

I sit in my lounge chair, comfortable as can be with a drink and pleasant music playing low in my office. And why wouldn't I be comfortable? Tonight is the culmination of weeks of preparation. Finding the right staff, appropriating the right assets for this debut and ensuring the premises are up to the standards expected of the clientele. And naturally, because it was me pulling the strings for all of it, it all came together perfectly. Even more so than I had imagined.

I take a sip of my drink as I stare at the camera feed being relayed to the wall screen. My venue is displayed on that screen from above. Cameras for this sort of place are more than frowned upon but no one can complain if they don't know they're there. It isn't as though the dirty business going on can be used for anything like blackmail. This entire venture would go up in flames if any footage got out. No, the cameras are merely so I can monitor things. Intervene if something untoward were to happen.

Guests gradually fill the premises. By the looks of things, not everyone given an invitation has taken us up on it but certainly more than enough to get word to spread of how worthwhile it is. The men (and a few women) attending will experience a night to remember. Ah, there's Councilman Ochre. Glad to see he decided to attend. And... Hm. It had almost slipped my mind that we had sent him an invite but there is Mister Balta, the head of an SDC subsidiary that runs a great deal of the dust supply chain in Vale. And that just brings to mind another concern.

My mind keeps coming back to Miss Schnee. Just how... Enthusiastic she was as she began her fall. How reluctant yet joyous she was to slip into depravity. It... Honestly, it seems almost a waste to put her to work. She would be a big earner to be certain but I'm not in this for money. I'm in this to indulge both my and Salem's coinciding desire to see huntresses broken. So the question becomes, do I want to see Weiss' fall from grace occur in a small, intimate brothel? Or do I want it to happen with a little more spectacle?

Even as I continue to watch, to ensure my current plan goes smoothly, the wheels begin turning on a new design. Yes. Weiss deserves something more than being a star whore. Especially after giving me such a wonderful gift.

I can already see it working. See a pleasant atmosphere of camaraderie form in the comfortable, hazy space. The haze isn't caused by the usual suspects of sweat, alcohol and cigarette smoke. Not a single person in that building knows it but one of my first effective dust concoctions is spreading through the air of that room.

Just as I had assumed, dust alchemy is the practice of using dust as an enhancer. As a way to give substances additional properties and imbue them with more divergent effects on substances or organisms. In this case? A touch of wind dust infused into some calming incense to make my guests just that little more carefree. A trace of fire dust to inflame passions. It took some experimentation to get the doses right. To get the right balance of lust and lowered inhibitions. It would be to no one's benefit if they got *too* passionate and caused a scene. But Velvet was a wonderful little test subject for it, letting me figure out just the right measurements for our purposes. What we should have, what should be floating through that room, is an ideal mixture to get these rich idiots horny and more than happy enough to throw their lien at us by the fistful.

The lights dim. Most of them. The tables are lit by small lamps, the stage lights are up and the bar has moderate lighting. But the floor in general has gone dim. With the lights low it's far easier to see the faint prismatic streams criss-crossing the topmost section of the room.

"This world is filled with legends." Summer's voice. She has been practicing this speech for most of the week. "Fanciful tales told by those of unreachable dreams and ambitions. The idle wishes for a chance at something they could never attain. Money. Fame. Power. Such simple things. Things you, our honoured guests, already have in spades." The curtain parts to reveal her in her silver ensemble. She smiles. "And yet, what is life without a dream to chase? An ambition. A desire for an unforgettable moment of triumph. You, our honoured guests, you stand atop this kingdom. What new realms could possibly be left to conquer? What is left in this world for you to wish 'if only'?"

Behind her, symbols appear one by one. Four distinct symbols recognisable at a glance by the people of Remnant. Beacon. Haven. Atlas. Shade. A silent murmur passes through the various tables. The guests speaking quietly enough that the camera can't pick it up.

"The protectors of this world," Summer continues with a smile. "Bravely defending us against the creatures of Grimm. These stalwart heroes, like yourselves, stand above the rest of humanity. A beacon of hope, acting as our guiding atlas to provide a comforting safe haven in the shade. Beautiful, no?" she asks with just a hint of irony. "So selfless. So courageous. So giving of themselves for the betterment of the rest of us."

"But what have they done for you lately?" Her smile shifts toward being closer to a smirk. "In this time of unprecedented peace and prosperity, wars a thing of the past, our borders safe and protected, what role do these protectors serve? Should they sit and wait for the next crisis? Or could their time be put to better use, to serve humanity?"

