

Mariko's New Team

Chapter 1 - Akane

Let us consider for a moment the mind of the tsundere. To like someone, yet act coldly towards them. To show frustration and disinterest, while your heart burns from the inside. Adoring them. Adoring their presence. Passion overflowing so much that they cannot dare show it without embarrassing themselves. Surely it is born of insecurity. The feeling that their feelings will not be returned. To believe it better, safer, if there was a little distance between them. Not too far, not too close, just the right distance to be safe. Near, yet far. Hot, yet cold. A contrast, a dichotomy that can only lead to further frustration, further heartache until, at last, the dam bursts and those feelings spill forth, creating a far greater mess than if they'd been let out a little at a time.

On this particular morning Akane Tendo, noted tsundere, was striding along on her way to school. The fence next to her is conspicuously empty. It annoyed her a bit, you know? Ranma, on top of that fence. Strolling along a chain link as casually as she was strolling down this pavement. Showing off. As usual. Standing over her. Looking down, like he was better than her or something.

Still, on a day like this where he wasn't there it felt wrong in a way she didn't - or couldn't - put into words. Ranma's lack of presence rankled her more than his presence did. Though, when he was around, it felt like the opposite.

She cast a glance up to the empty spot, where the air almost seemed to have a Ranma shaped hole. Then she scowled. "Off on another training trip without me! Hrmph!" She was a martial artist as well. She could do with a training trip like that! For a long time now, it felt like she'd hit a ceiling in terms of her ability as a martial artist. Ranma's own level of skill had showed her there were still heights she could reach for and she wanted to be there. On that same level. Standing side by side with him.

Because it would shut him up and stop him from making fun of her! Don't get any other ideas or she'd be quick to correct them!

"Trouble in paradise?" a voice chirped from behind her. In the brief second before she turned around Akane thought that voice sounded familiar, but she couldn't quite place it. Being able to get behind her like that without her noticing meant it had to be a skilled martial artist - But the one she found there was still a complete surprise.

It was a slim girl about her height wearing a light yellow leotard with a matching skirt. The leotard was sleeveless, with a pink collar. Bright yellow buttons down her front, for some reason going in matching rows. Of course. The second she saw this girl's face, recognition hit Akane with a wave of regret.

"Ta-da!" the girl, Mariko Konjo, said happily. She bounced on her heels and flashed Akane a smile that, on any other girl, would have been charming and defenseless. On this one, Akane knew better. "Guess who is now attending Furinkan!"

Mariko Konjo. Akane balled her fist on reflex, and her body language slightly shifted to deal with a potential threat. This girl had pulled Ranma into a martial arts cheerleading contest and given him a really hard time. Not just because of the weird rules of such a contest either, this girl might have a weird sounding martial art but it was versatile. Dangerous. She might talk and act like a stereotypical valley girl - and maybe she was one - but Mariko was a truly dangerous enemy to have.

Not that Akane was worried about facing her without Ranma. She could take care of herself! On the other hand, she wasn't going to provoke Mariko into making the first move either. If she wanted a fight, she'd get one - but she hadn't done anything aggressive yet.

Still, when Akane said "You?!" she couldn't quite keep the venom from her tone. Whatever she was here for, Akane did not want to have to deal with her. "Just what I needed, leave me alone!"

If it was that easy to get rid of weirdos then Akane's life would have been much simpler. Mariko shifted right into her cheering routine, right there and then. She half turned to the side, shaking her pom poms and waving them in the air. Akane traced them with her eyes, anticipating the attack that wound up not coming.

"Nuh uh!" Mariko said. "I'm running a recruitment D-R-I-V-E! The team at this school is really L-A-M-E!"

Well, that certainly bristled Akane's school pride a little. Though if she was perfectly honest, she didn't even remember if they had a team to start with. Wouldn't they have been supporting Ranma in that fight if so? Had Mariko taken them out before the fight? She didn't remember anything like that. Either way, she could sort of see what Mariko was getting at. If they didn't even help Ranma out, at all, then they couldn't be a very good team.

As for Mariko herself, she seemed content to bounce and shake those stupid pompoms around, making them rustle and jiggle while she bounced herself off the ground, doing high knee lifts, which Akane could appreciate from a purely athletic perspective. The angle of the knee was perfect, the upwards thrust would likely knock someone out if it caught them under the chin, it was nice and fast too.

The only thing Akane didn't like was the way that each knee lift made that tiny frilly skirt lift up, showing off Mariko's well toned thigh. If there was a more perfect encapsulation of why she didn't like cheerleaders very much, this was it right here. They were cute. They were pretty. They were athletic, but the only thing they ever seemed to want to use it for was showing off for boys. They played into that immaturity that Akane herself despised in boys, the number one thing that she didn't like about them.

Yeah, she was definitely the perfect example of that right now. Look at her, bouncing around, waving those pom poms in a circle while knee lifting and smiling and bouncing and circles and cheering and thighs and bouncing and jiggle and shaking and circles and pompoms and cute...

Bah! Akane turned her back, now that she could plainly see that Mariko wasn't a threat. She wasn't here to pick a fight, she was here to try to get Akane onto her cheerleading team.

"After all the trouble you put us through last time?" Akane huffed. She waved back at Mariko dismissively. "Forget it!"

Unfortunately, it seemed that she had forgotten exactly how stubborn this girl could be. In the blink of an eye she had leaped clear over Akane's head, turned around mid-air and landed in front of her, blocking her way forward once again.

"But you looked super c-u-t-e in that uniform!" Mariko cheered. Instantly bringing back memories of that battle. Of Ranma, not knowing who she was because of the face guard, saying that he 'loved' Akane. Of Akane herself having to don a cheerleader uniform to continue the battle when Ranma was seemingly knocked unconscious. Or when Ranma put an end to the fight, diving into the path of Mariko's attack and delivering a counter while simultaneously protecting Akane, all while looking absolutely adorable, because that stupid girl form seemed perfectly able to suit any sort of girly clothes you put it in...

That's why Akane blushed a little, for those memories made her feel things that she would never admit to feeling out loud. "As if I care..." she muttered.

Alas, without meaning to, she had stepped fully into Mariko's trap. That uncertainty, that embarrassment, it was exactly what Mariko needed. She resumed her routine from before without missing a beat, kicking high and waving her pom poms around in a distracting circular motion.

"There is nothing you should fear!" Mariko cheered, happy, smiling and positively bursting with joy. "Because it's fun to cheer, cheer cheer!"

"But I -" Akane began to protest, but was cut off before she could voice her objections. Normally being interrupted wouldn't be enough to make her stop speaking like this, but for some reason she couldn't put into words what she wanted to say.

"Pep them up as you dance, just like going into trance!"

High kick, skirt slipped up, showing her toned thighs. Pom poms raised, pom poms lowered, spinning spinning never still. Up and down she bounced in place. Akane could swear that she'd turned away at least three times by now, but it felt like Mariko was everywhere she looked.

"I'm not..." she muttered weakly. Mariko skipped closer to Akane now. Directly in front of her. Holding her pom poms directly in front of Akane's face. Keeping them moving, keeping them rustling, keeping her eyes totally focused on them. Around and around, spinning and bouncing to a beat that Akane could almost hear in her head after a few seconds of watching.

"Cheering is your sacred duty, because you are such a cutie!"

"Cu-Cutie..." Akane repeated back. Badumf. Her heart pounded in her chest. Cute. She was cute. Of course she was cute. The boys at school were tripping over themselves to go out with her. Several were perfectly willing to get their faces punched on a daily basis for a whole month just so they could have the chance to date her. Despite what Ranma always said, Akane knew that she was a cute girl.

"So? How about it?" Mariko asked. "Give it a T-R-Y!" A sly smile fell across her pretty face, and then she dealt the finishing blow. "It'll make Ranma super h-a-p-p-y, that's for sure!"

"Ranma... Happy?" Akane repeated. By now her eyes were totally glazed over. This is the power of martial arts cheerleading. Where most martial arts are powered by killing intent, this is one of very few forms that is powered by love. It was using that love against Akane now. Tapped into her barely repressed feelings for a certain pigtailed idiot, and swirled them up inside her mind. Her own feelings are being used against her by Mariko, making them swell up inside her. Piercing the dam. Making those emotions wash over Akane's soul. "I want to make Ranma happy. Love Ranma lots."

And lots and lots and lots and lots. Sure, most of the time he was a loudmouthed arrogant jerk, but a lot of the time he could be sweet as sweet could be. She enjoyed hanging out with him. Enjoyed being challenged by him.

Also? Great big also? He was hot. In both forms. A handsome toned stud in boy form, and a busty shortstack in the other. Talk about cute, that's to a whole other L-E-V-E-L.

Obviously he didn't feel the same way about her. Right? She didn't think he did anyway. Obviously he wanted a C-U-T-E girl. Which he often said that Akane wasn't. So, what if Akane became a C-U-T-E girl? A ditzzy, horny cheerleader, letting her cuteness out, letting him get the kind of girl he so obviously wanted.

That would make him so. Fucking. Happy that she totally couldn't stand it, y'know?

Mariko let out an excited shriek. "So cute!" she bawled, tucking her pom poms under her chin. "Let's get you in a uniform right away!"

Yes. A uniform. A cute cheerleader uniform. A teeny tiny skirt to show off her L-E-G-S. A snug leotard to hug her B-O-D-Y. Akane strutted off side by side with Mariko, former foe turned trusted advisor, and she made a conscious effort to mimic the way that girl was moving. The

idea settled into her mind, like a fog settling over a city. Yes. Akane Tendo. Cheerleader ditz. There was something about that which felt right.

Her eyes were still glazed over, but a content smile filled her pretty face. By the time she was done learning all she could from Mariko, Ranma wouldn't know what hit him!

Chapter 2 - Nabiki

Atop Furinkan High School was an unbelievable sight. Two girls, former enemies, side by side. One wearing a bright yellow cheerleader's uniform. The other in a navy blue cheerleader uniform, to match the typical Furinkan girl's uniform. Mariko Konjo in yellow, Akane Tendo in blue.

The two of them were running through a fairly standard cheerleading routine, holding pom poms aloft and waving them around while bouncing around and performing high knee lifts. They were energetic, they were peppy, they were grinning from ear to ear... though the reason for their smiles were quite a bit different.

In Mariko's case, it was because this had been a blinding success. She'd seen it at the conclusion of her fight with Ranma Saotome, the L-O-V-E they had for one another. They were both so C-U-T-E together, especially in those uniforms. The way they protected each other. The way they looked out for one another! Oooh! It was a total treat for her eyes to see such L-O-V-E! It simply had to, had to, had to be used for the purposes of cheerleading martial arts!

And look at her there, cheering away to her heart's content! Absolutely adorable. From head to toe, she made such a C-U-T-E cheerleader! That was part of why she had to get that girl into a uniform right away, to see how she looked and make sure she was remembering correctly.

She had! She'd remembered *perfectly*. Akane Tendo had a body that was perfectly balanced between athleticism and feminine appeal. Within a minute of putting that uniform on she was cheering like she'd been born to do it.

The other reason was the main one. Reinforcing the hypnosis was crucial at this stage. It wasn't enough to make Akane awaken to her inner cheerleader, the idea that it was F-U-N had to be reinforced as soon as possible. There was a risk it might be shaken off, but cheering with her like this would help ease her into it and make it less likely she'd regress.

That's the reason she was smiling, you see. Success! Her new cheerleading technique was a total and complete success! Cheerleader Martial Arts Recruitment, manipulating one's feelings of love to awaken a love for cheerleading! How frightful! How perfect! How sublime!

As for Akane, her reason for smiling was, like, so much simpler. For a long time she'd been angry. Frustrated. Held back. Her father refused to train her. Rather than entrusting her with the family dojo, he totally went behind her back and hitched her up with a boy she'd never met. Lucky her, that boy was a total cutie and absolutely her type, but the principle of the thing was what really ate at her. Nobody took her seriously as a martial artist even though she was obviously super talented, all she needed was someone to, you know, give her a push.

Then there were those gross boys trying to beat her up for a fight, and she was like, what are you even doing? Is that any way to ask a girl out? What happened to leaving a love note in her

locker and confessing after class? What happened to, you know, common sense in courtship? I mean, sure, Tatewaki Kuno had made that super dumb proclamation that only someone that beat her in a fight could date her - but did those knuckleheads really think he'd be okay with that? If one of them did beat her, he'd go after them himself even if she did date them! Which she wouldn't!

Then toss in Ranma and all the babes throwing themselves at him, while he was being a loudmouthed jerk about everything under the sun - It was a whole thing. She was super stressed and angry about it all. Was. Past tense. It used to upset her. Not so much now.

Her eyes had been opened to the potential of martial arts cheerleading. Before, she'd just seen cute ditzzy girls in skimpy outfits being all flirty and stuff. Now she saw it differently. They were athletic babes who put in hard work, pushed themselves to their limits. Got better and better each and every day through practice, practice and yet more practice. The parallels to martial arts were so, so obvious when you looked for them! It was the perfect way for her to improve!

The fact that they were also cute girls in skimpy outfits who happened to also *get their man* more often than not was also kinda a big plus.

Knee-lift! Fun! Fist pump! Fun! Shake that pom pom all around! Fun fun fun for everyone! She felt this tiny skirt swish around her thighs with every motion she made, felt the fabric clinging to her figure, and through it all felt more alive than she could remember. Every step, every cheer, every - everything that she was doing felt like it was reaching into her brain and melting away the parts of her brain that doubted what she was doing.

To put it another way, Akane was smiling because the hypnotic effect she was falling under was hitting her brain hard with the dopamine. This is the way the most effective hypnosis works, after all. It tricks your brain into thinking 'hey, isn't this what we've always wanted?' From there, the subject follows along at their own pace.

But these two were not alone on this rooftop. As the pair of them happily cheered away, there was a predator lurking nearby. Not some perverted boy. No, some might call this even worse. It was Akane's own sister, Nabiki Tendo.

Some in the know whispered that she was the Ice Queen of Furinkan - but not too loudly or your wallet would be empty, and your life in shambles for the rest of the year. The middle daughter of the Tendo family certainly lived up to the reputation often aimed at the middle child. The troublesome one of the group. Where Kasumi was the consummate homemaker, and Akane focused on the 'family business', Nabiki's interests were a bit more self-centred in nature.

By which we mean a lot more self-centred.

She was a penny pincher extraordinaire. A blackmailer, a swindler, a grifter and so much worse. Nabiki's true skill was in finding a person's psychological weakness and stepping on it, nice and

hard, until the person gave her what she wanted. Money? Yes, that was her usual go to. But in truth what she was after was simple entertainment. The money itself was merely a tangible reward she could point to at the end of the day. A means to an end. She didn't have a problem spending her own cash on something truly worthwhile. Though if she could get it by having someone else pay for it instead, well, that was all the better. More fun for her as well!

Nabiki would use anything at all to get that entertainment/money out of her target. In particular, she used her looks like a scalpel. All three of the Tendo sisters were, frankly, stunning beauties in their own right. Each of them jumping on a different lever in your straight man's sex drive. For Nabiki, it was her wicked side that drew the boys to her. Whether they realised it or not, that pretty face with the devilish intent was like a moth to a flame. Irresistible, yet it would lead you to ruin if you strayed too close. She had a habit of blackmailing those who were unfortunate enough to send her love letters. Threatening to publish their embarrassing content for all the world to see. Unless, that is, they paid her off. Regularly. A reasonable rate for her silence. Because, of course, she knew that you should not bill someone *too* much for something like mere silence. Try that and it won't take long before they try something more... drastic. Don't be greedy, show a little patience and you'll often make more money in the long run.

Today, she was standing in the stairwell, partly hidden by the door. She'd seen her sister and Mariko Konjo heading up to the roof together, and found this intriguing enough to take a look. She'd expected a fight of some kind. Or an argument. For her sister to change into a uniform like that and join Mariko in an impromptu cheer routine - Well, that went beyond what she was anticipating up here.

"Well well little sister," Nabiki muttered to herself. "Quite an interesting hobby you've picked up." She tapped her foot, not noticing that she was doing so in time with the cheering routine in front of her. "A very interesting hobby."

Nabiki pulled out her camera. This was another money making trick she liked to pull. Selling pictures of her little sister and fiance (either form, boy or girl. That Jusenkya curse was a blessing to Nabiki's eyes!) to whoever was interested. The sight of Akane like this would bring in a mint. The boys would all want a piece of this for certain!

Tap-tap-tap-tap went Nabiki's foot, in time with Akane waving her pom poms around. Beaming smile. Her hair bouncing along in time with the fabric of the pom pom. A steady, regular four beat rhythm. There wasn't any music playing. Nor were the girls actually chanting anything. But the way they were moving made it feel like there was an inaudible four beat tune playing.

For example, Akane would bounce from side to side exactly four times before suddenly putting her hand on her hip and waving her other hand in front of herself. Again to the same four beat tune. Then a new pose. And another new one. It was so regular that before she knew it, Nabiki had added a little wiggle of her hips to the tapping of her foot.

"Looks like you're having fun," she commented to nobody. In all honesty she couldn't remember the last time she'd seen Akane smile like that. Oh no, wait. There was that time after Ranma returned from that fight with Herb. She'd been smiling then. He was the only one that could make her smile like that.

So she must be really enjoying herself out there. That smile wasn't for show.

Akane tossed the pompoms aside, apparently feeling a touch experimental. Nabiki felt groggy for some reason from watching her, but - but she kept on taking pictures. This was way too juicy. With the quality of images she was getting here she could milk this for months!

Tap tap tap tap.

Akane put one hand at her hip and used the other to point ahead. She wagged her finger while swishing her hips from side to side - a gesture that Nabiki found herself repeating, holding the camera in front of herself, erratically taking pictures as she shook her butt to that same inaudible rhythm.

"Looks like..." Nabiki sluggishly thought. Gotta take pictures. Lots of pictures. Sell them for lots of -

Tap tap tap tap.

Akane bent over at the waist putting her fists flat to the ground. With her skirt as short as that she would have given an eyeful to anyone behind her. Still, Nabiki felt compelled to go down as well. Because - because it was a better angle down here. One hand on the ground, the other still holding the camera.

"She's having..." Nabiki continued the thought. So sluggish. So slow. So unlike her. She tried to focus. Thought of the money she would make from this and then -

Tap tap tap tap.

Akane shot back up, arms folded in front of her. She leaned back with one leg slightly crossed in front of the other. Ah... Nabiki tried to do the same thing because you could really get her entire body in frame, if only she moved back very slightly.

"Lots of..." the thought travelled on, at this point by sheer momentum, however slow it might be. Money. So much money from -

Tap tap tap tap.

Akane raised her hands straight up into the air, and performed a straight knee lift, which of course Nabiki duplicated as best she could because - Because... because she felt like it. Because she... she couldn't think of why she was doing that.

"F-U-N!"

Ah, that was why. Akane was having fun. Wasn't that what Nabiki was all about? Fun? Yeah, fun. It was weird. She'd been thinking about how much money she would make from this. She loved money. L-O-V-E.

Though she'd only figure it out later, it was her love for money that had done her in. Focusing on that while watching this cheer routine, intended to wrap up Akane's brainwashing, had laid the seeds in Nabiki's mind, and that greed had germinated rapidly. Thus, when Nabiki hip bumped the door and left it all the way open, she barely even registered it.

Her eyes were glassy, and she was taking pictures on reflex at this point. Wobbly on her feet. Barely able to S-T-A-N-D. Akane turned to look at her in the middle of a routine. Her back had been turned to Nabiki at the time, but she looked back with a bit of surprise on her face.

Then... she noticed the condition of Nabiki's eyes.

Understanding dawned upon Akane's freshly ditzzy mind. 'Ohhhh, so that's what's going on?' she thought. Mariko had brainwashed her into liking cheerleading, and now that effect had hit Nabiki as well. She turned, keeping her hands raised into the air, and broke out into a smile.

'That's so hot'

Where once she would have been mortified by that revelation, now Akane embraced it. A side effect of the hypnosis, or perhaps something deep within her awakening? Who could say? All that matters now is the result. Akane watched as her sister sluggishly attempted to adopt the same pose, mirroring Akane by raising her hands into the air, then nodded her head in a 'come over here' gesture.

As for Mariko, she had noticed this exchange with, at first trepidation, and then relief. She quickly pulled out a spare uniform that she'd had prepared. Just in case the one she'd had made up didn't fit Akane. Nabiki staggered across the roof, taking off her uniform while staggering forward, the two of them presenting the uniform to her with welcoming smiles befitting cheerleaders, who should always smile when greeting a new team member.

Within a minute after this Nabiki had joined them in their routine. Akane and Mariko flanking her. Reinforcing her newfound L-O-V-E for cheerleading.

Tap tap tap tap.

'This is F-U-N!' Nabiki thought.

Tap tap tap tap.

'This is better than M-O-N-E-Y!'

Tap tap tap tap.

'Ooh, but I can use this to make some quick cash.'

Tap tap tap tap.

'If I'm half as cute as those two, the boys will be crawling all over me!'

Then again, she might be able to have more F-U-N if she dropped the blackmailing routine and went on proper dates. Something to think about now that she had a new perspective on things.

Fairy Tail - Fascination/ Obsession 4

When the next morning came, Levy was already on her way to the library. Not hurrying, measuring her pace so that she arrived right as the building was due to open. This wasn't an especially odd journey for her to make first thing in the morning, but what was unusual was the grim set determination on her face as she travelled. It was the sort of expression one wore when preparing for a grim contest, not when visiting a public facility intended to ensure the community had a broader and freer access to knowledge and fiction.

She'd kept on thinking about it. Last night. Watching Cana dance like that in front of her mirror. Grinding her hips, making her breasts bounce and shaking her butt around and around. It was strange. Very strange that she'd suddenly start to do that. Justifying it by saying 'it's exercise' simply didn't sit well with her. There was something unnatural about it. In fact, her general behaviour yesterday was a little strange. She was almost... subdued in comparison to normal. Watching everyone, rather than being her usual loud self.

And that dance. It kept on coming back to Levy, time and time again. Something about it that tickled the edge of her conscious thought. It bothered her. It irked her. Was Cana trying to show off for someone? Surely not. The way she dressed and behaved, a dance like that wouldn't really add anything to draw attention to herself.

Which led her here, to the city's library. Levy, being a bit of a bookworm, was well known here already and so she slipped inside without a fuss. Let's see, let's see... On to non-fiction, then athletics and then - Here we go. Dance. Her gaze scanned the aisles for relevant books, they had a pretty good selection here so there must be something applicable to her situation.

Which there was indeed. A History on Belly Dancing. A bit niche, but just what the doctor ordered. Perfect! Levy stepped forward and reached out to pull it from the shelf - only for her hand to brush up against a soft feminine hand that was also reaching for it at the same time.

"Oh, pardon me!" said a woman Levy had never seen before. A very pretty woman, a little taller than herself. She stepped back, a timid yet also strangely confident smile upon her face. There was a strange gleam in her eyes too. As though she was unconsciously appraising Levy and - Yeah, that chest was pretty impressive too.

Actually, taking a good look at her, this woman was very pretty. She was wearing a floral patterned t-shirt that was tied off underneath her breasts, and a matching skirt that went down to her ankles. She really did give off this air of innocent beauty, a sort of alluring naivete, an effortless charm that could entice and ensnare an unwary man just like *that*. It wasn't magic or anything, but it was about as close as you could get otherwise.

"Hi, I'm Lily," this stranger said. "Pardon me, terribly sorry, but can I please take that book out? I need it for a new job."

"A new job...?" Levy repeated back to her. Then, a thought occurred. "It wouldn't be that new cafe that opened up, is it?"

"Yep! That's right! They have dancing girls in the basement, and I was looking to improve my routine," Lily said. "So far I have this down." Then, right there in the library, she rolled her tummy. "And I can do this too." She began to move her upper torso in a sort of figure eight

pattern, making her breasts bounce embarrassingly underneath that shirt. "But I can't quite get both at once going, you know?"

Somehow, Levy didn't think the men would especially care. For a few minutes, Lily made a heroic effort to do both at once, and it reminded her of seeing some little kid being told they couldn't pat their head and rub their tummy at the same time. She kept on flowing freely from one to the other, as if a switch was being flipped whenever she made the attempt. It went like that for a bit. Back and forth. Rolling her fit tummy. Back and forth. Bouncing her boobs around. Back and forth. Undulating and grinding and spinning and -

"Ah, it's okay, you can keep it!" Levy said, handing her the book right off the shelf. "I don't really need it for anything, I was just... curious about something. I'll get it when you return it."

"For real?!" Lily shrieked excitedly, before pulling Levy into a great big hug. "Oh, thank you so much, that means the world! You have no idea how much this helps me."

"N-No problem!" Levy said, then hung back while Lily skipped and frolicked off - And the instant she had done so, that determination crept onto her face yet again. Why would that be, you might ask? The answer is simple enough. Suspicious. She was very suspicious. That was too perfect of a chance encounter to have out of nowhere. That kind of chance encounter could only ever happen in a story. A work of fiction, and not reality. She just so happened to work for the cafe that Cana had visited yesterday right before she started acting weird? She had arrived at this library the day after that, right as Levy was trying to investigate belly dancing?

