those asscheeks *had* to be as sweet as mochi...

But you needed more.

More.

“...💬💕~?”

You requested that she start giving some **jerk-off instructions** alongside the rumpshaking. It made Hiyoko pause briefly, unsure how to reply.

Her face was startled. Then angry. Apprehensive and finally indifferent.

“W-Whatever. As long as it makes you stop pounding your fist like a loser faster.” Bold words coming from a girl that was staring right at your erection *and* licking along her lips.

Dirty talk from Hiyoko Saionji herself had to be one of the most intense things a person could ask for.

You *did* sit back as intended as she backed it up a little farther, damn near hanging off of the ledge. Those big orange eyes focused right on you. Hands firmly holding onto her knees, she opened those sweet lips to mouth off.

All you had to do from now on was listen and **pump**.

Hiyoko made one more groan before beginning her horny rant.

“I-I’ve never done this sort of thing, so don’t expect me to be like, s-some master sweet talker! Hmph. Jeez, you’re pumping that thing *super* hard. You like the sight of my phat meat wiggling around that much, you degen? I *guess* it’s kind of hot. D-Don’t let it get to your head, but your cock is kind of... n-nice looking, too.

“It’s throbbing so **hard**, all for **me**. Yeah... y-yeah, heh, I bet you lost tons of ropes to recordings of my dances, didn’t you? Probably sit there alone in your dark room, humping that hand while you wish you could see my bratty cake clap it up right in front of you.

“You must feel like the luckiest fuck int he world right now. Like I said, take it in, virgin! Have fun with the closest you’ll ever get to fucking a girl! You really are a bit of a loser. You could have tried your luck with asking to **fuck me**, but instead you just wanted to stroke off! Gross, what a piggy *looooooser*~!

“Losers *can* be cute. Bullying you is making you throb even harder, ewww! You’re swelling so much nasty pre-cum, heheh! Oooh, and don’t even get me started on those groans of yours. Do you even see and hear yourself right now, you nasty fuck? You-huh..?”

“EEUGGHH! D-Did you just shoot out a glob of *PRE-CUM* onto me!? W-We didn’t say anything about you doing that! But y-you shot that out kinda far, huh? My cheeks are closer to your face than they are to that dick. That was impressive, I-I’ll give you *that* at least. Nnfh... still a total vir~gin though.”

Hiyoko was now finally twerking it like she *meant* it. Dropping it deeply low and throwing it back up real high.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Her twerkclapping nearly drowned out every other noise. It was like you knew – she was an **expert**. Hiyoko’s expression seemed a bit happier, too, if not a little haughty. Her voice even reflected this change in demeanor.

“You sure know what perfection is when you see it, getting obsessive over a booty as big and luscious as mine! It’s only right that the cutest girl in the entire world gets blessed with the cutest butt ever. Ever thought of using it as a pillow before? Huh? Don’t even bother answering, I know what kind of person you are!

“Unnh.. yeah, just listen to how **LOUD** my quakers collide. Stick your head in there, and you might just go deaf! If it’s smacking on your face, it may even bruise you. Would you like that, pervie? Get a big, fat mark of Hiyoko Saionji’s REAR on your face!? Hm, I guess you earned the right to dream of it all you want, so I won’t stop you!

“I *know* that I’m grade-A fapfuel. I’m not some kind of fucking moron. Do you know how many people at my performances end up trying to be sneaky and jerk off under their pants to my dances? Tch, I think it can be the entire crowd sometimes. Not like you can hear those howling cries over the sounds of my clothstretching cheeks smacking around.

“Bet you wish you were in the front row seat at one of those shows, huh? Getting to see it move *extra* up close. Just imagine spurting some of that sticky pre-nut again on me there. I know damn well you could reach me there, too! And for the rest of the show, I’d be prancing around in your slime, probably sending it flinging to the rest of the audience.

“... Oh? Ahahaha, you’re REALLY fucking the shit out of your hand now! It’s like you’re acting like it’s my *asshole* or something! Maybe if you close your eyes and keep listening to the clapping, squeeze those fingers a bit more – you MIGHT just gaslight yourself into thinking you’re balls-deep inside of my rectum~?”

