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Twoshot - Lelouch's Fairy Harem

If anyone were to see Lelouch right now, they would call him the luckiest son of a bitch in either world. It would be hard to blame them. After all, here he was sitting in the middle of Fairy Tail's very own guild hall, with five total babes wearing skimpy, skimpy harem outfits shaking their asses for his amusement alone.

Kallen, the fierce loyalist. C.C. the enigmatic catalyst. Lucy, the heart strategist. Lisanna, the gentle anchor. Mirajane, the smiling storm. Oh yes, these five beauties were *fine* pieces of ass, for him to start to build up his painted white harem.

"How long will it be until the others arrive?" Lelouch asked. "As much as I am enjoying the show, we must make preparations for expanding our harem."

Mira stepped forward, aggressively flicking her hips towards him while her hands were behind her head. “Most of them stumble in around sunrise… or whenever they smell breakfast. Natsu’ll probably crash through the door before the coffee’s even brewed.

Hrmph. The men had little interest to him. In truth, it was Erza that he desired the most. Which should go without saying. He had a bit of a weakness for redheads...

"What would you say to taking on a very special request?" Lelouch asked. "Shall we post something new for the guild to take on?"

While it's true enough that, technically, all he had to do was demand everyone in the hall look squarely at him, and then use his Geass on the lot at once - no, that would not work. It would fail, rather miserably. Why was that?

To understand it, one must consider the mess this hall was in when everyone had left. It had been tidied up now - but this group was rambunctious. Chaotic. If Cornelia were here to see them, she'd absolutely hate it.

Cornelia... Yes, she could do with painting white as well. Kukuku! Yes, this was something he could really sink his teeth into. Something he could take absolute advantage of, and after he had...?

Neither of these worlds would ever be the same again!

=====

The guild hall was quiet in the early light, the kind of hush that only lasted until Natsu’s first crash or Happy’s first complaint. Erza Scarlet stepped through the doors with her usual precision—boots clean, posture regal, eyes already scanning the room like a commander entering a war council.

She didn’t need Mira to greet her; the scent of fresh bread and polish on the bar told her the morning shift had already begun. Her gaze drifted to the mission board, where a new parchment had been pinned with deliberate care. Not Mira’s usual flourish—this one was stark, almost military in tone.

Erza’s eyes narrowed.
Strategic Support Across Dimensions.
Client: Anonymous (Signed: Zero)

The name tugged at something—an echo of masked rebellion, of calculated defiance. She read on, absorbing the details with the same intensity she gave to battle plans. Tactical reinforcement. Encrypted archives. Fluid containment.
Her name was listed. So were Levy’s and Juvia’s.

It wasn’t the reward that caught her attention—it was the phrasing. “Discretion is paramount.” “Local resistance forces.” “Extended engagement.”

This was more than a typical job. It was a call to something larger.

Erza didn’t move immediately. She stood there, arms folded, letting the silence settle around her like armor. She didn’t trust anonymous requests. But she trusted Mira’s instincts. And if this “Zero” knew her well enough to request her by name…

She’d find out who he was. And why he needed Fairy Tail so badly.

=====

The meeting with a client is often the most important part of any new quest. Typically, Erza would prefer meeting somewhere a bit more open. Then again, she had some assistance with her - Juvia and Levy, walking side by side right behind her.

"Juvia not sure about this," Juvia said. "This Zero sounds like he is not wanting us to know who he truly is."

"What kind of name is Zero anyway?" Levy grumbled. "It's the sign of a showoff in my book. Someone who is smart and not afraid to show it. Probably a bit of an edgelord, too."

"Keep the speculation to a minimum for now," Erza said. She walked forward confidently into the empty warehouse, where they were meant to meet this enigmatic figure. "Once we meet them face to face, we'll have a better measure of them."

Indeed, the three of them should be perfectly capable of handling anything that comes their way. As a precaution, Erza hadn't just brought the requested pair. She also had Mirajane and Lucy scouting nearby.

The warehouse was cavernous, its silence broken only by the echo of Erza's boots against the concrete. Shafts of morning light filtered through cracked skylights, casting long shadows that danced across rusted crates and forgotten scaffolding. It was the kind of place that invited secrets—and Erza didn't like secrets.

Juvia clung a little closer to Levy, her eyes scanning the gloom with quiet unease.
"Juvia feels like we're being watched," she murmured. "This place… it's too quiet."

Levy adjusted her glasses, squinting toward the far end of the space.

"If this guy's trying to make a dramatic entrance, he's succeeding. I swear, if he starts monologuing in riddles, I'm walking."

Erza didn't respond. Her focus was absolute. She'd chosen this location for its tactical advantages—open sightlines, multiple exits, and enough space to fight if things went sideways. But more than that, she wanted Zero to know she wasn't intimidated.

She stopped near the center of the warehouse, her stance firm, her voice steady.

"We're here. Show yourself."

A moment passed. Then another. From the shadows, a figure stepped forward—tall, cloaked, and deliberate. The mask was unmistakable: stylized, theatrical, and utterly unreadable.

This must be Zero.

His voice, when it came, was calm and calculated. "You stand at the threshold of a world not unlike your own. One ruled not by guilds or honor, but by fear, deception, and the machinery of control. I did not summon you lightly."

Behind the scenes, Lucy crouched on a rooftop, watching through a cracked window. Mira stood at the rear entrance, arms folded, ready to intervene. Erza could sense their presence, and felt secure that whatever this was, Fairy Tail was ready.

Oh, how wrong she was.

=====
Do you know the best way to lay a trap? It is to allow your target to think that they have evaded one. At this very moment, Mirajane and Lucy were watching this location. They would do

nothing to stop him. They would do nothing to help Erza. As such, when Lelouch chose the moment to strike, it was already too late for all of them.

The mask slid open on his face when he had their full attention. "I hereby command you," he said. "Join my harem!"

The effect was immediate. Levy and Juvia's facial expressions changed immediately. From the shadows, Kallen and C.C. slunk out in their pure white attire, clung onto Zero in the perfect contrast. The two of them approached as well, their body language lascivious as they submitted to being painted white.

"As you command," Levy said.

"Juvia submits," Juvia said.

However, there was one person present who was *not* under the spell. Erza Scarlet. He had been warned about this, to a degree - The strongest woman in Fairy Tail would not be so easily defeated, now would she?

She'd already changed armour, and rushed right by her colleagues, striking them both and knocked them aside. She was on top of Lelouch in a moment's notice, sword at his throat.

"Have a care," Lelouch warned. "If you kill me now, your friends will pay the price."

"Then have no fear," Erza said. How amusing. Her eye was closed. "I shall not kill you. I shall inflict pain upon you until they are free!"

Kallen moved in first. Her reaction time was superior to C.C.'s and she jumped in with the intention of knocking Erza aside. To no avail, as she was easily swatted away. Perhaps if she was in the Guren, she would stand a better chance? But no, alas, it was not to be.

"I see," C.C. said while rolling her hips. "You have a false eye - and half immunity to visual hypnosis. How fascinating. A shame, then, that your Geass only works on a person one time."

Lelouch restrained from scolding her. It hardly mattered at this point. Because now, his Geass was far from his only ace in the hole. Oh, it was a strong ace to play but definitely not his only one. Not anymore! Especially since -

The door burst open and there was Mirajane. Lucy standing right next to her, Keys in hand.

"Restrain the others!" Erza yelled. "I'll take care of the leader!"

"Actually, I have a better idea~" Mirajane said. She shifted into Demon Mode. Supposedly her strongest form. How would it fare against Erza? What an interesting matchup. "How about instead, you become Painted White just like us?"

Erza whirled around, barely able to get her sword up in time. Panic came across her expression, but only for a moment, before it was replaced with grim determination.

Erza's sword screeched against Mirajane's claws, sparks flying as the force of the blow sent ripples of air across the battlefield. Levy's runes glowed behind Mirajane, sealing off Erza's escape routes with shimmering walls of text, while Juvia's water magic began to swirl, threatening to entrap her. Lucy's celestial keys jingled ominously at her hip, but her eyes were blank—cold.

"You're strong, Erza," Mirajane said in a voice that was both her own and not, distorted by her demonic form. "But even you can't stand against all of us."

Erza's boots dug into the earth, the ground cracking under her as she shoved back with a roar, summoning a burst of magic that changed her armor in a flash of light. The black and crimson plating of her Armadura Fairy appeared, a form she rarely used except against her deadliest foes.

"Then I'll just have to fight with everything I have!" she growled.

Juvia's torrent surged toward her like a living serpent, and Erza spun, cutting it apart with a glowing slash—but at the same time, Mirajane blurred forward, claws flashing. Erza caught the attack on her blade, but the sheer power behind the demon's strike forced her to one knee.

"Not bad," Mirajane said with a fanged smile. "But this form isn't just for show. I'm stronger than you've ever seen."

Erza's eyes narrowed. "We'll see about that."

How wonderful. That was exactly what Lelouch wanted to see! Bring it out, Erza Scarlet. Bring it out, and let us all behold exactly how strong you really are! After all, Lelouch *did* quite appreciate strong women. Yet another trait that he had inherited from *that man*.

=====

The situation was even worse than Erza had believed. So, this *Zero* had used some form of insidiously potent visual brainwashing, capable of taking down even Mirajane! The troublesome part was, at the back of her mind she could feel *something* hammering away.

Harem. Harem. Harem. Join Zero's harem.

But Erza Scarlet would not succumb so easily. Not when her friends had been corrupted already! She could tell from the effect it was having on her that it was extremely effective hypnosis. Harem harem **harem**! Her hips wanted to flick for his entertainment, she wanted to expose her ass and breasts for his entertainment, she could feel a part of her aching deep down to *join his harem right this moment* as a total and absolute command -

The fact that she hadn't already was a testament to her ability, her willpower, her courage and her tenacity that it wasn't even slowing her down. If anything, the attempted brainwashing was making her even *more* determined than ever to fight on!

Alas, it seemed to be having the same effect for the other girls as well. She'd never seen them move like this.

Lucy moved with a precision Erza had never seen—her summons arriving in perfect sync, no hesitation, no fear. Levy's scripts were faster, sharper, almost surgical. Juvia's water surged like a tidal force, not wild but controlled, weaponized. Mirajane's Satan Soul shimmered with a cold, calculated fury. Even Lisanna, usually gentle, now struck with the ferocity of a predator.

They weren't just fighting—they were executing. Their movements were too clean, too efficient. It was as if the hypnosis hadn't dulled their minds, but sharpened their instincts. And they were all focused on her.

Erza gritted her teeth, switching to her Clear Heart Clothing—light, fast, unburdened. She couldn't afford to hold back, but she couldn't afford to hurt them either.
"You're not yourselves," she whispered, more to herself than to them. "But I am. And I will not fall."

She charged forward—not to escape, but to reclaim her guildmates from the grip of a power that had no right to touch them. Her gut instinct was to strike down the man responsible for this, right here, right now, but she could not lower her guard for an instant. Not when Mirajane was in her Satan soul!

Mirajane's wings unfurled like the shadow of judgment itself, her eyes glowing with a cold, unnatural clarity. The Geass had twisted her serenity into something ruthless—her smile gone, replaced by a mask of obedience. She hovered above the warehouse floor, her power radiating in waves that made the air itself tremble.
Erza's blade met the ground with a clang, her stance low and ready. She could feel the pressure building around her—Lucy's summons closing in, Juvia's water rising, Levy's scripts forming a cage of words. But it was Mirajane who demanded her full attention.
"She's faster than usual," Erza thought, parrying a blast of demonic energy. "More precise. The Geass isn't just controlling them—it's amplifying them."

And yet, Erza didn’t falter. Her armor shifted mid-motion—Purgatory Armor, heavy and brutal, forged for moments when restraint was no longer an option. She didn’t want to hurt her friends. But she couldn’t afford to lose.
“The fact that she hadn’t already was a testament to her ability, her willpower, her courage and her tenacity. It wasn’t even slowing her down. If anything, the attempted brainwashing was making her even more determined than ever to fight on.”

Mirajane descended like a comet, claws outstretched, her voice a whisper of command:
“Erza… surrender.”

But Erza met her head-on, blades clashing with demonic force, sparks flying in every direction. She didn’t scream. She didn’t plead. She fought—not just for herself, but for the soul of her guild.

“I will not surrender,” she growled. “Not to him. Not to this.”

But then, out of nowhere, there was the mysterious green haired girl. She gasped as her blade accidentally penetrated the girl's stomach - but then the girl didn't seem to care at all! Gripping the blade to pull herself closer, much to Erza's horror, and then -

"Be Painted White,"the green haired girl said. "And remember well what colour snow really is."

A flash of images assaulted her mind. The Tower of Heaven! - Jellal’s voice. The chains. The betrayal. The helplessness. *“You were weak. You couldn’t protect them.”* - Her childhood. The cold stone floors. The hunger. The fear. *“You survived—but at what cost?”* - Her battles. Victories won through pain. Friends nearly lost. *“You fight because you’re afraid to stop.”*

Each memory hit like a blade. Not just images—but emotions, regrets, doubts. This strange power didn’t just show Erza her past—it forced her to feel it, all at once.

Normally this would not be enough to break Erza. This trauma, forcing her to relive it over and over again, normally it would make her more resolved to fight, but - Not so now. She sank to the floor. Her limbs were completely stuck, unable to move even an inch, as a single word pounded over and over again into her head.

Harem. Harem. Harem~

"Excellent work girls," Zero said. "Tsk, I wish I could have fought her properly myself. The King should lead, after all - but her ability is far beyond mine. Even in a Knightmare Frame, I would have been powerless!"

He took off his mask, revealing that new addition to the guild. Lelouch. Of course. So he'd joined expressly so that he could brainwash them? How insidious, how rotten, how -

Erza was forced to watch as her friends in the guild got on their knees and started worshipping Lelouch's cock. She had to admit it was... fairly large. Bigger than she'd expected. Ah. Ah! The word 'harem' was pounding at the inside of her skull all the harder, and - And now, they were licking at it. Now they were venerating it.

"Mmmm, Master, did we do a good job?" Lucy asked, wrapping her tits around the shaft. Huge. It was so big, how was it so *big*?

"Juvia wants to ride this big thing~" Juvia cooed, grinding up against Lelouch's leg.

"No way, I want a chance to study it properly!" Levy gasped, in between licking at Lelouch's balls.

And so did Erza. Heaven help her, she wanted that dick as well. The other girls, Mira, Lisa, Kallen, C.C., they were all dancing around them in a big circle. Shaking their asses, putting their feminine attributes on full display, but most of all?

They were having fun.

Kallen seemed to notice her watching and gyrated along, sinking her body until she reached Erza at eye level. "Us redheads gotta stick together, right?" Kallen asked. "I might not be as talented as the rest of you. I might not have any supernatural powers. But you know what?"

One of her hands went to Erza's breasts, and the other slid down her body. Normally she would shove this girl away, but - But she was so weak right now after that memory shock, and the Geass warping her brain that she -

"I'm an expert Knightmare pilot," Kallen said, and Erza's back arched. She didn't know what that meant, but luckily Kallen was on hand to explain. "My fingers and my reaction time are top notch. I can learn to pilot any machine - Been called a true genius at it, you know? Give me a half defent machine and I can fight at the level of the Rounds. Piloting this pussy into being Painted White -"

"Gyaaaaaa~" Erza gasped, as her body came hard. Whatever strength she'd been recovering was forced out of her in that moment.

"Isn't gonna be a problem at all," Kallen said. "Gotta slow the pace down a bit now, wait for you to recover, and then - "

A minute later, Erza was cumming again, harder than before! She pounded at the ground beneath her feet. Harem! Harem! Harem! It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair, it wasn't -

The next thing that she knew, a dick had landed on her face. Lelouch was kneeling at her head, letting it fall on top of her. Erza Scarlet, the mightiest woman in Fairy Tail stared at it entranced with her good eye.

"While you are resistant to visual mind control, it seems you are still weak to tactile," Lelouch said "Now, rise Erza Scarlet. Let's add a new set of clothing to that armoury of yours!"