Suspicious! Very suspicious! It was setting up all sorts of alerts in her brain right now. That had to have been a planned encounter. To what end, she did not know. Perhaps trying to keep her from getting that book, or maybe a failed attempt to foster a friendship with her? Or... the first steps to doing exactly that?

Either way she had a lead. Realistically she should probably get some backup. Maybe tell Lucy of her suspicions. Or try to discuss it with other guild members. However... She was on a hot lead right now. If she let Lily out of her sight for too long, she might not pick it up again.

Against her better judgement, Levy snuck after her. Hiding behind aisles, she watched as Lily checked out the book, then held it open and read as she walked, which made it easier to follow along afterwards. In fact, Levy felt like she probably didn't even need to try to keep track of her. Which was a bit concerning but - if she was being led into a trap then they'd soon regret it. She wasn't any kind of a pushover, and they'd regret bringing the wrath of Fairy Tail down upon them if they did try something.

But... No. Actually, Lily was heading into a public park. A secluded corner, behind a tree. An out of sight meeting? Biting her lip, Levy crept around that tree carefully and peeked around to take a closer look. It didn't sound like she'd met with anyone. There was no greeting or anything, so why... What was she doing back here?

The answer, it turned out, was... dancing. She had the book propped open on top of a branch, with her back turned to Levy, and seemed to be following instructions found inside the book. Huh? Was that all? She was practising for work?

"Hurm, let's see, something like this...?" Lily asked, while tracing an infinite symbol in the air using her butt. She stuck her arms out and started to wave them around, up and down in a slow

motion that seemed to coincide with the motions of her waist. Honestly, Levy was starting to feel a bit silly about this. Maybe it really was a coincidence? Maybe it was...

...

Hold on a moment. That foot movement. The way she was raising and lowering her arms. That looked familiar, and Levy knew why immediately. She'd been playing it through in her mind over and over since seeing it last night. This was the same kind of dance that Cana had been trying to do. Ah, don't misunderstand. Not in the sense that 'they were both belly dancing', but rather, they were trying to do the same kind of bellydance. The same tempo, the same coordinated movements. Cana's was a bit clumsier, less practised and refined, but it was without a doubt the same kind of dance!

It was much more fluid. Much more graceful. Levy didn't really know that much about dancing, if she was being honest, but she could at least tell that much. It was like stumbling onto a stranger drawing the same landscape as your friend, or writing a story that was hitting the same beats. Coincidence? You couldn't call it that. There was clearly something else going on here - but what? Levy's gaze travelled across Lily's form as she danced, finding it quite easy to trail from her round, swaying ass up along her trim tummy, all the way up her back to her rolling shoulders, finding herself amazed and impressed by the muscle control on display. Then her gaze travelled back down. And up. And down. What was it about this dance that was so dangerous? She had to figure this out. If she reported with her suspicions alone, it'd probably be taken as a joke.

"Oh dear me, this skirt seems to be getting in my way," Lily said out of nowhere. She unfastened her skirt, letting it drop to the grass, then stepped out of it and continued her dance without missing a beat. Gosh, she had great legs as well! Not a blemish on them, and their shape made her think of a model. Further, now that she was out of that skirt she could take longer strides, pitching her weight back and forth more easily, while also drawing far greater attention to the lower half of her body.

Her legs were almost acting like a mirror to her arms waving at her side. She would slide one foot up her other leg, then point it out to the side, step it in front of the other so she could use it to focus her turn slightly to the side, giving Levy a brief glimpse of her profile before she swept her other leg aside and repeated the steps, mirrored left to right. Gracefully. Elegantly. Entrancingly. It was very, very easy to understand why a man could be mesmerised by this dance.

After each little step, she made her round, or rather peach shaped butt bounce just a little. At first Levy hadn't even noticed her doing it, but after watching for a while it became more and more obvious, her gaze drawn deeper upon that feature, covered with a white cotton piece that, for some reason, she suddenly wedgies herself with. Tugging the material up into her crack, gripping it in place between her cheeks, leaving them totally bare. Oh! But now Levy could plainly see the flesh of her cheeks, it almost seemed to gleam with divine energy. With an ass like that, no wonder she went out in longer skirts. If she didn't, there would be a trail of drool from all the men she walked by!

Incidentally, this is where Levy reflexively, quite without noticing, wiped some drool from her own chin. Although she was scowling, although she was heavily suspicious, she was still watching Lily dance away. That might be the most insidious part of this spell, really. Just because she was suspicious of it, just because she was wary, didn't mean that she wasn't falling under its spell.

Simply put, she was developing a quite different kind of fascination than Cana was. In the end, if she continued down the route she was on then it didn't much matter how suspicious she was.

To understand what I mean by this, consider that her own hips were moving ever so slightly, subconsciously, as she was trying to puzzle out what was so special about this dance. She'd perfectly fallen into Lily's trap regardless of how intelligent or careful she was, and would be watching for quite a bit longer than she strictly had to.

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While Levy's suspicions were unknowingly setting her upon the path to a lewd dancing obsession, Cana was rising from bed letting out a big, satisfying stretch and the kind of yawn that's not just contagious, but compulsory. If you could see her yawn and not follow through with your own, you have a willpower to match the Gods. She rolled out of bed, rubbed the sleep from her eyes and sighed contentedly from a good night's rest. Up a bit earlier than normal, too.

With that free time available to her, she sauntered over to her mirror once again, sitting innocently in the corner of her room. She looked at herself, clad in a comfortable shirt and trousers. Normal pajamas, which she quickly peeled off herself so she could see her whole naked body in the reflection.

You know, she was fully aware of how hot she was. The kind of body she had. Of course she knew! How could she not? Why do you think that she dressed the way she did? However, right now it feels more... pronounced than normal. She was keenly aware of how hot she was. Vividly able to see it. And when she put her hands behind her head and began to slowly roll that tummy, it became all that more obvious.

She was hot. She was extremely hot. She could have men eating out the palm of her hand in an instant. Despite that, something about this felt off. Cana could not place it. However, watching her own movements she felt like she wasn't moving as smoothly as she should be able to.

Maybe she was focusing on her tummy too much? Yeah, that could be it. Maybe if she tried bouncing her shoulder a little bit? That was a little tricky. Doing it at the same time as rolling her stomach was - Ah! There we go! Bouncing her shoulders back and forth was causing her boobs to bounce and jiggle. It wasn't much, but when you add it into what she was already doing it was like adding salt to soup. Brings out more of the flavour!

Though it still needed something to add to the mix. What was it? What was eluding her? What should she do to make this dance as perfect as Amber and Lily's? Maybe if she tried -

Gurgle!

... Oof. Trying to dance on an empty stomach wasn't gonna do her any favours! She could pick this up after breakfast. Maybe head over to the cafe and hang out with her new friends? Yeah, that sounded like fun. Maybe watch 'em dance a bit more too. Funny how she thought it was kinda lame at first, but now that she was starting to understand how much practise they had to put into it... Kinda cool actually!

For now though she was going to behave as a creature of habit and go to her usual breakfast spot. The guild! Cana dressed, made sure she was presentable and wandered over while

humming the song that had been playing in the cafe. It put her in a pretty good mood, even if the job itself was kind of a waste of her talent.

"Hey everyone! Good morning!" Cana cheered as she walked in through the doors. The place was a bit quieter than normal. Probably not everyone was awake yet. She could see Laxus, Evergreen and Bickslow over there at the centre table having breakfast. They nodded in her direction, acknowledging that she was there, but not opening conversation as they had no business with each other right now. Yeah, well, whatever. They were all here for breakfast anyhow. There was Bisca and Asuka as well at a table off to the side of the room, with Asuka being her normal adorable self munching away at some cereal with a great big shit eating grin... though that might not be the best imagery to use when describing a little girl having her breakfast, huh?

"Good morning, Cana!" Mirajane chirped happily. "My, you're early this morning. Did you get enough sleep last night?"

Cana beamed back at the girl behind the counter, but then sorta... stopped in her tracks. She was already kinda aware of this, but just like earlier with herself, she sorta became that much more aware of how pretty she was. Mirajane Strauss. One of the most powerful mages in the guild. An S-Class, without a doubt - though she tended to do behind the counter work at the bar.

She was kind of like a mother figure for all of them, protective and doting. So, looking at her now, seeing her as the voluptuous, sexy woman that she was... A slender body, large breasts, trim waist and healthy childbearing hips, it sort of felt like Cana was meeting her again for the very first time.

That thought kept her distracted for only a second, and then she replied: "Yeah, like a baby!" Cana chortled. "So, what's up for breakfast today? My tummy wants some action, you know?"

A weird way to phrase it, but Cana only noticed that after the fact. Huh. She was thinking about her belly quite a bit, wasn't she? Well, whatever. She ordered up some bacon, toast, and a beer to wash it down with. Though Mirajane was quite firm that it was a bit too early to start drinking. Boo!

Well, whatever. She could drink plenty later on. For the time being she'd just shoot the breeze with Mirajane and -

Swish, swish, swish.

Immediately lost her train of thought whenever Mirajane moved. Graceful. So graceful. The long, flowing dress she was wearing wasn't exactly skintight or anything, but nor did it make any bones about the body lying underneath. It was the way it moved around her. Stopping, starting, it gave you a glimpse at a time of her body's shape and from there you could easily figure out the rest.

And it was nice. A very nice body. Cana was proud of her physique, but Mirajane might well put her to shame. It was like she was dancing without dancing, so effortless and smooth in her motion while doing something as plain and ordinary as making breakfast.

Then what would it be like, Cana started to wonder, if Mirajane took up belly dancing as well?

One blink and the guild fell away. Replaced with the basement of the cafe. Mirajane was now on the stage, wearing a modified version of her dress. Fabric cut away around the middle and the chest, a large slit up the thigh, and the fabric turned a touch more transparent. Then, she started to dance with purpose behind it. Starting slow, with her hands on the top of her head, jutting her hips from side to side. She slowly, achingly, turned around, putting a touch more 'oomph' into each passing swing.

And then, once she'd turned her back, she started to dance in earnest, letting her arms fall out to the side. Waving them around, rolling her shoulders, drawing them in front of herself while still continuing to spin in place. It was stunning, radiant, absolutely gorgeous.

In her mind's eye Cana was almost starting to realise what she was doing wrong when she tried to replicate Amber and Lily's routine. Yes, she had been too focused on her stomach and what it was doing. She had already realised that she should also bounce her breasts around, make them jiggle and bounce underneath her attire, but she should also be putting work into shaking her ass. Bring attention to her rear. Keep the viewer from watching only one place, or two - Hell, even three! That's why the arm motion was also important. It's why the legs had to be put to good use as well, turning around, stepping to the side in exaggerated manner to draw attention to the thighs.

Within her mind, Mirajane was already doing all of this. Like she already knew everything Cana was only now figuring out. Using that body to its full, lewd potential. While still somehow maintaining that maternal aura about her that made it seem as if her movements were effortless. Almost unintentional in how she moved so sexily that there wasn't an eye in the room that looked away. Then, she turned to Cana and opened her mouth to ask a question:

"Since you're not having beer, will you be alright with orange juice instead?"

The guild reformed. The red dress became, well, a red dress again. Cana shook her head, and Mirajane shrugged. "Apple juice then?" Actually, Cana was trying to shake off that... whatever it was. "Ah, yeah. That'll do fine!" she said.

"Not a problem, especially after you agreed to help me out." Huh? What was she - "Normally, nobody wants to help me clean out the guttering, so it's really greatly appreciated!"

"Ah... not a problem..." Cana said. A great sweeping dread crept over her soul. The guttering?! At this guild! There were rumours that the things found in that guttering were so vile, even Natsu had gone comatose after encountering it! She had to get out of this somehow, what had she been thinking?!

Actually... Dammit, that smile from Mirajane shut down any and all possibility she could say no anymore. She was already trapped in gutter hell, whether she liked it or not!

"You can make it up to me by checking out that new maid place with me later!" Cana blurted out of nowhere. "It's - I'm pretty sure you'd like it! Okay?"

"Okay!" Mirajane said, grabbing Cana's pinky with her own. "It's a promise!"

LS Kallen 3

Let's not mince words here. Milly Ashford is a pervert. How did Shirley describe her that one time? A dirty old man's soul trapped in the body of a beautiful young woman. Or something along those lines. She wasn't wrong. No, she didn't literally have a dirty old man's soul, but there were surely times where the difference was irrelevant. Sort of like how 1 and 0.999... infinitely repeating were technically the same number.

Oh, but don't misunderstand. Just because she loved to have some fun didn't mean that sex was the only thing on her brain. That sort of attitude wouldn't make her the charming student council president that everyone on campus adored. Case in point, it might seem like having her council members dress up in cute catgirl outfits was nothing more than a ploy to see them in skintight apparel - but in truth, it was her way of helping them unwind a bit after working so hard of late.

Okay, sure, getting to see them in skintight apparel was also nice but it wasn't the main reason. Honest!

Right now, her attention was fully turned on towards the second newest member of the student council. The newest? Suzaku Kururugi. Over there helping to paint whiskers on Lelouch's face. Those two were close, so she could let them get on with it, and tease dear, sweet Lelou later on. Alas, business must come before pleasure, and in this case she had some business with Kallen

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Milly looked her over again. Was she... bigger than before? Ah, imagine her asking that while making a lewd gesture around her chest. And around her posterior. It wasn't her imagination, right? Kallen had bigger boobs and a rounder butt than she usually had, right? Milly considered herself a bit of a connoisseur of the female form. Kallen and Shirley were, in her mind, easily tied for the top hottest babe in the council. She had to disqualify herself because she was a judge, have to remain impartial right? But anyway, that was... unexpected. Kallen didn't seem the sort to go in for that kind of surgery. On the other hand it looked like natural growth? What had she eaten to do that to her? Multiplying her already high hotness rating by two overnight!

"I take it that you have a costume for me?" Kallen asked, kind of in a 'let's get this over with' kind of tone. Which returned Milly to the point she'd been building towards: Suzaku sorta... fit in nicely enough with everyone, but Kallen was still a bit too distant. Like she was trying not to get too close. Even Nina volunteered to help out now and again, but Kallen initiated conversation less frequently than Nina did. The introvert of the group. "I'm not sure I'll look good in it..."

Lie. That last comment had to be a lie. There was no way Kallen could not know how utterly blazing hot she was. By just standing there, she might set the room alight by mistake. "You know it!" Milly said, linking arms with her. "Alright, kitties play nice! I'm going to help Kallen change into her costume. You've never worn something like this before, right?"

"Don't worry!" Suzaku said. "We'll make sure they behave."

"Who will make sure you behave?" Lelouch countered. "I know you're drawing something other than whiskers on my face, cut that out Suzaku!"

See now, this is what she was talking about. Suzaku had fit in without missing a beat, but Kallen was still a bit distant. Of course, Milly did know a bit more about her situation than the others -

Kallen was half Japanese. Her mother had become an employee of her father's household in an attempt to stay close to them, and her father's family had forced him to marry some winner of the annual 'stereotypical wicked stepmother' contest. She was probably afraid that others would find out the truth about her mixed heritage. Not that anyone in the student council would care. Milly cast a glance back towards Nina. Well. Almost none of them would care.

In any event the two of them were in a side room now. Milly held up the fun little outfit she'd picked out, a cute pink bunny costume.

"Not a cat?" Kallen asked.

"Well, Rivalz has a dog, so it's not a universal expectation," Milly said, rubbing the back of her hand against her cheek in imitation of a cat preening itself. She slid up next to Kallen, rubbing her cheek into the other girl's shoulder, again in imitation of catty behaviour. "Mew! You want to be a playful kitty like me?"

"No, a bunny is fine," Kallen said and then quickly flicked her fingers up her chest, and her uniform split open like Moses parting the red sea. "You're here to help me put it on, right?"

Badumf! The sight of Kallen's bare chest appeared before Milly's unprepared eyes. Now, please note that Milly herself is no slouch when it comes to having an oversized bust. Hers is quite splendid, in point of fact. However, in comparison to Kallen's, it was simply not even fair. You couldn't call them in the same league. Milly's were sublime, big and bouncy, the right shape, healthy sheen to her skin, not a blemish on them... But even so, they weren't like Kallen's. Those breasts were like sirens for the eyes, she couldn't take her eyes away from them. When Kallen's blouse slid off her shoulders revealing more, and yet more of that creamy inviting chest she was left fixed to the spot, with time seeming to almost... slow down. Her own mind was trying desperately to record each and every second of this exposure for posterity. Or something.

Of course, we know that she was falling under the influence of the lesbian shard, which had begun to influence her from the moment she linked arms with Kallen before. It took advantage of Milly's perverse nature, her appreciation for the finer qualities of the female form, and then turned the dial all the way up to eleven. Some might call that a weirdly poetic thing to do, no? Turning it to eleven for the half Eleven?

I'll be here all week. So will you, the doors and windows are all locked.

More to the point, when Kallen's blouse hit the floor she leaned forward and used her index finger to shut Milly's mouth before unzipping her skirt, dumping it with as much ceremony as taking out the trash. "I know I don't have a great body," Kallen said, timidly, like the rabbit she was about to dress as. "So this is making me a little nervous."

"N-No, not at all!" Milly said. "You have a great body Kallen!"

'Great' was underselling it. When Kallen turned around Milly nearly dropped to her knees at the sight of that ass. She'd come to school in that g-string? Come to it, how had she not caused accidents in the corridor walking around with those legs in that skirt? It was taking all she could handle not to kiss those thighs, worship those glutes.

"Don't be silly," Kallen said, leaning over and very gently swaying her hips while tugging her shoes off. "I'm sick all the time. A girl with health like mine can't possibly be the hottest thing you've ever laid eyes on. Right?"

It took a lot to make Milly Ashford nervously gulp. As in, a whole hell of a lot. This was the kind of girl that made devils and demons nervous with her innuendo, so the fact that Kallen was making her react that way, blushing brightly, that said a tremendous amount. However, she somehow found her composure and grabbed the costume, starting with the pink leggings. Kallen sat on the edge of a table and offered her leg. Her flawless, perfect leg. Milly grabbed onto Kallen's thighs as if for dear life, or to test herself- this was reality and not a dream, right? Then, she smoothed her hands down that leg until she reached Kallen's toes, from there she had little else to do but roll the leggings up and up and up.

"These are the legs of a Goddess," Milly said. "Take it from me, most women would give anything to be walked on by legs like these."

Women. Not men. She'd normally have said men there, but that's not where her brain was going anymore. She rolled the leggings all the way up, until they completely covered Kallen's legs, first her right, then her left. When they were all the way up, Milly used her teeth to tug it over Kallen's waist and didn't think anything of it.

"But that's just my legs," Kallen said. "My stomach is no good, I'm stick thin."

"Your tummy is fitter than some girls I know," Milly countered, punctuating this by kissing Kallen's navel. "Take it from me, your tummy makes me want to gobble you up!"

Next, Milly helped her with the leotard. A sleeveless model with a modest- Huh? Weird. As soon as she started to put it onto Kallen, the neckline sort of... dropped. In fact, it didn't just drop. It sort of grew wider as well, but in a weird way. That way? The magical world of sideboob! Often underappreciated when absent, but always adored when it's there. Wonderful, glorious sideboob!

"Then what about my breasts?" Kallen asked, leaning forward to emphasise. "They're so... so... big, don't you agree?"

Normally this is where Milly would throw out an innuendo so hard that it would make a random nearby priest blush, but before she could say anything at all of substance her face just sort of keeled over and she said it directly into Kallen's cleavage. It was very dirty, very clever, and very inappropriate. You'll have to take my word on it for that, because she was a bit too busy motorboating this supposedly sickly girl for all she was worth.

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Right about now, Kallen was trying really hard to figure out how exactly she got into this position, because the last few minutes were kind of a blur. Milly was on her hands and knees, purring away, rubbing her cheek up against Kallen's leg. Occasionally, Kallen would run her hand down Milly's back and then goose her.

How had that happened? What steps had been taken to get here, exactly? Kallen couldn't remember for the life of her. What she did know was that Milly did a really, really good cat

impersonation. Not just the purring, but the body language as well. It was exactly like being around a cat that really liked you. Or was buttering you up for some food. Either or.

As for herself, Kallen had found this bunny outfit oddly comfortable. Sure, it showed off a lot more of her altered body than she normally liked but that almost felt like a good thing. The bright pink colour perfectly suited her, the way it hugged her body, pushed up her breasts, placed a great big exclamation point on every single one of her curves... It made her feel sexy. Powerful. Just like before. Like with her stepmother. With those girls earlier on.

"Nyah, you're so cute Kallen!" Milly purred.

"Really?" Kallen asked, stroking Milly's hair. Luxurious and radiant, like a sunset. Soft like silk, as golden as the sun. "You mean, cute for a halfbreed, right?"

"That never bothered me, never ever!" Milly said, pushing her cheek right into Kallen's thigh and sneaking a little kiss at her hip. "Cute is cute, whether it's Britannian or not."

"Well, I guess that's part of the problem, isn't it?" Kallen asked. "Most Britannians aren't like you, are they?"

"Maybe?" Milly said in response, affectionately continuing to rub herself up against Kallen's body before resting her chin in Kallen's cleavage. "Well, you'd never really know it, would you? I mean, maybe most of us don't like it, but don't say anything because - "

"Because you don't want to rock the boat," Kallen finished for her. She pushed her hand down Milly's back, taking no care at all in how rough she was being. All the way down, until she had grabbed onto Milly's pleasant rump. Milly herself moved away to let Kallen's arm reach that point until she was practically laying across her lap. She tried to bring up her knees to sleep on her like a cat might, but a human body doesn't quite have the flexibility to pull that off. "Well, that's the real problem isn't it? Apathy. The opportunity to rest on a stable situation. Because it doesn't affect you."

She lifted her hand, and smacked Milly hard across the ass. The council president let out a yowl, but it quickly settled into a contented purr. Her hips wiggled backwards into Kallen's palm, as if trying to force her to grope her more.

In a word, nice. Her hand trailed further down, along Milly's leg, and found it was every bit as pleasant as that rump. Easily a league above her stepmother, or those wannabe friends from earlier. Milly had a Body, a natural born beauty. But then she brought that hand back up when Milly started to squirm, because she had an important point to make right now.

"You let the bad ones get away with it." Smack! She felt the cheeks jiggle under her touch. "You let them continue doing what they do, because if you object they'll turn their attention onto you." Smack! "That's why you don't rock the boat." Smack! "Because you have that choice." Smack! "You have that privilege." Smack! "Others don't, and that's the problem in a nutshell."

By this point Milly Ashford was left a hot squirming mess lying in her lap, purring and mewling helplessly under Kallen's ministrations. She instinctively rubbed herself into Kallen's body, and when she offered the back of her other hand she even rubbed her cheek into it. So cute. Kallen dipped that hand under Milly's chin and turned her head upwards, making her roll over onto her

knees, and from there she leaned down and missed her on the lips. Why kiss her when she was so upset with her for that apathy? Because... That wasn't all there was to Milly.

Milly cared. Yet she had fallen into an insidious trap that Britannian society had laid out for people at her level. She felt that she didn't matter. That she couldn't change anything big. So she would focus on the small things. She would show kindness where she could get away with it, and admonish cruelty where she could get away with it. Those were praiseworthy efforts. Even if, to Kallen, it didn't feel like enough she somehow understood that Milly was putting that effort in. Because of the psychological trap of worthlessness, the good and decent people were held back from reforming society.

Which is why groups like the Black Knights, like Zero, were needed to force society to change from the outside. You couldn't do it from the inside unless you had a *lot* of support already inside the system. Milly could have been an ally if she wasn't so ensnared by that way of thinking holding her back. She could rally others to help out. To change their ways. To look at the world in a different way. If she had those GUTS she was always chanting about, the things she could do to make the Empire a better place for Numbers would be astonishing.

So it wasn't her fault. Unlike with her stepmother or those maids or those girls from earlier, Kallen felt like she wasn't kissing Milly as someone beneath her contempt. It was more like she was pulling up someone that was a level below her, opening her eyes to a new way of thinking. That might be why there was more passion behind it. That might be why she was willing to surrender just a little control in the kiss back to Milly, when it would be so easy to take it all for herself. Well. Part of that might be down to Milly being really, really good at kissing as well, striking the perfect balance between genuine affection and all out lust.

When they parted, the two of them began to gasp for air almost immediately. At some point Milly's legs had ensnared themselves around Kallen's waist, and her arms around the back of Kallen's head. Meanwhile, Kallen had a hand on Milly's left breast and the other hand on her right butt cheek, and she was having a hard time telling which was the more fun place to grope.

"Prrrr..." Milly still sounded like a cat, and she slipped back into 'character' with trivial, almost frightening ease. The only thing holding it back from being frightening was that it was really, quite ridiculously, super, super hot. "So I guess we're dating now?"