"Gentlemen. Ladies. Welcome to Rainbow's End, where dreams and fantasies," she snaps her fingers and the second curtain rises, "Are made thrilling reality." Behind her over a dozen women stand in a row. Almost all prospective huntresses wearing their combat gear and taking heroic yet provocative poses. "So, shall we get to know your entertainment for the evening?"

More than a couple of the men cheer. Most of them new money but at least one of those with inherited wealth is unashamed of how much he's enjoying the prospect of what this establishment turned out to be.

One by one, Summer goes through the girls, introducing them as they answer one or two questions while stripping from their standard combat gear down to a much more alluring version. Velvet takes the first spot as a lovely cold open, the adorable bunny girl the closest to actually becoming a full-fledged huntress. Her costume at first glance is simply removing the black bodysuit underneath her cropped jacket and shorts. But in doing so she reveals to anyone who might know her that the jacket and shorts aren't exactly the same. The jacket barely comes down far enough to cover her nipples leaving the underside of her breasts exposed, while the shorts ride up to leave most of her backside exposed. Velvet being my

most obedient little pet dedicates herself to putting on a good show, encouraging customers to open their wallets with a lovely little hip shake.

After Velvet are... Honestly they're space fillers. Those who failed the Beacon initiation. It was a little too easy to comfort them in their moments of failure, take advantage of their vulnerability, then slowly turn them to this option. A quick way to make money to set them up to train for the rest of the year! Give the exam another go! That's how I sold them on the idea at least. Right now they're lesser prizes while in future they'll end up as consolations for those who don't manage to win time with the real talent.

Oh, and they might take the Beacon exam again next year. I don't especially care. If they get on the path to becoming real huntresses maybe they won't be lesser offerings anymore. Who knows. It's good for them to have ambition, probably.

After a couple of those lesser offerings, we get back to the real winners for a moment. Lie Ren looks ravishing in her long green qipao. Her stoic demeanour is in full effect, keeping her answers to Summer's questions short and curt. It's her body that does the talking, particularly after she sheds the pants she wears underneath the dress, performs a spinning high kick that reveals exactly how little she's wearing under the dress.

I switch feeds, looking at the bar camera. An definitely just caught a glimpse of her daughter flashing her pussy. She's embarrassed, but covers it by indulging in busywork. Not that anyone is paying her much attention at the moment, besides me.

More nobodies come and go. And now we're on to the top three prizes of opening night. "And here we have one of our standouts for the evening." Blake steps up, looking a mite flushed. Did you know that since most of my abilities to rile up faunus are down to pheromones? And thus can be transferred via passing my scent onto clothing? Fascinating stuff. Velvet didn't need such encouragement but I'm sure Blake will get there soon enough. For now it seems to be doing its job, the young former resistance fighter near panting on stage as she immediately tosses her undershirt revealing the skimpy 'bra' underneath that barely covers her nipples. Then just as quickly her shorts to reveal a thong and the garterbelt keeping her stockings up.

"Isn't she an eager kitten?" Summer jokes. "May I introduce Blake, first year student of Beacon Academy. And between you and me," she stage whispers into a microphone, "a former member of the White Fang. Thankfully she saw the error of her ways and now she's here to make it up to you the best way she knows how."

Despite the cringe of shame, it doesn't stop Blake's body undulating with her arms raised up, showing off her best asset in the gyrations of her backside.

"And that's not all," Summer continues with a grin and without prompting, Kali emerges to dance back to back with her daughter. "Her mother Kali is here to support her in making amends. Isn't it beautiful when parents support their children? Let's hope her husband doesn't find out where she got off to! Blake, Kali or even both are all available in the list of prizes for tonight's festivities."

“But that’s not all.”

I cross one leg over the other, steepling my hands as I watch the last prize take centre stage in her usual bouncy demeanour, looking just a little more forced than usual. But, that girl, you can never claim she does anything without enthusiasm.

“Last, but certainly not least. Meet Nora Valkyrie.”

“Hiiii!” the redhead cheers and waves. Only the tightness in her eyes giving away her nerves and displeasure at being there. Her outfit doesn’t require stripping down. She simply lacks the harness bustier and the heart cutout of her shirt is much larger, leaving full cleavage on display.

“Nora, how about you tell us a little about yourself!”