It was tossed at her, and the implication was clear. Wear this, and then she will be allowed to join the harem. At this point, her willpower had been reduced to zero. So she put it on. It was a complicated piece. Two strips of cloth that looped around her neck, then crossed over her cleavage, locking together to the sarong tied around her waist. She was handed a veil to put over her mouth, and only then did she internalise it, adding this harem outfit to her armoury so she could don it at any time she wished.

It was a harem outfit cast in purest white, and she proudly put her body on display, illustrating her fine control over her fine body, all for her master. All for Lelouch. All because he had painted her soul the purest shade of white.

Yugioh Loot Crate

Dark Magician Girl had a plan. A sexy plan. A sexy plan to undermine the sexy plan of the Gentle Darkness, who was even now spreading its insidious grip upon the world, turning potentially great duellists into hornballs more interested in rutting and copulation than duelling.

When put out like that, she had to admit it was kind of a weird plan for the literal embodiment of human inner darkness to come up with, but - what did she know about the matter?

Anyway, it had tried to corrupt her and *failed*. Or so she assumed. It was a *little* hard to tell, she had to admit. For example, what if her attempt to specifically come up with a *sexy* plan was part of Darkness's own plan?

Those were the kind of things that turned a Duellist's soul into knots. It was like duelling a trap specialist. Were they bluffing, or was the idea that they were bluffing the real bluff? How deep into that thought process could one go before your opponent has you dancing in their palm, doubting every move you make and turning your strategy into such a mess that you were stumbling around...

In the darkness.

As such, Dark Magician Girl spun on her heels and looked over the girls behind her. One bunny maid, one slutty schoolgirl and one sexy nurse. At the moment they didn't seem to be under the control of Darkness, per se, but they couldn't actually change their clothing either. Alexis clearly didn't trust her. Understandable. In her position, DM Girl was pretty sure *she* wouldn't trust her either. Not when she looked like she'd walked out of a goth shop determined to project as evil an attitude as possible.

Which is especially funny when you consider how nice actual modern goth types actually wind up being. Stereotypes sure do quite a lot to mess up your perception of people, don't they?

"There's one last thing I want to make sure of," DM Girl said. "You all got something other than the deck, right? Hand delivered to you, I mean."

"Why do you ask?" Alexis demanded.

"I'm just making sure," DM Girl said. "So? Did you, or didn't you?"

Alexis hesitated for a moment before answering, then patted at her bunny ears. DM Girl took a closer look and - sure enough, there was the Eye of Horus hidden away inside of them. It was the same for the other two - or at least, it was a bit similar. For Blair, it was on the inside of her tiny frilly skirt, and for Fonda it was hidden on her collar.

Fascinating. Intriguing. Checking herself as well, DM Girl didn't find it on her clothing, but rather the staff she was carrying. Right on the very end of it. *Interesting*.

"It seems as though these are Millenium Items," DM Girl said, to her own great surprise. "Not one of the original seven, but... Rather, made in the modern era!"

"Hold on," Alexis said, stepping forward with a furrowed brow. "That doesn't make sense. The original Millennium Items were forged over 3,000 years ago during the reign of Pharaoh Akhenamkhanen. They were created using alchemic rituals involving the sacrifice of 99 souls and the power of the Shadow Realm itself. Each item was bound to a specific magical purpose, like the Millennium Ring's ability to detect other items, or the Eye's power to read minds."

The other girls all looked at her funny. Blair tilted her head and Fonda quirked an eyebrow.

"You knew all of that?" DM Girl asked, also just as surprised as the others.

"Straight A+ student," Alexis said, pointing to herself. "What, you think all I do all day is sit around learning the difference between monsters, spells and traps?"

DM Girl blinked, surprised. "No, really. You know all that?"

Alexis nodded, arms crossed, and sighed. "I wrote my senior thesis on ancient magical artifacts. The process was supposed to be unrepeatable, lost with the fall of the Tomb Keepers. But this..." She gestured to the bunny ears perched on top of her head. "This isn't just a replica. It's functioning. That means someone has either rediscovered the original forging rites, or worse, found a way to bypass them."

"Also?" Blair said. "May I just say, Millennium Bunny Ears does not have the same ring about it."

Fonda, despite herself, snorted back a laugh. "So what do they do, exactly? Let her hop between dimensions, perhaps? Or maybe she gets diabetes if she eats too many carrots?" Then, she frowned as if deep in thought. "Or, more seriously, maybe it gives her superior hearing...?"

Alexis gave a dry look, the kind that said I'm surrounded by children, but she didn't deny the possibility. "Enhanced hearing is plausible. The original Millennium Items each amplified a latent human faculty—sight, memory, intuition. If this one's tuned to auditory perception, it could mean I'm picking up frequencies others can't."

Blair leaned in, mock-whispering, "So you can hear my thoughts when I'm judging your fashion choices?"

"Only if your thoughts are loud and poorly dressed," Alexis shot back, smirking.

DM Girl tilted her head, suddenly thoughtful. "Wait... if it's functioning, then your new fashion choices and your new decks might be part of the test normally associated with Millenium Items! Think about it - Yugi Moto had to solve the puzzle. Bakura had to deal with his soul being corrupted. Pegasus lost his eye -"

"We get the idea," Alexis said, still rubbing the fabric. "Alright, so how do we figure out what these things do, and how do they tie into your own plans?"

DM Girl nodded slowly. "Think about it. The Gentle Darkness has always been subtle. It doesn't conquer with brute force. Rather, it seduces. It entices. It's making you all so damned horny that you're losing track of your own duelling capabilities. So~"

DM Girl hopped in place and twirled around her staff before giving her absolute cutest salute: "We beat this thing at its own game! Step one, we need to figure out exactly how each of these items work. Um, let's see... We've got the Millenium Bunny Ears, the Millenium Staff, the Millenium Schoolgirl's Uniform, and the Millenium Pinstripe."

"Can I just point out yet again how stupid this all is?" Blair asked. "I feel like we've not been pointing out how stupid this all is."

Alexis didn't even look up. "You've pointed it out. Repeatedly. With flair."

Blair threw up her hands. "I'm just saying! The ancient forces of darkness have apparently decided to manifest through horny cosplay accessories. That's not *ominous*, that's *embarrassing*."

Fonda smirked. "Embarrassing up until someone gets mind-controlled by a magical blazer."

DM Girl twirled her staff again, unfazed. "Hey, if The Gentle Darkness wants to play dress-up, we play dress-up better. These Items are distractions, right? So we stay focused. We analyze. We adapt. We accessorize responsibly."

Alexis tapped her duel disk, eyes sharp. "Let's break it down. How do we learn what these things do?"

"I would think an A+ student would know the answer to that already~" DM Girl winked. "Field testing! We duel. We observe. We document. If these Items are meant to distract us from dueling, then dueling is exactly how we expose them."

Alexis nodded. "Controlled duels. One-on-one. With the other two watching at all times to make sure we don't get overwhelmed by the power..."

"Now you're getting it!" DM Girl said. "So, how about it Alexis? You up for a duel? Your corrupted Bunny-Maid deck... versus my Demonic Dark Magician Girl deck! Um! Hold on, I think this will

need to be a Shadow game, so... How about the winner can make one simple request from the loser? That's probably the easiest thing we can do without getting too corrupted or actually hurting each other."

Alexis gave a slow, calculating smile. “A Shadow Game with a fashion clause. Cute. But fine—if we’re going to test the Millennium Bunny Ears, we might as well do it properly.”

Blair groaned from the sidelines. “This is going to be the most sparkly descent into madness ever.”

Fonda crossed her arms, already mentally preparing to referee. “Alright, I’ll monitor the duel for any signs of magical interference. Blair, you keep track of emotional shifts and deck anomalies. If either of them starts glowing or levitating, we call it.”

DM Girl spun her staff and struck a pose. “Demonic Dark Magician Girl deck, ready to dazzle and destroy!”

Alexis activated her duel disk, the corrupted Bunny-Maid cards flickering to life in a shimmer of pastel and menace. “Let’s see if your theatrics can handle tactical elegance.”

The air around them thickened slightly—just enough to feel the Shadow Game’s veil settle in. Not oppressive, but charged. The Millennium Items pulsed faintly, as if watching.

Blair scribbled in her notebook. “Okay, so far: magical tension, dramatic lighting, and a duel between a bunny-themed maid deck and a goth magician girl. This is either the future of dueling or the end of civilization.”

Fonda muttered, “Honestly, could go either way.”

DM Girl raised her staff. “Let the duel begin!”

=====

Let the duel commence! The two girls drew five cards on the spot. Alexis looked over her hand and winced. Not because it was a bad hand or anything like that. Actually, based on the effects in play here she had a pretty annoyingly *decent* hand.

The trouble was that this was so embarrassing! Was this what she was now? Some sort of horny bunny maid who liked to prance around in slutty bunny maid clothes, bending over at the waist and putting her ass up in the air? She thought she'd have more dignity than that, but -

But she really, really wanted to do that for Jaden. Right now. Deep breath. Deep breath! Focus on your opponent. Dark Magician Girl.

She knew what this really was, of course. It was an attempt by DM Girl to covertly corrupt her and the others. She thought that she could win. Well! Alexis would soon enough show her what was what! Stupid horny deck or not, she was still confident in her abilities as a duellist, and she was *not* going to let herself lose this easily!

"I'll start by activating Graceful Charity," Alexis said. "I draw three, then drop two in my GY. Three new cards now sat in her hand. She didn't *need* them for the play she was about to make - but digging deep into your deck wasn't a bad thing. Yeah... Those cards would probably be useful later on. She discarded Bunny-Maid Leader Veronica and Bunny-Maid Clarisse into the GY. "Alright, now I'll summon Bunny-Maid Flora, and use her ability to give herself 500 ATK. Then I'll set this card, and pass my turn."

That card being no less than Mirror Force. This might not be on theme for the deck - but hey, some cards were staples for a reason. Bunny-Maid Flora hopped in place, tucking her feather duster into her cleavage and cracking her knuckles. On the one hand, it was good to see that her monster was ready to throw down. On the other, her body language was rather... suggestive as she did so. Alright, DM Girl. Let's see what you can do!

DM Girl simply smiled sweetly and rolled her shoulders. "Remember, Alexis!" she said. "Millenium Items are often useful in a duel. Try to figure out what you can do with those ears, 'kay?"

With these ears... Right, that's a good point. She shouldn't be entirely relying on her own duelling skill here, as much as she might want to. They were trying to figure out what these Millenium Items did! Alexis closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on her hearing. Maybe -

"Man, I would kill to have an ass like that," Miss Fontaine's voice came through loud and clear. Except, Alexis could tell she hadn't actually said anything. Huh?

"No wonder she's the Madonna of the school," Blair's voice sighed wearily. *"It's the legs, gotta be the legs. I can't stop looking at them..."*

Alexis gulped nervously and glanced back at them. Catching them looking. Huh? Then what about... She focused her attention on DM Girl this time around. Could she hear what that girl was thinking?

"I have a fetish for playing up the ditzy act~" DM Girl was apparently thinking while looking at her hand. *"That's my kink. Yep. It sure is the thing that turns me on. Making people think I'm a total space cadet. It really gets my motor going."*

"... I think I've worked out what my ears do," Alexis groaned. She pinched the bridge of her nose in frustration. "It lets me hear the turn ons of the people around me, or whatever horny thoughts they're having at that moment."

Honestly, she should've maybe, just maybe, been a *little* less blunt than that. Because the other three very obviously worked out how she'd worked that point out. But it also did lay a theme onto this. The power to read someone's turn-ons. Urgh!

"Right, so, you can't tell what's in my hand right now?" DM Girl asked. Alexis tilted her head and focused on her ears.

"You're checking out a nice rack," Alexis said. "Now some thighs. You like what you're seeing. Uh. I think they're DM Girl variants? Gross, are you perving on yourself?"

DM Girl pouted and puffed out her cheeks. "Well! I guess it's not *that* useful in a duel, but maybe you'll be able to figure out *something* you can do with it!"

"Yeah, like distracting a boob lover with a bit of cleavage," Alexis said, and to her annoyance, her ears twitched. "Hey, don't get any ideas!"

DM Girl shrugged. "I summon Magician's Soul," she said, as a shimmering blue ghost of Dark Magician itself appeared on the field. "But not by normal summoning it. I'm using its effect to send one of my variants to the GY. Which one? Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough! Now I'll use Monster Reborn to summon Dark Magician Slut! If I destroy your Bunny-Maid, she'll gain 300 ATK and I get 300 LP!"

An image of Dark Magician Girl arose from the grave, except her attire was far more revealing. That neckline was so low a world beating limbo champ couldn't get under it, and her boobs were *absolutely* bigger than normal. Easy to make the comparison when the original isn't far away. DM Slut then seemed to catch Alexis looking - and deliberately leaned over to show off more of her tits. Gross!

"If," Alexis said, focusing her attention on her opponent, instead of the slutty version of her. "That's a big word!"

"It sure is!" DM Girl said. She twirled around her staff, and then pointed it at Alexis. "Alright then! Let's see what this Staff can do! Um! Don't activate that face down card? Pretty please?"

Pretty please indeed. The instant she attacked, Alexis was gonna activate it. Obviously. The very idea that she wouldn't was -

"You can do it, Alexis!"

That was Jaden! Alexis's heart leaped up into her throat as she turned around to see him standing there behind them. Her eyes went wide, and - The compulsion to bend over to flaunt her hot ass to him became overwhelming. Was it her imagination, or was his shirt sliding off his shoulders, revealing his surprisingly toned body, and -

"DM Slut, attack!"

All of a sudden, Alexis snapped back to the duel. Her face was flushed, her body demanding sex, but she had a game to win! DM Slut was leaping into the air, licking her lips and puckering them right after, while making a beeline right for Flora - who, annoyingly, seemed quite eager to receive the incoming flying smooch.

"I activate Mirror Force!" she decreed. "Sorry, but you overplayed a bit with that Monster Reborn. Now your own attack will destroy both of your monsters, and you're wide open!"

Indeed, a giant mirror appeared in front of DM Slut, and suddenly there was a reflection of her flying out to lock lips with her... and also with Magician's Soul. Both of DM Girl's monsters immediately went to the GY, ending the battle phase - but she still seemed confident for some reason. Huh? Why?

"I've not Normal Summoned yet, so I'll set this card face down, and this little trap back here should keep you busy!"

Alexis tsked and shook her head. What the hell was that...? She reached to her duel disk to draw another card, and then - Wait a minute. "Can you use that on me again?" she asked. "I think I know what it does."

"Certainly!" DM Girl chirped, and aimed her staff right at Alexis. "How about this?"

"You know, Alexis, you're a really strong duellist," Jaden whispered, his hands at her shoulders as he gave them a good hard rub. "Strong, beautiful, smart, a brilliant tactician. I could learn a lot from a woman like you!"

She almost dropped her cards. The sensation was so *real*. Though, in truth, Alexis couldn't stop herself from shuddering in pure, undiluted arousal. Oooooh~ That could be a *problem*.

"Y-Your staff causes sexual illusions," Alexis said. "But it doesn't seem like you're aware of what sort of illusions it causes. Uh... Could you aim it at Fonda or Blair to try it out on them?"

"Maybe after the duel~" DM Girl winked. "I wouldn't want to get distracted while you make your plays, now would we?"

Sneaky bitch. Alright then! Alexis finally drew her card! It was time for her to make her play! While DM Girl's field wasn't as open as she'd been hoping for, the play she'd set up for this turn was still the best move to make!

"I'll take a page out of your book," Alexis said. "Monster Reborn! Come on back, Bunny Maid Leader Veronica! I'll use her ability to boost my Flora's ATK by 500 points until the end of the turn, and when she attacks, you cannot activate monster effects until the end of the damage

step! Better hope that's not a flip effect monster! Also, Flora's giving a boost to Veronica for good measure!"