"Depends," Kallen whispered. "You okay with dating a half Eleven like me?"

"Mmm..." Milly leaned her head back and took a long look down Kallen's body. "I can live with it."

Okay! Alright, so that was good! Milly would be a nice girlfriend to have. Perfect cover for her. And it should help her behave herself a little more. It should stop her seducing everyone in sight. She was smoking hot, cute, affectionate, smart, charismatic... ideal in every way.

"Mew!" Milly, ahem, mewled while rubbing her cheek against Kallen's. "Purrrr!"

"Surprised you've not made a 'pussy' joke yet," Kallen quipped.

"Really now Kallen? That kind of fruit is far too low hanging for one of my exquisite tastes," Milly gasped in faux surprise and shock. "I'm not feline that sense of humour right now, so I put it on paws. Or perhaps the cat caught my tongue?"

"No, a rabbit did." By way of demonstration, she pulled Milly close once again to steal a taste of that tongue of hers. Oh yeah, this was great! She could actually feel a sense of self control washing over her, flowing affection into Milly's body. This was exactly what she needed at a time like -

Boing! Boing!

Something pressed against Kallen's chest.

Boing, boing, jiggle, jiggle!

Two very prominent something's pushed into her chest as Milly moaned into her -

Boing boing boing boing jiggle jiggle bounce boing jiggle bounce jiggle boing boing.

... Huh?! Kallen pulled away from Milly, who seemed to take that as an invitation to nuzzle into Kallen's neck and nibble on her ear. However, Kallen's attention (pleasant though that was) went straight to another location. Milly's chest! Those breasts of hers were - they were getting bigger? No, not just her breast! Her curves were becoming more pronounced all around! Wider hips, a rounder ass, slimmer waist, she was changing. And changing in the same way that Kallen was!

"Mmm, you know what would be the best thing right now, sweetie?" Milly whispered. "If we got Shirley and Nina in on this as well!"

When Milly said that, she was looking Kallen in the eyes, and... And there was something weird about her pupils just now. It was as if there was a crystal shard of some kind embedded within her pupils. Kallen blinked slowly and tried so hard to digest this new information, so very hard. Yet, when she did try to put it together...

It felt like she'd given a portion of whatever had happened to her to Milly. Yeah, that was it. That was exactly it. A portion of the same power over women that she'd been experiencing all day had gone directly into Milly. A power that was even now growing and being nurtured by the girl's own already high levels of dirty mindedness.

"Come on dear, let's go show the others what a hot piece of ass my new girlfriend is!" Milly said, slinking off Kallen's lap and strutting her own sexy body off towards the door. Kallen could barely keep her eyes off her. So... beautiful! No, focus! If you let things go as they are then this is going to spread like wildfire into every woman on the pla-

Milly stopped at the door. Jutted out a hip. Then peered over her shoulder and pouted at Kallen. "Meow!" she said. On seeing that, all hope Kallen had of coming up with a rational plan to stop her went right out the window.

High School SxS

In the year they had attended this school, the Perverted Trio had made a game of this. Call it a time honoured tradition. What? A year is an amount of time! Anyway, the point was that while the kendo club changed Matsuda and Motohama would crowd around the single peephole in the locker room, watching the girls change, while Issei had the ever so pleasant view of watching their butts as they excitedly reacted to the show.

That was how it normally went. Issei would probably be the one that got caught as well, when the girls within twigged something was going on. Today, though. Today was different. Today, Issei was hanging back and feeling something... strange.

It wasn't much to figure out what it was. Lust. He was feeling their lust. Instinctively drawing it from the other two boys into himself, feeding on it like a deer drinking from a river. Though Issei felt like he would definitely appreciate the lust from a woman all the more, he couldn't stop himself but feast upon his friends, though as he did, he also noticed they were becoming less and less... mobile as time went on. Issei bit his lip and tried to stop himself from feeding on their delicious tasty lust - He didn't want to accidentally drain his friends dry.

"Ahhh, that's enough for me today," Motohama said, drawing back from the peephole.

"Yeah, me too," Matsuda said. "Hey, Issei. You want to take a look?"

Horror came upon Issei just then. The two of them having enough of staring at pretty naked girls?! They'd barely been there two minutes and this had sated their appetite? He gulped nervously, guilt washing over him again. "Are you sure?" he asked.

The two of them shrugged and patted him on the back. Panic overtook him, he'd intended to get his friends some ass, not drain them dry! Was he killing their fetishes? Turning them into... into prudes?! Or... Had the girls already finished dressing, and they were merely letting him peek now that the fun part was over?

There was only one way to find out for sure! Issei dropped to his knees and put his eye up against the peephole, and beheld a bountiful booty on the other end. Naked girls! Girls in underwear! Girls that were scantily clad! While Rias and Akeno were all more appealing on a technical level, Issei Hyoudou did not ever discriminate against a woman's appeal! Those fit, muscular bodies, some with six packs that refined their womanly appearance. Athletic women were inherently sexy!

The meaning behind this was obvious then, he must have drained away his friend's lust using his powers. Damn! He could only hope that they would recover. He could only hope - Hello? What's this now? Something was happening in the locker.

"Oooh!" Katase moaned, running her hands down the back of another girl that he didn't actually know the name of. "Has your skin always been so soft?"

"Ahhh!" Murayama moaned, putting her hands on her head and dancing in the middle of the locker room. Topless. Letting her boobs swing around freely, for all to see. Bouncy, bouncy! Jiggle, jiggle! "Aha! I feel so good all of a sudden!"

Not just her, the other girls felt good as well. It felt like he was watching a contest quickly unfold within the locker room. Each girl attempting to be in the middle of where the peephole was staring, and each trying to one up each other in lewd activities. Girls that were already dressed performing a striptease, one girl giving another a nude lap dance, deep and obvious french kisses, fingering each other, masturbating, spanking, sucking on nipples, everything you could imagine they were doing to each other to try and one up the eroticism, they were doing it right in front of his eyes.

With such a show taking place in front of him, that guilt he was feeling towards his friends was lessening moment by moment! Could it be? Was this the work of sex magic too?!

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The best way to describe the relationship Rias had with Sona would be something like 'frenemy'. Well, perhaps that's a little too mean spirited - Friendly rivals? The two of them were the top dogs around these parts, each of them a high ranked Devil with their own Peerage, and also each considered among the top beauties of the school. They were competitive, but in a friendly way. Should either of them desperately need the other's assistance, it was not too much to ask for it.

But that had changed a bit. Rias Gremory was of succubus descent. That made her dangerous. It made her extremely fucking dangerous. It also made her desperately want Sona's pussy to ride her face like a feeder on a horse. Those delicate thighs wrapped around Rias' head, while those intelligent eyes were rolled up and her pretty face, normally serious and stoic, making her show the limits of bliss that a sentient being was capable of experiencing. Creaming all over those brilliant brain cells, drowning them in dopamine.

"I understand you've recruited Issei Hyoudou to your peerage," Sona said. The two of them were in the student council office with Sona sitting at her desk. "You are aware he's one of the most troublesome students at the school? A noted pervert who has been caught in the act of peeping on girls numerous times over the last year."

"What, you think I can't keep him on a short leash?" Rias asked. "Or... you're not asking as a Devil, but a council president?"

"Of course," Sona said. "I would not normally pry into matters involving your peerage. However, my efforts to reform Issei have failed miserably. I would greatly appreciate it if you could curtail his more outrageous antics. His file is yours to peruse, as is responsibility for his actions."

At this point, a new face entered the room. A boy that Rias hadn't seen before. He handed Sona a report, which she immediately skimmed and filed without missing a beat and -

Oof. Big oof. Unrequited love. She could taste it washing off him. That boy had it <i>hard</i> for Sona. She knew, and she didn't feel anything back. A shame. He wasn't bad looking. Not quite as nice as Issei, but... not bad either. Maybe it was the lust he was feeling towards Sona swaying her a bit, but... you know what?

Rias had changed her mind. She wanted to see Saji bend Sona over this desk and make her cum her brilliant brains out.

"My new Pawn," Sona said. "I recruited him a few days ago. Now, while you're here, have you heard about the rumours of Fallen Angels in our happy little town?"

"So long as they keep to themselves and don't cause trouble, I don't see the harm in letting them stick around," Rias said. "We don't want to be the ones to start a fight, now do we?"

Oh no, Rias didn't want to start a fight with them. Actually, she wanted to go in there, grab the Fallen Angel that had killed Issei by her long, flowing hair, drag her out of the church, tie her up, and then <i>break her</i> over the course of, let's say a year, with nightly torments both mundane and profane.

"Good thinking," Sona said, oblivious to what Rias was truly thinking. "The last thing we need right now is old conflicts flaring up out of nowhere. We have an uneasy peace at the moment, and based on things my sister has said, things are either going to explode or they're going to have something a bit more permanent in place. Don't let the Fallen Angels provoke you into a fight. Let them swing the first punch."

"And then destroy them for their hubris," Rias finished. "Yes, that's the other reason I'm not starting anything with them. It would be like picking on a yapping puppy. Have no fear. I need to properly train my new Pawn, so that will take up a bit too much of my time."

Also... She had to get used to her new powers, and make sure the rest of her peerage was capable of using them as well. For the time being every move they made had to be carefully considered, weighted for tactical value. If they tipped their hand too early then they'd be uncovered before they were ready to defend themselves. Too late, they might overlook an excellent opportunity to truly seize what was rightfully theirs.

Which was why she was getting a little frustrated that she could sense, off in the distance, a whole lot of lustful energy being generated in roughly the direction of the girl's showers that the kendo club used.

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Issei should stop staring now. He really should. It was obvious that his new nature as an Incubus was having an effect on the girls in here. His powers were passively making them overwhelmingly horny. He was practically forcing them to put on a show for him.

"Oooh, I'm so fucking weeeet!"

"Hey, do my nipples taste funny to you?"

"I dunno, let me have a taste."

And yet looking away was the one thing he absolutely could not bring himself to do. This was a veritable feast for his horny gaze. It would be a betrayal of his most fundamental aspect if he did not commit every single nanosecond to his long term memory. To blink would be to sin against lust itself. Let's ignore the notion of sinning against a sin for a moment here and -

"Ara, ara! Indulging a little too much, aren't we?"

A hand fell across his ass, and electricity coursed through his body. That voice belonged to - That was surely Akeno! What else could he do but let out a nervous gulp at being caught in the act. Normally someone like Akeno finding him crouched down like this would be the end of his school life - or the beginning of a trip to the infirmary.

Instead, she leaned down (with her hand still on his butt) and nudged him aside so she could peek through the hole as well. "Whew, not bad," Akeno said, right on time with a lustful wail that came from within. "My, my. To think you could produce such a potent effect. The truly powerful succubi and incubi must have been extremely formidable."

That was another thing. He could do this to girls without meaning to, while being a new Devil? That meant his powers probably weren't all that strong. "So, if I become stronger I might accidentally cause the entire city to erupt into an orgy?" He didn't know whether to like that idea or not!

"There would be precious little accidental about it," Akeno said. "Devils of all sorts who are powerful, but lack control, do not last very long. Ah, let's see now... It does appear that the spell is running its course."

Now that she mentioned it, the girls did seem to be slowing down their ministrations. Less certain about what they were doing. Gradually coming back to themselves. A little embarrassment, a bit of lacking eye contact, and a whole lot of pretending that didn't just happen. As their behaviour gradually returned to normal, Akeno pulled Issei away from the hole and off into the trees behind the changing area. From there, they watched as the girls - fully clothed - left the dressing room behaving completely and totally normally. As if they hadn't been doing all of that perverted stuff a minute ago.

"Fascinating," Akeno mused. "You drained the lust out of your friends and dropped it into that locker room like a grenade. Potent, but a short term effect. Smarter use of that lust could have turned them into perverts on a more permanent basis."

"Smarter use of lust...?" Issei repeated back to her. Ah, damn! He was doing that thing where someone seeking exposition sets it up by repeating back something that was said to them in the form of a question! He hated that cliché trope!

"Yes. You have a lot of potential as an incubus, Issei. You were already very horny when you became a Devil." Akeno looked him up and down and bit her lip. "It's only natural that you would be able to use that to your advantage, in your new form. How would you like to use this new power?"

That was a bigger question than he'd realised. Seeing what he could do without meaning to... if he could learn to control it, the things he might accomplish! Still, he had to take a bit of time to consider this. Carefully. What did he want? What did he actually want?

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"Hey, buddy," said Motohama, staring up at the sky from where they were lying in the grass.

"Yeah, pal?" Matsuda said, lying nearby and also staring up.

"It's weird, but my mind feels more focused than I can remember," Motohama said. "It's like I've achieved enlightenment or something."

"Yeah," Matsuda said. "But I also don't really feel all that motivated, you know?"

What an odd statement on enlightenment. Drained of lust, now they had nothing to live for. A little bit pathetic really. Were they so single minded about women that this is the state they would be left in if all that lust was drained out of them? Perhaps! Or perhaps it's the side effect of being passively drained by an Incubus with little control over their abilities.

A class of joggers happened by. Cute girls, one and all. Wearing tight shirts and even tighter bloomers, they happily went on by. Neither boy lifted their head to look. Neither of these noted perverts could be bothered to lift their head. They both let out a resigned sigh, content to remain there for the rest of their days. They had nothing else about them. Nothing to care for, no motivation, no plan. All because Issei had drained the lust right out of them.

However... Something funny did happen on the field. A sort of pinkish hue filled the air. It was barely present. Light. Not much to it. You had to squint to really notice it. Yet there it was. As it drifted, it settled onto the skin. Primarily female skin, but only because the girls outnumbered the boys quite drastically.

They all fidgeted a bit. Grew flush. Adjusted their clothing to try to let the heat out. The rising inexplicable heat. And then, that's when something truly strange began to happen.

"One, two, one, two!" a group of joggers chanted, seeming totally unaffected by the odd pink mist. However, their course changed a bit. Running off the track. In the general direction of where two perverts happened to be lying. Upon reaching that location, they all formed a line and turned around, keeping their legs straight, they began to bend over at the waist. Over and over again. Sticking their butts out, letting their snug bloomers ride up into their crack.

"One!" touch their left foot. "Two!" touch their right foot. "One! Two! One! Two!" lather, rinse, repeat. A strange place for them to spontaneously decide to loosen up, is it not? Thrusting out their posteriors, practically begging for these two to stare at them. Well, stare they did, as life returned to their eyes. "One! Two! One! Two!" Those eyes filled with arousal as they beheld peach shaped delights clad in skintight black and dark blues, contrasting magnificently against their thighs. "One! Two! One! Two!"

They could hardly help themselves but stare. Such a delightful treat had been given to them! Alas, before too long the girls resumed their jogging apparently none the wiser to their actions just now. Almost as if they had been bespelled from afar to rejuvenate the spirits of two thirds of the Perverted Trio.

However, odd events had not yet concluded. Two cute girls nervously approached the boys, and then a preposterous conversation occurred.

"Um... This is going to s-sound a little strange," said one of them to Matsuda.

"I like you!" the other said to Motohama. "I saw you rescue that cat from a tree and - "

"I like you!" the first one added, as if propelled into it by her friend. "It's weird for the girl to ask the boy out, but - But please go out with me!"

"Uh...?" Motoshima slowly blinked, trying to digest what he'd just heard. "You do realise we're part of the Perverted Trio, right?"

"Well, that's why we didn't want to ask you out initially... The other girls would think you'd blackmailed us or something..."

"But - But, actually, we're pretty perverted ourselves, so it should all work out!"

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Success! Akeno could feel it from here, the series of spells she'd used had all worked just the way she wanted it to! It had been a very good idea to observe Issei, his potential with lust magic was obviously remarkably high. From it, she'd learned that she could direct and redirect the lust of others to manipulate the behaviour of other humans.

"Help my friends get back to normal," Issei had requested of her. "Oh, and help them get girlfriends too!"

Well, consider those wishes granted. No monkey's paw here, no tricky genie trying to twist the wish around either! Akeno had done exactly what he'd wanted! That sort of spell likely wouldn't work on a Devil, but luckily there weren't any out there on the field. All she had to do was channel some lust, and purpose it into her spell... Hey presto! The two boys at Kuoh that were least likely to find a girlfriend, now both had girlfriends!

As for how she generated that lust...? Well. At this very moment, Akeno was topless, on her knees and putting her breasts to quite excellent use. Issei had a quite impressive shaft. As he was a new devil, there was likely no casual shapeshifting here. Nor were his incubus powers strong enough to get him this big. Which meant he was already probably well hung before he'd been recruited!

Oh, but don't misunderstand. Simply paizuri wouldn't be enough to generate the lust needed for such an intricate spell, even from a pervert like Issei. That's why Koneko was sitting opposite her. Yes, was that not clear? Akeno was kneeling to Issei's right and rubbing her breasts around the side of his cock. While Koneko was licking and purring like a greedy little kitty cat. Mewling, suckling, and occasionally missing and licking Akeno's breasts by mistake! Well, probably not by accident actually.

"Ohohhohoho!" Issei grunted, bracing himself against the table to ensure he did not fall over. "Best day! Best day ever!"

"You're such a good friend Issei!" Akeno beamed up at him. "Going to all this effort to make your friends happy!" And giving her valuable practice on how to use her new powers. "To be honest, I wasn't sure there were any girls at school who had a crush on those two - but there you go! They're a pretty good match as well, every bit as horny as that Aika girl - but better at hiding it!"

"As horny as Aika?!" Issei grunted in disbelief. "Impossible! That girl is - Insatiable! I passed her in the corridor on the way here and it felt like I'd eaten a three course meal!"

Yes, those two were probably going to wear those losers out inside a day if she was being honest. Oh well, they would not likely complain.

Suddenly, the door to the ORC burst open, and in swept the force of nature known as Rias Gremory. Her feet sounded like thunderbolts as she stepped into the room, marching across to them like the Valkyries swooping down upon a battlefield. She stood over them, crossed her arms and tapped her feet.

"Oh, terribly sorry, buchou!" Akeno said, beaming up at her King. "Did you want in on this as well?"

"That's not why I'm upset," Rias said. Then after a moment, she got down on her knees, let her boobs spill out and joined them while continuing her little lecture. "Akeno, we have to be careful. A stunt like that could easily draw all kinds of attention! Sona is not stupid, if she sees lust based magic being used she'll want to know where it's coming from!"

"Oh dear," Akeno said. "In that case, might I recommend you give me a good hard spanking?"

"I was wrong before!" issei said. "**Now** it's the best day ever!"

He roared like a dragon, and climaxed all over the three of them. It was at that moment Koneko's ears and tail popped out, which only ever happened when she was experiencing an intense emotional response. In this case, it certainly made sense - the cat had got her cream, after all. How thoroughly adorable. Something told her that the four of them were going to get on famously.

Level Upper Ataru

At first glance, the role of gym class seems to be to help maintain the physical wellbeing of students. That is a significant part of it, after all, sitting at your desks day in and day out isn't exactly a healthy way to live your life. You have to do things. Be active. Move your body, or it will gradually become unhealthy as time passes by. That's not the only reason for it though. It also helped foster teamwork, discipline, and strategic thinking. It helped to quell the competitive spirit. In truth, it is a more subtle kind of education than other classes. You get out of it what you put in, there is no final exam to prepare for, you simply pass or fail this class in your own heart and nowhere else.

"Lum, no flying!"

"Stupid old man! Let me run with the chicks!"

"Yes girls, I am aware. I, Shutaro Mendo, am truly an exceptionally gifted athlete..."

Alas, in Shinobu's heart she knew full well that the people she associated with would, by and large, fail even that test. They really were just a bunch of crazies. Even the humans were abnormal. Right now, she was sitting on the sidelines having finished a lap. A bunch of classes were all out on the field at once, divided up into different groups doing different things. Hers was running a circuit around the track. There was another class over there doing long jumps and high jumps. Lum would get an exception to those. She was already unconsciously drifting off the ground as it was.

This was as good a time to think as any. Think, think, think. About Ataru. About the Level Upper. About her relationship with him. What exactly was it she was after? She'd tried to work up the courage to announce that they were dating again - but she couldn't quite bring herself to do it. It was obvious to her that they were dating again. After what they'd done yesterday, they'd better be reigniting that relationship! Still... Something bad was going down around her. The gym class was the usual powder keg waiting for a spark already, but toss in a few other elements and...

To start with, Ran was super interested in Ataru all of a sudden. She'd always had the sense that girl was after him purely and exclusively to spite Lum, but that behaviour earlier didn't quite give off the same vibe as before. Then there was Ryoko. A girl who lived to cause trouble for others. Suddenly attending Tomobiki High out of nowhere, instead of whatever school she'd been at before... And, of course, Lum was all over Ataru more than normal.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what was going on there. That Level Upper had improved his flirting skill already. Thinking about it, those three did seem like the most susceptible to his 'charms' even before he got ahold of that weird item. The only one that she could think of on that level would be Oyuki, that alien Ice Princess from Neptune. Shinobu shuddered a little as two conflicting thoughts hit her at once. On the one hand, she wanted him to grind some levels up, which he'd obviously done to some extent with Lum last night. She wanted to see how high this thing could go, and what that would mean.

On the other hand, she kind of wanted to be the one doing that level grinding herself.

So that was one issue. The other big one was the device itself. Based on what Ran had said it wasn't meant to go as high as it was with Ataru. Why was it going higher then? Apparently most aliens couldn't get much use out of it because it had too low a cap to be worth bothering with -

but Ataru had clearly blown right by that already! Her sense of pride in humanity kicked in a little, and suggested it had to be that. Perhaps humanity had a higher ceiling in those areas than aliens did? Or maybe it was like some sort of cosmic balance, where humanity basically sucked, had no special powers of their own, so the creators (Gods, or whatever) decided to try to balance things out by granting that as an advantage?

Probably the latter. Alternatively one of those creators/Gods got drunk one day and set something to the wrong value where humanity was concerned. That being the case.... Some further experimentation was clearly in order.

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Let's face it, gym sucked and was totally pointless. What a waste of time! Ataru really didn't get how it was supposed to prepare them for the future. Maths, he could get. History? Sure, okay. Science classes? Fine! What good was gym? All it did was let the naturally athletically gifted students show off. Well, Ataru hated show offs, especially the rich ones. Luckily, he had an out. A skill in his Level Upper that let him play truant whenever he wanted!

Oh, what a clever boy he'd been thinking up that skill to level. If it improved in the same way his other skills were improving, he could probably ditch school altogether and still get marked as present every single day. Hah! Well, he wasn't quite high enough yet to get away with that, but hiding in this storage shed for a couple of minutes would let him build up the experience points a little.

"How surprising," a girl's voice said behind him. "I would have expected you would stay out there to spy on the girls in bloomers and t-shirts."

Ataru turned around in time to see, of all people, Ryoko Mendo standing by the doorway. The little sister of his arch enemy was right there in front of him, standing there in the aforementioned bloomers and t-shirt. Cute as a button, a tasty dish for a wolf like him to gobble right on up!

However, instead of saying a stupid thing like that, his flirting level kicked in and made him say something smarter instead.

"Why should I watch those girls fawn over your foolish older brother," he began. "Girls like that have no taste at all, taken in by appearances and wealth alone while ignoring his personality. You, though... I could stare at you all day, Ryoko."

An amused smirk fell upon her face, and she shut the door behind her. "You intrigue me, Ataru Moroboshi. Something about you has changed of late, and I would rather like to know what it is."

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you everything."

Given her wealth and position it would have been a trivial matter for Ryoko to have her loyal bodyguards hogtie Ataru, drag him off to anywhere on Earth and torture the information out of him. Hell, if Shutaro found out he'd smooched his little sister it would drive him absolutely stark raving mad. Ryoko knew that too, which might be why she was obviously entertaining the idea. Stepping closer, maintaining a confident sense of control over the situation. Well, why shouldn't she? Ryoko was smart, and a talented manipulator. On a whim, she would play along with him,

and likely use it to torment her brother later on by casually mentioning, oh yes, I gave my first kiss to that Moroboshi boy yesterday. The perfect chance to stir some trouble for both of them.

"I will hold you to that," Ryoko warned, then leaned in, pressing her lips against his. For a moment she was still. Perfectly, completely still. Then her mouth parted slightly. Then opened wider and wider, until the kiss became, quite without warning, ravenous. She stepped closer to him. Grabbed at his head feverishly as a strangely animalistic, primal sound escaped her throat. Unrefined, almost inhuman impulses overtaking her body out of nowhere. Behold the wonders of a high level kissing skill combined with his 'skip school' skill. Heh! Just as planned.

Alas, for Ataru, that plan was going to lead him to ruin before long. Then again... he is the sort to only go with the moment. Damn the long term, deal with it later. Biggest problem with that is, later often comes sooner than you think.

