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we are our own churches

by [feralphoenix](#)

Summary

Being poor and an alpha is not a good combination. Kyouko knew that. Add magical girl to the mix, though, and you get something she's not prepared to handle. Thankfully, Mami is here to help.

Notes

(she fears she won't be followed – even if it is just the cold metal shock)

contains underage sex, briefly mentioned animal harm, & references to hypothetical parent/child and sibling incest (nothing occurs in-story, on- or off-screen)

"anyway if i ever wrote more in [[this](#) universe] it'll probably just be weird sadde erotica" - me, at some point, i'm pretty sure. title is still from [this poem](#).

Years ago now, back before her dad got thrown out of the clergy and things were even a real problem, she sat down with him once and asked why God had had to make them alphas.

It was definitely while she was still in elementary school, way before puberty had actually kicked in, but probably at the point when she'd started getting sex ed. She forgets what had scared her, but she remembers the shame. Good Christians were not supposed to seek pleasure, but alphas and omegas were like animals about sex. So that made her a disgrace as her father's daughter.

“We cannot understand God’s will for us, as we are merely human,” her father told her. “But we can think of it as a trial.” He was silent for a few minutes. “There are drugs that can be used to obstruct a heat or a rut, but these are the bodies that God has given us. We must endure by planning ahead while we have the full command of our reason.”

Mami would teach her, years later, about genetics, about the genes and proteins that influenced how sex organs developed. Her father was excommunicated before she made it into middle school, so she had to be homeschooled by her mother, and she never got to go to those detailed classes.

And it didn’t occur to her until even later than that, how expensive rut blockers were, how even if her father might have been able to afford them, that was money he must have been putting aside for food and clothes and the things he needed to do to work. For keeping Momo in a real elementary school.

All Kyouko knew back then was that she loved her wise father, wiser than any alpha she’d ever seen on TV or in a book, but for two or three days every month he turned into something frightening. That it was a firm rule in the Sakura household that both Kyouko and Momo had to keep out of sight, that her parents made intricate plans so that both children could take care of themselves and stay fed and clean without them. That once when she was still a stupid kid she’d snuck down and hid around the side of the staircase because she was curious, and watching her parents fuck had been totally different from the porn comics with funny sound effects her classmates had shown her once in secret. The noises they made really did sound like animals, and the squelching was gross, and the thud of their bodies slamming together was like someone being hit. There was something grotesque about the angle of her mother’s leg. The way her foot and toes twitched reminded Kyouko of the time she’d once seen half-dead roadkill, still squirming.

It was because the Bible said you weren’t supposed to masturbate that Kyouko tried to ignore hard-ons until they went away. But it was also because more often than not she’d remember her parents, and feel sick to her stomach.

All of these things still bother Kyouko. She can’t imagine there ever being a day when they won’t. But her worry these days lies in the curfew. Not in the curfew, exactly. But in the reason it exists, the reason it’s a law, the reason it’s important. Most people in the world are good. Most alphas and omegas are like her parents, and try to be responsible and not cause trouble for others. But not everybody has perfect self-control, and there are some people in the world that don’t care whether or not you’re underage.

Momo is an omega, like their mother.

Even the thought of doing something like that with somebody she’s related to is so gross Kyouko could barf, but: When her father is in rut, she is instinctively afraid. She and Momo have to stay out of the way because of that kind of just-in-case.

So Kyouko is scared. One day, her sister will be old enough to be a real omega. And she’s an alpha. And if there’s ever some kind of accident...

Her father always talks about how God is merciful and great, but Kyouko thinks that any god that would set a trial like this where an innocent kid could get hurt, that god would have to be terrible and cruel.

But, here's the thing: Kyouko had thought that she wouldn't actually have to deal with that for years.

She's thirteen. Up until just a couple months ago, menstruating was just a couple of red spots in her underwear, and rutting was popping a boner multiple times a day. Her vague understanding was that it'd still take until she was fifteen or sixteen or so for it to *actually* get the way that it does for her father, for the need to fuck something to be that out of control.