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP~🍑💥🍑💥🍑

She was putting her back into it now. All of her weight – which was a fancy way of saying her asscheeks – got put into the most erotic ass-wobbling you had ever seen. It rippled like water. Sounded like thunderclaps. Got you hot as lava. That ass could control the elements!

Had Hiyoko backed it up one inch more, she’d be smacking it off your face. Not knowing whether to be disappointed or thankful, you just kept moving that hand to match the tempo she had set.

PumppumpPUMPPUMPPUMP~💧

“Heheheheh... t-that’s it, bash that dick for me! Throw it forward with your hips like some kind of ass-crazed **GOONER!** Ah, w-whatever, who fucking cares if you know how I really am inside!? It’s so dumb to hold back when I’ve got such a *delicious* cock stroking right behind me!

“Don’t act surprised, you heard me right you fucking horny **FAPSLUT!** I *know* that you could tell I was just a bitch who loved to shake my ass the moment you walked in, but I’ve got an image to maintain! But I can see the image I need to maintain for you is

being the hottest piece of porn you could ask for. Doujins? Videos? Erotic art? Puh~lease, we all know you'd rather just get off to my asscheeks for the rest of time if you could.

“Why the FUCK would you give your attention to anything besides your very own big booty blonde brat you could ask to shake ass for you whenever!? It doesn't just have to stop after today. You can make me into your very own call girl. You might even wake up to a video or two of me in bed after I woke up, laid on my back and aiming the camera behind me while I shake these meatbuns toward it.

“I can't even hide how fucking **horny** I am now. Nnngh, I know your focus is on my bubblebutt, but do you notice that pretty little pussy down there? It's gushing wet because of *you*. You and that hot dick I just want to make spurt out nasty loads *all day* until my cheeks are COATED in your cream.

“Yeah, you heard me right! I want you to NUT all over these glutes, douse them in your creamy and hot jizz so you can *mark me* as your **TWERKSLUT!** Oooh, you know you want it sooo baaaad~ See it as punishing me for being a bitch to you earlier. Hehehe... I bet I'll be *really* obedient after you bukkake my booty enough that it sticks to me permanently. So **PUMP IT! JACK IT! JERK IT! STROKE THAT JUICY FUCKPOLE UNTIL YOU MAKE ME YOUR BITCH~❤️**”

Is this what *love* felt like? Your hands had gone into overdrive. Your fingers squeezed down onto your cock so tensely it felt just like you *were* slotted within some aching virgin hole. Two-handed stroking was now a necessity for this.

You could hear your heart pounding with vigor. Tip aimed towards Hiyoko's trembling targets, you had the secret intent of going for a *bullseye* by hitting that puffy asshole with a nice splatter of jizz. And the tattoo. And- well, everywhere you could manage.

This was the final stretch. Listening to the beautiful chorus of cockpumping and clapbouncing, you did your best to give your personal little wobbling whore the attention and praise she deserved.

“...~❤️💕💖💗💙💜”

And you knew she'd give you even more in return.

“**BEAT IT, PUMP IT, STROKE IT~!** Come on, I've got a craving for **CUM!** That thick, splattering jizz. Your backed-up babybatter. Your wombflooding, bubbly and boiling hot **SPERMSAUCE.** You'd better be shooting out enough loads to give somebody *triplets*. I won't expect any less.

“You know what? Heheh... close those eeeeyes~ I want you to nut while thinking of how it'd be to pound that monstercock into my guts. Do it! This ass isn't going anywhere. It's still going to be *rumbling* for you, and your spunk is still going to fucking **PLASTER** it. Yaaaay, good! Now think of *nothing* but your beloved Hiyoko's dumptruck.

“NnnNNGHH, I'm gonna go *crazy* feeling that cock keep **STRETCHING ME** out like this! Ooh, it hits into every spot and groove just soooo right. Please keep ramming that savory cock into me so you can teach me how a good girl should behave herself! I-I promise, I'll be the best dicksleeve you can ask for~!