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On the surface Ran was a real cutie. A doll-like girl who seemed adorable and harmless. Right up until something set her off. Usually Lum. Lum, Lum, Lum, Lum, Lum. The two of them had been 'friends' since they had been little, and that thoughtless Oni had constantly, constantly, constantly made life a living hell for her. That's why, as revenge, she'd intended to use her special ability to drain the life force out of her current love interest. Why, in point of fact she'd even had the opportunity to drain him the other day - and for some reason she'd not done it. Their lips touched. She felt like she'd melted into him. Then it was over, and she kind of sort of wanted more.

Well, that was really pissing her off now too! Her scope for revenge had increased to properly include Darling now! Instead of draining him, she'd- she'd seduce that boy and then kiss him right in front of Lum. this time, she had the perfect plan to do it!

"Copies of Darling are old hat, she'll see through it right away," Ran cackled, standing behind the rows of seats used to allow spectators a clear view of the field. In front of her was a device, a hologram emitter, carefully programmed for a specific effect. "I'll activate this, and Lum will see her dear cousin Ten seemingly flying out of control! She'll go up to check on him, giving me the chance to grab Darling, drag him back here and proceed with the smooching! By the time Lum knows what's going on -"

"Electricity will crash around your head," a voice interrupted, but Ran continued because she was in the zone.

"That's why I have this lightning rod to take the brunt of it! Hahaha, it's the perfect scheme!"

"Only so long as nobody tells her about it."

"Hahaha! Who would do something like th-"

Ran cut off, as her brain's important alert that there was someone else standing there finally caught up to her. She turned a bit to see the plain, ordinary, boring human girl with the stupidly high strength, Shinobu Miyake, staring at her all innocent and smiles. Not as good a performance as Ran's, which she decided to demonstrate for Shinobu by going full on doll mode.

"Oh, my! It's so rude to eavesdrop on a girl -"

"When she's planning to cuck her childhood friend," Shinobu finished. "Oh dear. If only there was some way you could buy my silence and/or cooperation."

"Blackmail!" Ran sweetly said. "Tee hee, how adorable... that you think you'll survive trying to coerce me!"

"It's nothing much," Shinobu said. The flat of her hand fell upon Ran's forehead before she could get near the girl. "I just want one of those Level Upper gizmos for myself."

A Level Upper? Had she heard that right? She'd seen darling with one earlier. But, those were merely toys. You couldn't get a very high level with them on anything. She'd even said as such to Shinobu, it was a mere plaything for kids around Ten's age. On the outside, her smile returned to its pristine condition. On the inside, she was grinning like the devil about to swindle another soul.

"Actually, if you give me a Level Upper, I'll even help you with your plan," Shinobu said. "Except, I'll distract Lum at lunchtime long enough for you to smooch Ataru. How does that sound?"

"Deal!" Ran said. A perfect deal! Kukukuku! She shook the human's hand, already laughing internally at how easily this simple being was fooled. To think that she'd sell her cooperation so cheaply! These humans really were fools, and Shinobu Miyake might be the biggest fool of them all!

Behold, in action, one of the most effective swindles going. Thinking you're giving them nothing, when in truth you're giving them exactly what they wanted. Something of far more value to them than you could ever imagine.

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Now, let us turn our attention to Lum, who was drifting happily through the air thinking about both last night and this morning. There was no question of it, this was the greatest plan that anyone had conceived of in the history of plans. She knew her Darling would be able to show her the love and affection he held for her deep inside. Her entire body was still sparking with delight, remembering his touch, recalling his taste. She could hardly wait for tonight's round. Maybe she should tweak the amount of time once again? Not much. Just a little bit. A tiny amount. He'd hardly notice. He'd get so lost in the moment that it would seem like no time had passed at all. She would condition him into desiring her using time and her own natural beauty - and then they'd both be happy. Together. Forever.

"Such a relief," Mendo said, suddenly sliding in next to her in between laps. "It seems that Moroboshi has decided to disappear yet again today. Surely such inattentiveness leaves you feeling lonely, Miss Lum? A gorgeous being like you should not be left unattended by her man. Please, allow me to show you what it means to be pampered by one who knows and understands the needs of a woman."

He was flirting with her. Normally she'd ignore that, because she plain wasn't interested. Today though, she was paying it a bit more mind. Because it finally dawned on her why exactly she never felt anything for Shutaro Mendo, even though he was technically a slightly more attractive and charming Darling. It was his attitude. So confident in his success that it was honestly kind of

off putting. He'd put in hard work into whatever he was doing, but to his mind success was a foregone conclusion.

It was all the more clear now when she compared it to Darling's recent flirting. It felt more natural. More genuine. Less forced, less practised. In fact...

"Is something else on your mind?" Lum asked. "You seemed a bit distracted yourself, there."

Indeed, Shutaro Mendo's eyes furrowed. "How perceptive of you to notice. Yes, something is troubling me. Troubling me tremendously. My little sister spontaneously deciding to attend Tomobiki. Putting her in the arm's reach of your 'Darling'. While she is a troublemaker through and through, she is still my little sister. You understand my concerns, yes?"

"Yes," Lum said. "But I'm not too worried. Ryoko's a smart girl." Meaning, she won't get in the way of a relationship between an Oni capable of tossing lightning and casually obliterating the planet with her advanced technology if she knows what's good for her. Petty things like kidnapping him for fun or tormenting him was one thing, actually trying to start a relationship with him would be something else.

"Quite true, she would never settle for someone like Ataru Moroboshi," Shutaro scoffed. "She is, after all, a Mendo. Her standards and tastes are far too refined for someone like him." Lum's eye twitched at the insult he threw her way without seeming to notice it. See, this is what she meant. "Many thanks, Miss Lum. It has soothed my thinking a great deal. The chances of Ataru and Ryoko becoming an item are an outright impossibility!"

That's right. A complete impossibility. Although, after that encounter this morning... Perhaps she ought to step up her game a little come lunchtime? While she wasn't allowed to smooch her Darling until tonight, that's not to say she couldn't show affection in other ways.

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Ryoko Mendo was used to the finest things that life on Earth had to offer. The best food, the best furniture, the best hairdressers, the best clothes, the best serving staff, the best living conditions. She had grown up quite spoiled - but also quite bored. This is why she sought to make others suffer. It amused her to watch them squirm. Watch them simmer with anger knowing they had no response, for she could crush any attempt at revenge as easily as snapping her fingers.

This made tormenting her brother especially fun. He could, technically, retaliate if he wanted to. Yet he lacked the intelligence or the will to do anything about her. He danced like a puppet on a string, right along on the palm of her hand. It's why she had shown such interest in Tobimaru, for he was also at their level and her attention frustrated them both. It was why she had shown such interest in Lord Moroboshi as well, for he was able to rile Shutaro up like she could not manage. This despite their relative positions in life. Why did he not crush the Moroboshi family if he hated Ataru so much? Obviously, it was to lay claim to some Oni booty.

Such matters had always seemed crass to her. Enslaved by lust. Overriding his common sense, in pursuing something that could not ever be his.

Well, now she was here in this storage shed once again experiencing the very best that humanity had to offer. In a brand new area that she'd never experienced before. Carnal

pleasures. What had been intended as a kiss to manipulate Lord Moroboshi had quickly become something far more intense. She had never imagined something like this might be so... Intense. Against her better judgment she had peeled off her clothes and cast them aside for the obstacles they were. She sat in Lord Moroboshi's lap after he, too, divested his clothing. She didn't even have the chance to look at him, the taste of his lips was overriding all rational thought.

And then... penetration. When she had first learned of this she had imagined it would be quite painful. Not so. It went in with little to no difficulty, sliding inside, she could feel herself gripping it. Grabbing onto it for dear sweet life.

His hands! Ah, his hands! They were being so precise in their movements, fingertips dancing along her spine, bringing to life sensations she'd never imagined before! Emphasising this feeling of fullness, making her more aware of his body pressed up against hers! Genuine, sincere intimacy with another human being, opening herself up, body and soul, something was awakening within Ryoko, a beast that she couldn't hope to tame.

Lust. For the first time in her life she was feeling real, raw, genuine lust. It was delicious. The taste of it, the texture, the heat and the passion baked into it. She wanted more of this. Needed more of it. No amount of money could be enough to toss away if it meant more, more, still more of this.

Then, she heard something go "ding". It came from Ataru's right hand, which had been a little less dextrous when touching her back- and then she felt this impossible pressure building up in her belly. Deep in her tummy, something yearning, something growing and budding. A craving, a yearning, a desire that made her feel so needy she might weep. Then, at last, release! She felt herself gush even as something warm entered her body. Time felt like it was standing still so she could properly experience it. Then, regrettably, that passed and all she could do was slide off to the ground, breathing heavily. Naked, drenched in sweat. Content, happy, positively glowing. Staring up at Ataru's face as he stood up and looked at some device in his hands.

"Level 47 trancy and level 41 Kissing, combined with level 10 sex..." he said, as if to himself. "Yeah, wow! If those are all combined together... whew! How are you feeling Ryoko?"

How did she feel? She felt good. Really good. her body wouldn't move properly, but she already craved more of that. Her gaze settled down upon his no longer erect penis. That thing had been inside her. That thing was responsible for making her feel good.

"Well, we'd best get back out there," he said, tossing her a towel. "Here, wipe that sweat off. I'll leave first, and then we can talk more later."

"Yes, Darling," Ryoko breathily said, finally finding her voice. Lunchtime would be the best time. Yes. Definitely at lunchtime. She would get him alone then, and after that... after that they could really have some fun together!

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Trancy - Level 47

Sex - Level 10

Kissing - Level 41

Dating - Level 25

Flirting - Level 25

Sailor Moon Titnosis

In the heat of battle adrenaline runs high. You focus on surviving. You focus on living through your next moment while starting to think hard about the moment after that. Until the danger passes, that's your priority. Often it wrestles with other issues, like your mission statement or some other problem you need to solve to facilitate that survival aspect. Adrenaline keeps your mind sharp and your body moving.

But then after the battle ends, that adrenaline fades away, leaving you aware of the stress you'd been putting yourself under. It didn't matter how stoic you were, it didn't matter how talented you were, there were always telltale signs of that stress once the danger had gone. Mana was feeling that adrenaline rush starting to fade now, and with it came a brand new sense of panic.

A sense of panic that centered around her chest. She looked down at them. She stared in abject disbelief at the two mountains straining the fabric keeping her decent. While Mana was quite happy with the size she already had, she wasn't the sort to focus on her appearance all that much. Function over form was the way to go. Keep up your appearance only to ensure you don't stand out too much from anyone else.

These... would make her stand out anywhere she went. People would bump into her without meaning to. Lying down and sniping would require further calculations, when she would already have to factor in distance, gravity, wind resistance and so forth. Hiding would be a great deal harder. Disguises would likely not work at all.

And yet...

"Oh yes, all we exist to do is feed your mortal energy to our Lord and Master, an eldritch beast that this humanoid tongue is unable to pronounce the full name of, but you can call it Jormungandr."

That youma was helplessly chatting away while staring at Naru's exposed chest. Now, Mana was standing behind Naru. The only thing she could see was that her shirt was all bunched up, and the very sides of her tits were visible - but it was very easy to see what was happening here. That youma was spellbound by Naru's exposed tits. Talking up a storm. Answering questions that no youma would ever dare answer no matter what you did to them.

She'd sat in on an interrogation session for one of those things once. Potent mind control magic was used on it to try to get it to speak. Its head popped like a zit rather than give up anything. These things weren't loyal though. You had to be able to make a choice in order to be loyal. They were made to be slaves. The personality they exhibited was the whim of their creator. That's why it doesn't work. You can't even read their minds properly without them self-destructing.

"Jormungandr," Index repeated. "Middle child of Loki and the giantess Angrboða. Is it truly the mythological Jormungandr, or merely something adopting the name?"

"It's adopting the name, but it is in essence a giant serpent - at least from your perspective. When it awakens it will coil itself around the Earth and drain all remaining life essence into itself, before flying off to another populated world and repeating the process. The cycle of life must continue."

"I see..." Index mused. "I had thought there was no Norse influence on the magic you were using. You were not using runes or anything of that nature... I would say your magic has more of a Celtic influence, possibly mixed with a little Aztec?"

And there was another thing. That girl was extremely knowledgeable about magic. Terrifyingly so! She was casually dissecting the methodology behind how the Youma's magic worked. Mana was also quite in the know on that subject, but she hadn't noticed half the things this girl had.

"Would the Beithir not be more appropriate for a serpent from Celtic mythology?" Koneko asked. This one was also troubling. She had the stench of a Devil about her. "Or Quetzalcoatl, if there were Aztec influence?"

"Beithir is a powerful monster, but only a monster, and Quetzalcoatl holds a heroic position for the most part. If this creature is building its power on the basis of world destruction, one of the great beasts that leads to Ragnarok fits. I mean, would an evil being like that take the name of something that diminishes their power or nature?" The girl with long silver hair said, folding her arms under her giant chest and hefting them up proudly. Mana's eyes settled on them. She was justly proud, Mana could stare at them all -

What was she thinking, no she couldn't! Nor could she stare in wrapt fascination as Koneko and Index (that name sounded familiar for some reason...) stepped closer together, tits to tits, squishing them together and then embarked upon a thorough and detailed simultaneous excursion of one another's tonsils.

Powerful. Whatever this was, it was insanely powerful. While these girls obviously know what they're doing, they were also lacking in professionalism. Organisation. They had the power, the brains, the smarts and also a ninja off somewhere scouting around, but they didn't quite have the regimentation to make the best use of their constituent pieces.

Letting them run around like that would be insanely dangerous. They needed someone to keep an eye on them. Someone like Mana. Yes. Give them more training, and use that as an opportunity to learn more about whatever the hell this was. It would let her kill two birds with one stone. If only she could stop herself from squeezing and testing her new tits for sensitivity.

Then, quite suddenly, a hyper-busty shortstack kunoichi appeared right in front of them, bowing down already on her knees with a hand flat to the ground. It was... Kirino, if she remembered correctly?

"I have a report," Kirino said. "My investigation of the youma base is already complete. Do you have time to listen to it?"

"Yes, right away," Mana said, taking charge of the situation. "What did you find?"

"I shall start with my conclusion: This was a trap," Kirino said. "To explain my reasoning: The further I investigated their operations, the more clear it became. The method they had to monitor the outside was based on two aspects of security - one visual, the other monitoring the first in secret. Furthermore, a cursory examination of the facility made it clear they had more efficient and secretive ways to gather energy - and I believe we were being observed up until now."

"Were?" Mana asked, raising an eyebrow. Aha. that all made an odd sort of sense. This youma group must have heard of these girls and their hypnotits, and laid this trap to try to bring them

down. At the same time they wanted a record of what had happened so they could study it, learn from it, and then adapt. "You have already dealt with that?"

"Of course, I did so immediately before coming to report back."

This Kirino girl, something about her was familiar. That left Mana wondering...

"What clan are you with?"

"The Ootori," Kirino answered.

"I have worked with your clan before," Mana said. "They are excellent ninjas and superb kunoichi. If it is your judgement that this was a trap, then that judgement is sound."

Even if her voice would have been better suited to on a stage rather than on stealth missions. Kirino, for her part, seemed a bit embarrassed by that development and stared at the ground. This particular pose drew hefty attention to her tits. Heaving and bouncing even while she was leaning over, the shift in her body weight made the effects of gravity that much more pronounced.

"I think that you should tell me about those tits," Mana said. "It would also be appreciated if you can tell me why I can only call them tits instead of something else."

This was where Naru, the obvious leader of the group, stepped forward. Thrusting her tits out proudly, with her hands on her hips. "This is the power of titnosis!" Naru said. "The four of us had grown weary of youma and evildoers running amok, so we decided to use this power to augment ourselves!"

"Naru found a magical tome that described a way for a girl to make her tits grow, and grow, until they became so perfect they can warp mind and body," Index added. She put her left leg forward and her hands behind her head, again putting tremendous emphasis on her big bouncy jiggly tits.

"With this power, we have formed a team." That was Koneko, the member of this group who needed a power boost the least. A Devil like her didn't need to... have tits that melted the brain when she grasped her hands, and used her upper arms to pinch them together. "A team we would like you to join."

"We'll train you in how to best use your tits," Kirino said, still in her bowing pose and - And now that she was thinking about it, Mana was surrounded on all sides by the four girls. Posing quite deliberately for her. Each of them trying to draw attention to those mammoth ma- Titanic tits. Her own started to ache, the feeling reminding Mana of when she'd gone too long without eating. They needed to be touched. Desperately in need of being touched!

"That's all well and good," Mana said, having to hold her own wrist to stop herself from wantonly groping her own enhanced tits in front of these girls. Professional. She was just now thinking about how unprofessional they are. "But you shouldn't want these around in your personal lives. How do you get rid of them?"

Confused, blank stares were her response. "Get rid of them...?" Naru muttered. She looked around in a panic to the other girls. "Why would you want to get rid of them?"

"Because..." Mana began, but trailed off. The reasons were obvious. Very obvious. However, when she tried to put them into words she felt a strange sensation in her chest. Like pins and needles, which only went away when she stopped putting in the effort. Worrying. This was extremely worrying. What was titnosis really? That is, aside from rather ridiculous and an obvious attempt by some clever mage to do something perverted and silly. "What about our secret identities?"

"What about it?" Naru shrugged. "If anyone guesses it, we just flash them and order them to not figure it out."

That was an elegant solution to the issue, she had to admit. However, that was also not quite sitting well with her. Something was very wrong there. Clearly, this effect was affecting their judgment in some way. Mana quickly pulled out her phone and set an alert to remind herself - Every so often, check herself for her thoughts on titnosis. If she suddenly likes tits a whole hell of a lot, then she needed to find some impartial help. Quickly.

"Oh, if she's going to join the team then we need to teach her the technique to change her clothes!" Naru said.

"I'd rather learn a little more about - " Mana began, but all became futile, for Naru flipped up her shirt to expose her tits to the air. The other girls all followed suit.

The dark skinned girl's mouth watered, eyes zeroing in on the perfect globes in front of her. The delicious looking nipples visibly standing at attention made her mouth water. And as small drops of sweat dripped down the curves of her gigantic tits made an entirely different part of her body grow wet.

Overwhelming wasn't a strong enough word. It was like standing at the very moment a tidal wave hit the shore, with all its relentless fury washing down upon her. Beating her down. The four girls circled around her, smiling and shaking their chests as they walked, in a motion that looked like so much fun that Mana couldn't help but join in.

When she did? Those aches and pains, those pins and needles, those weird feelings in her chest melted away and became pure unadulterated bliss.

"Isn't this nice?" Naru asked. She stepped forward for a second, pushing her tits into Mana's back.

"You like titnosis, don't you?" Index asked, taking her turn to step forward and rubbing them up against Mana's arm. It was like someone had poured liquid pleasure down it.

"There's nothing wrong with keeping these giant tits," Koneko said, leaning down to press them against Mana's thighs.

"That's why you should join the team!" Kirino added, and this last one leaped forward to smash her tits right into Mana's. Before, she'd thought that she'd hit the heights of human pleasure from the mere contact all three of them briefly had. This blew it all away! The combined effect of the sensitivity of her own tits plus Kirino's perfection pressing into them... It was a wonder she didn't pass out on the spot! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhh, too much, too much, too -

"I've made a decision," Mana said, suddenly finding herself wearing the same quite tight shirt and equally tight bloomers that the rest of them were wearing. "It is quite obvious you girls need some help with professionalism. I will help train you, in exchange for further information about titnosis."

Yes, that seemed like a fair deal. Mana grabbed at her enhanced bust and licked her lips. Yes. She would have this team whipped into shape in no time at all. Then, once she was done, she would take this 'titnosis' power to some actual mages to study, so they could learn all about how... dangerous it was. Certainly not as part of an effort to cement its control in the magical community. Heaven forbid. After all, Mana was a consummate professional.

She certainly wouldn't instantly get mindbroken and brainwashed by the greatest pleasure a woman can possibly feel. She was made of sterner stuff than that.

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So, you put together a plan that spans Millennia. You plot. You plan. You scheme. You gather resources, then you start to gather the energy you need to put that plan into action. You even have Generals strong enough to contend with the planet's guardians.

And then, out of nowhere, a bunch of big breasted bimbos show up and jiggle thier mammaries all over the place, and your youma - who should have no active sexual desire or indeed any reproduction urge whatsoever due to how they're made - all get mind whammied and make your carefully prepared operations crumble away like powder.

He wasn't in a good mood for a Demon Lord, let's put it that way.

"I think that this experiment puts the argument to rest," he said. "I know some of you were extremely skeptical about this. I believe the words 'that is the dumbest thing I've ever heard of in my life' were used by at least a few of you. Now we know that the depths of stupidity is not sufficient to keep something from becoming real."

"What would you have us do, my lord?" one of his Generals asked. "Perhaps we could create a Youma with no sense of touch or sight?"

"Moving by echolocation or something?" the Demon Lord mused. "No, don't be daft, that would just show the shape of the things in some other way. The best thing to do is stay the hell away from it as much as possible until we can develop a certain countermeasure."

More information. They needed more data. Without losing more energy than they already had.

"My lord, what about the magical community?" another of his Generals asked. Obsequious in tone, but he sounded quite confident about what he was about to suggest. "A few carefully dropped hints here and there - "

"And they'll deal with the problem for us," the Demon Lord finished for him. The General smiled and bowed his head slightly in acknowledgment. "That is... absolutely perfect. Do things right, we might even be able to gain energy off that encounter. Certainly better than being the villain organisation that was utterly crushed by hypno-tits!"

Urgh, honestly, he couldn't bear the embarrassment if something like that wound up happening. That's the sort of thing you have to turn in your villain card over. Nobody could possibly bear the weight of such utter humiliation. Although... how best to go about doing that?

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God is dead. Had been for quite a while. Not in the Nietzschean sense, where he meant that man did not strictly speaking 'need' God anymore, so the notion of God was dead. God, the God of the Bible, the Christian God, was actually literally dead.

Some might say that would explain the state of the world. They would be right. Sarcastic, but correct. Someone was still in charge of Heaven, of course - God's most trusted Angel (after his <i>last</i> most trusted Angel built a rebellion against him and got cast out) Michael had taken up the role.

The trouble is... Have you ever worked in a company that set up a new system, but they screwed over the guy they contracted to build the system in the first place so he didn't leave any notes and you had to figure out the system yourself? Except the system controlled the lives of billions of people? Ever tried to troubleshoot a system like that? Micheal had. He'd been at it for quite a long time now. He had some of it down, a few rules he could change, a few tweaks here and there, but it felt like he was playing Jenga with the universe every time he looked at it.

Was it any wonder he had such a sad expression on his face literally all the time? Especially since he hadn't managed to figure out a good way to replace the Angels that had either Fallen or perished, while Devils had developed a mysterious new system that he hadn't managed to get a good look at yet, and they were starting to build up their numbers again. Oh, if only it was possible for Angels to reliably reproduce without Falling, that lust aspect kept on creeping in whenever they tried it.

Suddenly, a messenger arrived. He bowed. Presented a message. This pose made sense when messages were still delivered via scrolls and the like, but seemed a bit more ridiculous in the age of mobile phones. Regardless, Michael took the phone from the messenger's outstretched hand. For him to deliver it in such a hurry, it must be of grave -

"Hypnotic breasts...?" Michael said aloud. Not quite the combination of words one would expect to come from him. "Oh dear. Oh dear! Titnosis? On the mortal plane of existence? That is quite troubling?"

"F-forgive me, my lord Michael?" the messenger asked. "My unclean ears must be tainted by lust somehow, I thought you said something quite ridiculous and must beg of your forgiveness."

"No need for forgiveness," Michael said, making the sign of the cross. "Your ears did not deceive you, and to my understanding lust has not tainted your essence. There is a terrible power known as titnosis, and another named cocknosis. They are a plague unto the multiverse. Delighting in corrupting through lustful mental manipulation potent enough to taint any humanoid being. Even the most devout of Angels or powerful of Devils are susceptible. For that reason, I must ask you to deliver a message to the Four Pillars immediately, and another to Azazel. From there, we shall contact the other powers in the world of magic to alert them of this grave threat."

Another messenger arrived, carrying a phone in the same way as the first. Kneeling, holding it aloft for Michael to take. He was then quickly followed by another three. Ah. Now that was

interesting. Micheal seized all four in quick succession, and found similar messages from the very people he'd been thinking of contacting.

A message from Sirzechs, one from Azazel, and another from Aleister Crowley in Academy City, and a last from Konoemon Konoé from Mahora Academy.

All giving the same warning. Titnosis was detected within Japan, and they had been warned by an anonymous source. That was suspicious in and of itself - but a warning of this nature could not be ignored. Given their disparate opinions on humanity, and their intentions for the future of Earth, it was a terrible thing indeed that could drive these groups to cooperate with one another.