“Sure! Renny and I are sisters, but like, adopted sisters. And we do everything together, so when I learned about all this I had to join in!”

“I see,” Summer nods along before moving on to the next rehearsed question. “And do you have much experience with what you might be doing here tonight?”

“Nope.”

“None?”

“Nuh-uh?”

Summer gives a knowing look to her audience before sidling up to the teenager, putting an arm over her shoulder. “Just to make sure we all understand, Nora. Are you saying you’re a virgin?”

For the first time, the exuberant girl blushes a little. “I guess!”

Summer pulls away from the embarrassed girl, a wide grin on her face. “This, gentlemen, this is the kind of opportunity you will never find anywhere else in the world. Tonight, right here, one lucky winner will get the opportunity to take something so precious from a young maiden, from an untouchable huntress. Be the one she’ll always remember and live out a fantasy you’ll never forget. Let the games begin!”

With a snap of her fingers, hard light displays activate on each table, backlit by the table lamps. Allowing the guests to get to grips with exactly how this establishment runs, Summer giving a rundown on the basics. Prizes ranging from ‘special table service’ to private time with one of the girls for a range of activities, all the way up to the big jackpot. The chance to pop Nora’s cherry. For any other brothel this would be a ridiculous setup. Gambling for a whore? But the sheer impossibility of what’s on offer, that makes it far less absurd. There is no other establishment that has anything even approaching what we have here. Huntresses are demigoddess celebrities. It doesn’t matter the odds, it’s worth rolling the dice for a chance to bed one.

And Nora. Oh Nora. That... Well, I won't pretend I hadn't sown the seeds for that little beauty to fall into my lap. She might be a flighty girl but if there's one thing in the world she cares about and to which she pays a great deal of concern, it's Lie Ren. And so...

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*Three days earlier*

Ren was being quiet.

... Wait, that was stupid. Ren was always quiet about everything. That was why she needed a sister like Nora to keep her from looking like a complete gloomy guts in front of everybody!

But that was just the problem. Nora knew Ren better than anybody. She was quiet but that didn't mean she wasn't willing to open up about things with people she trusted. It was just a matter of prodding her in just the right way. A skill a certain hammer wielding, boom loving Nora had cultivated to perfection! But... Something had happened. Nora had no idea what, but not long after starting at Beacon Ren had been quicker to brush off her prodding. Nora had thought it a little weird but let it go for now. Ren would open up eventually, she knew.

And then for a little while, her sister had been back to normal. More than normal actually! It was way easier to get her to smile! And that lasted for... A whole day. Then she was right back to being closed off. Worse, Ren seemed to be struggling with something, but any prodding from a well-meaning adopted sibling was shut down.

Alarm bells rang. Something was up and it was something serious. It had to be. Ren and Nora didn't keep secrets from each other. For so long they couldn't afford to. They were each other's lifeline. The one they could rely on most. So for her sister to shut her out like this, it hurt, but it told Nora all she needed to know. Something bad had happened, and once again, just like those years ago, Ren had gone and done something drastic to resolve it.

And just like back then, Nora had no intention of letting her go it alone.

Sleuthing wasn't exactly a skill Nora had ever felt the need to develop. Ferreting out secrets was a good way to draw the wrong kind of attention in Mistral. But she did her best. Put on her best sneaky clothing (which was actually some of Ren's casualwear that had severe difficulty accommodating her stockier and curvier body type. Too tight? Definitely too tight. But it wasn't like the redhead had dark clothing of her own).

And so, Nora had crept behind Ren, whispering suspenseful sneaking music under her breath. Followed her out when the more lithe girl left the dorms one evening and shadowed her all the way to the courtyard, then toward the main school building. Up the stairs to... The staff offices? She couldn't go up there, not with the furtive glances Ren was sending along the hallway. But she could listen. She could hear the voice of the one who greeted her before she went into his office.

Professor Moriarty. Nora slapped a fist into her palm, proud of her successful first attempt at sleuthing. She didn't have the what or why but she had a who.

Usually, historically, this would be the easy part. With a who she could go back to her usual method of breaking legs until the problem went away. Worked more often than not back in Mistral. But here... Well breaking a professor's legs would probably be bad for her place in the academy? Probably. She hadn't looked up their policy on shattering limbs. It wouldn't hurt to ask him about it first. Then she could come back to the idea of hammer time if she didn't like what he had to say.