Urgh, did the two bunny suited maids have to pet and grope each other to activate their effects?! It was so stupidly needless! But anyway, that did leave the face down card, didn't it? No problem there, either! "Next - I'll play this! Bunny Maid - Lulu! She lets me add a Bunny-Maid Brigade spell or trap card from my deck to my hand... and I choose Bunny-Maid Cleanup! This spell card lets me turn any number of Bunny-Maid monster to Defense mode for the rest of the turn, and that position cannot be changed. However! I then get to destroy the same number of Spells or Trap cards on the field! I'll change Flora!"

Flora changed into defensive mode, but to Alexis, it almost looked like she was *presenting*. Annoyingly, she did have some nice tight glutes, but -

"That's a *really* strong card," DM Girl whistled. "Okay! Guess I'd better activate this, better to use it than lose it! Introducing my own busted card! Dark Magician Orgy!"

The colour all drained from Alexis's face. Actually, it was her entire body, including her clothing, and her duel disk, and her cards. It almost seemed as though she was a crumbling statue rather than a duellist.

"I know, I know," DM Girl sighed. "It's so *embarrassing* - but I'm not gonna simply let a duel end with my loss without a fight!"

"That's something they have in common," Blair muttered, which was enough to snap Alexis out of it. "Hey, what does that trap do, anyway?"

"I can summon any number of DM Girls with different names from my hand or GY," DM Girl said. "Bu~ut, they cannot attack and get banished at the end of the turn. I'll summon Dark Magician Slut into defense position, and Dark Magician Bimbo too for good measure."

In other words, she'd managed to keep her Life Points safe from attack. Sneaky. And it was worrying - deeply worrying - that DM Girl wasn't panicking *at all*. Alexis stared at the two monsters. The Slut was flaunting it like ever, and the Bimbo was... She was very, very pink. Playing with a loose strand of hair, had a vacant look in her eyes as if she didn't know what day of the week it was. Those monsters were going to vanish at the end of the turn, never to come back! Cards getting banished was even worse than going to the GY, because -

Wait... Wasn't she apparently also using cards from the *future* as well? Alexis twitched at the thought. Ohhhh! If only she could use these ears to actually properly read DM Girl's mind, instead of her kink! Neither of their abilities were especially useful, not really, not unless - Her kink was to pretend to be a ditz...? Wasn't that right?

"Oh gosh, you're way better at this than I was expecting," Alexis said. "To be honest, I kinda thought you were like that total airhead you've got on your field - but you're actually a pretty capable duellist!"

That should do it... DM Girl probably figured out what she was doing, but if so it would already be too late.

"Come on, attack my set monster with your Flora, if you're so clever. You're so focused on its effect that you'll walk right into this bimbo's trap!"

Got her. That set monster was the real threat here, huh? How could that be? It would have to be a level 4 or below monster, which meant its DEF had to be lower than the 2200 of Flora. Its effect wouldn't be a problem either - Unless... Its effect activates in the GY after being destroyed. That would be *after* the damage step, which would mean -

"Come on, Alexis!" Jaden cheered. "Don't be put off! You can do it! Smash that monster, and then I'll take you home and smash *you*!"

"Hrmph, I see your game," Alexis said. She discarded the illusion. Focused on the game, and not the *intense* dicking that Jaden was entirely capable of giving her. "Alright! Veronica! Hit that face down right now!"

Veronica flew out and smooched the face down monster - Only to veer off and suddenly kiss Bimbo affectionately on the lips, banishing it. Urgh, this was all way too damned horny for her liking. What the hell happened there?

"Sorry, I discarded this~" DM Girl chirped. "It's a special monster I can discard from my hand. Demonic Pheromone! I can discard this when you attack a monster I control. It lets me pick the targets for the rest of the battle phase - but it also switches your monsters into attack position and every monster *must* attack if able! You won't take any battle damage though."

That seemed like a really complicated and particular effect! Urgh, never mind then. That's the trouble with partial mind reading - it doesn't read the whole thing! DM Girl wanted her to attack full stop, and now she could compel Alexis to destroy her Slut, and then -

"And lastly," Alexis said. "Flora, hit that face down!"

Flora flew out to meet it. Whatever effect it had, it wouldn't be able to activate until after the damage step. DM Girl smirked, and flipped that card up - Revealing a Mystic Tomato!

"Don't feel too bad. If you'd hit this first, I would've summoned another two to stall you out," DM Girl shrugged. Tsk! "And my little illusion made you confident in your ability to win, right? Alright then! I'll activate its special ability, which triggers when it's destroyed by battle and sent to the GY! I can summon a Dark monster from my deck with 1500 or below ATK!"

My, my. Here she was, expecting something a bit more futuristic. That was a blast from the past right there! Then again, summoning from the deck is probably always going to be powerful, isn't it? What would she summon from that?

"Armageddon Knight!" A 1400 ATK warrior? Again, her expectations were - "I'll use him to ditch my Master, Dark Magician from my deck to the GY! Got any more moves, Alexis?"

"Tsk... I'll set this, and pass," Alexis said. Mystic Tomato, huh? Pretty sneaky. In which case, Alexis would have to be even more sneaky! If she couldn't win this turn? She'd set up her victory next turn instead!

"My turn!" DM Girl cutely saluted. "I'll tribute Armageddon Knight to summon my Dark Magician Whore! Her ATK goes up by 300 since I have Dark Magician in my GY! And on top of that... I'll equip her with Wonder Wand! Boosting her ATK by another 500! Now, I'll go into the battle phase, and attack each of your monsters!"

Dark Magician Whore had the look off a streetwalker about her. She looked Alexis up and down, and sneered while posing, as if trying to lure someone in off the streets.

"Sorry, not gonna be that simple," Alexis said. "I activate my trap card, Bunny-Maid Ambush! I'll summon two new Bunny Maids to the field - and until the end of the battle phase, they all gain 500 more ATK! I'll summon them all into defensive mode, to keep you from damaging me!"

Then on her next turn, she'd be able to go into a Fusion play, and put a hard end to this duel once and for all! However, DM Girl was still smirking like she'd already won.

"I activate Dark Magical Threesome," DM Girl declared. "This allows me to copy the effect of DM Girls in the GY onto one DM Girl on the field - but I take 1000 damage for each, and only that one can attack each turn. I hereby copy DM Bimbo to copy her 300 ATK boost from my mentor being in the GY - and her ability to inflict Piercing Battle damage! Next, I copy DM Slut, to copy its 300 ATK boost from my mentor being in the GY... and its ability to gain 300 ATK whenever it destroys an opponent's monster!"

Oh no! That was the worst possible combination of abilities! All Alexis would have needed was one more turn to put an end to this duel properly - but now she wouldn't even get that chance! Dark Magician Whore suddenly took on Bimbo's glassy expression and Slut's larger boobs while rushing in, grabbing each of Alexis's bunny maids one after the other, groping them all, forcing them into her cleavage, grabbing their butts one by one by one!

The damage washed over Alexis before she could do anything to stop it, and then - Her LP was reduced to zero. She'd lost. DM Girl had known her deck revolved around mass summoning Bunny-Maids to support each other, and had used that tendency against her!

The Shadow Magic activated then, seizing Alexis's very soul. As per the terms of their duel, she would have to perform one *reasonable* request, per DM Girl's wishes. Her mind froze up. What would it be? What could it be? She shuddered to imagine it - But she wouldn't have to imagine it for very long.

Code Geass Dreamscape - Sailor Moon Variant

There's nothing quite like a phone call waking you up in the middle of the night. It could be anything, right? It could be that someone you know and care about has been in a horrible accident. It could be the police calling to say your name came up in an investigation. Or it could be a wrong number.

For Lelouch Lamperouge, as he was currently in charge of a rebellion against the Holy Britannian Empire, a phone call that woke him up in the middle of the night could be almost anything.

A betrayal. A death. A sudden shift in the situation which could throw all of his plans into the garbage.

Or worse yet, an unexpected call from someone who shouldn’t know this number.

He did not recognise the number. Even so, Lelouch answered it anyway.

"Who is this?" he demanded. As for the reply...?

"Svtugvat rivy ol zbba-yvgu. Jvaavat ybir ol qnvt-yvgu. Arire ehaavat sebz n erny svtug. Fur vf gur bar anzrq Fnvybe Zbb. rot13"

And then, just as suddenly, the line went completely dead. The voice had been like nothing human. It had to be synthetic, but even a computer would struggle to make sounds like that. It was gibberish, or rather, beyond gibberish. It sounded almost like - Like...

"It's far too late for me to be processing this," Lelouch yawned. Hrmph. There did not seem to be any immediate danger. He fanned himself down as he sat upon his bed, eyes blinking rapidly as he tries to stay awake and fails miserably. As he sits there, Lelouch reaches down between his legs, and finds nothing there at all but a sopping wet pussy.

He... rather she began to masturbate, growing hornier and hornier as she ministers to her own aching needs. Her breasts grow out, becoming larger, larger and larger still. Bigger than any woman would realistically naturally have, so big you'd swear there was surgery done to make them so large, so firm, with such a perfect shape, and yet?

She was still able to jump to her feet. Staring at the phone and rubbing at the side of her head, Lelouch checked herself, then said, quite simply:

"I have a job to do."

======

Of all the Inners, of all the Sailor Scouts, the one that Lelouch most strongly identified with was, of course, Ami Mizuno the Sailor Guardian of Mercury. On the surface, Lelouch vi Britannia and Ami Mizuno seem to occupy opposite ends of the anime archetype spectrum: Lelouch is the chessmaster anti-hero who topples empires; Ami is the shy, bookish student with a compassionate streak. But if you look at the inner drives, the parallels are striking:

They both value intelligence as a form of power. They're both prodigies, whose primary weapon is intellect and strategy, as opposed to brute strength. They're both isolated people, even if the reason is quite different. Yes, Lelouch can be charming and quite personable, while Ami is more withdrawn and shy, but all the same, the two of them are lonely even when in a full room.

But then there is their altruism vs machiavellianism. Lelouch hides a core of idealism under a mask of ruthlessness; Ami hides a steely determination under a mask of gentleness. Both are trying to protect loved ones in their own way, but those ways could not be any more different.

From this angle, it’s easy to imagine Lelouch admiring (or envying) Ami’s ability to act selflessly and openly where he must work from the shadows.

Thus, Lelouch began her evening cosplaying quite convincingly as Sailor Mercury - as she might appear in a hentai doujin. After all, Sailor Mercury was more adorable in the original series, whereas in such fan comics she would commonly be given a quite impressive ass and tits that made even Makoto's seem small by comparison. At least, canon Makoto - this is a point we shall ensure we return to later on.

She knocked on the door, adjusting her hair and her uniform, then slipped into character.

"Mercury tutor service~" Lelouch called out, in a voice that was an expert recreation of Ami herself. The door opened wide to reveal someone whose name Lelouch did not know. Nor did she care to. Without further waiting, she went inside, making sure that the teeny tiny Sailor Mercury skirt swished around to put her thighs on full display. "Alright, so it is my understanding that you've been having trouble with your education~?"

"Th-that's right!" the boy said. He held up a phone for her to look at. "Look here. Do you see this?"

The screen he held up showed a spiral, which enraptured Lelouch right away. Compelling her to watch, to observe, to be unable to stop looking directly into it. She heard his voice speak, distant and serene, issuing commands for her ears alone.

"It's sexual education that I'm having trouble with," the boy said. "I need practical demonstrations. Do you understand?"

"Yes, of course," Lelouch replied. "I shall provide you with what you need."

The phone was put away, and it was as if it had never been there to start with. Lelouch shook her head, then looked to the boy and smiled, as she began her lesson.

"First, we need to make the dick nice and hard," Lelouch said. She planted her leg, her thicc, meaty leg, right up on the table. "Run your hands down my thighs. Now, if you don't mind!" she commanded, and the boy obliged. "Yes, that's right. Study my thighs, study them carefully and diligently. The more you learn about them, the harder your dick will get - and then I will teach you all about pussy."

It didn't take long. The boy was showing good initiative as well. Lelouch thought it strange, for a moment, that she didn't know his name - but that didn't matter. Not for a job like this. He was licking her legs as well. Kissing them, rubbing his cheeks up against them, as if he was some kind of cat trying to rub its scent off. Aha! There we go now, nice and hard!

She pulled her leg away and turned around, planting her hands upon the desk. Looking back to watch, as he was already removing his clothes. Good, she didn't have to tell him that much.

"Now, it's very important that you make sure the girl is ready as well!" Lelouch said. "That's extremely essential. Now, as the Sailor Senshi of Water, I am *always* soaking wet - but other girls might not be. So? My advice is that you start by talking to the girl. Compliment her. Make her feel special!"

"You have a really nice ass," the boy said, while using his dick to both flip up her skirt, and lay it in the cleft of her ass.

"Mmmm, A+!" Lelouch giggled. "Alright then. Now, you should slowly put it in, and then -"

He didn't slowly put it in. Instead, he slammed that cock into Lelouch's pussy like he was hammering a nail into a thick board. Instead of slamming his dick into a thicc broad. "Oh!" Lelouch groaned as she felt it, pounding into her, over and over again. "Ooooh, A+! A+! A+++!"

This was it, this was what she wanted, this was what she needed so so badly~ Ooooh! Lelouch slammed her hips back over and over again, feeling the absolute gratitude that came only from serious, strenuous *dickings*.

All too soon though, that boy released inside her and slumped down, completely spent. Lelouch looked back at him and pouted - then noticed the money left upon the table. She pocketed it - though to be honest, where exactly that was she couldn't recall. These clothes didn't have pockets on them, after all. Oh well. That sort of reality detail didn't *actually* matter, now did it?

The phone began to ring. As the occupant was in no condition to take the call, Lelouch did instead. She answered it with aplomb, and listened carefully to the voice on the other end.

"Tbbq jbex, abj orpbzr Fnvybe Znef naq shpx n ubeal tubfg vagb pbzcyvnapr."

"Understood," Lelouch replied. From there, she began to change her clothes. "It seems I have more work to do."

======

Conviction was a language Lelouch spoke fluently. But Rei Hino spoke it with fire. She did not compromise. She did not explain. She simply was. A force of belief so sharp it could cut through doubt. Lelouch admired that. Envied it. Lelouch had built a revolution on layers of deception, each one necessary, each one corrosive.

Rei, on the other hand, burned clean. She had chosen the purity of purpose over the comfort of companionship. Lelouch had never had that luxury. Or perhaps had simply never been brave enough. She reminded Lelouch of what it meant to fight for something without losing yourself in the fight. Thus, despite not identifying as well with Rei Hino as she did with Ami Mizuno, it was not a challenge for Lelouch to step into her shoes.

And what shoes they were. High heels that made her legs pop, and the tiny skirt *seem* smaller than it really was. When you combine that with the blood red colour of that skirt, the colour of passion and vice, it truly did make Sailor Mars seem like a raging inferno perched atop the finest pair of legs you ever did see.

In any event, she soon arrived at her destination: A shrine. Upon entry, she found several men wearing robes. Young men, who led her inside to a room where another young man was floating in mid-air, as if lifted by his throbbing erection, wailing in pain.

"It's worse than I thought," Lelouch said. She pulled out an ofuda and slapped it onto him. "No, it's not going to work, we need to get that erection down, right away!"

Left with no choice, Lelouch opened her mouth and started to gobble on that dick out of sheer desperation. Yes, that was her immediate go to move. Almost as if it was the reason she was here to start with. Mmm~ She sure did love the taste of dick!

"Come on guys! We need to help out!" one of the other young priests said. "Get your dicks out and rub them against this slutty Sailor!"

Yes, that was very good thinking. It would help them cure this poor man from this dreadful possession much, much faster. Mmm~ Yes, that was the trick! Rub them down, squeeze their shafts against her body, rub, rub, rub furiously, faster, faster, faster!

Her lewd body ached for it almost as much as this man with the curse. She could feel them, all over her body. Even in places it should not have been possible! In between her breasts, for example, or squeezing them in between her armpits, or the crook of her knee.

There were more of them than there had been young priests when she arrived - but that didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was making this dick *cum* as hard as she could. It was necessary. Absolutely, 100% necessary that this man *came* as hard as possible, and she would do whatever it took to make that happen. Right here. Right now.