The sorrow on Micheal's face deepened as he considered the gravity of the situation. Yes, titnosis or cocknosis would be more than enough to cause such an alliance. If only they could cooperate on lesser matters. He'd been hoping to move towards that with Azazel and Sirzechs in the near future to make things easier all around, but now... Now it seemed their hands would be forced. From such a scenario, peace could become a lasting one through mutual understanding - or it could cause them to explode apart.

Whichever the case may be, they had to prepare for the worst. Now then. This meeting was going to be a very... delicate one.

Rito the Pervert

While Rito was getting acquainted with his new room-mate/future harem member, let us look in on one Haruna Sairenji. Ask anyone that knows her, from her parents to her friends to passing acquaintances, and they would all tell you the same thing. She's a nice pretty girl. The ideal girl next door. An innocent angel who smiles at everyone and goes around with a spring in her step being kind to everyone she meets.

"Thank you for dinner sister," Haruna said, making a praying motion as she left the table. "I have some homework to complete. May I be excused?"

"Of course sis," Haruna's older sister Akiho said. After this, Haruna quickly took both their plates and put them in the sink, then skipped off to her room. "My, my. She really is hard working isn't she? Ah, I wonder when she'll get a boyfriend? I can't wait to tease her about it!"

Haruna heard that, but did not react to it. A boyfriend. Yes, that would be nice, wouldn't it? She was the 'responsible' girl. Nice. Pleasant. She closed the door to her room and then hip bumped the lock. Innocent little Haruna. With her harmless little crush on a certain boy named Rito.

If anyone that knew her saw the walk that she adopted while striding into the center of the room, they would surely think that she'd been suddenly possessed by a succubus. She stopped skipping, the smile on her face turned from innocent to lewd so fast it should have caused a sonic boom. Her hips went boom, bada, boom as she walked, fingers dancing down the front of her blouse as buttons came undone, then the sleeves slid off, the zip on her skirt flicked down. Within seconds she was in her underwear.

She wasn't always like this. She actually did used to be what people thought of her. Innocent. Nice. Pleasant. The girl next door, all that stuff was her on the surface level. She had a crush on that boy. Rito Yuuki. Thinking his name sent a shudder down her spine, and made her grip her own sides from lewd anticipation. She'd watched that boy for quite a while. A long time, really.

And then the incidents started. He would sort of... trip near her. Accidentally grab her breasts. Stick his face into her thighs. Every single time it seemed totally natural. He genuinely seemed like quite a clumsy boy, as he didn't <i>just</i> trip around her. Or other girls for that matter. But it did seem to happen more often than not around her.

She should have told a teacher about it. Her concerns that he was doing it on purpose. A few of the other girls suggested that. They said things like 'I would find that totally gross, if a boy kept doing that to me'. 'Who does he think he's fooling?' Or 'I mean, it's a really good act but come on, some of those falls break the laws of physics, there's no way that's not on purpose!'

And yet... she didn't say anything. It didn't bother her. It didn't bother her at all. She knew it should have bothered her. It should be something that scared her, or creeped her out. If she imagined any other boy doing that, touching her in those ways after 'tripping' then she felt sick to her stomach.

Not Rito Yuuki.... Oooh, there it was again. She let him do it. Without complaint. She was tempted to make it easy for him - but no! That felt wrong. Let him do it at his own pace. Let him 'trip' as per his own designs. And then... Something weird happened.

Most of the girls stopped complaining about him. In fact, only one girl in the entire school had anything bad to say. Kotegawa was on his ass like - Like Haruna wished he was on hers. That's not to say they didn't bring him up, but it felt more like token complaints. Like, they felt obligated to say something about his most recent antics.

Then one day, she had watched him trip and 'accidentally' flip up the skirts of two girls. For a fleeting moment a weird expression crossed their faces, and she could see his hands sort of... blurring a little. The fingers were moving very quickly. After that, he'd wound up tripping and wrapping his arms around her waist while planting his face into her tummy, and... she paid close attention.

He was touching her back really, really fast.

After that she watched him more closely than ever before. Yes, there was no doubt about it. He was somehow moving his fingers so quickly they weren't being noticed, but she could sort of tell. Experimentally, she tried rubbing the same spots at the base of her spine to see what happened. At first, nothing. Though she persevered. She practised and practised and practised in the privacy of her own room, even discretely recording what he was doing so she could properly mimic it.

Then one day, she got it right. Her spine went rigid. She did it again and a gasp escaped her mouth. Then a third time in a row and she came, right there, so hard that she had to grab a pillow to muffle herself. Hard enough that her legs turned into jelly for a good ten minutes.

That was what Rito had been doing to girls. Just a little taste at a time. Making them associate his 'accidents' with intense spontaneous arousal. Yes, of course. It made sense. Yes. At first they would complain about it, because they would be embarrassed. But then, as it kept on happening, they would get used to it. Maybe even start to enjoy it. None of the other girls watched him as closely as Haruna. Not even Kotegawa-san. So none of them had noticed yet.

She should tell them. She knew she should tell them. Let them know what he was doing.

Or! Or! Please hear her out on this one! Let him keep it up to see what happens.

That thought had surprised her. It came out of nowhere. Responsible, sweet, angelic Haruna? Letting a pervert do that? Conditioning a bunch of girls to long for his touch? That wasn't right! That wasn't in her nature! Did she really want to let the boy that she had a crush on do that, let him develop a harem using that -

"Nnnng, fuck yes, that's so hoooooot!" Haruna moaned into her pillow. He'd brought it out of her. Something wild, something untamed. "Is this his doing as well? Did he make me feel this way. Fuuuuck, I hope so, that's so hoooooot!"

That was three months ago now. In that time Haruna had made a few... preparations. For example, the clothes that she was now wearing. In brief, it was something like a combination between a wedding dress and a harem-girl outfit. There was, of course, the long white veil trailing from the back of the head, and another translucent one over the mouth. Instead of a proper skirt, there was a see-through piece of silk that revealed a pair of bright pink and white panties with a heart pattern and a small bow at the top. And to further underline the lasciviousness of the design was a pair of garterbelt connecting the top to a pair of frilled kneesocks.

"Here cums the bride," Haruna sang while holding her hands above her head and attempting a crude bellydance. "Here cums the - Gosh, this is harder than it looks. I really need to practise more..."

It had taken a while to put this costume together, you see. Buying it was flat out, her sister would notice the funds missing. The fabric though, that was something else entirely! Yes, Haruna had put this together herself. Stitch by stitch. Every measurement, the design, the layout of it, everything had been done by her, by hand, and the results spoke for themselves.

When was she supposed to find time to practice belly dancing in the midst of that? The answer - not then, but now. She'd found a few books and skimmed them, but hadn't managed to get anything really done with it. Now that she had the costume, she could properly practice it to her heart's content!

Oh, but this wasn't all! She mimed the motions while walking over to her closet and pulled up a false bottom, stacking it up against the back. There, was her little shrine. Full of pictures of him. His face, showing that false innocence. Or shots of him mid-trip, post-trip, with his head up skirts or hands up shirts while his fingers did their magic and his - His harem power grew and grew and grew!

"Ohhh, Yuuki!" Haruna moaned, and for a moment she truly got it. Her instincts took over, and she performed a figure of eight with her tummy that would make professional dancers blush with envy. "How I long to show you the truth - But no! I must hold back. I must wait until I am ready! Kya! I can hardly wait to see the expression on your face! Then, together, we can make your harem grow and grow! Nothing can stop it! Nothing at all! Kyaaaa!"

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It's probably hard for readers to imagine that Saruyama was less of a pervert than this version of Rito, but it is somewhat true. The difference is that he was more open about it. True, the two of them had known each other since middle school and hit it off right away, but - Hell, at first he'd put it down to the guys being really shy around girls. Which Saruyama most certainly was not!

The friendship had formed fast, and they became thicker than thieves. They hung out all the time, talked about girls, and - Wouldn't you know it, but he'd figured out his buddy was a massive pervert before pretty much anyone else. Even Rito himself hadn't guessed it, and had to be told! Hah! But, by then their peers kinda... had this image of him. You know? So! He'd suggested taking advantage of that.

It was something you saw in manga all the time. Right? Clumsy hero, getting a palmful of boob! Haha, he'll get slapped for it, but well worth it. Right? Right. Well. He only got slapped for the first week or so. After that, the girls sorta... glowered at him.

That was when something weird happened. The more time passed, the less girls seemed to mind. And, of course, the less that girls seemed to mind, the more the boys gave a damn. They could see this guy feeling up the girl they liked. Rito tried to avoid doing this with a guy's girlfriend where he could, because no duh he's not a total scumbag. But heck, you can't know every relationship going in the school, can you? It's a minefield, and Rito had stepped on quite a few very quickly.

Saruyama was known for being his friend. One day a couple of bigger bullies came along looking to stuff him into a locker as a warning to Rito to leave their girls alone.

"Ah, no, please don't!" he'd begged and pleaded.

"Your fault for associating with him," the leader of the bullies said. The locker was opened - But that was when Yui Kotegawa came along, brought there by some of the other girls in class. She'd chased them off. Gave them an earful about bullying.

"You okay?" one of the girls asked. What was her name again? Glasses, twintails... that's Mio Sawada, and the other is Risa Momioka. "They didn't hurt you did they?"

"Nah, I'm all cool!" Saruyama said, which was a lie, but better than the truth of -

"Really, because it looked like you were about to piss yourself in fear," Risa quipped.

This was true. Perfectly true. His control of his bladder was hanging by a hair thinner than the one holding up the Sword of Damocles. Still! He was in the presence of two cute girls, so he couldn't let how utterly terrified for his immediate future he was at that instant show through. He had to play it cool!

"Oh, nonsense, I was in complete control over that situation!" he said.

"Really?" Mio asked. "I mean, it seems to me like you'll have to deal with more bullies in future, so that's good to know."

More bullies... "What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean, with the way Rito's acting, it's inevitable they'll target the two of you." Risa wagged her finger in his face. "Really now, he's not being as subtle about it as he thinks. Of course it's been noticed! Gosh, I think only Kotegawa-san and Haruna haven't picked up on it yet."

"I think they both want to bang him," Mio shrugged. "Kotegawa's in denial, but Haruna's okay with it."

"Hey, I wanted to be the one to say that!" Risa protested. "Hrmp! Anyway! Now that you've got that look of encroaching mortal terror about you again, this seems like a quite excellent time to strike a deal with you."

"A deal?" he squeaked. Oh no. These girls had him by the shorthairs. They could negotiate any kind of deal that they wanted. They could have him doing their homework, cleaning their room, he'd be their personal slave if it meant getting those bullies off his back!

"The deal is simple!" Mio said. "Firstly, we'll have you and Rito become the best friend of every boy in school."

That sounded impossible but okay.

"In exchange for that, you keep Rito doing what he's doing..." Risa said, then leaned in close. Very, very close. "And we give you regular sloppy blowjobs."

"Both of us," Mio added. "We'll Hoover your dick clean on a daily basis if you can keep that boy doing whatever he's doing."

It's been remarked upon that the worst punishment hell can deliver to its sinners is a mere glimpse of heaven. Well, surely the opposite must be true. The greatest reward that heaven can grant is surely a glimpse of hell. To let you know how far you could have fallen should make the ambrosia taste all that sweeter.

The explanation for this was pretty simple, as it turned out. Literally every single girl in school was smart enough to figure out what was going on with Rito - except for two. One who wanted it, the other who was in denial. Risa and Mio were here on official business as representatives of the girls, who were seeking an opportunity to keep the good times coming.

And so, they had approached him. With a tantalizing offer. With his cooperation, keep Rito having his 'accidents'. The girls found it weird and creepy at first, but apparently the Principal was also kinda pervy so he brushed it aside. And then, over time, something improbable happened. Something that... wasn't impossible, obviously, but extremely ridiculously unlikely happened.

The girls decided they liked it. They really, really liked it. Not enough to fool around with Rito or anything, but it did make them horny enough that a lot of them were thinking of hooking up with some of the boys.

In other words, the boys were going to be getting a lot more ass very, very soon. Because of Rito's plan to build himself a harem. All the boys had to do to get that ass was put up with Rito occasionally tripping and groping their girlfriend. Which they likely would put up with, because it would mean they were going to get their worlds rocked in the near future.

And so it was written, so it was told! Honestly, Rito getting those two girls and only those two was more than any man could ask for. Shame they had to keep him in the dark about it, but if he thought he wasn't going to get any action from the other girls he might well decide to stop. Which didn't help anyone. Oh, sure, it meant he was technically lying to his best friend in the whole damn world, but -

But whatever guilty conscience he might be feeling about that kind of evaporated into the ether the second Risa showed him exactly how flexible her tongue was. This really was the best deal going for absolutely everyone. So long as nothing absolutely weird happened to throw it all out of whack, everyone involved was going to get exactly what they wanted! But it would have to be really, really weird. Like, say, an extremely hot alien showing up out of nowhere and dragging along a quirky cast of outer space aliens, which also primarily included total babes who were kind of weird by human standards, but also appealed to a pretty broad spectrum of fetishes.

"Hey, put that manga down for a second!" Mio complained. "Don't you know it's rude not to pay attention when two hot girls are all over your dick?"

"Sorry, sorry," he muttered. "Uh, for some reason I felt the strangest urge to read some Urusei Yatsura. Not sure why."

Well, it's not like To Love Ru is almost certainly inspired by that classic series due to the superficial similarities between the two. But hey, to his mind that possibility seemed extremely

unlikely. After all! What were the chances that aliens existed, would come to Earth, and would look anything remotely human, or that an especially attractive by human standards alien would arrive out of nowhere and interact with a random boy in Japan rather than some other nation, or a governmental figure within any given nation?

Slim to none, that's what! Unfortunately since his world still ran off the rule of comedy, slim to none but the outcome is funny roughly means 100% guaranteed.

Smart Succubus

A direct confrontation was inevitable, really. Both of them knew it. They both knew that the other was up to something, and that they were both fully aware of that fact. Mizore the Yuki-onna, Kurumu the Succubus, both of them were far too smart and far too capable to ignore the inevitable, and so -

"Hrm, one moment, I think we're going to need more paper," Kurumu chirped, rising to her feet. "Mizore, let me show you where the storage cupboard is!"

"Ah, thank you very much."

If anyone knew what to look for between these two they would see sparks flying. They both knew full well that this wasn't going to be a friendly little chat. And so, off they went to a side room where all the paper, folders and ink were stored for club use. A rather more spacious location than one might imagine - though the clubrooms had all been designed bearing in mind that nobody knew which room would be used for what purpose, and so the storage was a bit more than usual.

Kurumu held the door open for her adversary and led her inside with a smile that was practically made of daggers. Mizore returned one of her own. The two went inside. Kurumu checked the door. As this room doubled as a dark room the seals on the door were snug. It wouldn't do if you spoiled the film by letting in light, now would it? That had the side effect of muffling noise within the room quite a bit. Not soundproof by any means, but effective enough that someone could not listen from outside.

"Why Mizore, it's such a pleasure seeing you again," Kurumu chirped. "Still on your hunt for the one and only man you can manage?"

"Right back at you," Mizore replied. She tilted her head a little, almost letting it rest upon her shoulder. A cutesy affectation that made her seem more innocent than she truly was. "Are you still unsatisfied with the notion of a single man? You need several to satisfy you?"

"All that brain and so little ambition," Kurumu tutted.

"All that brain, and so little self control," Mizore countered.

They could go on like this for hours. In fact, they had done. Mocking each other like, going back and forth. Mizore mocking Kurumu for her lust driven schemes driving her to have a harem bigger than she could possibly realistically make full use of. Kurumu mocking Mizore for being willing to settle for a single solitary man - and being so exacting in her specifications that she had yet to find one.

Ying and yang, as they say. Opposite to one another in every meaningful way, yet also similar as well if you tilted your perspective just so. One would think that they would not cross paths often enough to consider each other bitter rivals. Yet here they were. Yet again, dancing this merry dance.

"Judging from the manner in which you were draped to him, Tsukune is your target this time," Kurumu said. "No doubt you intend to make a deal of some sort with me - Tsukune in exchange for staying out of your way."

"And you, no doubt, shall insist upon hogging him all to yourself," Mizore replied. Mocking her by mimicking Kurumu's body language. The cheeky little - "Truly, the greed and lust of a succubus knows no bounds. You have to have it all, or having nothing at all. A compromise would be more intelligent, don't you think? Much less risky to your overall plans."

"Tsukune is a vital aspect of what I'm doing," Kurumu admitted, though with great reluctance. That did spike Mizore's interests somewhat. "I'm going to have him all to myself. Got it?"

In response to this, the air in the room became a touch colder. As well, Kurumu stared Mizore in the eyes, letting the radiance of her charm wash out over her rival. It wouldn't be extremely effective at first, but... But staring into Mizore's eyes, Kurumu could see something shining back at her. A reflection of snow and ice. Mizore was wearing contact lenses made of a thin layer of ice! She was deliberately distorting the charm effect!

On top of that, little flecks of snow began to fall within the room in a most peculiar pattern, placing greater emphasis on Mizore's figure. The light sparkling, flashing. An attempt to hypnotise her. Placing her into a vulnerable, sleepy state of mind.

"A new technique?" Kurumu asked, gesting to the snow around them. "Very good, very clever. It must take a lot of precise calculations to achieve the desired effect."

Aha, there we go. A touch of confusion fell onto that pretty little face. A furrowed brow! Pretending to be figuring it out, or genuinely stumped? Either way, Kurumu was chalking that one up as a win.

"You're using an illusion," Mizore said. "To throw off my calculations, you are making it appear as though you are standing somewhere other than you actually are."

Sarcastic applause, well done, well done. Like this, the two of them were functionally immune to one another's hypnotic abilities - at least for the time being. Kurumu was certain she could figure out a way around Mizore's little trick there. Regular contact lenses and glasses didn't really protect much from a charm, so there's likely an imperfection within the ice. Crystals or something. Creating a distortion that was quite deliberately throwing everything off.

Bah! How annoying!

"Based on how we've been behaving so far, neither of us is going to out the other - purely out of self interest." Kurumu said.

"But of course," Mizore said. "How is it put, he said she said? Any evidence you could use against me could likely also be used against you. Is that all you wished to speak of? I thought these points were rather obvious. A truce, a stalemate, with the winner being given the opportunity to ride Tsukune like the hot little stud that he is."

"Actually, there is one other potential issue we need to discuss," Kurumu said. "I've been trying to keep out of the way of the Disciplinary Committee so far. They don't seem like the part to, pardon me for being crass, fuck around. I'm aware their leader is a rather powerful S-Class, and lust does not seem to be on any of their agendas. Not a boyfriend or girlfriend among them."

"Ah, the same group that dismantled the newspaper club last year?" Mizore asked. "If you've been avoiding them so far, then provoking them with the newspaper club is..." She trailed off. "I see. You're going to use the club to build up a large enough following that you can overwhelm them with sheer strength of numbers."

"They're a threat to both our plans," Kurumu said. "In point of fact, they're a direct threat to both of us. Sooner or later they're going to poke their noses into our business, find out what we're doing - or get on the trail of finding out - and then we'll have that little hellstorm climbing up our rather splendid - in my case perfect - butts."

"Aw, a compliment?" Mizore pouted. "Are you sure my snow had no effect on you at all?"

A worrying thought. Kurumu would have to devise a good way to check on that, and develop a more certain long term defense while figuring out how to deal with Mizore. None of which would be easy as it was essentially a hypno-arm's race. Still, if hse was planning to turn all of the hot boys and girls of the school into her personal harem, Mizore was an absolute must. She wasn't as outright hot as herself or Moka, or even in the top five. But definitely in the top ten.

Anyway, that was all she actually wanted to talk with Mizore about... But she was going to stall the bitch anyway. With a little, aha, negotiation for staying out of each other's way. Hammer out the details of what they were and weren't allowed to do in their upcoming 'game'.

Why would she waste time like that? Why else? To keep Mizore focused on her while her other plans went ahead.

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With Kurumu gone, Moka moved to sit next to Tsukune. This was such a natural move that she didn't even think much of it. Sitting here. Next to him. It was only after she'd been leaning her head on his sholder for a full minute that she even remembered what Kurumu had said about 'hooking them up'.

The blush that fell upon her cheeks could have lit up the night's sky brighter than the rising dawn. After that, Moka immediately sat up bolt straight and- She could hear her inner self rolling her eyes in disgust!

<i>You didn't hear me rolling my eyes. You heard my grunt of disgust.</i>

Yes, well, let her be a bit poetic about this while her heart felt like it was going to burst! She'd never had a crush on a boy before! Ah, no, that's not what she meant. How to put it? She didn't have a crush on Tsukune, that was for sure, but she'd also never had a crush on anyone before so she didn't know what it felt like!

<i>Look at him. Think about what you feel.</i>

Okay. Look at him. Look at his... slender neck. Full of delicious blood. It tasted so, so sweet when she drank it that even now her mouth was watering at the idea. Ah, but he wasn't just a walking blood bank! He - He also had a quite handsome face, was diligent, hard working, thoughtful, compassionate and also really, really sexy.

<i>That last one again.</i>

Compassionate?

<i>You are hopeless. Completely and totally hopeless. You'll be standing at the altar telling yourself that you're not smitten.</i>

Well that was hardly helpful at all!

"So what do you think?" Tsukune asked. "Which picture do you think works best?"

Huh? What? Oh right. Tsukune was looking through pictures of Kurumu to figure out which one would be the best to go with.

"I don't know," she honestly said. Having not paid attention to them at all. "I mean, she's very pretty and photogenic, I think any of them might work."

"Kukuku!" Yukari suddenly chuckled. "Photogenic, you say? Any of them might work, you say?" Suddenly, Yukari pulled out another album. "Ta-da! Here is an album of pictures that Kurumu didn't want you to see!"

It doesn't matter what sort of person you are. It doesn't matter how good you are. Those words are like a siren's song to any rational being on Earth. A close friend doesn't want you to see something, they're out of the room, and the thing they don't want you to see is right there in front of you. How can you not feel the urge to sneak a peek? Yukari plopped it down right in front of them, the first page was opened and -

"Oh gosh!" Moka gasped, shutting the book right away. If her earlier blush could illuminate the night's sky, this could surely light up the entire solar system. "Y-Yukari, what sort of book is this?"

"We~ell, a succubus has to practice her seduction techniques, doesn't she?" Yukari giggled malevolently. "These are the practice shots she's been taking of herself!"

"Why do you even have this?" Tsukune asked, slowly turning as red as Moka.

"Kehehe! I found it when she invited me up to her room the other da~ay!" Yukari sang. "Come on, come on! It's not like there's any nudity here! She's just dressing up in a bunch of different costumes!"

No nudity, huh? That was probably alright then. Besides which, seeing what a succubus called 'seduction techniques' could be... It might be something she could learn from. When she eventually did have a crush on a boy. That wasn't her best friend Tsukune. B-Besides, seeing him get flustered could be kind of fun too. Right?

Moka opened the book again to that first page. It showed Kurumu in a shower wearing a weird looking bikini. It wasn't nudity by any stretch of the imagination, but it didn't leave an awful lot to the imagination either. Also, she was looking into the camera with this weirdly intense gaze that sort of made Moka feel like... Like...

Kurumu's really pretty.

Another turn of the page and this time she was in something a lot less revealing. A maid's uniform, reaching over to wipe down a table. Which led to her pushing her breasts against the table and giving a bit more of a dusting to it than she perhaps intended. Gosh, but her boobs really were quite large. They put Moka's to shame. Made her feel a bit jealous, you know? And there again was that intense look in her eyes, it really brought the whole thing together.

Kurumu's really pretty.

Another page, this time she was in gym attire doing squats. Snug spats and an even snuggier white shirt, partly see-through because of the glistening sweat giving her skin this pleasant sheen. This made sense too, while a succubus had a natural born beauty about them they would have to work hard to maintain that physique. Moka could easily imagine her spending hours on end working out like this. She was obviously taking it quite seriously as well. There was that same intense look in her beautiful eyes yet again.

Kurumu's so, so pretty...

"Huh... You know, Gin's been gone a while..." Tsukune muttered to himself. He sounded a bit sleepy for some reason. Distracted. "Wonder where he's gone?"

"Doesn't matter," Yukari said, turning the page. Ooh, look at that evening gown! Like she was poured into it! "Keep on checking out these amazing pictures. Teehee!"

You know, that sounded like a positively charming idea. She'd do that. She'd check out every single one of them. What was the harm, after all...?

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Now, one might think that Mizore had fallen behind a step there owing to Kurumu's trick. However, that would be because you're not as smart as she is. Sorry, sorry, that came off as an insult, but honestly it wasn't intended that way. It's a very high bar to clear. Not many are at her level.

Gin, for example, was very much below that level. He generally means well, but he's also not too difficult to manipulate if you know what you're doing. Which Mizore does. While Kurumu was blatantly keeping her busy in an attempt to brainwash Moka and Tsukune, in a sense Mizore was keeping her busy so she could come at the problem sideways.