Apparently she was wrong. It's been half a day, and jacking off doesn't seem to do anything, and she's starting to feel feverish and she has no idea what to do. The church is closed, her parents are engrossed in each other downstairs and there's no way it's safe to go ask, and they haven't got internet. An hour of distracted brain-wracking has turned up no other answers, so she writes a note to Momo saying she'll be at a friend's and grabs her Soul Gem and sneaks out the window.

She's got vaguely enough presence of mind to broadcast *Mami-san help* when she's about halfway to Mami's apartment, but when Mami answers *What's wrong?* all she can think to reply is *I'll explain when I get there*. She's prepared to push the doorbell a dozen times like an excited kid, but Mami opens the door on the first ring.

They stand there for about half a minute and it's so awkward Kyouko just wants to keel over and die: She didn't think about what she must look like until Mami's eyes began to slowly scan her top to toe, but she's flushed and panting from more than just the rooftop-hunting, her clothes and hair are disheveled, and even without the unmistakable bulge under her pants crotch, there are damp stains of precome even through the denim.

But Mami doesn't say anything as she beckons Kyouko into her apartment and locks the door behind them.

"Anyway, take your pants off," she says once they've got into the living room. "We can wash them later. Tea will have to wait. I'm really no good as a senpai, I ought to have warned you about this earlier."

"Warned me?" says Kyouko, baffled. "You're a beta, how would you know enough about rutting to warn me?"

It came out a little harsher than she meant it, but Mami just narrows her eyes in what Kyouko thinks is sympathy. "Sakura-san, have you ever heard stories about how when people our age go through life-threatening situations it sometimes makes puberty come early?"

"Yeah, but..." Her voice trails off as she starts to connect the dots.

"Pants," Mami says again, a little stricter. Kyouko sits down on the couch instead. She's way too embarrassed to just strip in front of Mami, but maybe at least unzipping her fly would be okay under the circumstances. It'd at least hurt her alpha phallus less. "This happens to most magical girls, at least from what I've heard. We're fighting witches all the time, so it affects our bodies too. Um—obviously I've never cooperated with other magical girls for more than a few battles, but this isn't a thing that Kyubey really understands or cares about, so... It's considered common decency to pass warnings around. There are some who will take advantage of your not being in top condition to try to steal your territory or poach witches that ought to be yours. But most will just offer to help you ride it out in trade for a Grief Seed or two, if they're not in rut or in heat themselves. And the kinder ones will do it for free."

"Um," Kyouko says. "But that's like..."

She's too embarrassed to say *prostitution*, but across the room Mami shrugs. "A lot of magical

girls are very young. There's no one else we can go to, so it's an unspoken understanding that there are some ways we have to take care of each other. Of course, we're fighting to stay alive all the same, so it's hard to blame the people who want compensation." Quieter: "We can only decide what's right for ourselves."

Mami's like that, too nice, bending over backwards to understand other people's point of view even though the Bible says clearly what right and wrong are supposed to be.

(She is like that for now, at least: The day will come when she becomes rigid, becomes brittle. But there is still time left before Kyouko's disillusionment, and so.)

"Pants, Sakura-san, pants," Mami says without even turning around. Kyouko jumps a little. "Later we can get some toys for you so that you can take care of yourself if you want, but we can't go to a sex shop with you like this and if we order something online it won't get here until tomorrow. I know that this is a little sooner than we would have planned, but I can help you."

Everything between Kyouko's legs thumps, and her ears go hot. There's a tinny *but you're supposed to wait until marriage* in one corner of her brain, but her eyes are nailed to Mami's big round tits and her heart's going about a billion kilometers an hour. All they've done so far is hold hands, and cuddle when they're in private. Kyouko hasn't even kissed her yet.

She unzips her fly and peels her jeans off, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Her panties are already sliding down her shaft, the elastic band pressing painfully into the underside, so she peels those off too. She can hear Mami's soft footsteps on the hardwood floor, sees her stop on the other side of the table, but can't look her in the face, so she stares at Mami's legs from the corner of her eye instead. This may be a mistake. She wants to prize those legs open, hold them apart and bury herself inside Mami, but at the same time she keeps thinking about her parents, their weird animal grunting. Arousal and disgust and shame are all tied up into the same pressure, the same desperation for orgasm, for it to be over.