She would use her body to accomplish that end in any way that it took. She would suck. She would fuck. She would use her tits and her ass and her legs and her mouth and her tongue and every inch of her was a sexual weapon waiting to be deployed. This was the determination and passion of Sailor Mars at work.

And soon enough it paid off. She felt her mouth fill up with salty gooey goodness, and made sure to swallow it all. Following this, she was coated in it as well from head to toe by the other priests.

The curse on the young man lifted. All around her were satisfied men, basking in afterglow. Lelouch rose to her feet, recognising that she was a mess, so she went off to the shower in this shrine to rinse herself off, and then masturbate to make sure that she too was purified of the curse, but then -

The phone rang. There was a phone in here? It made sense at Ashford Academy, given its modern design, but this was a classic Japanese shrine. Come to think, would such a place even have a shower like this, where the hot water would cascade down her hot, sexy, busty, curvy thicc needy body while she played with her pussy?

No matter. She grabbed the phone and put it in between her ears and her shoulder so that she could talk while fondling her own fat tits.

"Lbh pbagvahr gb vzcerff. Abj, orpbzr Fnvybe Whcvgre naq vyyhfgengr ubj zhpu gnyrag lbh ernyyl unir."

Aha, was that so...? In that case, it was time for her to move on yet again... It seems that she had a busy night ahead of her.
======
Strength was never just about power. Lelouch knew that. But Makoto Kino embodied it. She was the storm and the shelter. Towering, formidable, but always reaching out with open hands. Lelouch had learned to protect by controlling, by calculating. Makoto protected people simply by being there, by standing between danger and the people she loved.

Lelouch didn’t fully understand that kind of courage. Not really. As far as Lelouch was concerned, vulnerability was a liability. To Makoto, it was a gift.

She reminded Lelouch of a version of herself that might have existed in a gentler world. One where strength didn’t require sacrifice. One where love didn’t have to be hidden behind strategy.

All of which was rendered moot by the enormous sacks of fat currently affixed to Lelouch's chest.

Boing, boing, boing! They really were enormous tits. Boing, boing, boing, boing! The joke is that they were Makoto's 'talent', but really, they were never actually this big. Simple put, she was bigger than her peers. A modest size, about the maximum that a girl would really get before people would start to suspect surgery was involved, but it gets overplayed a bit and now...?

Boing, boing, boing, boing! Each step she took was like a thunderbolt unto itself. Now that Lelouch was dressing up as Sailor Jupiter, her tits were jiggling around uncontrollably, easily twice the size that they had been for the other girls. No wonder this girl was the physical powerhouse of the team - lugging these around would surely give her a hell of a workout, right?

In any event - Lelouch soon arrived at the place she had been instructed to arrive at next. She adjusted her hair, tied up in a ponytail, and checked her uniform. Nice and skimpy, cute green skirt, white leotard that left damn near nothing to the imagination - perfect.

"I think she's cuter!"

"No, I like her more!"

Here we go. This is what she'd been called in for. Lelouch's personality took a back seat for a moment and Sailor Jupiter's took over. The empty lot they're in is dimly lit, strewn with gravel and tension. Two guys, squared off, adrenaline high, pride louder than reason. She steps in before the first punch lands. Not with a shout. Not with a threat. Just her sheer presence alone is enough to put a stop to it.

Jupiter's tall, strong, and she knows how to carry herself. Her boots crunch against the gravel as she walks between them, arms loose at her sides, but her eyes are steel. She doesn’t posture. She doesn’t need to.

“Enough,” she says. Calm and firm, like the rain before the storm.

They hesitate. One of them mutters something about minding her own business. She tilts her head, just slightly, and the look she gives him is the kind that makes people rethink their life choices. However, this is still Sailor Jupiter, even if she's piloting Lelouch's body, and so she asks the simple question.

"What's this about anyway?"

"We were... we were arguing over which of us is into you more," one of the boys said.

"Y-Yeah, we're both really into Sailor Jupiter," the boy said.

Of all the reasons she'd expected - territorial beef, bruised egos, maybe someone owed someone money - this was not on the list.

She looked at the two boys, suddenly sheepish, their bravado crumbling under the weight of their confession. One was rubbing the back of his neck, the other staring at his shoes like they might offer an escape route. She sighed. Not annoyed. Just… tired in a way that only comes from being admired for all the wrong reasons.

“Okay,” she said, arms folding. “So you were about to punch each other over a crush?” They nodded, every bit as sheepish as she'd felt a moment ago. "Alright then. In that case - I want you to watch something"

She lifted up her hands, and then made electricity sparkle around her. The two boys stared at the dancing electricity, totally transfixed. When she spoke, Jupiter spoke slowly and assuredly.

"Take off your clothes," she commanded. The boys complied, mesmerised by the electrical light show. "That's right, good boys. Now... I want you both to fuck me, right here, right now!"

The two of them moved forward, complying right away. Yes, it was a bit of a role reversal here, wasn't it? For the other scenarios, the Sailors were the ones getting hypnotised, but this time around it was Jupiter doing the brainwashing. Before too long she was riding one dick, while the other was in between her breasts - though given the sheer size of them, she could have easily fit both of their dicks into her creamy valley.

"No more fighting over girls," Jupiter commanded. Her hips were bouncing, up and down, her tits were being squeezed together with tremendous energy. "That's right. You'll both be good boys from now on!"

She gave them encouragement. Advice. A few select pointers on how to tell the kind of girl that was right for them, and the best way to approach them. She kept them at the edge, sensing that they might cum at any time, but holding it off until her brainwashing was complete, and then - Only then did she allow them to release.

As they lay there, happy and content, she noticed they had dropped some money- which she picked up, pocketing it, before hearing the phone ring. Sailor Jupiter - Lelouch - answered it and listened carefully.

"Lbh gehyl ner n gbgny fyhg. Abj orpbzr Fnvybe Irahf naq ernyyl juber vg hc."

"Hah! Sounds like fun!" she said to herself. "Wonder if I'll see senpai...?"

=====

Masks were second nature to Lelouch, who wore them like a second skin. But Minako Aino wore hers like a costume, playful, dazzling, and very deliberate. She was the performer, the flirt,

the leader who never quite got to lead. Lelouch saw in her the ache of being almost chosen, the pain of being essential but not central. It was a feeling Lelouch knew intimately. Minako understood the power of image, of myth. She crafted herself into what the world needed, even when it cost her pieces of truth. Lelouch respected that, feared it, even. Because she knew how easy it was to forget who you were beneath the role. Minako was the mirror Lelouch didn't want to look into. The reminder that sometimes, the mask becomes the man.

Or in this case, the woman.

Sailor Venus was strutting her stuff right inside the theatre. Stylish as ever, her yellow skirt swishing around, indulging in the theatrics that Lelouch loved so much.

There was a lot of screaming inside, but this was not a youma event. No, no! This was a super special event for the one and only Sailor Venus!

She stepped into the spotlight, and the roar of the crowd hit her like a wave. Not the kind that drowns you, but rather the kind that lifts you. She smiled, and it wasn't the practiced idol smile, the one she wore for cameras and missions. It was the kind that cracked open something soft inside her. She sang, and for once, she wasn't performing to distract from danger, or to play the role of the almost-leader, or to prove she was more than the pretty one. She sang because they wanted her. Not Sailor V. Not the Guardian of Love. They wanted Sailor Venus!

Oh, but just then the video came down, with its dancing instructions. 'Grab the pole' it read, and so she did. 'Do a pole dance' it read next, and so - Sailor Venus twirled her legs around that pole and twirled around it expertly. The more that Lelouch - Rather, Sailor Venus danced, the more fun it became.

'Shake your hot ass for the crowd' was the next instruction and so Lelouch grabbed onto the pole, bent over and started to twerk like her life depended on it. Mmm ~ Yeah, that's the good stuff! 'Admit to yourself that all you want to do is flaunt that body of yours'.

And do you know what, the instructions were right! Sailor Venus just wanted to show off her body to this crowd! That's all she wanted to do! Flaunt her tits, roll her hips, make them all keenly and fully aware of just how fucking hot she was!

'Fuck the first cute guy you see'.

Ah? Yes, of course. She looked out into the audience, and saw a cute guy. Then she crooked her finger and beckoned him onto the stage. From there right in front of everyone, she got onto them, reverse cowgirl style, and continued to dance for the crowd while fucking this stud. Fucking this stud in front of absolutely everyone. Mmmmm~ Fuck! This was the best show ever! It was everything that Sailor Venus ever wanted. Dick, attention, and to entertain the masses!

She took even more dick for good measure. She sucked them off, took it up the ass, she grabbed shafts with her hands and stroked them furiously, over and over - until they came all over her making such a mess.

But then, the phone began to ring once again. She answered it in a lust fuelled haze.

"Nofbyhgryl fcyraqvq. Abj sbe gur svanyr nf Fnvybe Zbba - rzoenpr alzcubznavn."

"Tee hee~" Sailor Venus smartly saluted the crowd, cute as cute can be. "Looks like I have one last mission to take care of today~"

======

Leadership was a burden, and Lelouch had long since accepted its weight. But sometimes, when the mask slipped and the silence crept in, Lelouch thought of her. Usagi Tsukino, the girl who led without guile. She had no strategy, no grand design, only a heart so vast it could hold the broken pieces of everyone around her. Lelouch had built empires on fear and sacrifice. Usagi built unity from tears and laughter. Lelouch could not understand her. Not truly. But then again, Lelouch could feel the ache of her presence in the spaces where her own humanity used to live. She was the kind of leader who didn’t need to be obeyed to be followed. And in her darkest hours, she wondered if Usagi's way had always been the right one.

Now, dressed as Sailor Moon, Lelouch marched on to her final destination of the night. A youma attack. It didn't take long to find. There were people screaming, people fleeing, running for their lives, people trying to help others get away from the danger, and -

Then she saw it. A youma with the physique of a woman but the cock of a *God*. It lurked there in the middle of the street, making use of sexy posing, kissing the head of its own cock, and then - it locked eyes with her.

"In the name of the Moon, I shall punish you!" Sailor Moon cried out, pointing accusatorily directly at the enemy. She strutted forward with a hand on her hip, eyes locked with her foe. "Making use of your enormous phallus to intimidate the masses - how cruel, how unusual can you be?"

"Is this cruelty?" the youma asked. "To bask in beauty? To share it with the world?"

"There is a difference between beauty and obscenity," Sailor Moon said, soon enough standing right in front of the youma.

"Then teach me, Sailor Moon!" the youma cackled. "Teach me the only way you can."

The only way she could. In truth, Sailor Moon had planned to simply banish this youma right here and now, but those ideas seemed... insufficient now. Inelegant. Lacking in *beauty*. She

licked her lips, then slammed her hands into the wall on either side of the youma's head. Though hadn't they been in the middle of the street before? Oh, no matter. What actually mattered here was this.

That she fuck this youma into submission. Up against this wall. Her leg hitched up, and she drew its massive, mind melting cock inside her, milking it with all her might.

"In the name of the Moon I will make you cum!" Sailor Moon cried out, and you'd better believe that she intended that promise!

From the youma's perspective, things had been going great up until now. It had managed to trick - nay, brainwash - Sailor Moon into going 'okay, let's fuck' pretty quickly, but had underestimated exactly how dick hungry she was! That pussy was like a vice made of pleasure and silk, but the pressure it was putting on that giant cock was like nothing else on Earth!

It came almost the instant Sailor Moon finished promising to make it cum. But for a youma like this, cumming once was not an issue. No, that was not a problem in the slightest! The problem was, Sailor Moon was tenacious. She wasn't being cruel about this either, she was being kind and that amplified the problem a thousand fold.

"You must be so lonely!" Sailor Moon said without any malice behind it. All that was there was kindness, sincerity, and love. It might as well have been a dagger in the back! "It's alright, let it out. In the name of the Moon, and justice, and love-"

"St-Stop being so kind to meeeee~" the youma yelled, as it creamed itself pure once again, leaving behind a busty futa woman, who collapsed onto the pavement, happy and content and well fucked.

Much like Sailor Moon herself, who nodded in appreciation, and then skipped off home, happy as could be. Upon arriving back at Ashford Academy, Lelouch hung up her uniforms - and then fell into bed, masturbating like mad.

"Not enough~" she sang while her fingers danced around and inside her greedy, eager pussy. "None of them could keep up with me. Ohhh, my body needs more sex than that to stay sane! Much more, much more, much *more*!"

And then... Lelouch woke up in bed. It was still dark, looking around, Lelouch stretched out and yawned.

"That might be the best night's sleep I've had in a long time," Lelouch said. "What a nice and pleasant dream I must have had."

If only you knew, Lelouch. If only you knew.

Code Gee-Ass

The Battle of Narita should be a really hard canon event to make porny. I mean, it's not the hardest out there in the series. Hell, it's probably not even in the top five. But that doesn't mean it's gonna be easy. After all, this is the battle where Lelouch's opening move was 'oops I buried a city'.

Fortunately, we're in something of a porn *parody*, which gives us a bit more leeway in what we can actually do here. Within canon, the instant that Kallen slammed the radiant wave generator down on that explosive, it sent a shockwave through the dirt and caused an enormous landslide, that transformed the terrain right under Conelia's feet.

This time when she did it, the shockwave had a very different effect; The ground did not move... but it did become much *stickier*. It would be wrong to call it like quicksand. It was more like a combination of treacle and rubber.

"Just as planned!" Zero cackled. "Alright, Black Knights! It's time to kick some ass!"

"Question!" Tamaki raised a hand. "I've been bothered by this for a while now, but - Did Zero always have those tits and ass?"

Indeed, Zero's body was not... ah, not quite what it usually was? Her breasts were the biggest there, even bigger than Naomi (who is indeed ranked as one of the bustiest girls in the series), and her ass was simply impossible to contain. Although, if Tamaki thought about it... Actually, no. Naomi has gone through a massive growth spurt and her tits were the biggest here! On the other hand, there could be no doubt at all about who had the biggest ass - That was a hard tie between Zero and Kallen. Goddamn, those glutes could knock down a building. Tamaki's gaze could not help but go back to them, Zero's especially. It felt like the more he looked the more he wanted to look. It was amazing, a real masterpiece, a work of art unparalleled in this world! It felt - It felt like his whole head and shoulders were being enveloped in hot ass! Hot, leotard flossed cheeks that were immaculately sculpted to achieve perfection!

"Tamaki, shut up!" Ohgi nudged him. "We're about to capture a freaking Princess!"

Indeed! All of the Britannian forces were, to put it simply, stuck right where they were. How pathetic. How absolutely poetically pathetic. The Knightmare Frame had allowed Britannia to make massive leaps forward in their military progress. With the Glasgow Frame they had brought the proud island nation of Japan to its knees, waving the white flag inside of a month. Do you have any idea how freaking hard that is? Tip: In the real world there had to be two nuclear bombs *and* the threat of the Soviet Union invading from the East, *and even then* there were officers in Japan who damn near rebelled to keep the war going.

And now? They had more advanced models stuck in the mud. Even Cornelia's own personal frame was stuck over there, ripe for the picking. It might as well be a treasure chest containing *booty*.

"Make sure to keep an eye on the other Knightmares," Zero ordered. "If they attack you, return in kind. If they lay down arms, capture them safely. If they engage in blatant perfidy, execute them on the spot."

This was not merely a moral objective, but a strategic one: Consider! If they see that they will be treated fairly if they surrender, then they will be more likely to do so. If they see that any attempt to fight back will be met with equal force, they will be less inclined to strike back. And of course, faking a surrender - a war crime in our world, but such things may not exist in this one - had to be replied to and put down on the spot.

Of course, Lelouch would be leading the charge within her own Knightmare Frame. The only way a leader can be followed is if they are to lead the way. To linger in the shadows would be to act as his father, a truly booty obsessed maniac. A man who only stopped being a tyrannical dictator to the masses so that he could dictate all over dat booty. A man who conquered hot ass more readily than he conquered lands, and one must consider that he currently is considered the ruler of around half the planet. Lelouch would detest to admit it, but like father like - well, daughter now, one supposes. Lelouch had booty on the brain, and was quite adept at scoring it, more or less at will. Give her the same amount of time as Charles, and she'd have conquered closer to the entire planet, if that makes it clearer by way of comparison.