She didn't waste any time. The next day immediately after classes ended she marched her way to the staff offices. Knocked on the Professor's door. She hummed to herself as she waited for an answer, adjusting Magnhild just in case he gave her an excuse.

The door opened with a click, only part way, the Professor's head leaning around it. "What's so urgent-?" The furrowed brow evened out. "Oh. Miss Valkyrie. There's no need to bang on the door quite so hard."

"Professor, what's going on with Ren?"

"... Ah." She wasn't sure how to describe his expression. Some kind of understanding, compassion, but not regret. So he probably wasn't to blame. Good! No leg breaking, just fact finding! "If you would give me a moment." He didn't wait for permission, closing the door on her for a good twenty seconds before opening it again to invite her in. She liked his smile. Like a kindly old man. She couldn't help but smile back. "So," he said, closing the door behind her, "You wanted to know about Miss Ren. I take it you've been following her?"

"Of course," she answered with a smile bereft of shame. "How could she know she can rely on me if I wasn't butting into all of her business?"

"That's... Well, it's certainly one way to look at it," he chuckled, moving to sit on the edge of his desk. "Though whether you want her to rely on you or not, it seems rather clear she wishes to keep her difficulties private."

"That's the problem!" the redhead exclaimed in frustration. "She knows better than that! We've been through everything together! It doesn't matter what's happening, I'll have her back and I'll do whatever it takes to help!" Once upon a time it would've been out of a sense of debt. Nora would have died all those years ago if it weren't for Ren. But they had been through too much since then. There weren't debts anymore. Neither owed the other anything. They stuck together, Nora, Ren and their mother. They were all the others had. They had all done whatever they had to to survive. There was nothing for Ren to be ashamed of and there was no reason to push Nora away.

"I see... And if I were to refuse, I assume that wouldn't stop you in the slightest."

"You bet your butt it wouldn't stop me!" Nora answered proudly, hands on her hips. "No matter what happens, I'm with her until the end!"

He smiled again, looking almost sad for her. "I see. It's commendable in its own way. Well... If you've no intention of leaving it alone it might be better for everyone if you learned the truth here and now."

And so he told her. The truth. What Ren had been hiding. The Spiders had been contacting her, reminding her of her place with them, vaguely threatening her for her attempt to leave without permission. Why she had been so happy for a short while. Professor Moriarty had come through for her. Arranged a way for her to leave the gang. Only for that polite expulsion to suddenly come with a hefty price tag. He had shown her the number. More money than Nora had seen in her life which, considering some of Ren's jobs had involved delivering money, said a lot.

And then he told her how Ren intended to pay it.

"She's going to...?" Nora asked, not quite willing to voice it.

"She already has," he gently corrected. "You might be surprised, but with how admired huntresses are, plus her youth, she has the potential to pay off her debt rather quickly. What I showed you was the initial sum. It is now down to just under three quarters of what it was."

"That's—! That's crazy! In a *week*!?" She had been poor all of her life, homeless until Ren and her mother took her in, and by that point their status was barely better than hers had been. The idea of earning that much money that quickly, for anything, it was impossible for her to comprehend it.

"Most of that sum was paid due to the special circumstance of her first time."

The girl's brow creased. "What's so special about her first time—" And then it clicked. He wasn't talking about Ren's first time selling herself. He was talking about her *selling her first time*. "Oh." For how loud she could sometimes be, the word was barely audible even in the silence of the room.

"Yes," he nodded, seeing she understood. "Such things go for a high price. Her progress shall slow considerably, but within a few months I have full confidence she will free herself of the mess in which she placed herself."

That wasn't fair. He didn't understand. What it was like for them back then. To be always on the verge of ruin. To see the stress, the strain eat away at An as the years went by. And when she got sick... They needed to do something to help make ends meet. Ren acted first. With her semblance, she had a skill that was valuable to certain people. And so, she leveraged that skill.

Now that she thought about it, Nora realised that situation wasn't all that different to this one. Ren had quietly done what she had to do so they could survive. It was only when Nora followed her with a big hammer and declared herself Ren's bodyguard did the quieter girl realise she didn't have to go it alone.

And yet... Here they were again. Ren could be such an airhead sometimes. It was a good thing she had Nora around to remind her of the lessons she forgot. "I wanna help."

"Pardon?"

"I want to help," she repeated, more clearly, more certain. "I can... You said most of it was from selling her first time. I can do that too. Where do I go? Who do I talk to to make that happen?"

