

Noa was in perhaps the most awkward moment of her life. It's one thing to catch your crush, someone you've barely interacted with but have longed for from afar, at his most exposed moment. It's another if that moment involves catching him using some kind of magical orb to turn into a scantily clad woman.

"E-Eric? Is that you?" Noa asked, struggling not to stutter—not because he had turned into a girl, but because she rarely spoke to him at all."

"Ah, I've been caught..." Eric said, falling to her(?) knees. A singsong voice Noa never expected to hear began to lament. "This is terrible. I just wanted to go out and expose myself for a bit, and now someone from my uni caught me..."

"E-Expose yourself?" Noa could barely imagine it. She watched Eric huddled on the floor, body shuddering. And yet, her expression wasn't sad. Rather, it was like she was trying to hold back her glee. "Eric, what's going on? Why are you a woman?"

"Noa, right? I guess I should explain," Eric began wistfully, wiping away some of her drool. "I have a secret fetish. Something I've told no one else. I...want to be bad ended!"

"...Bad ended?"

"Yes! Bad ended! You know, like in those degenerate porn scenarios, when a girl gets ruined! Their life is over! The humiliation, the pain..." Noa watched, taken aback as the tall, handsome man she always watched from afar squirmed in delight in the body of a lewd woman. "And now that you've caught me, you're probably going to tell everyone, aren't you? That the well respected honours student is actually a massive pervert. It's so embarrassing. So...So..."

Seeing her crush, now a girl, practically salivating over the idea of being humiliated...well, it would disillusion most people. Unfortunately, Noa wasn't most people.

"D-don't worry!" Noa stuttered again, trying her best to sound reassuring. "Your secret's safe with me!"

"...Really?". "Yes, really!". "Oh..."

Eric recovered rather quickly, getting back to her feet with ease. Her lustful expression dimmed to a small smile. Noa could tell she was relieved, but at the same time, seemingly disappointed somehow. "Ah, okay, thanks. I'll see you around campus, I guess."

As Eric turned away, holding the orb to supposedly turn back to normal, Noa felt a twinge of regret, though she couldn't really understand why. She couldn't really get the idea behind his masochistic pleasures, but she did understand she disappointed him. A fear flared in her heart. What if this pushed her away from him? Unfortunately, love and fear make one dumb, and in a

moment she would eventually come to regret, she stupidly uttered, “I-I also have a bad end...fetish...”

Her words trailed off as she realized what she was saying. Eric tensed up. When she turned back around to face Noa, her expression had lightened up. No, perhaps even more than before.

“Really? You're really into it, like me?” Eric asked, sparkles in her eyes, as she ran up and clasped Noa’s hands. “Hey, tell me, are you an ender or an endee?”

“I-I’m an ender! Totally! I just love, um, ending...stuff...” Noa flubbed, not understanding a word of what Eric was saying. And yet, despite how unsure she was, Eric's expression seemed to be glowing even more.

“I can't believe I found someone else who was into bad endings,” Eric cried in joy. Noa felt guilty seeing her sparkling face. Just before she could muster the courage to tell the truth, Eric took the orb, humming with some faint mystical energy, and put it in her hands. “Hey, I know we don't talk alot, and this might be a bit sudden, but...”

“Can you...bad end me?”

No, this was definitely the most awkward moment of Noa’s life. It was one thing to catch your crush at his most vulnerable moment. It was another if that moment was when he had used a magical orb to transform himself into a woman so that he could pretend to be a lewd exhibitionist. But it was definitely a whole other thing when he would use that same orb to turn you into a man and have you grope him.

“I can't believe our dear honour student would willingly become such a...filthy girl,” Noah taunted, unsure of his words. He was lucky enough to have never had to deal with a scumbag like this, and now he had to pretend to be one.

“P-please... Don't tell anyone...” Erin cried, her petite frame trembling as Noah forcefully felt her up. Huddled in a secluded alley, the scene was undeniably unsavoury and suggestive. If only a witness could tell that not only was the woman basically guiding the man’s hand, but that her expression was one of unbridled ecstasy. “I'll do anything...but please don't tell anyone.”

“Anything, you say?” Noah awkwardly cocked his eyebrow. He wasn't exactly sure what he should do next. He tried squeezing her tit harder. She moaned. That was probably the right move. “Then, maybe we could...uh...”

“...Need help?” “N-no, I've got this. Just... uh...” “Take your time.”

“...Sorry, I’m not used to this,” Noa sighed, letting go of Eric. He exhaled too, part relief, part disappointment.. She winced from his downturned expression. “I’m really sorry, Eric.”

“No, it’s fine. I get it,” Eric wistfully said. Noa cringed. She’d blown it—her awkward attempt to engage in his strange fetish had ruined everything. Now, he probably knew she was faking it. Her one chance to get closer, and she blew it. Now, he’d never want to be with her again— “I totally dragged you into this. Anyone would totally mess this up. Even I can’t keep a straight face.”

“Hm? Ah, yeah. I was just...off my game. Yeah. Give me some time to prepare and I could totally do better!” Noa spontaneously agreed, against her better judgement. She only seemed to be digging a deeper grave for herself.

“But damn, despite all that you’re a really good actor! The way you handled me like I was nothing but your toy...” Noa was simply unfamiliar with her new body’s strength. “...that sinister, controlling tone you had...” Noa had simply tried to avoid letting out a nervous tic. “...and that cold, dominating look you had on your face...” Noa had simply tried to hide her complete embarrassment and inexperience. “...ah~ It was way too good.”

Noa watched Eric, shuddering in delight as he reminisced about their abysmal roleplay. She had to come clean. It was wrong for her to play around with him like this. Sure, it might disappoint him to learn she didn’t share his tastes, but it would be better overall. She even kept herself briefly from her doomer mindset, thinking she could build something better from their relationship. But, just as she was about to speak...

“Hey, Noa. I know this is a bit rude of me to ask you, but I really enjoyed this moment with you,” Eric admitted, fondling the magical orb that had transformed the two. “Do you think we can do this kind of thing again sometime?”

“Sure! Whatever you want,” Noa blurted before she could stop herself. She bit her tongue too late, and now she was screaming internally at her stupidity. And yet, seeing Eric’s face light up in delight, already imagining other kinds of scenarios to roleplay, she couldn’t exactly take it back now. Noa sighed. She’d signed onto something she definitely wasn’t ready for.