For Lelouch was a boy (now a girl) who liked to lead from the front, even if, from back there, it would give her a chance to check out as much ass as possible.

That was not the priority for today. There would be plenty of opportunity for ass later on! For today, Lelouch had a rather *different* goal in mind. A better goal,that would secure sexier times in the long run! She marched on, wary of the surroundings, watching the enemy Knightmares with due care and -

And found herself upon Cornelia's Knightmare frame with almost comedic ease. Had she perhaps overprepared for the occasion? Possibly! It was entirely feasible that this was far more than was technically required to get what she was after here.

"I totally see you, Zero!" Cornelia called out, and in come the slash harkens. Alas, Cornelia's ability to move was greatly hindered at the moment - normally, this would be a tremendous contest of skill, and he was certain that Cornelia would win it. Not so simple today! With her Knightmare's motions inhibited, with her situational awareness caught off guard, this fight would be more difficult for her.

As a mark of her skill, despite her lack of mobility she was able to score some impressive shots with those harkens, able to shear through the legs of two Burai. Those fools had been lacking in caution.

"Like, don't you dare go thinking you'll make an ass out of me!"

"We shall see all too soon," Zero smirked in total triumph. How strange, her speech pattern was... quite different from what he remembered her sounding like. Regardless! Zero quickly sent messages to the remaining units. Cornelia had already withdrawn her harkens, and she still had a lance and shield to fall back on. Long range combat would be a disaster with her - but short range would be even worse.

Burai surrounded her from all sides with rifles drawn. Cornelia opened fire with another well placed harken shot - but this time, Lelouch used her own mathematical mastery to deflect that shot long before it could land. A hailfire of bullets fell down upon her from all directions, forcing her to raise her shield where she would normally rather retreat. Got her!

"Your ass is mine, Goddess of Victory! All tasks at hand have been cleared!"

By the way, did you ever notice how, whenever Lelouch said that, shit hit the fan in short order? It was like some prankster deity was waiting for him to make that exact proclamation before starting to really fuck with him.

To whit - he noticed a new signal coming in fast. Hrm? What was this? There was a Knightmare still capable of motion, even after all of this had been arranged? All of a sudden, Zero's mood shifted - It was time to recalculate the position. This must be an exceptionally skilled pilot!

"Unit Delta, patch me in, I want to see that unit!" Zero ordered. Instantly, a screen came up showing a certain White Knightmare Frame, moving rapidly across the battlefield...

While keeping to the Paladin's Oath of Throwing it Back.

That's a little D&D in joke there for those of you not aware. But, yes. Zero had, to her absolute disbelief, the pleasure of watching the world's first 7th Generation Knightmare Frame, a crisp and clean white model with golden trim keep its hands on its knees as it twerked backwards very, very quickly across the battlefield, which was *somehow* enabling it to move much more effectively than every other Knightmare around. Lelouch had never seen a Knightmare quite like this one before. It seemed rather... bottom heavy.

And by 'bottom heavy' he of course mean that the vast majority of its mass was in the lower half as opposed to the upper. The thighs and hips alone each had enough mass on them to construct a brand new Knightmare, while the ass? Were it not for the rapid motion, it might have been mistaken for a communication centre!

Of course, owing to the extra mass that had meant there had to be additional boosters to facilitate its ability to do any form of movement at all.

=====

Meanwhile, in the ASEEC (pending rename of ASS-SEEK), one rather awkward employee was shuffling around. He'd taken a week off due to a flu, and when he'd come back he'd found...

Cecile Croomy was apparently in charge. As in, more literally in charge than metaphorically, as it had been previously. He coughed into his hand to get her attention, while she shuffled around in her 'seat'.

By seat we mean Lloyd Asplund.

"Is... Is this really necessary?" the man asked.

Lloyd attempted to answer. Though it came out... shall we say, incoherent? Understandable really given that much of Cecile's behind was covering his head. While his mouth might be uncovered, enabling him to breathe properly, his control over his tongue and lips might not be up to normal standards.

Cecile, meanwhile, was shuddering with obvious delight. "He's saying that the lower half is to assist with the g-forces from Lancelot's supermaneuverability," She shuddered yet again. "Don't stop talking, Lloyd. Ahem! It also goes along with my own ideas on an untapped source of energy - Booty Power! By making Lancelot into a quite literal twerk machine, we have magnified its efficiency by a factor of ten. Does that answer your questions?"

"I mean, yes, but also no?" the man said. Cecile promptly shrugged. Suddenly there were a series of hot Japanese women standing around him wearing thong leotards, using their butts to, uh, butt him away. "Hold on, what are you doing?"

"Just teaching you the proper etiquette!" Cecile called after him. "After all, you clearly need to learn more about the power of ass!"

====
Meanwhile, meanwhile! There's more than one genius team of Knightmare designers in the world, and Rakshata Chawla *hated* that her name was coming up second as often as it did.

Anyway, right now she was dressed up as a bellydancer, whose outfit seemed to be made entirely out of mechanical equipment. We're talking wires and cables and levers and switches all tied up together strategically, such that one might not even notice the unusual aesthetic. Her back was entirely exposed, and this, of course, made it quite clear how massive her own expanded ass now was.

"My, my! The Earl of Pudding has such interesting idea," she whispered, eyes sparkling. "My own child will have to outdo him - and now I have such... fascinating ideas to work upon, to upgrade the Guren even further!"

======

"I'll need to schedule that pilot to tutor some of the Black Knights in the fine art of the twerk," Zero mused. "For the time being, stop that Knightmare!"

Unit Delta moved in, bringing its assault riffle to bear. It opened fire - and a bright energy shield formed around Lancelot's booty, making it seem to shine with a divine radiance for a moment, right before the Knightmare leaped out and the last thing Delta apparently saw was the backside of that Knightmare descending down upon them like a shooting star.

For a moment there Zero was caught off guard by how bizarre that was. Then remembered that she had the power to control ass. The top pilot here had the power to mesmerise others with her ass. Also, that she was pretty sure she used to be a boy, but was oddly comfortable with being a girl right now, and wasn't putting as much thought into that as she *probably* should.

"Hello there, everyone!"

Ah? What now? It seemed that Euphemia was here as well. How nice. This should make things simpler for everyone.

"Greetings, Euphemia!" Zero said. "As you can plainly see, I have your sister dead to rights. My advice is simple - if you care about her at all, you will surrender immediately."

"Yes, of course," Euphemia said. *"I understand completely, Zero. You are quite right. It is plain to see that a surrender is necessary at this time."*

The camera drew back, bringing Euphemia's full body into frame. While her upper half had seemed to be her normal dress design, once one got below the waist, it became obvious that it very much was *not* that. Instead, she was wearing pink and white yoga pants. Tight, skintight even, and she was reaching up behind her head to change her hairstyle, tying it up instead of letting it hang down her back.

On top of that, a tanned skinned Britannian woman wearing snug white cutoff jeans appeared to her right. And a Japanese woman wearing snug pink hotpants appeared to her left. What else were they wearing? Something like a tube top, but it was pretty much impossible to tell from the way they were bent over with their backs to the camera.

"However, it is not our surrender that we shall be discussing," Euphemia said, suddenly bringing her hands down to spank and grope those *enormous* cheeks, right before they started to

vibrate, somehow managing to make even that Knightmare's twerking seem pedestrian and lame even though they hadn't started yet. *"But rather, yours*."

=====

Nagisa Chiba stared at the screen in total disgust, and not for merely one reason. She'd managed to get herself so angry, so worked up, that she'd started to *count* the means by which this was upsetting her.

To start with - That was plainly a Japanese woman right there next to the Princess. Giving her **ass**istance freely and apparently of their own volition. Even that aside, as a *woman*, she could hardly believe what she was seeing. Three attractive women, bent over in front of a camera and putting themselves on display!

"This might be the most disgusting tactic I've seen from Britannia," Chiba said. "And that's saying something!"

There was no reply. Chiba shook her head in disgust.

"What's even the point of this?" she asked, gesturing at the screen, continuing her absolutely justified frustration with this at multiple levels. "Are they trying to distract us? How did they manage to get into our signal like this?"

No answer still.

"Still, I have to admit," Chiba said. "Though this dance is rather gross, they're rather good at it."

Still nothing came back to her. Chiba hadn't noticed yet, but everyone around her was staring at one of two things: Euphemia's ass, or Chiba's. And no wonder, either: She'd been wearing the fishnight Knightmare suit for a while now, replete with a black thong, and hadn't thought anything of it.

"Bet I could do a better job of it," she said. Chiba, the hardened warrior rubbed her hand down her neck. "I bet that I can - I can move my butt just like that. If... If I really wanted to." Her breathing was turning shallow. Experimentally, she squat down and licked her lips. Another deep breath and she shifted her weight just so - "oooooh, fuck~" she groaned as unexpected *sensation* passed through her body. "T-Tohdoh, did you see that? I can dance just like this too~"

“Petals fall but roots remain,
Two hearts divided can beat the same.
No more walls, no endless night,
Lay down the hate, step into the light.”

That driving, thumping rhythm. It was strange, but as she watched she had this weird idea that - that she knew the lyrics before Euphemia sang them.
=====

So, we mentioned earlier that Naomi Inoue has the fifth biggest boobs in the series. That's pretty impressive for a background character who does, let me check my notes, *sweet fuck all* before dying randomly at the end of the first season to show how Big the stakes were. It's also impressive because the competition was stacked, wayhoooo!

Easy puns aside: Her role during this combat wasn't actually Knightmare based. Instead, she was directing the ground troops. Y'see, as much as Knightmares might make conventional military tactics generally obsolete, the thing you've got to realise is that putting all your eggs in one basket? Well, that's a cliche for a good reason.

Hence: She was directing ground traffic. Making sure the infantry did their job during this little heist masquerading as military action.

From her view? Things were going well! From our view? Well, as it happens, Kallen took note of how big her boobs were and decided to weaponise that. She was wearing the same kind of fishnet pilot's uniform that Kallen was, alongside a pair of glossy heart shaped patsies on her nipples that really brought out the sheer size of her massive udders. The pasties had to be quite large as well considering how much her nipples had swollen up, in fact, they were so erect and big that it was difficult to get the pasties on her to begin with!

That's before we get to the purple thong, and makeup of that same colour, in fact the exact same shade. We're talking the glossy lipstick for lips that were actually now the size of hotdogs, eyeliner and eyeshadow all that same shade of purple. Consistency is important in military operations. Especially when you're in a directing role.

Oh, but if you thought the changes ended there you've not been paying attention. Please, do try to pay more attention, a lot of care went into word choice here. Anyway! Her butt was a fairly respectable size even if it wasn't as hefty as certain other named characters. Take some beachballs and fill them to capacity. Then try to get a bit more air into them. Just a little bit more, and let's say they don't burst, and - there you go.

Her *boobs* though? They'd gotten a bit of a boost too, as per Kallen's suggestion because *hot damn* having some nice tits around was hardly a bad thing. And by *a bit of a boost* we're engaging in the time honoured tradition of understatement here. They'd been described as udders before, and this was not because of her nipples. At least, not entirely. These were enormous breasts. Thrice the size of her own head, and the sole feature to overshadow her posterior. As her cheeks clapped, her udders bounced.

"I want to see more movement to the west," Naomi was saying, leaning over her monitor and watching it with great interest. Wobble, bounce, jiggle jiggle! Behind her, there was a lot of

movement - coming from her. Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle! Oh, but not just there. In front of her as well, reacting to every little movement and every little breathing. Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle! It was more pronounced on her chest. Not that she seemed to mind. Not even a little bit.

Wobble wobble bounce jiggle wobble~

Oh, but that was when the screen changed to show *hot ass*. The signal had been hijacked, much to her horror, and then before she knew it -

Bounce, bounce jiggle wobble bounce!

Naomi couldn't stop grinding her ass into Tamaki's crotch. How did this happen? Never mind how they got here, what matters is that right here, right now, that's where they were and that's what they were doing.

Jiggle jiggle jiggle jiggle shake shake shake tremble *quake*.

"H-hey, what's gotten into you?!" Tamaki grunted.

Quake. Quake. Quake. **Quake!**

In response, Naomi's eyes remained fixed upon the screen, as she sang along with the Princess. Eyes affixed as the song and dance routine continued. Driving their butts around in a figure of eight, swirling into an infinite sign, all the while making their cheeks pop and pop.

“We can rise, we can choose,
Not a winner, nor to lose.

Cherry blossoms swirled around them as they danced, cheek to cheek, and as they danced yet more women came in. One of them was bouncing on the butt of another as if she were a space hopper, and then they fell into the routine with the others. Another pair whirled around scattering petals and glitter that seemed to stay in the air, landing on the *ass* and making it sparkle.

Quake quake quake quake quake quake QUAKE!

"Build a land where we both belong,
Write tomorrow with a different song.”

=====

Zero couldn't stop herself. The surreal imagery on the screen, combined with an ever growing entourage engaging in over the top booty shenanigans! Her hips wanted to move so badly. The beat was so catchy, and she could tell on sheer instinct that the beat was about to drop -

"Ass!"

Her hips flicked back and up. She could feel every inch of a tremor in her cheeks.

"Ass is the way forward."

Her hips flicked up a second time. The jiggling, the shaking of her keister was somehow much more powerful the second time than the first.

"Ass should not be ignored."

A third time, and this time, this time Lelouch could not stay silent. "Ass!" she whispered. Oh, hot ass! Such wonderfully hot, hot ass!

"Zero, I can't stop twerking!" Kallen moaned. *"It feels so good!"*

"All are the same under hot, hot ass!"

"I am aware!" Lelouch hissed, breathing heavily as the desire to twerk was becoming all consuming. "So this is her plan! That devious - I underestimated her. This is foul play, Euphemia! I'm sure your sister would be proud!"

Actually, Cornelia was busy masturbating and twerking simultaneously, so she didn't really have any complex feelings on the matter. Not that Lelouch or Kallen had any way to know that right now.

"Then we have no choice!" Zero cried out. "Release... the redhead!"

Alas, that's all that Lelouch was able to get out before the white Knightmare was down on top of her. She opened up her cockpit, and soon enough was sitting in the co-pilot apparatus, grinding her hot ass into the pilot's face and crotch, not really caring who the fuck it was, she needed to grind her ass into some hunk's lap, and that was the one and only thing that mattered to her in this moment!

Behold to all the power of *ass*!

=====

Release the redhead, huh? That had been their codename for when shit hits the fan. It was their go to move in the event something truly unexpected happened. Like, for example, their feeds being hacked and a hypnotic booty call was loaded into everyone's screens.

But hey, Kallen had already brainwashed herself, under Lelouch's guidance, into acting automatically in the event something went awry. It was a pretty smart countermeasure. Brilliant,

even. Use Kallen and Lelouch's own abilities combined to ensure that, no matter what, upon hearing those words, she'd do what was fucking necessary to see things through.

There was just one problem with this idea. One huge, enormous problem that they had not taken into account.

"Ass is the way forward~" Kallen sang, while watching them all juggle tennis balls between their butts. They were up to ten already, keeping them juggling between them. Even when there was a collision, it soon became apparent that it was on purpose as they continued going without dropping even one. "Ass brings unity! Ass brings peace!"

They had not accounted for *how fucking hot* Euphemia could be with cheeks like dat. Though Kallen's body dearly wanted to engage in the backup plan, it was already too late. Another layer of hypnosis was insisting to her that she had to *twerk* and *sing* and *lay down her arms*.

The smile on her face was not a natural one. It was big and wide and wild all at once. We can also throw brainless into the mix. She was drooling like mad, but seemed oblivious to it. All she could do now was give in, and -

Is that really all you can do? A voice whispered that into the recesses of her mind. An image of a green haired baby almost seemed to appear within the air above Kallen, drifting down, enveloping the back of her head. Then moving from a laying position into a seated one, perching herself upon Kallen's cheeks while bending over to ensure her boobs and butt were in direct, intimate contact with Kallen at th same time. *How pathetic. I expected more*.