"Miss Valkyrie, I must ask if you've entirely thought this through—"

"I do this, the debt gets paid faster and Ren is off the hook sooner, right? That's all I need to know."

He sniffed out a laugh, shaking his head with a smile on his face. "I so rarely commend anyone for their loyalty, Miss Valkyrie. But you truly are a remarkable young woman." The smile disappeared. "Now, remove your clothes if you would."

"Wha...?"

His eyebrows raised, as though she were the one deeply in the wrong for being the slightest bit confused. "You said you wished to help, to speak to the one who can facilitate your new line of work? How convenient that you're already speaking to him. Now, the last time I'll tell you. Your clothes. I need to inspect you."

Inspect her? "Professor, you can't be—!" serious. But looking into his eyes, she knew he very much was. "You're the one who...?"

"I'm the one who facilitated the agreement with the Spiders, and I'm the one facilitating her payment to them, yes. And as I said, Miss Valkyrie," he continued in a firm, unyielding tone, "I won't tell you again."

So it was true? To her, it wasn't as much of a surprise as it might have been to others. Mistral was all underbelly with a layer of legitimacy spread over it. It was well known everyone with even a little power in that kingdom had connections to the seedier side, no matter how good their reputation might have been. No, it wasn't a surprise that an authority figure had darker connections. What was a surprise was how disappointed she was by it. She had liked Professor Moriarty.

But the real question. Did it change her decision at all?

Reaching behind her back, she grabbed the handle of Magnhild, pulled it from her back... And set it down against the wall. Once again arms went behind her back to unfasten the harness her weapon had been attached to. The professor made no comment as she continued to undress, removed her skirt, her top, then her underwear. Each piece coming off with the visual flair of a woman casually getting undressed for a shower or bed.



Even so, the professor smiled. "Not exactly the most enticing strip show, but you might be able to get away with it for your first shift." He walked around her, leered at her naked body, examining every inch of her with a hand on his chin. "Yes, very nice. Powerful thighs, there are certainly some who will appreciate those. Wide hips, a deliciously plump but firm backside." She yelped as his hand grasped one of her rear cheeks, squeezing down on the semi-pliant flesh. "Very nice indeed. And these," his arms circled her from behind, hand grabbed and mauled her breasts. No tenderness. He was true to his words. This was an inspection. An evaluation. Of her body. Of her reactions.

She gasped slightly as his fingers tweaked and pulled at her peaks. Coaxing them into hardened nubs to scrape against his palms as he continued to fondle her. "Truly remarkable. A build so powerful yet so feminine. You, my dear, will do wonderfully. The majesty of a huntress and the innocence of a virgin."

"I'm not," her words halted as he tugged at her nipples again. She gasped, sucked in a breath. An action that only reminded her how good he smelled up close. Something she was angry at herself for even noticing. "I'm not that innocent."

"Of course," he agreed with her without hesitation. "You and I know that. But they won't. The only authentic part needs to be..." One of his hands trailed down from her breast, down over her abdomen, fingers stretching towards her womanhood. She closed her eyes, but that only saw her feel the sudden contact with her most intimate place all the more. "No one has touched you here? Men or women?" She shook her head. "Not even Miss Ren?"

The shock of that question opened her eyes to look at him. "No! We're sisters! That'd be weird!"

And even more confusing and surprising, he seemed to not expect that answer. He let out an uncertain grunt and returned to the inspection. "Hm." She felt his finger slip inside her. The first thing not her own to go in there. "Yes. It seems you told me the truth. Excellent."

"Right," she agreed, controlling her breathing as he let her go, cleaning her fluids off his hand with a tissue. "What happens now?"

"Under other circumstances I would have you learn to put on a show," he answered with disinterest. "But, given you'll be trading on your inexperience, that won't be necessary. Still... It would likely be in both our interests to impart a little expertise before putting you to work."

"What does that mean?"

"It means get down on your knees."

Oh. He wasn't going to have sex with her. That would ruin everything. But selling her virginity didn't mean she couldn't start learning how to give pleasure in other ways. She had seen enough women on their knees in back alleys to know where this was going. Or at least she thought she did until he opened his pants and an extra limb burst out. The only reason it didn't smack her in the face was for her leaning back on instinct. "What is—?! *That's* your penis?!" she demanded in horror.