She hears Mami take a deep breath, and the legs disappear from the other side of the table. The cushion she's sitting on shifts and sinks down.

"All I've done is observe, before," says Mami, and the humility in her voice hurts. "If I do something you don't like, you can stop me any time you want."

When she first touches Kyouko it's polite, a brush of finger pads along the shaft, but Kyouko lolls her head back and sucks her breath in to keep from yowling like a cat. Then Mami's hand closes, and Kyouko nearly chokes on a thin pathetic noise.

"Is this okay?" says Mami, and there's this weird tone to her voice, like she's trying too hard to be the calm collected senpai.

"Yeah," Kyouko manages to reply. Her voice squeaks halfway through, but Mami's hand on her junk is so much more embarrassing that she doesn't care. "Yeah, I—"

This is when Mami strokes downwards and pumps her hand back up. The edge of her thumb brushes up against the underside of the head, and Kyouko bites her lip and comes, two hard spurts. Her breath comes out in puffs. She's shaking. Mami takes her hand away.

Kyouko cracks her eyelids open, surreptitiously checking the situation. Mami is looking at the come on her left hand blankly. Kyouko swallows and looks away. Her boner is still there, like a big red fleshy exclamation mark.

She growls in frustration, slapping a limp hand to her face and dragging it down. "I don't

understand why it's not—why it's still hard," she says. It's humiliating. "I mean, I—I tried to make it go away myself before and it wouldn't."

"Um," says Mami, still in that odd tone like she's trying as hard as she can to be professional. "I'm sure I learned in school about—about how adult alphas in rut produce much more semen than the average individual with a penis. I'm sure that has something to do with it. But somehow I'm finding that the exact details have all slipped my mind."

Kyouko lets herself groan and closes her eyes again.

"It will probably take at least a few more times to settle down," Mami goes on. "We can keep going anytime if you're ready."

"Keep going?" Kyouko repeats, dropping her hand to her side and making an effort to sit up. She opens her eyes. Mami looks serious. "I've already had you do—this. Mami-san, you don't have to keep..."

"I want to help," Mami interrupts. "Sakura-san, I really do want to help." Then she smiles. "If it makes you feel any better, just think of it as plans that we already had being moved forward. I'm doing this because I want to. It's just a little too bad that we couldn't try to do things at our own pace."

"Because I'm an alpha," Kyouko says, and slumps down. She's twitching, down there, eager for Mami's touch again. "'Cause I'm just a horny *animal*."

"I will not have talk like that," Mami says sternly. "You're a person. And this is just how your body is, so it isn't your fault. Now may I go back to touching you, or would you rather sit there and try to handle it yourself until I can order an onahole for you?"

"My sense of decency is saying one thing, but my id's disagreeing."

"You don't need to have a sense of decency with me," Mami says. The corner of her mouth twitches like she's trying to suppress a smile. "After all, we are—" she blushes a little, here "—girlfriends."

Kyouko buries her face in her hands. "Be my guest."

Mami aims a kiss at her cheek and gets the back of her hand instead. "Turn around to face me," she says. "It'll be easier to see what I'm doing that way."

This is how Kyouko winds up with her back wedged up against the armrest of the couch, knees open, Mami's hand back around the shaft of her alpha phallus. She bites her lip to keep silent, but whenever Mami touches the head or the half-engorged knot at the base, she can't help but whine.

"You do like it there," Mami observes, as if to herself. "May I touch you here, too?" And she brushes her fingertips against the mouth of Kyouko's pussy.

Kyouko heroically does not squeak, though she can feel her face heating up. "Y-yeah, sure, go for it."