"Guuuuuh~" Kallen gasped for air. The sensation, phantom though it may be, was totally overwhelming!

Ever try to take a stick from a dog? You don't fight it - that's the worst way to go. Instead...

Instead you embrace it. Kallen's eyes roamed around, and she started to understand. She should not be fighting this! She should be - Throwing it back on purpose. Putting herself *all in* on the twerking! Embrace it, go with the flow, and then you can *guide* that flow *exactly* where you need it to be!

She wasn't going for her controls, she was adjusting her posture so she could twerk better. That's right, yes, pop those cheeks! Put her right hand here and her left right there, and - Then bounce that butt into that lever overhead, just like this! Out comes the microphone, out comes the camera, and that's all she had to do in order to start her very special counterstrike!

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Stepping back a little bit - there's a lesson Lelouch had to learn in the original Code Geass that he rapidly took to heart. It's a lesson he should have considered carefully before doing anything

at all, but his ego and his overconfidence compelled him to step into that trap anyway with both feet.

Saitama Ghetto. He should have thought back then that the enemy could set traps too. He should have realised that if he could use the battlefield to his advantage, so could his enemies. That day, that loss, it was a stark reminder to him of what he was up against. And so his every move since had taken that idea into account. That most basic idea of war - that the enemy also has a say in what happens on the battlefield.

It was Euphemia's turn to learn that lesson. Everything was going well, just exactly as she had predicted. In due time, she would have total control over the Japan Liberation Force as well as the Britannian military presence in Japan. Using this, she would make a petition to have it treated as a satellite state, which would let her increase the rights of those living here without scrutiny from the homeland - while setting up her own little feelers into other Areas, so she could spread the love of ass far and wide.

"Hey there fuckboys and fuckgirls!" the voice of Kallen Kozuki echoed over the comms. Huh? What? But Euphemia had not given the order to - *"Ever feel like a total ass?"*

The image of Kallen came up next, her head covered but that hair made it obvious to Euphemia who it was. She was wearing a skintight red fishnet suit and thong which left nothing to the imagination, and was bent over such that her butt was above her head and - Hold on, this was the same idea for a skimpy pilot suit that she had! It made Euphemia think of the well known saying: Great minds think alike. Though, like many, she was not thinking so much of the second half of the saying: Fools seldom differ.

Twitch, twitch, twitch~ The muscles on her cheeks went bounce, bounce, bounce. Reacting as if a penny was being juggled between them. It was the visual equivalent to a modern dance song starting up. You're waiting for the beat to drop with eager anticipation, knowing that when it does, everything is really going to kick off, and -

"How is she doing that?" Euphemia demanded.

"Fine, fine control of her fine, ***fine*** ass muscles - " Cecile began.

"No, pardon me, I meant getting that into our comms?" Euphemia interrupted.

"Oh, that?" Cecile said. "I'm not sure. It must be something to do with that Knightmare she's in."

"Enjoying the live feed?" Kallen asked. The smirk on her face was as condescending as it was confident and beautiful. *"Sorry guys! By the time I'm done, you're all gonna surrender to those cheeks up there."*

Euphemia gulped nervously. The thing was, she could readily believe that...

"There's nothing else for it," Euphemia grimaced. Eyes lingering on the screen. "I shall duel this hot piece of ass with the power of my own."

And she would do it for the sake of the world. For the sake of peace. For the sake of averting all the tragedies still to come!

Code Geass - Racial Swap

Before we begin this story, it is worth noting that Lloyd Asplund is a very scary man. Not quite for the reason you'd expect if I told you that the most accurate, succinct description of his character was "Britannian mad scientist who is also an Earl." That part's obvious. You hear "mad scientist" and "aristocrat" in the same breath, you already know you're in for someone who can dismantle a tank while sipping afternoon tea, or test live explosives in the ballroom because "the acoustics are simply divine."

No, Lloyd is frightening in a different way. He's not the kind of man who rants, cackles, or unveils his latest death machine with ominous thunderclaps in the background. That sort of melodrama, at least, you can prepare for. Lloyd's menace lies in how perfectly, disturbingly casual he is about it all.

He'll look at you the same way he looks at a gear assembly. He'll turn you over in his head, poke at a few loose screws, and then decide whether you're worth keeping intact or stripping down for parts. That unsettling twinkle in his eye isn't malice, but something worse: curiosity. To Lloyd, people aren't dangerous, annoying, or even particularly important. They're interesting. And once he decides you're interesting? Well. That's when you should start worrying.

Because Lloyd Asplund doesn't hate. He doesn't love. He barely bothers to notice. But when he does notice? He notices everything.

One fateful day, a series of events collided. To start with - An inspection of the laboratory by Corenlia and Euphemia. The other? A school visitation from Ashford Academy, as the student council was being given a tour of the rather less *private* and *delicate* areas.

Nina Einstein and Rivalz Cardemonde were practically buzzing. Nina, with her nervous yet razor-sharp scientific curiosity, was hanging on every word of the guide, cataloguing equations in her head faster than she could scribble them in a notebook. Rivalz, meanwhile, was more interested in the mechanical details. He'd been known to spend entire weekends tuning his bike carburetor for fun. Give him a Knightmare schematic, and he'd be in heaven.

Shirley and Suzaku were both a bit bored, though in different flavors. Shirley, because none of this had anything to do with her world of swim meets and school gossip, and she was doing her best not to yawn in a soldier's face. Suzaku, because he worked here. He'd seen this equipment before - ridden in some of it, actually - and listening to the sanitized, school-friendly explanations felt like hearing his own life story adapted into a children's picture book.

And then there were Lelouch and Kallen. Outwardly, they looked as disengaged as Shirley. They were leaning back, idly scanning the ceiling, that air of "when's lunch?" that only teenagers could perfect. But behind that façade, both of them were watching like hawks. Every flicker of a monitor, every technical term dropped by a careless engineer, every tiny hesitation in a soldier's explanation... None of it escaped their notice. Sure, this wasn't exactly the restricted wing of the

facility, but useful information had a way of slipping through the cracks if you were patient, and if you played the fool convincingly enough.

As for Milly herself, she was being Milly. Enough said. But then again there is that idea that maybe the reader does not know what that means. Very well then:

She was simultaneously treating the military inspection like a personal comedy routine, a social mixer, and a dare all at the same time.

"Come on, girls, lighten up a bit!" Milly said, sweeping an arm around Shirley and Kallen before either could escape. Her grin was irrepressible, the kind that meant trouble. "Look at Nina - she's having the time of her life!"

Shirley glanced over her shoulder. Sure enough, Nina was deep in conversation with a flustered young soldier, who looked like he'd rather be facing down a Knightmare Frame than another barrage of her technical questions. "Uh, she's talking the poor guy's ear off," Shirley muttered. "He looks… completely out of his depth."

"Exactly!" Milly wagged her finger as if Shirley had just proven her point. "And do you think Nina's worried about decorum? No! She's diving right in. That's the spirit!"

"More like she doesn't notice how awkward he is," Shirley said under her breath.

Milly ignored her and leaned closer, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "So, here's the plan. We sneak off, poke around a bit, and find something we absolutely, positively shouldn't be looking at. It'll be educational!"

Shirley's eyes widened. "What? No way. That seems - "

" - fun?" Milly offered.

" - reckless," Shirley corrected firmly. "We're on a supervised tour! There are rules - "

"Eh, I'm in," Kallen cut in, arms crossing but a sly smile tugging at her lips. "If we get caught, we can just say we got lost. Or…" Her eyes slid toward Lelouch, standing a short distance away with his usual mask of indifference. "…that Milly was trying to catch a glimpse of her fiancé."

Milly clapped her hands, delighted. "Perfect! Plausible deniability and a little romantic drama for cover. I knew you two would come around."

Before Shirley could protest again, Milly had already begun steering them down a side corridor, her confidence so absolute that it felt impossible to stop her. Kallen followed easily, her steps light but purposeful. And Shirley, caught between exasperation and embarrassment, could only sigh and let herself be dragged along.

The three of them slipped away from the main group, their laughter and whispers fading behind them, deeper into the labyrinth of the facility where polished steel walls reflected sterile white light. Here, the atmosphere shifted. The voices of the tour guides and soldiers became muffled echoes, and the hum of unseen machinery pressed faintly against their ears.

"See?" Milly said in a singsong tone, glancing back at the others. "Adventure already."

"Milly, Kallen, I really don't want to get into trouble over this!" Shirley whispered.

"Uh, hold on a second," Kallen said. "Why don't you two check out over there? I wanna see what's over there!"

Why exactly did she want to split off from the rest of the group? The answer was simple: She'd spied Cornelia herself in that direction. Her, and her sister Euphemia, heading into a room that seemed to have a higher up platform she could enter.

And so she went in there on the higher platform, half-thrilled, half-terrified she'd gone too far. Down there, Lloyd Asplund was in his element, arms flailing with theatrical delight as he showcased some sleek, humming contraption the size of a car engine. Its surface pulsed faintly with light, runes of data flickering across a crystalline screen.

"And here we have my latest toy!" Lloyd announced, his voice carrying through the glass as though he were presenting to an audience. "A complete genomic resonance scanner. It doesn’t just read DNA, oh no - that would be pedestrian. It can extrapolate phenotype dominance, predict intergenerational trends, even simulate environmental triggers in silico!"

Cornelia, standing rigid with arms crossed, raised a brow. "In plain terms, Lord Asplund. What does it do?"

Lloyd’s smile stretched wider. "Ah! In plain terms: it tells us what people are - and how that might be useful to the Empire. It works on the basis of spectrographic analysis, reconfiguring internally the DNA of those it analyses and computes the likely appearance and competences of the individual."

Cornelia gave the machine a measured look, already calculating how such a device might be deployed on the field, what armies could be bred, what allies could be vetted. Euphemia, beside her, leaned toward Cecile with a soft frown. "I… understood about half of that. Maybe less."

Cecile, balancing her clipboard, gave her a reassuring smile. "I’ll explain later, Your Highness. Think of it like… a very advanced medical scanner."

"That much I gathered," Euphemia said with a small laugh, clearly grateful for Cecile’s patience.

The scene might have gone on like that - Cornelia pressing for strategy, Euphemia fumbling for understanding, Cecile smoothing the edges - if not for Lloyd suddenly clapping his hands together. "Now! Come with me a moment and I can show you something you can really sink your teeth into. Numbers! Graphs! Military deployments! Things you'll like, Your Highness!" With a jaunty hum, he ducked behind a reinforced partition to rifle through a stack of files, with Cornelia following after him, and Cecile trailing along as well. The three of them lurked behind a screen while Euphemia lingered on.

Which was when Kallen leaned closer, eyes narrowing on the scanner's gleaming console. "What even is that symbol?" she muttered, pressing her hand just slightly against the frame. "Looks like - "

The machine gave a sharp whine. Lights cascaded across its panels, shifting from calm blue to frantic scarlet. Energy spiked, filling the chamber with a low, thrumming vibration. There was a flash - white-hot and blinding - and then, silence. The scanner wound down with a cheerful little chime, like a toaster announcing breakfast.

Inside the lab, Euphemia blinked in confusion right before being enveloped in a white light, and in the process, leaving behind a plainly Japanese girl wearing her dress.

Meanwhile, Kallen, the half-Japanese, half-Britannian girl who'd grown up living between two worlds, stumbled back from the glass - her reflection staring back at her with the pale skin, sharp features, and flaxen hair of a pure Britannian noblewoman.

"…what the hell," she breathed.

From behind the safety screen, Lloyd peeked out, head tilted at a rakish angle, utterly unbothered. "Oops?" he offered, as though he'd just spilled a cup of tea.

Cornelia's voice cut through the stunned silence, cold and lethal. "Lord Asplund. Explain."

Lloyd only chuckled, adjusting his glasses. "Well, on the bright side… now we know it works!"

=====

Kallen was Not Happy, but she was not the only one. Herself and Euphemia were being held in Asplund's laboratory, and - really now, she did not deserve this treatment! Being poked at and prodded, while being made to sit next to an El- A Britannian Princess turned into a Japanese woman!

"It's alright Euphemia, we'll find a way to change you back," Cornelia said to the Princess. "As for you, young lady! I appreciate you might be the daughter of the Stadtfeld family, but that's no excuse for tomfoolery!"

Kallen bit her tongue. She knew better than to argue right now. Especially when she was feeling this weird pressure in the back of her head.

Because the longer she sat here, the more she realized the change wasn't only cosmetic. She could feel it working its way through her. The cadence of her voice slipping toward drawled refinement, her posture straightening without conscious effort, her every instinct tugged toward etiquette and courtesy drilled into the bones of Britannian nobility. It was like her body remembered lessons she'd never learned.

Euphemia, meanwhile, was curling into herself. Her features - delicate and foreign to her own mirror - had already drawn sidelong glances from the guards. Worse, the way she moved was changing. Her gestures shrinking, her speech faltering, her bright confidence dimming into the quiet, graceful poise expected of a Japanese princess out of some sanitized history book.

Kallen clenched her fists. She hated it, hated that Euphemia, who had always worn her crown lightly and smiled so freely, now seemed trapped in a role even crueler than her own. Imagine it! Being a Britannian Princess one moment, a mere Eleven the next!

"What is happening to us?" Kallen asked, trying her best to sound scared rather than demanding.

"Your DNA appears to have been rewritten," Lloyd mused. "Fascinating. Euphemia has, obviously, developed Japanese characteristics, while Miss Stadtfeld here - Her hair doesn't quite match her records, does it? She had pinkish hair before. Crimson, one might say! But now...?"

Now it was darker.

"Of course, we will need to keep them overnight for observation…" Lloyd said, already reaching for a clipboard, tone as casual as if he were discussing wine storage.

"No," Cornelia replied, flat and sharp as a blade.

The silence that followed was heavy enough to draw every eye in the room. Euphemia lifted her head, startled, while Kallen stiffened at the steel in the viceroy's voice.

"I quite agree!" Milly's voice rang out, bright and utterly out of place. She had slipped forward from the sidelines, hands on her hips, as though scolding a waiter for bad service. "Holding them here like this is inhumane!"

Kallen blinked at her, torn between relief and horror. Trust Milly to throw herself into the middle of a royal standoff without batting an eye.

Lloyd tilted his head, intrigued rather than offended. "Inhumane?" he echoed, as though rolling the word around on his tongue for novelty. "That's such a subjective term. I'm merely ensuring their… continued coherence."

Cornelia's gaze snapped to Milly, sharp enough to cut stone. "You have no authority here."

Milly only smiled wider, unflinching under that imperial glare. "Maybe not. But I do have influence. The Academy won't take kindly to its students being treated like lab rats." She gestured broadly at Euphemia and Kallen, her dramatics deliberate. "Especially when one of them, as you so helpfully pointed out, is a member of the Stadtfeld family."

It was clear that Lloyd couldn't do anything here. And so, he let out a sigh.

"Very well," he said. "I'll examine their DNA, and see if I can figure out a way to undo it. Go about your lives as normal - and report back anything strange that happens."

Cornelia's jaw tightened. She did not like being challenged - least of all in front of Euphemia. "Observation will not be necessary. We will take responsibility for my sister."

Lloyd's lips twitched in disappointment, but Cecile gave the barest shake of her head behind him. He let out a sigh that somehow managed to sound amused rather than resigned. "Very well, very well. But the Stadtfeld girl…" His eyes glittered behind the lenses of his glasses. "…she is still an anomaly."

Before Cornelia could respond, Milly cut in again, her voice smooth as silk. "Then she can stay under Academy supervision. It's neutral ground, no soldiers needed, and she'll be surrounded by her peers." She smiled sweetly, but her words were a dare. "Surely Britannia doesn't need to chain up one of its own noble daughters just to keep her in line?"

Kallen's throat went dry. She's actually doing it…

Cornelia's eyes narrowed. "You are overstepping, Ashford."

"I'm protecting my student," Milly countered, almost sing-song, though Kallen caught the steel beneath it. "And if it happens to ease Euphemia-sama's distress in the meantime, then all the better, don't you think?"