“Correct,” he said, in the same tone he would for a right answer in his class, “Rather a great deal bigger than any you’re likely to encounter while working. But, if you can handle this, you can handle any.” He stopped talking. She didn’t say anything. Just stared at the head like it was the barrel of a gun. A very large gun. “Well? Get started. I’ll give you instruction as we go.”

Nora’s brow furrowed, her breathing absently taking in the unfamiliar, musky, oddly pleasant scent of her teacher’s cock and balls. She reached out to take the giant shaft in hand... But stopped. “I’m getting paid for this.” It wasn’t a question. If she was going to do this, she would be compensated. It was why she was here.

“Cheeky,” he smirked down at her. “Sure, I don’t see why not. I’ll even throw in a little bonus, even though very few men find gratification in receiving a girl’s first attempt at fellatio.”

Which was why she was on her knees before him now, rather than her first attempt being with a... Customer. It felt surreal that this was where her life had gone after so long avoiding it. But, Ren did it. And she would follow her sister anywhere.

She reached out and grabbed the shaft by the base, her other hand taking hold halfway up. She took a second, got used to the feel of it in her hands. The warmth, the blood pumping through it. The ridges of veins under the surface. So this was what they were like. With more certainty, she began to run both hands up and down his cock.

“Your mouth, my dear,” he reminded her. “Anyone can give a passable handjob. You’re here to learn.”

She held in her scowl for him rushing her. She *was* learning. But, he was the one... Paying her. She leaned in, her nose taking in another wave of that scent. Without her realising it, her tongue had flicked out and given the head a tentative, exploratory lick. It... Wasn’t bad. It didn’t taste as good as it smelled, but it was okay. Feeling bolder, more confident as she came to realise this wasn’t so bad, she allowed herself to take some of the head into her mouth, sucking and licking it, not entirely knowing what else to do.

Thankfully(?), the professor was there to guide her. Give her instructions for how to make it better. To keep her hands moving, where to use her tongue, to push herself to take more in. Before long, her head was bobbing on the first three or so inches, spit running down her chin displaced by the thick meat filling her mouth. She wasn’t the kind of girl to worry about making a mess of herself. Something Professor Moriarty complimented her on. Said that it gave her an eager, unrestrained look. Nothing is better than knowing the woman on your dick is as happy about it as you are, he had told her.

She wasn’t sure she was as happy as he was. But she was starting to find a strange enjoyment out of this. Challenging herself to take it deeper. To fill her mouth, then maybe more. She pushed herself, struggled, gagged as the head pushed against the entrance to her throat. Even still, she kept going until she felt that opening give, the cock delving into the tighter space by a couple of inches.

"Oh, well done," he praised her and she would be lying if she didn't take a little guilty joy in that praise. It was a challenge and she had overcome it. She cupped his balls with one hand, the other at the base of his shaft while she bobbed, each pass up and down his spit-soaked cock popping the head into her throat. She coughed and gagged often, but it was a discomfort she was learning to mitigate. It never became easy, and that might have been the best part. Her own body fought her efforts to swallow his cock and that just made her want to do it more! Who was she to say Nora couldn't jam a foot of cockmeat into her gullet?! Nora?! Nora didn't know anything about Nora! Nora could do anything!

Once it was over, this was the moment her mind would come back to with confusion. The brief moment in which she had forgotten all about the reasons why she was on her knees sucking her professor's dick. Forgotten Ren's troubles. The odd little instant when all she cared about was pushing herself to do more, to please him more.

She dove down again, felt an unusual pressure, like it had gotten bigger suddenly. But that was nothing to realising the professor's hand was on the back of her head, keeping her in place. She panicked, realised he wasn't letting her up. And soon, without a word of warning, she learned why as a salty goo flooded up from her throat, filled what little of her mouth wasn't stuffed with cock. With nowhere else to go, the professor's cum spurted up into her nose from the inside, sprayed from the seal of her lips. And the rest of it? Only had one direction to go, dollop after dollop of thick cum pouring into her belly.

What felt like minutes later she was finally allowed to retreat from the extended deepthroat. A spray of spit mixed with semen followed the penis as it passed back out through her lips, the redhead coughing and sputtering, making even more of a mess of herself.

"Very good for a first attempt," Professor Moriarty praised her, not that she was in a fit state to appreciate it at that moment. "Now, I believe your semblance involves taking in electricity..."

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A loud bell rings out a pure tone, getting the attention of guests and girls alike. Summer steps back on stage. "It seems we have our first winners for the evening. Let's see whose wishes came true, shall we?"