"Soft," Mami says, petting the lips. This hand, the clean one, is the one wearing her Soul Gem ring, and Kyouko briefly imagines Mami putting her Soul Gem in its true form there, warm and smooth. From the way that Mami smiles, she at least notices that Kyouko is wet with want here, too, even if she doesn't know why. "I'm going to try putting my finger in, is that all right?"

The way she keeps asking this stuff totally casually should not be anywhere near this hot, but

Kyouko can't help but strain forward into Mami's hands. "Fine, okay, I—*Jesus motherfucking Christ*," she yelps, arching back so hard she smacks her head against the sofa, when Mami's middle finger sinks in past the second knuckle.

Mami holds still and looks up into Kyouko's face, eyes round. "I'm sorry, Sakura-san—did that hurt?"

"No, it just—feels weird—why are you *stopping*," Kyouko whines. She's way too aware of the ring sitting in the mouth of her pussy, a bead of bright heat. "Mami-san c'mon, I'm gonna come, lemme come again—"

Mami giggles, and it's close enough that Kyouko feels it through her hands, ticklish and unbearable. "All right. You're cute when you're honest, Sakura-san."

Between the steady pumping of the hand and the gentle probing of the finger, the second orgasm comes quickly. Kyouko turns her face to the cushions to blot out her moan, and Mami retracts her hands.

"How does that feel?" Mami asks, but even without looking Kyouko can tell that her phallus is still hard as a railroad spike.

"I wanna do it with you this time," Kyouko says, and turns back around to look Mami in the face. Her breath is ragged, she's shaking, and it feels like if she can't get more pleasure right away her skull's going to cave in.

"Eh?" Mami tilts her head to the side like a pigeon. "But we have been..."

"I wanna see yours," Kyouko goes on stubbornly. "You've just been doing it to me the whole time, I wanna put it in you too, I wanna fuck you too, Mami-san, can I? I haven't even seen yours yet, that's not fair, is it?"

Mami's brow furrows for just a second, and then her gaze drops down to Kyouko's erection and wet pussy and she nods.

"You're right," she says, "I suppose that is only fair," and she stands up off the couch to unbutton her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Her panties are real cute, white with a pink rose pattern around the band, and the crotch is so wet it's see-through. Kyouko swallows again, sits up and yanks her sweaty shirt off. She wants to just reach out and touch Mami right away, but Mami is already lowering her panties, and so.

This time Mami sits against the armrest, naked from the waist down. She has her knees together, but her pussy is a wet, vivid red between her thighs. At the upper part of the lips, pubes curled to either side, there's something like a fingertip with foreskin curled back around it where Kyouko's alpha phallus is.

"That's..."

Mami opens her knees a little, apparently realizing the object of Kyouko's gaze. "It's funny looking at them next to each other, isn't it? When you know they're the same organ."

Kyouko scoots forward on her knees, so close that Mami has to spread hers further apart, close enough to touch the head of her phallus against Mami's clit. It's hot; the contact makes them both startle.

"Can I just," Kyouko says, breathless, rubbing up against the seam of Mami's labia.

“Well, we both,” says Mami, equally breathless, “we both have implants, so, I don’t have condoms but it should be all right, I mean.”

The implicit permission to come inside her makes some animalistic part of Kyouko roar in triumph, but she holds her muscles rigid with every last bit of human reason she’s got. “No, I mean, like, can I really just stick it in, will it hurt you.”

Mami’s pupils seem too big, this close. “Sakura-san,” she says, “I have—I use a vibrator, a lot, I think of you and I use it a lot, I’m used to it, please go ahead.”

“I,” says Kyouko, “okay,” and she lines the head up and thrusts in hard, no longer able to control her own strength. Mami squeezes her eyes shut and makes a noise like a wail, hands clenched white-knuckled under her knees.

Kyouko thrusts six times, comes, and keeps on thrusting. Mami is warm inside, and unbelievably wet, and accepts Kyouko neatly all the way to the knot, which seems to be too thick to fit. “Sakura-san,” she keeps moaning, and “yes” and “more”, even though this is already much rougher than Kyouko had intended, rolling her hips up to meet Kyouko’s, eyes glassy and unfocused. Kyouko comes again, just one hard spurt, and this time Mami seems to squeeze around her, the angle of her pussy steepening somehow.