For a long moment, it was a standoff. Cornelia's glare against Milly's blithe confidence. The tension was enough to make Kallen's skin crawl. Finally, Cornelia exhaled, low and hard, as though conceding a battle she hated to lose. "Fine. But she stays under strict watch."

That was how, hours later, Kallen found herself deposited at the Ashford clubhouse, her nerves still buzzing from the lab.

Nunnally greeted her warmly at the door, though her blind eyes searched the air just to the left of Kallen’s face. "You can stay here as long as you need," she said softly. "It must have been frightening."

Kallen forced a small smile, though the weight in her chest didn’t ease. She stepped into the familiar warmth of the clubhouse, the scent of tea and old wood washing over her. It should have felt safe. It usually did. But tonight, with her reflection no longer her own and that strange aristocratic cadence still tugging at the edges of her voice, Kallen wasn’t sure she belonged anywhere. Lelouch, lounging in his chair with studied indifference, let his gaze linger on her just a moment too long. She caught it, the calculation in his eyes, sharper than usual.

He knew something was wrong beyond the surface. And that terrified her more than anything Lloyd could have said.

=====

Lelouch was a true master of body language reading. When one intends to deceive, one must be capable of reading how one moves, to figure out their intentions and react accordingly.

In Kallen's case, he had anticipated shock and surprise, perhaps anger... but there was something else, just under the surface. Something he'd seen quite often - and didn't like seeing in her.

Something about the way she looked at Sayoko. He didn't much care for it.

"Oh, Lelouch, there was some council business we had to take care of - Is it alright if we talk about that?" Kallen asked.

"Very well," Lelouch said. "Nunnally, Sayoko, if it's all the same...?"

"Alright, big brother!" Nunnally giggled. "Come on Sayoko, I have some homework to finish. Have fun you two!"

Lelouch watched carefully as Kallen waited for them to be alone. When the door clicked, she turned around - and pinned him with a steely gaze.

"You know that you are the most desired man on campus?" she asked. "Maybe it's because of what happened today, but... Yes, I can completely understand it now. You're *very* attractive to me right now."

"Is that so...?" Lelouch asked. Ah. All of a sudden he felt like he'd been cornered like a rat in a cage. Kallen rose to her feet, looking down her nose at him and slinking forward, seductively, reminding him quite well that she was, in fact, a very pretty girl. "Tell me, Kallen. Are you sure you could forgive yourself if something did happen between us?"

"Are you saying you'd turn all this down?" Kallen asked. "Besides which, what if I said that I had a crush on you already? What then, Mister Lamperouge? Think about it a moment. If you were to engage in a relationship with myself, consider the wealth you'd have at your disposal. The medical treatment available to your sister. You'd never have to work another day in your life - unless, that is, you wanted to."

Now, this did not sound anything like the Kallen that he knew. Actually, despite her physical appeal, right now he'd never been *less* attracted to her.

"Trying to bribe me with my sister's wellbeing is an ill thought through move," Lelouch warned, keeping his mouth under control, his tone low so he did not disturb her. "You would do well to rethink that tactic, Kallen Stadtfeld."

Despite that, she managed to pin him down and sit in his lap.

"Hrmmm, you're right~" she purred. "Maybe I should do it anyway, whether you do or not? It would make it easier to sell to my parents if we *were* in a relationship - But you're quite right. Bribing you was the wrong move. It's strange. I feel somehow... Arrogant. Complacent and superior, but when I look at you, I feel this strange sense of -" Her breathing turned shallow. "I am the inferior one. I should do all that I can to make you breed me. Lelouch, help me, I don't like feeling like this -"

He put a finger to her mouth. "It's alright," he whispered. "You're not yourself right now. You're frightened and you're unsure of what is happening to you, but remember - you have friends, you have support, and together we will get you through this."

Despite himself, Lelouch found himself leaning forward to seal her lips anyway, and then -

=====

Ever since he'd been made into Euphemia's Knight, Suzaku had his own special residence. It wasn't far from hers. There were certain general assumptions about a Britannian Princess and her Knight, especially if the Knight was a man. Namely: that they were in a relationship. It wasn't always true, of course. Look at Cornelia and Guilford. They weren't in a relationship.

Yet.

It was an open secret that Cornelia intended, once she had done all she could in service to Britannia, to retire from the military and marry her Knight. And everyone pretended not to notice that Guilford was perfectly fine with that arrangement.

But Euphemia and Suzaku? No. Not like that. The reason his quarters were so close to hers was much simpler: he needed to be able to reach her quickly if something happened. She was his charge. His Princess.

Still, the optics… they were what they were. After all, the sort of man chosen to protect a Princess would usually be fit, well-trained, from a good family, and...well. The whispers always followed. The rumour mill always churns.

The bell rang. Not an alarm, just a request, that was a very different sound, and much more continuous than that bell. Euphemia wanted to see him. Suzaku straightened his uniform jacket, checked his gloves, and made for her chambers with the brisk, purposeful stride drilled into him as a soldier.

"Good evening, Suzaku."

Her voice was the same - gentle, lilting - but the sight that greeted him was not.

Euphemia stood in the soft lamplight, her long hair framing her face, and for an instant he thought nothing had changed. Then his eyes caught the fold of her sleeves, the texture of the fabric, the faint pattern of woven blossoms.

It wasn't a dress. It was a kimono. For a heartbeat, Suzaku froze in the doorway. Not because it looked out of place. On her, it didn't. Not at all. In fact, it suited her almost unbearably well. No, what shook him was the symbolism. The way she had been reshaped by Asplund's machine was no longer just biological - it was seeping into her choices, her presentation, her identity.

She smiled at his hesitation, as though she hadn't noticed anything unusual. "Do you like it? Cecile had it brought over. She said it might… help me feel more comfortable."

Suzaku swallowed hard, forcing himself to return her smile. "It… it looks good on you."

And it did. Too much. But he wasn't ready for what she'd say next.

"I think it would look better on the floor," she said, while sliding it off her shoulders. Suzaku gulped nervously. Oh dear. "What do you think?" Oh dear oh dear oh dear. Sometimes, it seems, the rumour mill churns and makes its own rumours real...

=====

The morning arrived, and with it, what do we find in the Ashford Academy student council living space? Within the room used by the Lamperouge children? Kallen Stadtfeld, who sat with all the poise of a Duchess at court. Her transformation was not simply one of flesh and blood, but of bearing.

Her hair was swept up into a towering confection of artistry, powdered pale and sculpted high with cascading curls spilling delicately over her shoulders. Rosettes of crimson ribbon and pearls nestled among the glossy waves, catching the light like treasures. The style was ludicrously impractical for a soldier's daughter, but perfect for a Britannian aristocrat who measured her worth in grandeur and presentation.

The gown she wore was an ocean of silk and satin in bold carmine, trimmed with layers of cream-white drapery, tassels, and bows, every inch designed to dazzle. The bodice was fitted tight, accentuating her figure, while the skirt billowed outward in impossible volume, sweeping the floor with the gravity of someone who belonged in gilded palaces, not classrooms.

And yet, beneath all that finery, her face was still unmistakably beautiful. The sharp lines of her jaw softened by courtly cosmetics, her crimson eyes gleaming with entitlement instead of rebellion. The body was still Kallen's, but the way she carried it was of Britannian nobility through and through. Every movement was deliberate, each tilt of her chin radiating hauteur, as though it were her natural birthright to be admired.

Kallen the rebel, the fighter, the girl who used to sneak through ghettos and hide her true self from classmates, was nowhere to be found. In her place sat Lady Kallen Stadtfeld, Britannian aristocrat in every stitch and gesture, her tone cultured and precise when she deigned to address those around her.

The door to the room filtered open, and Nunnally came inside, followed by Sayoko.

"Good morning Kallen," Nunnally said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Hardly," Kallen said. "Though not for the reasons that might imply. Is that not quite so, my dear?"

"Yes, dearest!" Lelouch said, sitting next to her with love hearts in his eyes. "You kept me quite busy last night."

"Ohohoho! Of course, but of course I did!" Kallen laughed. "I suppose you shall be my little sister too before too long. Come here a moment, won't you?"

Kallen reached out and brushed her hands against Nunnally's cheeks. Those hands and Nunna's cheeks both began to glow mysteriously - and then Kallen grabbed Sayoko's hands for good measure, shocking the maid to no end. But not so much as a shock it was when the glow began to spread and spread throughout their bodies.

Nunnally's transformation was truly shocking. Her soft brown hair was gone, replaced by a cascade of golden curls, sculpted into immaculate ringlets that framed her face like the petals of a rose. A jeweled ribbon crowned her head, gleaming with Britannian excess. The dress she

wore was a confection of pink silk and lace, layered sleeves billowing dramatically as if she were about to command a stage rather than sit quietly in her chair.

In fact, why sit quietly when she could rise to her feet? She embraced Kallen warmly, while Sayoko's transformation was even more drastic!

Her once-practical kunoichi's uniform had been replaced with layers of pink and white silk, a gown designed to echo nobility while keeping her firmly in the role of attendant. The bodice hugged her form with aristocratic precision, the skirt falling in tiered ruffles that swayed gracefully with her every movement. A jeweled choker circled her neck, her hair swept up in a polished golden coiffure that gleamed like a mask of someone else's making.

Even her expression had shifted. The quiet warmth Lelouch once knew was gone, replaced by a placid, near-vacant smile, the kind perfected by attendants who lived not for themselves, but for their mistress.

She glided to Nunnally's side with impeccable posture, folding her hands at her waist. The Sayoko who had once been a guardian and confidante now carried herself as if her highest calling was to smooth skirts and arrange curls, every gesture rehearsed, every breath deferential.

"Milady," Sayoko said softly to Nunnally, dipping in a practiced curtsy. "Shall I prepare your tea?"

It was Britannian etiquette, flawlessly performed, as though her years as a ninja and protector had been erased, overwritten by the role of a courtly lady's maid.

"Heavens no, of course not!" Nunnally said. "You are no longer our servant, but a fellow Britannian Noble. Put that down and sit with us, while my dear brother showers us in adoration!"

All while Lelouch watched them all, adoring and spellbound... unable to do anything but what Nunnally had said. Suddenly, Kallen leaned over to peck him on the lips.

"Just so you don't forget what side your bread is buttered!" Kallen sniffed "Now then... shall we discuss wedding plans? Ohohohoho!"

=====

Cecile folded her hands in her lap, trying to look composed, though the tightness in her jaw betrayed her unease. She had volunteered to meet with Euphemia and Suzaku in Lloyd's stead knowing full well that if Lloyd were here, he would have gleefully poked and prodded until the Princess stormed out in fury. Someone had to be the voice of tact.

The door slid open, and Cecile rose instinctively. Suzaku entered first, posture ramrod straight as ever, but there was something different in the way his eyes darted immediately behind him. He was anxious, no, not anxious, Cecile realized with a start. Enraptured.

Then Euphemia stepped into view, and she understood a little of why. Cecile's breath caught. The girl who had once seemed so bright and unguarded now carried herself with the measured grace of a centuries-old tradition. Layers of silk swept around her in flowing cascades: crimson within, indigo without, patterned and hemmed with dazzling care. Her hair, black as lacquer, was sculpted into the precise symmetry of a courtly lady, golden ornaments gleaming with every tilt of her head. She did not walk into the room; she glided, as if carried by the weight of history itself.

"Your Highness," Cecile began carefully, but Suzaku interrupted, blurting out:

"You're beautiful," Suzaku said. To Euphemia, not to her.

It was raw, unfiltered, the kind of awe Cecile had never heard in his voice before. He stood at her side like a knight bewitched, his usual restraint drowned in something both adoring and desperate. Cecile's scientist's mind ticked at the observation: his pupils dilated, his stance leaning unconsciously toward Euphemia.

Her suspicion hardened into a hypothesis. It's not just cosmetic, is it? Just as she'd feared. They're releasing something. A pheromone? Potent enough to override inhibitions? And only affecting men of their-

"Lady Cecile," Euphemia's voice broke her train of thought. It was soft, lilting, impossibly polite, yet carrying a gravity that pressed Cecile down more than any order could. The Princess smiled as though sharing a secret and extended one slender hand across the table.

Cecile froze. Instinct said to pull back, to retreat, but her training demanded courtesy. She placed her own hand in Euphemia's. The effect was instantaneous. A heat flared across her skin, rushing up her arm, into her chest, blooming in her lungs like fire and silk all at once. Cecile gasped, her vision swam, and in the reflection of Suzaku's wide eyes she saw her hair darken, straighten, and fall in unfamiliar locks. Her skin tone shifted warmer, her features refined, smoothed, reshaped into the grace of another heritage entirely. Even her clothes rippled, their Britannian lines rearranging into the folds of layered robes.

When the haze cleared, Euphemia was still holding her hand, smiling serenely, as though this was only natural.

"Now," Euphemia said, voice rich with calm authority, "You are one of us."

Indeed she was! Cecile now, instead of a Britannian scientist, was a graceful young woman dressed in a traditional pink kimono adorned with elegant circular patterns. Her hair is neatly

styled into a smooth bun, held in place with decorative pins. She carries herself with poise and a serene smile. Cecile delicately balances a teapot in her hand, as if preparing to serve tea in a refined and ceremonial manner. The soft colors of her outfit and the ornamental sash tied at her back enhance her dignified, tranquil presence, giving the impression of someone who values harmony, tradition, and hospitality.

"Indeed I am," she gave a small bow. "Shall we conclude Japanese style - or shall we... get right down to the threesome?"

Fate Stay Curves

The worst kept secret at Homurahara Academy was that Issei Ryuudou absolutely hated Rin Tohsaka.

He never said it out loud - Issei was far too polite for that - but the tension was obvious to anyone who'd seen them share the same hallway. It wasn't loud or dramatic like in shoujo manga; it was a quiet, simmering thing. A glance held too long, a curt nod that barely counted as acknowledgment, the way his jaw tightened whenever her name came up in casual conversation.

And Rin? Rin seemed blissfully unaware. Or maybe she wasn't. Maybe she knew and just didn't care. After all, she had that effortless air about her - the kind of elegance that made teachers adore her and students whisper in admiration. The perfect grades, the perfect posture, the perfect smile that looked like it came out of a catalog for "Refined Young Ladies of the Modern Era."

For Issei, it was everything he despised. Not because she was a model student - he respected diligence - but because there was something behind it. Something… artificial. He couldn't put his finger on why, but to him, Tohsaka Rin was an elaborate performance. And nothing irritated him more than dishonesty disguised as virtue.

Of course, what Issei didn't know - what no normal person could even begin to imagine - was that his instincts weren't entirely wrong. In fact, they were grounded in more than he realized.

For you see, there was something neither of them had figured out quite yet. Namely - Issei had an acute spiritual sense. It wasn't honed, not in the way a trained magus would refine such a gift, but it was there: raw, instinctual, and sharp enough to cut through any illusion of normalcy. He didn't see magic - not consciously - but he felt it. Like pressure behind his eyes, like the prickle of static on his skin.

Around Shirou? He sensed steel - thin, cold, and sharp. Around Sakura? An endless void, a depth so silent and suffocating it made him instinctively tread lightly. Both were strange, but manageable. Neither boy nor girl wielded control over what seeped from them.

Rin was different. Rin had training. Rin had command. She wore her mystery like perfume, subtle yet suffocating when too close. And her presence… it was overwhelming.

Every time she walked by, Issei felt as if the world bent just slightly - like the air thickened, like gravity itself hesitated. Her affinity screamed through his instincts: the four elements, primal and unyielding. Fire curled in his gut, water pressed against his lungs, wind clawed at his ears, and earth anchored his limbs like stone. It was chaos - and yet, she bore it effortlessly.

Issei didn’t know any of this. Not really. He only knew that every nerve in his body recoiled in quiet panic whenever Rin Tohsaka smiled in his direction.

"Ohhh, Issei~"

And that, right there, was the sound that sent the chill down his spine like nothing else on this Earth. As well it should. For that was the sound of Rin when she was in the mood to perform an *interrogation* while keeping her mask on.