Having control over Gin would, in essence, give her control over the newspaper club and its decisions. Now. Mizore wasn't going to be obvious in her abuse of this power and authority, because then Kurumu would go about subverting it. Instead, think of this as developing a well placed pawn. Intended to strike only when the moment was right.

Upon returning to the clubroom, Gin had found a snowglobe in front of the door. A snowglobe that was already running. He picked it up. He stared at the cute girl in the middle of it. Then he kept on staring. He heat of his hand activated a device in the base as he held it, causing it to whisper:

"Return to your room"

Over and over again. Gin had slowly nodded, then turned around and gone back to his room in a trance. A light trance. One that would be deepened very soon. At his room, he would find another snow globe in front of the door. Impossible to miss, he couldn't hope to open it without knocking it. He would pick it up as well. The figure inside... he would now recognise as Mizore. Naked. Dancing away as snowflakes fell within, reflecting the light in just the right ways to catch his eye. Occasionally covering the skin of the figure within.

It would take more than this to put him under, of course. But do yourself a favour. Do not underestimate Mizore. By the end of the day, Gin would be hers to command freely. And he'd do it with a smile on his face.

Shimoneta Twin Snow

Was it his imagination, or was Tanukichi getting a whole lot of dirty looks from the other students? As much as dirty acts and words might be out of the question, it seemed that killing intent was still something very much permitted by Peacemakers. It didn't make any sense to him. He was new to this school. Were they suspicious of new arrivals? That hardly seemed right.

But it did suddenly make sense when, in passing, he caught his father's name being whispered. Nothing else was distinct enough for him to make out, but that much he definitely caught. They knew he was the son of an ero-terrorist.

Sins of the father is an unfortunate tradition that has persisted across the globe in many different cultures. The son must have learned bad traits from their father, or so the reasoning goes. The fruit of a bad tree is itself rotten. Therein lies the logic. However, Tanukichi wasn't like that. Whatever his feelings about the way things are now, they are the way they are. Fighting it was pointless, especially with so much public support. Besides, people were indeed safer like this, right?

Well... safe until someone gets the bright idea of accusing you of an ero-crime. Or if you commit one by accident. Then you weren't so safe. Right about now Tanukichi was starting to feel like he fit into that category. In fact, when he tried to sit down, someone kicked his chair out from under him, making him crash to the floor in a heap.

"Ah!" he yelled, and rubbed at his tailbone. "H-Hey, what gives? What did I do?"

"I dunno, and you'd better not tell us," a student sneered at him. "Son of an ero-terrorist, hanging out with Miss Anna and Miss Ayame?"

"I bet he's got some kind of blackmail material on them," another suggested. ""Making them do unspeakable, illegal things!"

"No, no, that's not - " He tried to protest, but under their withering glares it felt completely hopeless. They'd already made their mind up. It was so frustrating. He wanted to stand up to them, tell them how wrong they were - but it felt like the more he struggled the worse he'd make it for himself.

Fortunately, someone else came to the rescue. One by one, the students glaring at him turned to look at the doorway, and when Tanukichi looked himself, he saw Ayame standing there. He couldn't see her eyes through her glasses and, even though it was impossible, he'd swear there was a billowing fiery aura around her.

"Is this the example that we set at this school?" Ayame asked. She pushed her glasses up her nose, and that seemed enough to allow the light to pass through them without reflecting away from her eyes, which burned with a strange passion. "Tanukichi is not his father. He is a good and decent person, and we must give him the chance to prove his worth. Whatever nonsense is going around about why we wished to speak with him, dispel it now. Any further baseless rumours about myself or Anna or Tanukichi will be treated as slander against a member of the student council. Is that clear?"

Meek nods followed, and she offered a gentle yet powerful hand to help him to his feet. Wow. She was really kind of cool when she wanted to be, wasn't she?

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Ayame had about had it up to here with these prudish, stuck up idiots. Gossiping about Tanukichi like that? What did he do to deserve it? He was probably more pure than any of them, even though he knew a lot more about sex than they did! Hrmph!

Now, she did feel a little bit guilty that their plan basically involved corrupting this decent person until he was as much a pervert as herself and Anna - but it was the principle of the thing that counted! Oh, sure. Being isolated from everyone else could have played to their advantage from a tactical perspective. It was the sort of thing cults do. Isolate from the outside group, then indoctrinate. However! That judgmental attitude had pissed her off so much that she couldn't possibly do anything else!

Honestly now, it showed how severely brainwashed everyone was these days. They had been made so afraid of dirty things that association with anyone remotely connected to it was practically a crime of society as well. An unwritten law. Society functions more on those than the written ones. There are things that are legal to do and say, but frowned upon so severely that nobody ever dares go against them. Except, usually this very group of people. Usually the rebellious youth loved thumbing their nose at authority, but these damned Peacemakers had made it so they couldn't risk trying! Couldn't risk experimenting! Couldn't make mistakes and learn from them!

That was the world that Ayame was fighting against and it was only thanks to Anna that she gained a true appreciation for how vile and twisted the methods of the enemy happened to be. It had made her a little more willing to use dirty methods to teach the world about how fun dirty things could be.

But Tanukichi was their true proof of concept. Anna? Had been a bottle of pent up sexual frustration that didn't know what to do with itself. Literally, had no idea until Ayame taught her. At the time Ayame had thought herself straight, but then Anna had wanted to experiment and - ah, that opened up a few doors. In one sense you might say they'd corrupted each other. Or you could say they had liberated each other.

As for Tanukichi... he wasn't Ayame's usual type. She preferred hunkier boys. Athletes with a sensitive side and a thoroughly dirty sense of humour. He was holding back though. If you put a rooster in front of him, he wouldn't make any cock jokes no matter what it did. If you strung up a string of sausages dripping over a bed of clams, nary a comment would be made. He would avoid calling cats pussies, refrain from comments about playing with balls while engaged in some sport or other, everything he said or did would be deliberately fucking cleaner than a bar of soap.

Despite that... Ayame really wanted to sex him. Something about him was tickling her nether regions and making her panties moister than the bottom of a lake. Somehow - impossibly - Anna was getting it even worse about him, that girl was thirstier for that boy's cock than some poor sod lost in a desert surrounded by mirages.

Even so. They couldn't rush things. They had to take their time. When you're fighting the powers that be, rushing things is exactly the right thing to do when you want to get fucking caught and

tossed away for life in a deep dark hole. Never mind what would happen to Ayame for educating little Miss Anna, the pure and angelic daughter of the bitch in charge.

The class itself passed by normally, with Tanukichi fitting in like an ordinary average student. The others didn't know what to make of him yet, especially after Ayame's outburst - but that was fine. She felt confident he'd make friends soon. Not just sex friends either! Platonic friends, because as dirty minded as she as Ayame recognised the need to have things in your life not to do with sex and dirty jokes. After all, you can't have dirty jokes without clean ones to contrast with, right?

Anyway, lunchtime rolled around eventually, because the government hadn't found up a way to fuck with time yet, so Ayame escorted Tanukichi to the student council room. Anyone that looked at them funny got themselves a murderous glare back, because she was not letting any baseless rumours about him corrupting them circulate if she could say anything about it. If anything it would be the opposite, and the only thing she wanted to circulate was blood into his rapidly hardening penis!

Which, upon opening the door, it became obvious would not be a tremendous issue for them going forward. Because Ayame, despite being a girl lacking of male genitals, felt herself growing hard at the sight in front of her. To wit - Anna Nishikonimya in a maid uniform. It was an inverted colour scheme, mostly white with black frills around the outline. The skirt was about half the size of the uniform's, and the design lacked shoulders, resulting in it showing off quite a healthy amount of Anna's healthy cleavage. On noticing them enter, she spun around and curtsyed, nearly showing off her underwear at least four times on Ayame's count.

Assuming she was wearing any.

It was quite remarkable. Truly. It was the kind of outfit that had a strongly erotic vibe, but only if you recognised it as such. Ask your average student and they would not see anything too unusual about it. Maybe the fact that she was wearing a maid's outfit in the first place, but the dirty nature of it, the sex appeal would be totally lost on them.

"Do you like it?" Anna asked, holding her curtsy. "It's a little something I threw together to help you feel welcome."

Thinking quickly, Ayame added "You borrowed this from your servant's quarters? A maid that works for you, perhaps? That could provoke a new fashion trend, Miss Nishikinomiya."

"Ah," Tanukichi gulped, pointing a wavering finger at Anna. "Um, that outfit..." he began, voice trembling. "That outfit is..."

Ayame watched with anticipation, and then felt genuinely impressed when Anna tilted her head and gave him big innocent puppy dog eyes. As if expecting a yummy treat. Which in a matter of fact, she was. In the long term she was hoping to get a salty sticky yummy treat inserted into all of her holes. Did he have the guts to defy that gaze?"

"Stimulating," Tanukichi finished, unable to admit the truth.

"It might be best if you didn't wear it outside the student council room," Ayame said. "As it is, there are rumours about why he's working with us. A maid uniform might imply to them that we're under his thumb, instead of him working for us. Does that make sense?"

"Oh, don't be silly," Anna laughed it off. "I'm quite aware of those silly rumours, and those spreading them shall be punished in due course. The whole school will learn quite soon that we're doing good work here - I simply wanted to reward our newest member for putting up with that nonsense. If he wants to come to this office, he's free to come inside as often as he likes."

Nice! Ayame slipped behind the boy torn between guilt and barely harbored lust towards his long term crush and gave her a thumbs up. After a moment, Tanukichi gave a deep bow to Anna, and practically screamed "Thank you for your kindness! I can never repay it!" at the top of his lungs.

In response to this, Anna lifted his head, making him stand at full attention - and embraced him nice and tight. Now it wouldn't just be him standing at attention, that's for sure! She even stuck her nose right into his collar and inhaled deeply, then beckoned for Ayame to join the embrace from the other side, sandwiching him in like salami in a sandwich.

"It's alright, we're here," Anna cooed. "Seeing you happy will be all the repayment we need." By which she meant 'riding you like a stallion into the wee hours of the morning is exactly what the doctor ordered.' Or something to that effect. "Now, let us enjoy our lunch together."

She guided him to sit on a blanket on the floor of the council room, and sat right next to him. Ayame sat on the other side of him, and now he was once again in a position that most men in a rightfully sexually liberated world would have given their right nut for a chance at: Between two pretty girls who wanted to fuck him raw, and each other at the same time.

"Are you thirsty?" Anna asked out of nowhere, and held out a bottle to him. "Here, it's a special recipe. I made it myself."

"Hrm?" Tanukichi took the bottle. Wait, was that...? No way! She turned her head, unable to stop herself from reacting to it. "What is it?"

"It's a secret recipe!" Anna immediately replied. "I call it... Love Nectar. What do you think?"

Oh, this might be a step too far on their road to corrupting him. She could hear him take a sip - then start guzzling it down like it was the most delicious thing ever! If only he knew. The reason behind that tangy taste. If only he could guess what Love Nectar actually was - or that he had a role to play in its production as well, after a manner of speaking.

"Huh, not bad," Tanukichi said. Ayame made a motion like sneezing, to hide her laugh. Sh-She should tell him, right? "Bless you. Do you need a handkerchief?"

"N-no, i'm fine!" Ayame said, snuggling up closer to him. She risked a glimpse down. Yep. Just as they had theorised. Anna's Love Nectar had provoked a reaction from him, or maybe that was just down to their proximity? No doubt about it, they needed more data! "Let's discuss what we should do about Blue Snow. the next time she shows up, we should have a trap ready for her."

"I agree," Anna said, leaning into Tanukichi in an almost absent way. "We need to get her in a pincer movement, otherwise she'll get away."

Yep. No question of that. The best way to trap your target was by getting them on both sides at once. Cut off all avenues of escape, so you can do whatever you want to them. Or... in their case, let him do whatever he wanted to the two of them. Guilt and reservations aside, Ayame's loins were starting to heat up at the inevitable threesome. If only they didn't have to be patient about it, but -

Well, the very best corruption isn't something that happens right away, is it? It takes time, but when it is finished the results are as sweet as any cake. And best of all? Tanukichi wouldn't be alone anymore! Win, win, win!

NGE Dreamscape

If there was ever someone in this crazy place you could call 'unassuming' it would have to be Maya Ibuki. Her other coworkers were typically quite bombastic, like Misato Katsuragi, or had an ethereal quality about them that drew your attention right towards them, like Rei Ayanami, or perhaps they had some other mysterious allure like Gendo Ikari. Hell, even Shinji stood out more than her, which sure as hell said something. She was pretty. She was smart. She was hardworking and cute. Ah, now 'cute' can mean any number of things. I could mean like a bunny rabbit, or like a bunny girl. Well, Maya was the former. Yes, the actual rabbit. Not the skimpy leotard and leggings combo with cute little puffy white tail and the ears, the thing such a dress was modelled on. You didn't want to leer at her, you kind of went "aww, isn't she adorable?"

And she was fine with that. Mostly. Who wanted the attention when there was work to be done? That had always been her philosophy. Focus on work. Get that done first. Absolutely the number one priority - Until she met that special someone. You know, the old cliché. One look and you're hooked. To fall at first sight. To be in their presence makes you feel like you're walking on air. The sort of thing that only an innocent little bun-bun would think was reflective of ordinary reality.

"Senpai, I have that report for you - " Maya said, entering the office right at the moment that special someone, Ritsuko Akagi, was zipping up a skintight plugsuit. Black as the night's sky, and snuggler than a second skin. The only way she could be more revealing would involve finding a way to display her kidneys. Maya's breath hitched at the sight, her eyes eagerly working to commit this sight to memory. Not that she hadn't seen it before, but every view was precious. "Wanted!" she finished her sentence while barely missing a beat, keeping her eyes on her senpai's face, her face, not her breasts and certainly not anywhere else.

"Thank you Maya," Ritsuko said. She took the document and smiled. "I see. They have approved the Dreamscape project for further testing."

"Yes, I saw!" Maya said, smartly going to attention. "I would like to volunteer!" Anything to be useful to her beloved senpai.

"Perhaps, perhaps," Ritsuko mused. "But first, I will need your help with another ongoing experiment. B3."

"B3?" Maya asked. "I've not heard of that one."

"Ah, I haven't told you about it?" Ritsuko said. "How strange... Oh well, I shall be sure to fill you in some other time. Rather than Dreamscape, it would be far more useful to have you involved in that."

Well, of course she agreed right away. Why wouldn't she? If Doctor Akagi needed her help with something, then by goodness, she was going to step into it right away! As such, Maya didn't think anything of it when she sat down on a chair in front of senpai's desk, while she perched herself right on the edge of the table, crossed her legs, and peered down at her like a strict school teacher trying a little too hard to be "nice".

"Now, Maya Ibuki," Ritsuko said. "Our objective today is to determine what you personally consider the 'optimal female figure'." Oh, well, that was easy. Her answer was 'the one sitting on the table in front of me.' Not that she could ever say such a thing out loud, mercy me no! "I have

a series of questions for you. Please answer each one immediately and honestly, without putting thought into what you're saying."

"Understood!" Maya said. Oh dear, she'd been trying to sound professional there but it came out all cutesy and innocent. Deep breath now. In and out. Don't let her down! Don't put any thought into this at all. Like, for example, any thought into what purpose might exist behind an experiment of this nature.

"How slim should their waist be?"

Guh, how embarrassing! How was she supposed to answer a question like that?

"Maya... don't put any thought into it," Ritsuko said. "Close your eyes, take a deep breath, and then say the first thing that pops into your head."

Alright. Let's try that. Gosh this was so embarrassing! Maya closed her eyes. Took a deep breath. Then tried her best to empty her thoughts. This would be difficult though, she wasn't sure she could -

"Dancer-like, and very slim!" Maya blurted out. The air shimmered. Maya's professional attire vanished outright, as did Doctor Akagi's plugsuit. No longer were they sitting, now the two of them were standing in a gymnasium in front of mirrors, the pair of them grinding hula hoops around their waists. Expertly flicking them around, while their hands were perched atop their heads, as if someone had superglued their hands to their scalp. Around and around the hoops went, as though, in this bizarre hypothetical scenario, there was some form of sensor built into them that would detonate a bomb in the room should they stop moving for even in an instant.

Of course, it had been mentioned that their clothing had vanished. Now, don't fret too much, they were still wearing clothes. Merely different attire from before. They were now wearing matching black leotards that contrasted magnificently against their pale skin. High up on their hips, no sleeves and a healthy amount of cleavage on display. Oh, but not as if Maya had that much to put out there for the world - and, of course, these leotards were riding up between their cheeks like dental floss. Which may not be a fair comparison because dental floss might have a little more fabric than that portion of the leotard.

"Alright, that was an easy one to start off with," Ritsuko said without missing a beat. "A slim, trim tummy. Most people do prefer that, but that hasn't always been the case. For example, for a long time in Europe a healthy stomach was a sign of wealth - it meant you could afford more opulent food, and did not have to work in the fields."

"While in the modern era, fattening foods are far more readily available, and a trim tummy means you care more about your health and appearance while also having the time to do something about those empty calories!" Maya finished. "This trend began in the 19th Century, I believe?" Yes, she'd heard of that herself. Oh, but she always hated going on diets... Then again, if she could see herself now, see how her stomach was slimming up to a nice degree, she might be relieved to realise she would not need to go on a diet ever again.

"Of course, it's not enough to have a slim tummy," Maya continued. "They must have peak internal health too!"

The scenery changed again, with Maya suddenly face down on a table wearing only a towel while Ritsuko walked across her back barefoot, then part way through a stride she stopped, thinking it over and a smile crept onto her face. The air shimmered again, and a pair of hula hoops appeared around their respective waists, with Maya seeming to hump the table while Ritsuko stood on her back and continued to grind it out while occasionally stepping across Maya's back.

"Now, Maya. I didn't ask about internal health," Ritsuko said. "Naughty girl."

"Yes senpai," Maya sighed. "I'm a naughty girl."

Huh, what was that? Naughty girl? Why had senpai said something like that to her? And why had Maya so readily affirmed it? Something was weird about that, but before Maya could think of what it might mean, another question was thrown at her.

"What sort of face should the ideal woman have?"

"Cute, approachable," Maya answered immediately. Ritsuko raised an eyebrow, as if expecting further detail. "And big plump juicy lips, ideal for kissing."

Once again, the scenery shifted, this time becoming a kitchen. Maya was standing over a counter wearing nothing but an apron, a chef's hat - oh, and her hula hoop was still on. Somehow it wasn't knocking into the counter, but that wasn't important. Also, Doctor Akagi was completely perpendicular to her, still giving her that barefoot back massage. What a thoughtful senpai she had, working so hard to get the kinks out of her back, obviously fully aware of how hard Maya was working.

As for what she was doing, why, she was preparing some nice juicy sausages. Which, as everyone knows, is done by pressing them into your lips really, really hard until they merge into the flesh. That way you could serve them up by delivering a nice big smooch to the person you were serving. Maya was really good at this. Her lips were already huge and puckered, primed and ready to be smooched at a moment's notice. Her face was already pretty cute. Round, big eyed, with a short haircut that served to place further emphasis on adorableness. However... the already soft curves were still becoming softer without her noticing. Her eyes, a little bit bigger and a little bit more... doe.

"Now let's do something more risqué and fun," Ritsuko said. "How about breasts?"

"S-Senpai!"

"Come on now Maya, don't be shy at this point!" her feet squeezed into Maya's back, kneading the flesh like an expert masseuse. "Just say the first thing that comes to your mind. What are you looking for in a woman's tits?"

"Big and bouncy!" was Maya's immediate response. "So massive you wonder how they're standing upright! So bouncy they jiggle at the slightest provocation!"

Yet again the scenery changed, this time with the pair of them not engaged in hula hooping. Instead they were on a beach, running across the sands side by side in slow motion, bright orange swimsuits adorning their figures. A bikini in Ritsuko's case, one which would seem like a plain one on an ordinary woman. However, the difference here was the sheer size of her

breasts. They were so big that the fabric was straining to contain them, and even then was only able to do so much. They were so big they were practically spilling out, and the strap at the back threatened to snap at a moment's notice.

For Maya, she was wearing a one piece which went high on her hips and low on her neckline. While her boobs were large, they were still dwarfed by Ritsuko's. Still, they in turn would make any other woman feel inadequate by comparison. With each footstep that she took, Maya's breasts rippled underneath that swimsuit like - Imagine a table in a room which has the legs bolted to the floor. There are glasses on top full of water that has flesh coloured dye mixed in, and a lid fastened to the top of both glasses. Now imagine that there was an earthquake. That's what this was like. Every single footstep, her chest gave an impression of that exact scene.

And to repeat, those steps were in slow motion. Anyone watching could see every single twitch, every ripple, every jiggle, every iota of motion as clear as day. Of course, Maya's gaze was far more focused on Ritsuko's less jiggy but much more massive chest, glued to it, mesmerised by it. Utterly and thoroughly entranced.

Ah, but have no fear for her safety, or that she might embarrass herself by tripping. Dear reader, if such a thing did happen then Maya's breasts would not only serve better than a safety cushion, it is also quite likely they would bounce her back onto her feet completely unharmed.

"Large bouncing breasts are definitely the best," Ritsuko said. Continuing to jog in slow motion while speaking at a normal pace. Maya nodded her head - which she was also able to do at a completely normal speed even if the rest of her body was at, say, around one half to one quarter of the speed it should be moving at. "There is something about them that absolutely, definitely appeals to everyone without fail."

"Absolutely, senpai!" Maya said. "Perhaps we should do a study into why that is?"

"Excellent idea, Maya!" Ritsuko said. "We should find some volunteers, then deliberately show off our bouncing naked breasts in front of their faces. For science!"

"For science!" Maya added, fist pumping the air with great enthusiasm. Yes indeed. For science. For the data. And not because she was a thirsty slut who wanted to show off her glorious bosom to as many people as possible. No, no. Maya Ibuki was an adorable waif of a girl, mousy and shy, the sort who faded easily into the background. The mere idea of her being as hot as Ritsuko Akagi was simply beyond belief! Don't even suggest it, or she might not believe a single thing you said ever again!

"Finally," Ritsuko said, planting her foot firmly in the sand. Maya, too, the impact sending a minor shockwave up her leg, through her hips, up her torso, into her chest and making her titties go jiggle jiggle bounce horny jiggle quake horny bounce. "The most important question of all." Step, shockwave, hips, chest, titties, jiggle, horny bounce quake. "What sort of size." Step, hips chest, titties horny horny bounce jiggle. "Should your booty be?" Step horny bounce horny quake horny, so unbearably horny as she jiggled jiggled jiggled.

"Gruuh!" Maya had to physically force her tongue back into her mouth. Oh no, what a fool she'd made of herself in front of her senpai! "B-Big!" was her answer. It was the most articulate thing she could manage right now. Those slow motion barely restrained breasts were taking a lot of her brain power away!

"How big?" Ritsuko asked. "Volleyballs?" Behind her, Maya's rump grew up to the size of a volleyball. She shook her head. "Soccer balls?" Again, her booty swelled up to match. Yet Maya still shook her head. "Basketballs?" No, no, no! "Beachballs?"

"Bigger!" Maya screamed, as her hind quarters continued to swell and swell and swell, until it looked like she was dragging a desk behind herself rather than a posterior. So big that her thighs and hips had to swell up to match, because otherwise she'd land so hard in the uncanny valley it would leave a crater. A girl with a butt like this needed hips like heavy machinery, and thighs like a tree trunk to make it believable that she could ever do anything with her legs. With the way she was now, it looked like she could clasp a lump of coal between her cheeks or thighs and turn it into a diamond.

The scenery shifted around them again. No longer a beach, now this was, without mistake, a strip club. With Maya on the stage clinging onto and swinging around a pole as if hanging onto it for dear life. Her tongue was hanging out like a dog with its head out a car window. She was wearing what could be called an abbreviated version of the Tokyo 3 High School girl's uniform. Though, actually, it was not some erotic parody of said uniform. It was, in fact, a perfectly ordinary version of it fitted to an adult woman of Maya's approximate height and weight. The problem was, her assets were making that material seem like a pornographic parody instead of the real deal.

Her skirt hadn't a snowball's chance in hell of covering anything. Not with a butt like that. Her breasts popped half the buttons as soon as she tried to put it on (or, well, it would have popped the buttons if she had put it on, but actually they were already popped when the scene changed) and the fabric was still straining to hold it together with the other half, a couple of the stitches tearing a little to show off her waist, and a healthy amount of sideboob.

As for Ritsuko? She was sitting in a customer's seat. Wearing an elegant red dress that glimmered and gleamed. She crossed her leg, revealing a thigh high split up that side, hence exposing that entire leg. She sipped on what was probably a martini, but could have been any kind of alcoholic drink for all it mattered. Hell, if she wanted she could shift the flavour in between sips.

Maya slammed her hands onto her knees, bent over, and began to twerk. Like her life depended on it? No, no. Like the whole of humanity depended on her shaking that rump for all that it was worth. Translating that worth into currency? Then Maya would be a billionaire. When her cheeks clapped it sounded like a stadium applauding.