Something is building up, something much bigger than the measly little orgasms Kyouko has already had, and her knot is aching, teased by brushing Mami’s labia over and over, wet but unable to fully sink into that blissful warmth.

“I can’t,” Mami is saying, over and over, “Sakura-san I can’t, it’s too big,” and only then does Kyouko realize that she’s been mumbling pleas for Mami to take all of her, for them to tie. She grips Mami’s waist in both hands and grinds them together, lightheaded; Mami squirms underneath her, yelps, and then hooks both her ankles behind the small of Kyouko’s back, heels digging in painfully.

“Sakura-san, I’m coming, it hurts, I’m coming—”

Kyouko bites at Mami’s shoulder, pushes harder, and then Mami’s pussy contracts hard and relaxes, and the knot sinks in, sealing them together as it expands.

This time ejaculating is long and steady, and feels like floating away. Kyouko grinds her hips in circles, unable to pull out to thrust, and Mami’s walls seem to undulate as if to lovingly caress the full length of her. Kyouko resettles her hands on Mami’s breasts, playing with her nipples through her shirt, kissing Mami’s face and throat and mouth.

“You brute,” Mami says faintly, and sucks on Kyouko’s swollen lower lip. She tightens the grip of her legs around Kyouko’s waist and slips one hand between them to squeeze Kyouko’s breast. It sends a bolt of pleasure through her empty pussy and makes her mewl. Mami’s other fingers are down near where they’re joined, fumbling. Teasing her own clit, Kyouko realizes belatedly. “I told you it was too big, that hurt.”

“M sorry,” Kyouko says, and goes back to sloppily kissing Mami’s collarbones. Mami arches her back and moans.

“It feels so good now,” Mami says a moment later, “and you’re so cute, I forgive you.”

Kyouko screws up her face and groans. There’s a last surge, pain snaking up her spine, and finally, *finally*, she goes fully flaccid. Mami untangles her legs from around Kyouko’s waist, wincing, and Kyouko gingerly pulls away, collapsing on the other end of the sofa. Shiny ribbons

of semen and vaginal fluid trace nonsense patterns on the cushion between them. There's white gooey come visible in the open mouth of Mami's pussy, and Kyouko's pubes are stained with pink froth. Probably forcing the tie made her bleed.

"I hate," Kyouko says, and has to pause to catch her breath, "rutting." She can't get up.

Mami makes no move to sit up either. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself, Sakura-san."

If Mami is feeling well enough to tease her, this is a good sign, but Kyouko still feels guilty. "I feel creaky like an old lady. Holy shit. I'm glad this is over with."

Mami opens one eye and looks at her steadily. "Over with? Sakura-san, ruts can last for up to three days. If you're not feeling energetic again later tonight, you certainly will be tomorrow."

"M sorry," Kyouko says again, and groans. "Bout the sofa. And for hurting you."

"It's all right," says Mami, but Kyouko thinks it probably isn't.

Ignoring it when your partner says it hurts is what animals do, not humans.

"I'll clean up in a bit, when I'm feeling steadier. And then we need to eat something for energy's sake. We can look up toys online after. I'm sure there are toys that are especially made to stimulate an alpha knot, which I think is what did it. As enjoyable as that was, I know that we probably won't always be together at times like this. You'll need to be able to take care of yourself if you have to."

Kyouko tries to nod. It doesn't work. "Yeah."

"And... do we need to call your family? I think you should stay the night here with me just in case," Mami goes on.

"My dad's... also," Kyouko says. "They wouldn't pick up. I left a note for Momo, she'll know where I am."

"I see," Mami says. "I think that's all the practicalities, anyway."

There is silence, for a while, as they both lie still and breathe.

"Mami-san," Kyouko says. She's still looking at the ceiling; it's easier than trying to look at Mami's face.

"What is it?"

"M sorry," she says for the third time. "Thanks. Love you."

"It's all right," Mami says again. A pause. "I love you, too."

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