“FuckfuckFUuuuUUuUUUCCCK~❤️ I think I've f-fallen completely in **love** with the way you thrust! Slamming those hips against my assphat like your life depends on it, trying to beat them **RED**~ I can't dance properly if you bang into my hole so hard my legs give out! Such a selfish fucking pig, converting me into nothing but your designated sperm-wringer!

“**GAWD**, I-I just can't take it a-anymoore~! Listen to me, I need you to **CUM RIGHT NOW!** D-D-Do it al-**fucking**-ready! Drain your balls into the depths of my ass and claim ownership o-over me! I LOVE **YOU** I LOVE THAT **COCK** I LOVE THE WAY YOU **FUCK ME AND MAKE ME SQUEAL** AND I KNOW I'M GOING TO **LOVE** GETTING BATHED IN YOUR VIRILE LOADS OF SLUDGY SEMEN. **CUM. CUM FOR ME RIGHT THE FUCK NOW.**

“**CUM FOR ME, YOU KNUCKLEHUMPING STUD~❤️**”

It was over. One more thrust into your hands and an incredibly audible **SPLURTT-SPLORTT-SPURTTT!** followed right after, your eyes peeling back open so you could come back down to reality and watch you shoot rope after rope of the thickest orgasm you've ever had against her cheeks.

Hiyoko, of course, stopped moving and squatted in place. She panted deeply, mewling a little with every desperate cumshot you made. Her eyes were so wide, her cheeks so red. It was clear she never had someone spurt on her cheeks before.

But this was just the first of *many* times. You both knew that.

You slumped back, but your faucet of a cock still leaked so much. It was truly unbelievable there was still *so much more*, for Hiyoko's cake had been coated in so much frosting it was nearly completely white.

Honestly, admiring your handiwork was enough to keep the erection going. If any more blood rushed to your dick, you may really pass out. It'd be worth it for her.

There *was* one final thing to check.

“...~🍌?”

You wanted to see if you hit that **bullseye**.

“Eh? S-Spread my asshole? Uh... sure thing?” Hiyoko wasn’t too sure what it was about yet but ultimately did as instructed. Her fingers dug into the depths of her mounds and slowly *spreaaaaad* them apart for you to see the winking hole between them.

The verdict?

Her cute donuthole had nut all over it.

When you cheered out loud in excitement, and spat out a bit more jizz, Hiyoko gave you a confused glance. Then she looked back, shivered, and realized where that feeling came from.

“Wait! You- how- o-on my fucking **ASSHOLE!**? Did you time your orgasm at just the right time so you could shoot it between my cheeks!? Urgh! I shouldn’t be surprised. The dedication is weirdly impressive. Tch, friggin’ weirdo... what? I’m still gonna be bratty to you, you know. There’s no fun in it if I’m not giving you reasons to give me some correction~”

Hiyoko rubbed along her cheeks, smearing the semen around and smushing her buns into each other. She gave a quick glance to a clock on another wall and looked back at you with a feral-looking grin.

“... We’ve still got a lot of time left, actually. Wanna... spend it showing how it *really* feels to get anally wrecked? Clog my pipes up? Hmm? No- don’t bother answering. Just get off your ass, bend me the fuck over, and make me howl so loud my security guards have to come check on me~!”

THROB. THROB. THROB.

You didn’t need to be told twice. Quickly you stood, smacking your palms onto the cum-latered cheeks and letting your weighted meat go **SHLAP!** down below, immediately aroused further by her coos of delight.

Both of your dreams had come true. You got to live out the fantasies that plagued you for ages, and *she* got to show her true colors to her **biggest** fan.

CLAP! PLAP! CLAP! PLAP! SHMACK! THWAP!

“oOOoouHHH *DON'T STOPPP HNNHYESSH~* H-How are you even fitting IN there-
AAaAHhHHH~!”

Hiyoko praised you when it only took *one minute* for some people to get concerned and barge into the room to check.