"Very nice," Ritsuko said. There was a strong otherworldly echo in her voice. As though she was speaking, and something else was speaking the same words at exactly the same time. "You made an excellent test subject, Maya Ibuki."

Maya began to shake her shoulders from side to side while undulating her cheeks, slightly leaning over, shifting her weight in a calculated way, intending to ensure there was as much movement from her pale, creamy enticing flesh as possible. It's said that if you take a glass of water and stir up its contents, then there would be at least one 'still point' which hadn't moved at all from where it had begun no matter how furiously or chaotically you stirred. Maya was putting that idea to the test right now as she was stirring up her booty a storm. She would lower her butt, bending at the knees. Bend at the waist, then back up straight, resting on her toes for a moment before springing back up with her legs straight and her waist bent, hands smoothing up her calves, tucking into the back of her knees, then trailing along her thighs. All the while, her

hips were shaking like she was sitting on a washing machine, or perhaps it should be more like flicking an invisible hula hoop around her waist?

What... what was she doing? Nnnrgh! This was weird! Definitely weird! Ah! Ah! Maya felt soooo good, but at the same time she was starting to feel like this whole situation was weird! Far too weird! But she couldn't think, couldn't concentrate because her own bouncing ass was boom boom booming away such thoughts with each and every bounce!

When Ritsuko had that thought, she snapped her fingers and a hula hoop appeared in that very spot. It had been a fun theme before so why not return to it? In fact, while we're at it, here are three more. Let her keep them going all at once while she danced and debased herself purely and exclusively for Ritsuko's amusement.

"Humanity is at its weakest when it is lost in a dream," Ritsuko said. "You asked about testing the Dreamscape pod? Maya, you already are."

In the corner of the strip club, the pod itself appeared. Maya was already inside, panting and moaning erotically, one hand under her uniform top groping at her breasts while the other was quite blatantly and furiously masturbating. Anyone that could lip read could plainly see the word 'senpai' on her lips over and over again.

"The Dreamscape project awakened me to a higher purpose."

"A higher purpose?" Maya asked. Horror and fascination mixed in her tone. Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah, now she was feeling a bit more ambitious in her dancing! She was starting to turn in place while keeping the hula hoops moving, spinning around and around her jiggling gyrating body. One around her waist, another above her breasts and the other immediately below. Her balance was superb, the eroticism - chef's kiss! You could crack an egg on that tummy and watch it cook. You could use those breasts as pillows, and that face was beyond photogenic. "Do I play a role in that, senpai?"

"You do indeed, Maya Ibuki," Ritsuko said. "Would you like to be my personal bimbo pet-slut?"

No. The answer was n-no. She didn't want that. She shouldn't want that. This was wrong! Her senpai would never - Oooh, would never do - Ahhh! Too much! It was too much! She knew, rationally, that she should deny it, but every time she even tried to say anything against it her butt would drop down and the flesh would ripple and it would send this sensation of sheer, total bliss all the way up her spine!

"I would love nothing less, senpai!" Maya moaned.

"Oh, I think there is one thing you'll enjoy more. I will become a Goddess! Of a new yuri, ass-loving world. Once I realised that, I realised that you, Maya Ibuki, were deeply infatuated with me! That made you the ideal test subject."

Everything that Ritsuko was saying was only turning Maya on more and more and more. It made her want to dance more erotically. Shake her ass more than she already had been. Everything else she'd ever wanted in her life was melting away, nothing else mattered so long as she could dance for senpai. Shake her ass and tits for her personal amusement. Let her do that forever and ever! Any remaining doubts in her mind were being battered out by her bouncing booty!

"The Big Booty Bimbo experiment was a complete success," Ritsuko said. "Now, Maya. You will help me expand this operation."

"N-No, I -"

"By the way, I should have mentioned. I love you too, Maya Ibuki."

Oh, not fair! That wasn't fair, wasn't fair, wasn't fair! Somehow she'd found a grain of willpower to hang onto, to fight back with, and it had been cast aside by a scalpel-like precision strike!

"Yes!" Maya yelled. "I'll help you expand this operation, like you expanded my glorious buuuuuutttt!"

"You will betray the Lillim, and turn them into slaves of pleasure."

"Absolutely!" Maya replied.

"Very good," Ritsuko said. "Now, Maya. When you awaken you will internalise these truths, while hiding it from others. Together we shall create a Yuri paradise from which nobody will wish to escape."

There was not one single thing that Maya could think of that could possibly make her happier.

Negima C+S

The door to Chao Bao Zi burst open, and then a young girl backflipped inside. "Sakurako Shiina!" the girl cried out, dropping to her knees and raising her hands into the air.

This was immediately followed by another girl excitedly rolling in, rising to her knees opposite Sakurako and raising her hands, the two of them casting a mirror image of each other. "Madoka Kugimiya!" this girl yelled.

Then, the last. She cartwheeled in, perfectly landing in front of the other two. "Misa Kakizake!" this last girl cheered. And yes, cheered was indeed the important word here.

"You called, and we arrived! Class 3-A's cheerleader trio!"

It went off exactly the way Misa had imagined it five minutes ago when she came up with it. As the head of this group, she had to be keenly aware of the abilities and limitations of her friends to best ensure they were all putting their finest face forward. That's the way a cheerleader should be, after all! Gotta put a smile on everyone's face! Make 'em happy, make 'em enthusiastic, cheer them up! Lead them to cheer! All in the name, you see?

Within the normally busy cafe, Chao was sitting at the head of the room in an elegant Chinese dress applauding, with Hakase next to her nervously shifting about until Chao nudged her with her elbow. That seemed to give her the idea, and she started applauding as well.

"Thank you, thank you," Misa said, extending her hands to help the other two rise to their feet. "How unusual to hear a call from you, Chao. Did you want our help with something?"

Chao smiled, but then again she almost always was smiling so that told Misa very little. "An advertising campaign!" Chao excitedly announced. "We want to bring in even more students, and make them think of us as the first place they visit when they want num-nums at lunch!"

A bit of a cutesy way for her to say that, but alright. They were being brought in to help with an advertising campaign. That seemed pretty straightforward. Obviously, cute cheerleaders were a good first port of call. Especially after Chao pulled out what was obviously a cutesy cheerleader bunny costume. It had adorable floppy ears and a little poof tail, very cute, very adorable.

"I don't know about this," Madoka said. "It feels like we're playing into a weird stereotype - Or that our sex appeal is what'll draw attention."

"But it looks super cute!" Sakurako said, putting her hands behind her ears and making a bunny bunny pair of ears out of them.

"Now, now. We should hear a bit more about what Miss Chao has to say, before we agree or decline," Misa said. "Especially the part about payment." Greed is a pretty good motivator, no matter who you are. Hell, these days people are a lot more willing than they should be to get paid to put up with nonsense. Doing something like putting on a cheerleader mascot uniform and promoting a friend's restaurant - why, what was the harm in that?

"How wonderful!" Chao clapped her hands together happily. "To start with, Hakase has used her advanced computer know-how to put together an artificial intelligence, computer generated version of a potential advertisement!"

"With your input, we should be able to modify the design, layout and general aesthetic based on your suggestions," Hakase said. "Um, though, we would rather have you actually perform this yourself. I'm not quite sure we're past the uncanny valley effect."

These days, that term is pretty ubiquitous since CGI is so common in movies that basically everyone has had that experience at some point or another. As such, the cheerleaders needed not one further piece of explanation and nodded, sitting down in front of the monitor Hakase had gestured towards, eager to see what their friend had come up with. Of course, since they had their backs to both Chao and Hakase at the time, neither noticed the perverse smile crossing both of their pretty faces as the video began to play.

The first thing that hit the girls was a garish display of pinks and yellows, flashing across the screen before coalescing into half decent renders of the three of them wearing the uniform. Shame about the floor and walls being so bright, and the music that started playing was so ridiculously over the top in terms of 'pep' and 'vigor' that it came off as really quite contrived.

Shame the knee lifts were quite jerky, and the backflips they were performing seemed honestly quite randomly timed and a bit too mechanical to be realistic. In unison the three girls cheered along with the peppy music, though honestly the combination of effects on their senses was giving her a headache and - Was it a bit warm in here, or was it her imagination?

"Hey everybody, want some chow? Then you should come down to Chao's!"

"Pft...!" Sakurako barely held back her laughter, and started to munch on her sleeve to be polite.

"She's got the food you really need, to fill your tummy up indeed!"

It wasn't hard to see why she was laughing though. Those cheers were... A bit contrived sounding.

"Just one taste and you'll be hooked, so come on down and take a look!"

The advert ended on the three dropping to their knees and waving pompoms about in the air. Madoka's face was set in stone. As if she'd tried so hard not to laugh that she was temporarily incapable of expressing any emotion at all. Misa was a bit better at self control than - Oh dear, now Sakurako was rolling around on the floor holding her tummy.

"Hahaha! Oh, oh my goodness that ending looked so phony! Oh, I'm sorry, but that was way too goofy!"

"Sakurako, our friends asked us for constructive criticism," Misa admonished.

"How peculiar," Madoka said in a robot-like tone. "Because the only criticism I have is that we should destroy it before any other human eyes behold it."

That, alas, made Sakurako laugh all the harder. Misa clapped her hands to get their attention, then hauled them up to their feet. "Come on girls, let's show them how it should look."

A lot of people take cheerleading for granted. They don't understand the hard work put into it, the choreography, or for that matter the science that goes into it. Yes, science. For one thing,

having the girls in a flat line like that all doing the exact same thing for the entire song? It ignores their relative positions to one another, doesn't take advantage of the unique skills each member of the team would naturally have.

Case in point! Misa was standing slightly in front of the other two in the middle of the line, and when they started they didn't just do alternating knee-lifts while waving their pompoms around. No, there was variety in this improvised routine. Variety born from hours of practise and an ingrained understanding of what each other was capable of! That's the true essence of cheerleading spirit right there!

On top of that, each girl recited a line separately from one another. This, they didn't really have a choice in because they were doing this off the top of their heads.

Misa began: "Hey everyone, watch and see, why you should eat at Chao Bao Zi!"

There we go! Get the full name of the restaurant out there in the first line!

Sakurako was next, stepping forward while Misa stepped back. She mimed eating and rubbing her belly while cheering to drive home what she was saying.

"Her food's delicious, take one bite, you'll feel full all through the night!"

Lastly, Madoka, who stepped forward and went "C-H-A-O!" while making her body into poses that looked like those letters while chanting them, then spun around and fist pumped the air triumphantly letting out an enthusiastic "To Chao Bao Zi you should go!"

"Right, got it!" Hakase said. "I'll feed some suggestions into the artificial intelligence, and... There! It's already developed a new version. Let's give it a watch."

That was fast! The three of them resumed their seats, eager to see what the improved version would look like. Though it didn't start off too promisingly. Those same garish colours, those same bright sparkling tones and that peculiarly peppy music that sort of pounded, pounded, pounded its way into your head...

Misa fidgeted in her seat. She felt weird. Kind of warm. Phew! Next to her, Sakurako was fanning herself, while Madoka was adjusting her collar. Did Chao have the heating up? No, that couldn't be it. For whatever reason she was feeling this the most prominently when watching this video. Though it was a touch more intense the second time than the first -

Ah, here were the models now. The actual quality of the models wasn't that great, but their movement was far more natural seeming. Though... the same couldn't be said for the physics model. For some reason, the skirts were going wild, bouncing all over the place with every motion of their hips. Panty shots. Panty shots as far as the eye could see. Misa tried not to look but - Honestly, she couldn't help herself but look. At those girls. Shaped like herself and her friends. Showing off their underwear.

Oh gosh it was getting warm in here again wasn't it?

"Hey everyone, watch and see, why you should eat out Chao Bao Zi!"

Pardon? What had her double just said? Come to it, what had her double been doing there? Now, granted, Misa had put her hands on her hips and made a beckoning gesture with her fingers, but she was pretty certain she hadn't done so with come hither eyes, and her hip motions hadn't been so outright lewd either.

Although she had to admit. It didn't look bad. Just... lewd. More so than she'd intended.

"She's delicious, take one bite, she'll satisfy you through the night!"

As for Sakurako, her miming patting at her tummy had missed the mark somewhat, and she'd patted quite a bit lower instead. Also, rather than miming 'eating', she'd made the v-sign and licked in between it. Which, as far as Misa knew, was the international sign for 'I want to eat that pussy'.

For some reason her stomach growled right as she'd had that thought. Almost as though she, herself, was getting hungry for pussy.

"C-H-A-O! Chao Bao Zi puts on a show!"

Somehow, each and every letter the Madoka simulacrum had spelled out had resulted in another panty shot. Yes, quite the show that Chao Bao Zi was promising to put on with this commercial! And on top of that, the commercial ended with her friends and team members kissing her on the cheek to punctuate the whole experience.

That was quite surreal. Watching it made Misa feel terribly lightheaded. It felt like there was some weird static playing at certain points as well, tiny bits of interference that she had unconsciously paid no attention to.

"So? How was that?" Chao asked. All three of them were beet red. Not laughing this time. That hadn't quite been what she'd had in mind. At all. It also played into Madoka's worry that they might be overly sexualised in this advertisement, and yet...

And yet...

Misa looked down at herself. At her skirt in particular. It was a little above her knees. Not short enough. Should be shorter. Much shorter. She stood up and adjusted it - and it seemed that Madoka and Sakurako had similar opinions about the clothes they were wearing. The three of them were making a few adjustments to their attire. Showing off a little more skin. Not much, but... a little more.

"I don't think that's quite right either," Misa said. The words 'it's too sexy' came up her throat, but died on her lips. "Can we try that again?"

"The more data, the better!" Hakase chirped, bouncing on her feet happily and making her eyebrows waggle in a strangely suggestive way.

Once again, the three of them gathered into a staggered line. This time felt different. This time... It was there last time as well, but it was so much more potent now. This feeling of a deep rooted need. Something that she had to have. She absolutely had to have whatever this was. The feeling got worse when she thought about that advert and - Panty shots. Panty shots. So many panty shots. This time instead of waving her pom poms up in the air, Misa put her hands on top of her head and lewdly ground her hips, while giving her all in knee lifts. Normally she was

careful. Normally she took great care to not flip up her skirt too much. Not so much here! These lifts were practically made to flip her skirt up as high as it could go.

Behind her, she felt Madoka and Sakurako's hands on her butt. Keeping her steady. Obviously. Nothing *lewd* or *perverted* about it. Nor was there anything weird about how they were kissing each other on the mouth during her part of the routine.

"Hey everyone, watch and see, why you should eat out Chao Bao Zi!"

That was a perfectly ordinary line as well. Nothing strange about it. She'd simply gone along with the flow. Next was Sakurako, who disengaged from Madoka and let her have a taste of those lips for a while. Mmm, like cherry. How nice! How non-perverted.

"She's delicious, take one bite, she'll satisfy you through the night!"

Of course, it goes without saying that she had put tremendous emphasis into her waist, and that she'd obviously made her breasts bounce as much as possible during that portion of the routine. And, of course, miming having sex with Chao was every bit as vital as anything else. She had no lewd intentions with it. None of them did. They were simply doing a routine.

Madoka's turn next. So Misa turned her attention to Sakurako and - mmm, strawberry! How interesting that they tasted different.

"C-H-A-O! Chao Bao Zi puts on a show!"

The line itself hadn't changed. What had changed was that Madoka had turned her back to their audience and performed a rather lewd dance, grinding that ass backwards and going down onto her knees so she could properly shake that rump. In any other routine Misa would have called her out on being quite inappropriate, and asking where she'd learned to twerk before showing her how to do it properly. Nonetheless, it was an improvised routine, so no harm done. She would have to practise with the girl more another time.

"Alright, I think I've got it this time!" Hakase said, slipping off her lab coat to reveal that she was wearing one of those bunnygirl cheerleader costumes herself underneath. A pair of ears were then plonked on top of her head by Chao. "Let's see how this one turns out."

The same weird colours flashed by Misa's vision, and... Ah, her hand had gone down the front of her skirt while it was playing. She felt nice. She felt relaxed. She felt her fingers slowly stroking away, building up speed as the cheer went on. This time, the models looked much improved, though the uniforms were much, much sexier than the ones they'd been wearing before. Exposed midriff, a boob window on the tops. The skirts were teeny tiny little things that barely covered the underwear beneath.

It looked super, super comfortable, and Misa couldn't wait to wear it. Her breathing turned coarse and heavy as anticipation built up, and then -

"Hey everyone, listen how, you should fuck my good friend Chao!"

In unison. Perfect unison. Not just the three on the monitor, but the three of them out there as well. In fact, Misa suddenly found herself on her feet. Performing a routine that nobody could call a cheerleader routine. It was more like a lapdance. Grinding their waists, smoothing their

hands along their bodies, shaking their butts and generally showing off their own sex appeal as much as possible.

"She's delicious, take one lick, and then she'll ride on any dick."

They licked their fingers, trailed them down their bodies in a curvy line, then hooked under the bottom of their skirt and flipped it up.

"Don't forget Hakase too, she'll gladly do it all for you!"

Hakase slipped into the middle of the three of them, and so they rubbed up against her. Madoka with her back turned, grinding her ass into Hakase's, while the other two humped into her from either side.

"And then of course there's us three here, grinding our hot derrieres"

During this line, Hakase dropped to her knees while the trio all put their hands on their knees, sticking their butts up against Hakase's head in a triangular formation, bouncing their butts like basketballs while stepping around her.

"Before we knew it we all find, that she's fucked up all our minds!"

For a fleeting moment, perfect clarity. Aha, of course. From the very start Chao's commercial had been brainwashing them. They hadn't noticed it right away because of how deliberately over the top it was, how utterly ridiculous it looked, because that was distracting them from the fact that their minds were being messed with. It opened the door and let the rest of the magic in.

"Destroying all within us prude, replacing it with thoughts so lewd!"

And she was so, so glad that she had! Ah! Misa had always been the mature one of the class, but now she could be mature in a whole other way! Grabbing at her breasts, she hefted them up then slid those hands down her waist, then under her skirt and back up, letting her flip it up while she danced around.

"C-H-A-O! Chao has made us into her hos!"

Only at the very end did the three girls fall back into a cheerleaderesque routine that almost seemed like it was making fun of that first commercial. High knee lifts, left leg right leg, standing in line almost hip to hip. Ohhhh, Misa loved this! Loved showing off! This was divine, impeccable, perfection! It felt like she'd achieved her destiny, all thanks to C-H-A-O!

Speak of the devil, Chao herself had changed attire, and was handing off the uniforms now. Modified to match what was being shown in that last advertisement. "There's a spell on it that will let you switch from one version to another," Chao said, beaming widely. "Teeheehee! This will be a fine first step on my plan for world peace! You've outdone yourself Hakase."

Indeed she had. Although... "This spell is still in a prototype stage," Hakase said. "It's still possible for someone to snap them out of it."

"That's fine for now," Chao said. Licking her lips in anticipation. Taking a different approach to normal. Normally, something like this, she'd rather make sure it was thorough. That it could not

be undone very easily. "We'll use them to expand our operations. The sooner the better!" Once again, quite unlike her. Normally she'd take her time establishing the foundation of her scheme, and only move if she had to - or if all the pieces were in place.

Perhaps this weird behaviour was because she, too, had been hypnotized into unleashing her inner pervert? Perhaps she wanted to fetishise the rest of her class in a similar way? Nah, that couldn't possibly be it. Chaos was far too strong willed to be made into a pervert like that.

Just like these three cheerleaders couldn't be made to perform lewd, sexually assertive cheers in extremely skimpy clothes.

CG Dreamscape

Out of all the areas - bad choice of words, subcultures of the Holy Britannian Empire - the most rabidly bigoted and corrupt was, without question, the military. Which makes sense if you think about it. The lower ranks would typically be composed of those who truly believed in the Empire's mission statement of global conquest, while the upper tanks would be stuffed to the gills with pampered, privileged nobility who looked down on everyone else whether they were Numbers or Britannians.

It couldn't be helped. The system itself was the issue. It lured those people in, gave them a home to lurk in, to breed their ideas of superiority and cruelty. It let them watch each other's backs - sometimes while stabbing each other in said backs for their own advantage - for the supposed sake and glory of the Empire, when in truth it was themselves that was to blame.

Enter Suzaku Kururugi, who wanted to change that system from the inside. Normally a Number would only be able to enter as infantry, as an Honorary Britannian. A kind of path to citizenship. However, good fortune had smiled upon him, or perhaps it would be better to think that his hard work had paid off. He'd impressed the right people at the right place and time. Then he'd been given something no other Number had - to his knowledge - been granted before.

That being the status of Knight.

This means something a bit different to what one might expect. The actual formal title of Knight would come later. No, in this context he had specifically meant that he had become a Nightmare Pilot for an experimental advanced model war machine, the gleaming white Lancelot. Then, yes, after that he formally became the Knight of Euphemia li Britannia, which was a whole other story unto itself.

For right now only one thing actually mattered, and that was the Lancelot part. Since it was an experimental model, he had to come in every now and then to provide the project leader, Lloyd Asplund, further precious battle data. Fortunately the lab was right across the road from Ashford Academy, where he was attending school, so this created less travel hassle than it probably would have otherwise.

On this fateful day, Suzaku entered the laboratory as usual, and was greeted by the smiling face of Cecile Croomy, Lloyd's head assistant. Brilliant in her own right, but a little overshadowed by Lloyd's... zaniness.

"Good morning Sir Kururugi," Cecile chirped excitedly. "I'm afraid I have some bad news."

"You seem in a pretty good mood for bad news," Suzaku quipped.

"Am I?" Cecile was practically walking on air. "Well, you see, Lloyd Asplund won't be with us for the foreseeable future. A family emergency has dragged him away." Ah. That made sense. Lloyd was not the easiest person to work with. "Fortunately, we already have his replacement. Allow me to introduce you."

"Quite alright Miss Croomy," a woman's voice appeared as if from nowhere. "I always prefer introducing myself."

A woman in a lab coat stepped out of thin air, apparently. Bright green hair and matching emerald eyes. She had this weirdly ethereal beauty about her. Not that such things ever affected Suzaku, he was the kind of guy who could notice how attractive a woman was without letting it seize control over his thinking.

"Call me Morrigan," the scientist said. Morrigan? Unusual name. Sounded Scottish if he was any judge. Not too unusual given Britannia's history. Actually, they had names from all over the place. Gottwald is a German name, and there was even a member of the racist pureblood faction named Kewell Soresi, which was a fully Japanese name. "So this is our big strong pilot? I have heard much of your exploits, Suzaku Kururugi. Most impressive."

"You are too kind," Suzaku said. He snapped to attention, and saluted smartly to his new boss. "I was merely doing my job and my duty."

"I've heard 'only doing my job' as a defense against many accusations, but that's the first time I've heard someone say it in defense of praise," Morrigan said. "I trust you will do a good job with me, as well?"

"I will surely try, ma'am!"

She seemed satisfied with that. Morrigan crooked her finger and led Suzaku deeper into the laboratory which... felt a bit more spacious today for some reason? It was probably his imagination. Which is an interesting turn of phrase for him to use right now, and not entirely accurate either. It wasn't just *his* imagination, after all.

Shortly, he found himself staring at a very strange seat. It looked like a cockpit chair, with several alterations. Stirrups for the legs, a harness for the chest with some kind of monitoring devices attached to them, and the arms had sockets to slot into that went off to either side.

"This is my prototype replacement for Lancelot's chair," Morrigan said. "According to our analysis, it should increase efficiency by ten percent, which can make the difference between life and death on the battlefield."

"Especially since the Chinese Federation and Europa United are starting to catch up on Nightmare development," Cecile said. "We have to keep moving one step ahead at all times, if we're to keep them at bay."

"Take a seat in front of the simulator," Morrigan said. He did just that. It was a bit awkward. The stirrups made his posture really awkward, he basically had to lean forward with his butt in the air. "Now, stay there while Miss Cecile takes some important readings."

"Understood!" Suzaku said, staring at the monitor in front of him. It was a standard simulation. It was designed to train pilots in a safe envir- Woah! Something weird was going on back there! He looked back over his shoulder, and found Miss Cecile standing there, wearing a snug yellow plugsuit. Sort of similar to the one he was wearing. What was she doing back -

Oh, never mind. It wasn't a big deal at all. It was just Miss Cecile letting her big throbbing futa dick rest turgid between his cheeks, slowly sawing the length back and forth. No big deal at all. He returned his attention to the battle without thinking twice about Miss Cecile gradually upping the pace of her thrusting, speeding up perhaps a microsecond each time she drew back, making his butt jiggle and grow a little bit, and instead focused on the battle. It was a

straightforward simulation really. He could do it in his sleep, one might say. Come to it, today it seemed even easier than usual for some reason. Almost as though he could beat it without doing anything at all, or it might even be called 'being defeated by itself'.

It was so easy, in fact, that even though his cheeks were growing and expanding faster and faster as Miss Cecile's thrusts became more vigorous and violent. By the time he was done his butt was like a big bouncy soccerball, and Suzaku casually wondered how he was supposed to sit on a posterior like this. It was almost certainly pleasing to the eye, but not entirely practical.

"Go through it again," Morrigan whispered, in a strangely seductive tone. "You'd like to go through that again, wouldn't you, Sir Kururugi? We need more battle data. More precious, precious battle data."

"More battle data means we can win quicker," Cecile whispered, also strangely seductively. "Quicker, cleaner, less collateral damage..."

That made sense. Suzaku hit the restart button, and the battle began again on the screen. This time though, Miss Cecile - while still leaving her dick within the cleft of Suzaku's now mountainous rear - was now pressing her hands into his chest, while pushing her own considerable breasts into his back. As before, this was hardly the sort of thing that could distract him. Suzaku was an ideally professionally minded soldier, and his responsibility was to focus his attention entirely on the simulator.

However, it was a bit strange. The simulation felt a little bit different from before. How to explain it...? Well, the Nightmare Frame was not built like tanks. While they had Landspinners to function as wheels, they were designed with a more humanoid aesthetic. Two arms, two legs, a torso and a head. Still, that was only speaking in a general sense. They were still boxy and metallic beasts. The shape was almost certainly intended to promote versatility and a more natural understanding of how it moves.

He'd been facing fairly standard Knightmares in the previous simulation. Boxy, metallic, silver coloured. They'd been holding assault rifles with armour piercing rounds, and had been firing at him with those and slash harkens.

This time around the Knightmares were a little less metallic seeming. They had softer edges, and fleshy tones. On his furrowed brow, Miss Morrigan seemed to understand what he was thinking and explained.

"These are a European Nightmare model," she said. "Very new and experimental."

Right, that made sense. He hadn't much familiarity with the war between Britannia and Europe. Obviously they'd be using something to combat Knightmares, and a new model like this would probably show up there. Still, he couldn't shake the feeling that there was something definitively feminine about them. Something in their hips and chest that gave off that impression, and the way they moved was less like a Nightmare on the battlefield and more like a model walking down a catwalk.

This bizarre design distracted Suzaku so much that he didn't notice the further changes happening to his body. His manly pecs were beginning to swell up under Miss Cecile's ministrations. As he defended and counterattacked these new, European model Knightmares his focus was such that the fact he now had breasts completely slipped him by. It was as if he

was clay, and Cecile's hands were sculpting him. Pulling away his fit, healthy, manly torso and smoothing its features. Turning hardness into softness. Rubbing her hands around his nipples in a tight circular, regular motion that was matched completely by that of her own bosom pressed, nay, smooshed into his back. Almost as though the act of pushing her breasts into Suzaku was somehow forcing him to develop - though of course this was ridiculous. While Miss Cecile could be described as having breasts the size of footballs, by this point Suzaku's were more like watermelons. It was honestly amazing that they weren't interfering in his ability to pilot during the simulation. Fortunately, that strange uncomfortable harness managed to keep these breasts contained. Somehow.

"Excellent work, Suzaku Kururugi!" Morrigan clapped as the simulation came to an end. "You're as wonderful a pilot as I've heard."

Suzaku snapped to attention, paying no heed to the fact that this caused his boobs to jiggle and bounce around underneath what should have been a skintight plugsuit. "Think nothing of it, ma'am! I am, as ever, only doing my duty."

"That being the case, we should move on to our next stage of the test. Princess, if you would please?"

Now, to understand what happened next we must first understand the psychology of Suzaku Kururugi a little. This is a boy that you could call the poster child of survival guilt. He didn't think he really deserved things like happiness, joy, romantic partners, or even the opportunity to live his own life. The only thing that could make him truly, actually happy would be laying down his life to save others.

And then he met the young woman who had entered the room. Princess Euphemia li Britannia. A gentle soul, perhaps the gentlest he'd ever met. She was like him, someone who disliked the way things were and wanted to change things. She was kind to everyone without prejudice, only showing anger at those who showed nothing but discourtesy and rudeness.

She had, at this very moment, entered the room. Not in her usual cute dress. She was wearing a pink plugsuit. Bright pink, to match her hair. It was like a second skin had been poured over her from the neck down, leaving very precious little to the imagination. And let me tell you, Princess Euphemia was a stunning young woman. A cute pretty face, an impressive bosom for her frame, a slender figure, deceptively wide hips and legs that were thin, but held a hidden power within them waiting to be unleashed.

To Suzaku's great shame, he was fully erect at a glance. While Euphemia's body didn't quite match up to either Cecile's or Morrigan's (or, after those changes, his own), she was still very pretty. While Suzaku felt he was not worthy of her, or worth enough to love her, the attraction was still present. Normally he had a much better handle on it than this, but seeing her standing there, coyly smiling at him while wearing that... It shot right through all his defenses and made his heart go "badumf" while his penis went "yes please."

Fortunately none of the three women noticed his extremely obvious state of arousal. Instead, Miss Cecile took the initiative, stepping forward to ask the question that was foremost on his mind.

"Princess? What a surprise! What might you be doing here, dressed like that?"

"I'm here to <s>Corrupt Suzaku</s> help Suzaku become a <s>slutty girly futa</s> better pilot by <s>seducing and fucking him over and over until his mind breaks</s> any means necessary!" Princess Euphemia said, with her usual infectious charisma and enthusiasm.

That was very much like Princess Euphemia! She always wanted to work hard at anything she did, even if she felt out of place when doing it! She skipped and frolicked over towards him, seeming absolutely angelic as she did so. How was she going to assist today?

"Miss Cecile is quite talented, but she cannot fully deal with three locations at once," Morrigan explained. "I have to monitor the data to ensure all is proceeding as intended, adjust for variables, etc." As she spoke, the laboratory seemed to twist and change around Suzaku. Science equipment disappeared a little at a time. Miss Morrigan's lab coat split open, revealing more of her body. As well, the plugsuits they were wearing adjusted in strange ways, almost seeming to melt right off them. In particular, around their chests. Leaving their breasts fully exposed to the air. Suzaku found himself seated at the simulator yet again, fully strapped in, but there were still further changes to it as well. Space in between his spread out legs for Euphemia to kneel, where there had been no such space before. "She shall monitor your lower regions and take care of stress relief."

"Stress relief?" Suzaku asked.

"Shush now, I order you not to think about it."

That was an order directly from Royalty. One ignored such an order within Britannia at one's own sufferance. Besides, he could never refuse Euphemia. So he didn't think about it. Didn't think about her leaning forward and firmly gripping his fully erect shaft with her breasts. Didn't think about how she was staring up at him with doe eyes while slowly, achingly slowly, rubbing his length in between her exposed creamy mounds. Didn't think about how he was receiving the most gradual titjob the world had ever known, and certainly didn't think about how Miss Cecile had resumed her earlier position.

"Men get so easily distracted by testosterone on the battlefield," Morrigan explained. Hang on, wasn't that necessary for - "While it can make them sufficiently aggressive, we have found that sexual distraction can hard counterbalance any positives provided." That was pretty obviously nonsense - but Suzaku had been ordered not to think about it, so he just nodded along. "Let's see how you perform in this simulation."

The simulation sprung to life once again, but this time the Knightmares were much more feminine in their appearance. Suzaku could swear he was seeing faces on their heads as well, rather than Factspheres, and their bodies had quite ridiculous curves. There was nothing blocky or metallic about them at all, unless you counted what amounted to a kind of bikini armour. Their chests and butts wiggled and jiggled with each motion that they made, and the truly weirdest part was that not a single one of them was wielding anything Suzaku could recognise as a weapon. They looked more like... sex toys, if he was being frank. Big hard dildos, vibrators, whips and the like.

"Win, Suzaku!" Euphemia whispered, pinning his entire shaft in between her boobs and squeezing them together as hard as she could. "That's an order."

"Yes, your highness!" Suzaku roared. Within the simulation, Suzaku made Lancelot dash forward to the nearest enemy unit. He lifted his sword... which also looked like a dildo... and

brought it down upon the cleavage of the enemy unit, thrusting it into their boobs over and over again until the enemy convulsed and fell over.

As if to reward him for his efforts, Miss Cecile slapped his oversized booty, and then squeezed it around her hard futa dick while Euphemia leaned harder into the titjob than she had been already. Gritting his teeth, Suzaku set about the next enemy target, this time shoving the dildo into the rump of the enemy. They made a sound similar to an erotic moan and then collapsed onto the street. Obviously in no further condition to fight.

Miss Cecile pulled Suzaku's tits apart for her reward, and nuzzled into Suzaku's neck, while Euphemia took advantage of how Suzaku was hunched over to plant her face right between his boobs.

"My goodness, that much stimulation and he hasn't cum yet?" Morrigan muttered to herself. Which was a strange comment, but again Suzaku had been ordered not to think about it. "Oh, of course."

And then, both Morrigan and Euphemia spoke at the same time. The same words, in the same intonation.

"Suzaku Kururugi, I order you to cum."

"Nnngrh!" He couldn't oppose that order. He had no hope to oppose that order! Big, thick streams of white goop shot from his shaft, easily breaking through his uniform and covering Euphemia's tits. She opened her mouth in an attempt to catch it, and performed much better than one might expect. She managed to catch maybe half of it, and let the rest fall onto her bare chest.

But it didn't end with just one spurt. No sooner had Suzaku finished than another climax hit him, and his penis resumed its fire hose impersonation. His hips bucked wildly, uncontrollably, shooting with enough force that he should have been pushing Euphemia away from the pressure.

"Aha, I thought so," Morrigan and Cecile said as one. "Repressed. Deeply repressed. You do not think you deserve a sexual partner, and so you shut yourself off from your own lust. You desire Euphemia, yet you do not desire to desire her. Yet she desires you. Carnally. Emotionally. As a lover. As a husband. As a man."

Yet another wave cast over him, and by now even he was wanting it to stop. A man isn't built for this many, or this intense, ejaculations in such a short span of time. Fortunately, this time around something happened to take that pressure off. As he shot out over Euphemia again, who by now was rubbing his semen over herself as if she was standing under a shower and lathering up her body, Suzaku's balls began to shrink. His shaft too, deflating like a pierced balloon.

However, upon Euphemia's body, the reverse was occurring. Suzaku's penis was growing and swelling upon her tiny frame, while he was being left with a dripping eager little pussy that was practically made for the cock now swinging between Princess Euphemia's legs.

"Ahhh, ahhhh, ahhhhh," Suzaku gasped, taking in deep sucking breaths of air. "Y-Your highness? What is -"

"She's gone through a process to make both herself, and you, more useful to Britannia."

Naturally, Suzaku recognised that new voice right away. He lifted his eyes, and beheld the stunning sight of a completely naked Cornelia li Britannia. A statuesque woman, tall, proud and mighty with breasts that matched Suzaku's own. She had six pack abs, and hips that looked like they could knock a wall down if she swung them in the wrong direction. The sight of her naked was, by itself, a very big surprise for him.

The sight of the enormous erect penis between her legs was an even greater surprise.

"Futa women make far more effective soldiers," Morrigan explained. "While feminised men are much more needy and silly. You feel quite silly, don't you Suzaku?" He nodded. She nodded. Honestly, at this point Suzaku felt so confused. Horny. Confused and horny. "You're so close to finishing the procedure. All we need to do now is eliminate the very last trace of your male identity from your mind, and we'll be all set."

"Huh? But I am a..." Suzaku began, only trailing off on noticing the reflection in a nearby mirror that had not been there until literally the second it had been looked at. There was not one thing in that reflection you could call 'masculine'. There was a woman there, strapped into that seat. With huge bouncy tits that should absolutely ruin her back, yet didn't for whatever reason. With a slim, slender waist with hardly any muscle to it at all. With a big healthy rear end that looked like it could double as a desk. And a pussy that was made for one thing and one thing alone. Hard. Futa. Dick.

"There, there Suzaku!" Euphemia said, rising to her full height. She stepped in between Suzaku's legs and brushed the head of her new cock up against his -her new pussy. "To be honest, you actually wanted me to fuck you rather than the other way around, right?"

"And you were always aware of my attraction to you," Miss Cecile whispered behind him, wasting no time in pushing her dick into Suzaku's quivering butt. "You never acted on it because you thought it would ruin my career."

"Have no fear, you can have all the sex you want from now on," Cornelia said, towering over all of them. The Princess grabbed the top of Suzaku's head and forced it down onto her shaft. "This is an order. Become our fuckslave."

"Become our fuckslave, Suzaku!" Euphemia repeated. She pushed in, and now Suzaku found herself in the middle of an erotic gang-bang... while the simulation opened up one last time. This time around, it was plain to see that they weren't Knightmares. Nor were they in a city. It was strippers at a stripclub, and they all had Suzaku's face. Dancing. Showing off their tits and ass, flaunting them like there was no tomorrow.

A gurgle escaped her lips as the three women fucked her and Miss Morrigan took notes. In a sense Suzaku was taking notes as well. The difference between the three was quite plain, now that he was paying attention to it. Cornelia was rough. Powerful. Dominant. Making no bones about thrusting her erect shaft down Suzaku's all too eager gullet. It was all Suzaku could do to keep up with her, and when she tried to grab onto her butt for leverage, those hands were slapped away.

Only to be grabbed by Euphemia, who was loving and gentle. This Princess had no problems with Suzaku touching her body however she wanted, even if Suzaku was still tentative about it.

Euphemia held Suzaku close, pushing their breasts together, kissing Suzaku's neck, doing her best to make her feel wanted, loved, desired.

And then, Miss Cecile, the most clinical of the group. Methodical, scientific, careful. Her shaft probed Suzaku's colon like a cave diver - with extreme care and foresight. Her hands were busy circling Suzaku's hips and waist, testing and poking and prodding, attempting to discover the best ways to make her feel good.

Put all of this together and you have a recipe for pleasure and sensation beyond anything Suzaku could have imagined. Ah, but it wasn't the pleasure that was making her give in! It was... duty and responsibility! Yes, that's all it was in the end. It was Suzaku's duty to act as stress relief for these people, who were obviously far more important, and so - that is exactly what Suzaku would do.

The fact that it felt *fucking amazing* to be their personal sex toy didn't factor into it in the slightest. Nor did the fact that having cocks in all three of her holes was the **best** thing to ever happen to her. Honest. It didn't factor in even a little.

This is what happens when you enter a corrupt system and try to change it from within. It's inevitable really.

You wind up being corrupted yourself.

Boy's Club(blog)

"Kya!"

The sound of a fist flying downwards joins that cry, and shortly after this a satisfying crunch. Four bricks stacked atop each other are struck dead in the centre, and split apart from the stress. The boy who has done this rises, gathers the bricks and puts them aside before gathering new bricks. He stacks them up. Takes a deep breath, and then uses his hand to shatter them as well. This is what is known as 'breaking' in martial arts., more specifically 'power breaking'. This is quite often used to assess the speed and power of the martial artist, as for a long time the technology needed to measure such things was simply not available. For Akane Tendo, it was mostly stress relief. She could do this in her sleep. Easily. Or rather, at the moment 'he' could do this in 'his' sleep easily.

"Stupid cursed body," Akane grumbled to himself. "Getting me feeling all weird around Ranma like that."

"Did I hear my name being mentioned?"

Dread fell upon Akane's face. That was a quite girly voice. Ranma had the opposite curse to her. Where Akane turned into a boy with cold water, Ranma turned into a girl. Hot water undid both changes, returning them to their normal form. It had been hell for her ever since getting this curse. All the girls in her class had been hit by it too, and Akane had to watch as they all became perverts. Dating each other, talking about sex a whole lot more than she was comfortable with, dating other girls using their boy form, or even treating both forms as though they were different people so they could two time a boy and a girl at once! She had assured herself that at least she wasn't like that.

Then along comes Ranma to ruin all that. Alright. Take a deep breath. Have a little self control. Turn around and say 'Must be your imagination' and transition into a different topic of conversation.

"Must be your guuuuuuh!"

Stellar work, ten out of ten! All you did was turn around and behold the glory that is girl form Ranma wearing the Furinkan Girl's uniform and that's all it took to get your brain tumbling inside your head. It wasn't like the Furinkan girl's uniform was all that sexy or anything, in fact it was practically designed to not be. A blue smock-like dress over a white blouse, with a skirt that went down to the ankles. It was more cute than sexy. But then again, that might be the issue here - Ranma's girl form was already ridiculously cute as it was. Putting her in something like this, a cute little uniform, brought out her feminine appeal like a magnifying glass.

"You like?" Ranma did a little twirl in place, utterly girly and ridiculously cute. The long skirt lifted up a little from the speed of that turn. It didn't show off much leg given its length, but Akane

found himself committing it to memory anyway. "Apparently I've got to wear a uniform appropriate to my cursed form."

"Grk!" Akane grunted, as the realisation he would have to see this every. Single. Day. Settled into his brain. "I-It looks good on you, very c-cute!"

Ranma tilted her head and smiled brightly, which really wasn't helping matters! The urge to sweep her up in his manly arms and hold her tight was mighty, it was intense, it was -

"Or maybe you'd prefer me like this instead?"

That was, again, behind him. Akane whirled around upon hearing that masculine voice, and found boy type Ranma standing at the entrance to the dojo. Which Akane had already been facing, but since this was obviously a dream we should not hold such continuity errors against him. Or her, as the case currently. Akane was now in girl form, staring at Ranma in boy form, wearing the Furinkan boy's uniform. Again, nothing special about it. A straightforward navy blue gakuran. The sort you'd see in countless other schools across Japan. Standing collar, buttoning down from top to bottom. Straight legged trousers, dark coloured belt. Nothing special about it.

And yet...

"You look very handsome," she said, quite honestly as well. For some reason Ranma's boy form in that uniform just... worked. As if an ordinary boring breakfast had been cooked up by a top quality chef. Yes, that metaphor worked well - Ranma was a hot dish served up just for her to eat.

"Hey, he's not as cute as me, is he?" Ranma's girl form embraced Akane from behind.

"Don't be ridiculous," Ranma's boy form countered, holding Akane's hand. "She's a nice ordinary girl who wants a nice ordinary boyfriend."

"I can be her boyfriend!" Oh, and now she got to see boy form Ranma in the girl's uniform. For that matter, she was getting to see Ranma's girl form on the boy's uniform too! "How about you be the girlfriend?"

Akane pulled away from both of them in fright. She had to think about this! Hold on now, let's not move too quickly here! She heard something weird behind her, but almost didn't want to look. What might she see? All four of them? The four combinations of Ranma and uniforms, beckoning her, taunting her, tormenting her? Trying to allure her into the world of perverts? Standing firm, she turned around - And saw herself. Her boy form wantonly groping Ranma's girl form, dipping her back while smooching the life out of her. And her girl form pushing Ranma's boy form up against a wall, hooking her leg around his waist as the two of them nuzzled into each other's neck.

"Ah!" Akane gasped. "I'm - I'm not a pervert! I'm not like this! I'm - I'm!"

Wide awake, sitting in her bed, sweat streaming from her brow. Patted at her chest. Girl form. For the best. If she'd had that dream as a boy she'd have stained the sheets for sure. Deep breaths now. It was just a dream. You're not a pervert. You're in control. Not your hormones. Not your...

"Who am I kidding, I'm mounting that boy the first chance I get," Akane grumbled under her breath. "And... I really can't wait to see what he actually looks like in uniform. He's gonna be so hot!"

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So there he was, Ranma Saotome, off to yet another new school, being shown the way by his new 'fiancee'. Blegh! Akane was cool and all, but getting married wasn't in his plans for the immediate future. Friends worked better for him.

It was nice, you know? Having a friend who got what it was like to have this curse. It went the other way for her, she was a girl cursed to become a boy. He felt like she got it, though. And they were both really into martial arts, got along great, she was super cute in both forms, the very best kind of friend he could ask for!

Ranma, of course, was engaged in his usual balance training technique. On top of a chain link fence. Akane was down on the pavement. In girl form. Wearing a gakuran. Which was kinda weird, but that was probably because if she got splashed while wearing the girl's uniform it would look bad. Though Ranma had to admit, he kinda wanted to see that.

"You're really not going to wear the uniform?" Akane asked.

"Uniforms are a thing I don't do," Ranma replied. Her shoulders dropped a bit for some reason. If he didn't know any better, he'd swear she wanted to see him in a uniform. "Anyway, what should I expect here? I know the girls of your class are all cursed too, but..."

"Well, we have this club going on so we can help each other cope," Akane said. "We meet up after school, and share experiences and advice."

"Sounds like a good idea," Ranma said. "Maybe I should go too?"

"What for?" Akane asked. "To pick up a girlfriend?"

"No way!" Ranma said, perhaps a little too quickly. "I was just thinking it would be a good chance to - " Spend more time with you. "Get to know some other people, share my infinite wisdom." Show off in front of you.

He cast his gaze down at her while acting all nonchalant. Weird. Whenever he looked at her, his heart skipped a beat and he felt oddly nice. What did that mean? Was it because she was a kindred spirit? Maybe because she was really pretty as a girl and stunningly handsome as a boy?

"What are you staring - "Akane was in the middle of asking, right at the moment when an old woman tossing water onto the pavement hit her right in the face. "-At?" boy form Akane finished. Gosh, didn't he fit out that uniform well? it was a bit too big for her girl form, but that made it look somewhat cute. As a boy, Akane's muscles really popped out. Jacked up, with pecs that Ranma felt like he could curl up on and fall asleep while Akane's rippling biceps cradled into the crook of his neck, holding him close until they both fell asleep, warmed and comforted by each other's presence.

Man, if Akane did decide to go after a chick, she'd have a hard time turning 'him' down. What a complete stud! If Ranma wasn't bursting with self confidence he'd feel a bit put out by how much hotter Akane was as a boy.

"Oh, just wondering if you wanted to try this balance training as well!" Ranma said. "Might keep you from getting splashed by -"

Akane chose that moment to shoulder check the fence, causing Ranma to lose his balance, barely managing to stay upright - Until Akane took a deep breath and blew out in Ranma's general direction. Over he went! Into the river, where he - rather she - splashed and spluttered in the water before crawling up off the shore and jumping over the fence.

"Not cool!" Ranma said, staring up at the now taller boy. "You got me all wet!"

"Yeah, sorry! Just got frustrated and lost my temper because you made fun of me," Akane sheepishly said. "Uh, Ranma, I know you're not wearing a bra right now, and that wet shirt is kinda... clingy."

"Oh? What's this?" Ranma jeered, leaning forward a bit more while Akane made a point of looking away. "Could it be? Are you jealous of how stacked my cursed form is? Your chest doesn't compare to mine, does it?"

"Just like my boy form is better built than yours!" Akane retaliated. "So, maybe it's not us, it's just the curse increasing our sex appeal. Hmph! Maybe you're not after a girlfriend, how about a boyfriend instead?"

"Blegh, no thanks!! I'm straight!" Ranma said, sticking her tongue out at the most handsome man (besides himself) that she had ever met. "Besides, I'm not looking for romance right now anyway. Remember? This engagement thing was an idea of our fathers, and I don't really care about it." Although he had kinda maybe sorta had a weirdly intense sex dream last night about

their hypothetical wedding night. Where they had both played the role of bride and groom simultaneously. Somehow. Dream logic is like that. "I want to focus on my martial arts training, so I don't have time for dates."

"Well... That's the same for me!" Akane huffed, crossing his buff powerful arms in front of his bodybuilder quality chest. "You've already made it clear I have a lot of work to do to become a better martial artist, and I aim to get there!"

"Good! Glad we're on the same page!" Ranma said. Little realising what that same page actually was. Here's a hint for the readers: It involved a lot of masturbation while thinking of the other person on that page, while denying to each other that they wanted to do anything because - and this part is very important and nuanced so please pay attention - they're both major fucking idiots. "Not just martial arts training either, we're going to have to study and do homework, and help your old man train those students he's got..."

From there, the two of them resumed their journey to school. Ranma returned to the fence, ringing out the bottom of her shirt (exposing her tummy, and drawing Akane's attention to it so intensely that had there been something in her path it would have absolutely been collided with). When that was done, only then did Akane speak up again.

"By the way, do you want someone to show you around Furinkan?" Akane asked.

"Yeah, it would be good to know where the hot-spots are," Ranma nodded. "Especially the good food places."

"Oh, I know this great ice cream shop! I'll take you there after school."

"It's a daaaaaa-" Ranma began, trailing off upon realising what word was about to be said there. If it was a date, then it meant they were taking the engagement seriously. If they were taking the engagement seriously, then it meant they were going to get physical with each other. It meant they were going to have sex with each other. It meant lots and lots of sex. "-aaamn shame that I have to wait until after school! I have quite a sweet tooth, don't you know?"

It took Akane's brain another ten seconds or so to realise this was technically a date. Because - and I'll repeat this point for you in greater detail if you somehow missed it the first time - these two are both complete fucking idiots who had yet to realise that they both wanted to screw each other silly way, way more than either of them wanted to get rid of this baleful gender flipping curse.