Ah, what do we mean by masks? In brief - being a magus gives you a weird personality by dint of what you learn about reality, so most magus that interact regularly with normal people adopt a fake personality to seem normal. It goes deeper than that, but we don't have the time because Issei was about to turn around to see what Rin looked like now.

"What do you want Tohsa-" he began, then immediately turned pale. For most guys, it would be because *holy Jesus that's way too sexy*. For him, it was sheer mortal terror. "So you decided to show your true colours, demon! What are you almost wearing, there?!"

Ignoring this, Rin immediately got inside Issei's personal space, pushing her newly enhanced chest right into his non-enhanced chest, and began to gently rub her boobs into him. Then, she became a bit less gentle. Then a lot less gentle. While Issei tried to not foam at the mouth like a rabid dog. Once again, for quite different reasons than most boys his age would react in such a manner.

"You're quite close to Emiya, right?" Rin asked, fluttering her eyelashes at him. Worth noting here - any guy she'd done *just that* to would not be capable of walking straight up for at least an hour. Never mind with her as close as this to them! Never mind her ridiculously curvaceous figure, lurking there, right next to him!

"Wh-what of it?" Issei squeaked. "Be gone, you devil! You'll find no purchase here!"

"Aw, but I just wanted to talk about Emiya~"

"Keep your claws out of him! I will not let you corrupt him, you vile temptress!"

=====

So, that's Issei's thought process pretty thoroughly covered. What about Rin's? Well, to put it simply - she was horny right now. That's probably not news right now, but the truth of the matter is, she was *horny* for reasons beyond her control.

There was something whispering in her ear, telling her, over and over again. All she had to do? If she wanted information on Shirou? Talk to Issei. Talk to Issei. Better yet? Flirt with Issei.

Yeah, that's right. Flirt with Issei. You were already the hottest girl in school, now that the dial's been turned to eleven let's really go whole hog with it. Go ahead, push your tits right into his chest. Get right inside his personal space and ask him some *pointed* questions about Shirou Emiya.

"How long has Emiya been dating my - Sakura?" Rin asked, catching herself before she said something that she should not have.

"Sakura Matou...?" Issei gulped, making sure to turn his head away from her. "I haven't the faintest idea what you -"

Sigh! Was he really going to be like this? How tiresome. If her breasts weren't enough, then she'd turn around, grab the top of his head and grind her enormous hot ass into his crotch. That should do the job. If she made all the blood in his body evacuate to his dick, then there would be less up in his brain to let him think of ways to lie, or to defy her.

"Eek!" he yelped. "T-Tohsaka! What is the meaning of this?!"

"I'll stop when you spill the beans!" Rin said, and that voice whispered on. She was enjoying this. Enjoying using her body to get what she wanted. Instead of her brain. Yes. Use her sex appeal to make men kneel. She had this body, so she should use it. She should use it all the time. "I want you to tell me everything you know about Shirou Emiya, and leave out *no* detail, no matter how small!"

"Guuuuuh!" Issei grunted, struggling to push her away, but finding it much harder than he'd like. And no wonder. Rin's body might be like this now, but she knew a thing or two about how to use her body's strength effectively! He could push all he wanted, she wasn't going anywhere! "What's gotten into you?! Get away from me!"

Still not talking? He's stubborn. She'd give him that much. However, she was even more stubborn than he could ever be!

Thus, she pinned him up against the wall by her enormous, skirt ruining ass - and promptly gripped her ankles. It was a devious move by all accounts. Forcing all of her body weight backwards, keeping him trapped there with her ass rotating in a figure eight around his crotch.

"It's less about what's gotten into me, than it is what's not gotten into me!" she said. "Shirou Emiya... I want his *details* inside me! All his big, hard throbbing *details*! Talk, president. Talk - or be shamed when someone walks down this hallway and sees this scene!"

"Never, you devil! Leave me be!"

Rin tilted her head in thought. She wasn't going to give up. Not by any means, no! However, she could tell that this was going to be a tougher nut to crack than she'd first expected. Within any

interrogation there has to be one thing: A narrative. That was the main thing missing here. A story, something she could use to build rapport, but the problem was that Issei hated her guts, and she never really understood why. It didn't bother her, not really - it wasn't like she was the type of person who wanted to be liked by everyone. It's impossible to cater to everyone's taste, right?

"You're going to ask that right now of all times?!" Issei shrieked, then covered his mouth. Grrr! Alright then, be like that! Rin whipped up, grabbed his collar and hauled him into the student council room. It was pretty much just him on the council. Technically, Shirou was thought of as a member as well, but he was more engaged in, uh, repairs?

She pushed him into a chair and then sat in his lap before he could protest.

"How about now?" Rin asked while unbuttoning her top, exposing her cleavage a bit more, going full in on the idea that this was a lapdance, a striptease even. Expose some shoulder, then cover it up again. "Why do you hate me so much? Everyone else seems to at least look up to me, but you call me a devil in disguise...?"

Issei's brows furrowed, his arms folding tighter across his chest as though bracing for an attack. He was pointedly trying to pretend that she wasn't sitting in his lap trying to flash him. A coping mechanism, no doubt, but her question suddenly brought out a torrent of unusual emotion from him. "You really don't see it, do you? Everyone else - Shirou included - gets blinded by that polished smile of yours. But me? I've seen the way you move pieces on a board. Always three steps ahead, always making sure you're the one holding the strings."

Rin frowned, and leaned forward to push her breasts up against his face. "That's called being competent. If I didn't think ahead, none of us would have survived half the nonsense we've been through."

"That's just it," Issei shot back, eyes narrowing as he pulled his head away from her. "You always make it about you. As if you know something nobody else does. You hide behind that arrogance and call it strength, but I see the cracks. And I don't trust someone who refuses to admit they're just as human as the rest of us."

For once, Rin didn't immediately snap back. She tilted her head again, considering him carefully. Was that it? Was his disdain not really about her, but about what she represented to him?

She leaned forward, voice low but steady. "So that's what this is about. You think I don't care, that I'm some kind of puppet master. But tell me, Issei… if I really was a devil in disguise, why would I bother asking you this at all?"

"I don't know!" Issei said. "Wh-Why would you be throwing yourself at me like this if you weren't a devil?!"

Throwing herself at him like this...? Huh. Uh... Rin blinked slowly and then looked down. It felt as though she'd been stumbling through a haze, and was only now coming out of it. What the hell? What was this feeling...? What was she -

She was giving Issei Ryuudou a lapdance against his will. That's what she was doing.

All of a sudden, Rin's face turned scarlet and she bolted from the room, breathing heavily, adjusting her clothes so that she could at least *pretend* to be something in the same *universe* as modest.

"What the hell was that?!" she whispered to herself. She'd never, ever been so embarrassed before! Doing that sort of thing...? To Issei of all people?! It felt gross! It felt wrong! It felt - Urgh! Disgusting down to the core!

And yet, as she straightened her back and walked off, feeling her ludicrous, outrageous curves compel her to strut down the hallway like she owned it, there was one other emotion underneath it all that was shining out to her like a beacon. An unwanted beacon, at that.

Oh fuck but she was horny right now.

======

From one kinda toxic relationship to another! Let's talk about the Matou siblings! Every Fate fan's favourite topic. Yay!

So, imagine if you will, Shinji Matou hurrying along to the archery club. He was, ostensibly, a member of that club himself, of some considerable regard. He's heard that apparently, Sakura was 'hanging off Shirou's arm', and that's set him in a bit of a *mood*.

Where some might think it was due to him being an overprotective big brother... ahahaha, no. No, that's not a way to describe this boy. Not even in the same universe as that idea.

Shinji shoved the sliding door to the archery range open with more force than necessary, the sharp clack echoing across the polished floorboards. A few of the club members glanced up at him, startled, then quickly looked away. They knew that look on his face - the sour curl of his lip, the storm in his eyes. When Shinji Matou was in that kind of mood, it was best not to get in his way.

He scanned the room, searching for the redhead who seemed to be the center of every damned story he overheard these days. Shirou this, Shirou that. Always Shirou. And now Sakura too? Sakura, clinging to him like…

Shinji's jaw tightened. Some people might have mistaken his irritation for the righteous anger of a protective older brother, swooping in to make sure his sister wasn't taken advantage of. That would've been almost noble.

But Shinji Matou was not noble. Not even close.

No, what burned him up inside wasn't concern for Sakura's reputation or well-being. It was the gnawing, unbearable thought that she - the girl who should have remained firmly under his thumb, the girl who owed him deference simply because he said so - was slipping out of his orbit and into someone else's. Worse, Shirou's. That goody-two-shoes idiot who barely even knew what to do with a bow half the time.

The idea of Sakura "hanging off Shirou's arm" wasn't disgusting because Shinji thought she deserved better. It was disgusting because Shinji thought he deserved better.

He was the one who was supposed to be admired. He was the one who should have been inheriting the family crest, carrying the Matou name forward. Instead, it had been her. The outsider. The interloper.

And now, on top of everything, she had the audacity to look at someone else with that quiet, devoted gaze of hers?

Shinji's fists clenched. No. He wouldn't have it. He wouldn't let Shirou Emiya steal away what was his by right.

The sound of 'thwip', 'thwip', and 'thwip' of arrows echoed through the hallway as he scoured for a sign of her. He took a deep breath as he caught sight of the source of those sounds. It was Sakura herself. Getting some early morning shots in? How *dutiful* of her. She hadn't changed out of her school uniform and was lining those shots up one by one -

But something was wrong. Her body looked... strange. Like it barely fit into that uniform. The closer he got to her, the more potent it became. His eyes wandered her figure, wondering if she'd had some sort of growth spurt...? Or had that beast Emiya ripped her clothes during their commute?

"Sakura!" Shinji said. Then, mindful of the others around them, he adjusted his tone. "What's this I hear about you hanging all over Emiya? That's not how a proper Matou should behave!"

Sakura lowered her bow with slow precision, the string humming softly as her fingers slipped free. Then she turned, and the smile she offered Shinji was… wrong. It wasn't Sakura's shy, quiet little smile. No - this one curved too knowingly at the corners, a honeyed sweetness that stuck to the air like incense.

"Ah… Shinji," she said gently, almost musical. "You shouldn't raise your voice here. People are watching."

Something prickled along the back of his neck. He wanted to snap back, to sneer and assert control like he always did - but his throat locked. He couldn't move. Couldn't even breathe properly.

One by one, the other club members glanced between the two siblings. Then Sakura's gaze flicked toward them, her smile softening.

"Everyone, thank you for your hard work today. That will be all."

Her words weren't a request, but rather a dismissal. And strangely - no, *unnervingly* - every single one of them obeyed without question. Bows were stowed, bags were slung over shoulders, and within minutes the range was empty, the clatter of departing footsteps fading until silence pressed in like velvet.

Only then did Sakura step forward, her eyes glimmering with an unnatural light.

"You've been very troublesome, Shinji," she whispered, voice dripping with something too sweet to be safe. "And troublesome boys… need to be corrected."

His lips parted, but no sound came. His body was locked, frozen, while her presence pressed closer, smothering. Shinji's heart hammered as he realized to his horror that this wasn't his timid sister anymore. This was something else, inside her, wearing her smile like a mask.

And as that smile widened, his skin crawled with the sudden, horrifying certainty that whatever she meant by "correction," he would not be walking away the same.

====

Sakura Matou was not at home right now. The lights were on, but someone else was in the driver's seat.

This was a girl who had been deprived of everything, who had been shown a glimmer of hope in the form of a boy who, on the surface, seemed kinda ordinary... But she'd scratched that surface and seen underneath it. She'd seen the metaphorical bone of his sword, and she liked what she saw. Her crush on Shirou was the one thing that could keep her going, bringing her back from a near lifeless doll into something resembling a human girl. Capable of smiling, only when he was around, so that he didn't notice what she was like when he *wasn't*.

And this morning, she'd been transformed into a walking wet dream. Not just in her body, but also her mind, for she was not just *sexy*, but she also *craved sex like a drug*. Not so bad that it set off the worms - so bad that the worms inside her went 'fuck this shit, I'm out'.

This girl, this ridiculously and obscenely sexy girl? She'd been denied the chance to get her pussy pounded by the guy she liked. Not by anyone being malicious or anything like that. No.

It was simply Taiga showing up and saying that a radiator had broken, and could he spare a little time before class to fix it? Of course he'd said yes right away, but it meant she wasn't getting laid before class. It meant her next chance to have Shirou's dick *somewhere* in her body wouldn't arrive until, oh, probably lunchtime.

So she'd come out here to the archery range to let off a little steam. Just a little bit. Why not get some early morning practice in, right? Right!

And then along came Shinji.

Shinji, Shinji, Shinji. Her second worst oppressor. The mere sound of his voice had sent Sakura right into her happy place. Imagining the future she would have with Shirou - right as *something else* took over.

It's fine, that other presence whispered as the image took hold in her mind. Shirou smiles at her, apron tied loosely, a touch of flour on his cheek. He leans closer. Their fingers brush over the chopping board, and -

See? the voice murmured, velvet-sweet. Isn’t this much nicer? You’ve earned this. You deserve this. Don’t let anyone, especially him, take it away.

Sakura’s lips parted, a faint sigh escaping. The picture sharpened, the phantom weight of Shirou’s hand over hers, the warmth of his breath as he leaned in. Their lips met, and it felt soft, tentative -

And just like that, the other presence finished taking over, letting Sakura enjoy her little fantasy while some *work* got done.

Sakura’s eyes fluttered open, but the warmth in them was not hers. They glittered instead with a honeyed sharpness, like the glint of sugar about to melt and burn. Her body straightened, her smile curving in a way Sakura would never dare.

"Shinji," she said, her voice lilting, affectionate, but also very, very wrong. "You always make such noise. Always trying to remind everyone you exist. How exhausting that must be."

Shinji tried to bark a reply, but his throat tightened. His tongue moved sluggishly, as if mired in syrup. Panic flickered across his face, but his body would not obey him.

Then, she smiled sweetly at him. The shadows themselves writhed up, trying to rear off the ground and the walls as though they were hibernating beasts threatening to leap upon the one

that had awakened them - only to learn that the thing that had woken them up was far, far more frightening. Instead, those shadows began to coil around her, not so much protectively but more like a sword about to be drawn, or a gun being aimed before the trigger was pulled.

"Wha-" Shinji gasped in horror. "What are you -"

"What is it that you want?" she asked, stepping closer, but it was strange. It was as if the far wall behind her was stretching off into the distance. In turn, stretching out the distance between the two of them as well, even as she walked, getting perpetually closer without reaching it. "State your desire out loud. Your deepest, darkest desire."

"I want to use magic!" Shinji barked. Then covered his mouth. He hadn't meant to say it. Somehow, she'd made him say it. That was what he was thinking! He tried to back away, but somehow it only served to bring him closer to her.

"Of course, of course~" she said, sweet as sugar, but there was cyanide hidden in that smile. Her eyes were closed at the moment, which made it all the more sinister. "You cannot inherit the magical crest, and so you took out all of your frustrations on the one who did. Sakura. Your little sister. The one you were meant to protect."

"So what if I did?" Shinji replied, the words coming out of him as though something was compelling him. A pressure on his chest, pushing down, while a hook on a chain reached down his gullet and dragged. That's what it felt like, right? "She was mine to use as I saw fit! So why shouldn't I use her for pleasure!"

"It wasn't pleasure," she replied. "It was control. Dominance. You wanted to assert yourself over her. In truth, you felt no carnal pleasure from the act, only the control it gave you."

She opened her eyes now, and she fixed them upon Shinji, and she lifted her hand towards him with great malice and amusement. That red was unlike anything else on Earth. Not blood red, nor the red of a rose, nor pink nor orange - it was something else, something more visceral, something that came from the very depths of the universe itself. It was more real than real - but also much less than that as well.

"So be it," she said. Her hand stretched out, and the shadows flowed through it into his body. "If you hate Sakura so much as a brother, then why don’t we try something else? Something better than this current form. I will give you the magic that you desire, whether you want it or not - and in exchange...? Well now, we shall see, shall we not?"

The warmth seeped deeper, sinking into Shinji’s bones. His breath hitched as the heat rippled through him, not fire but velvet, reshaping, reweaving. His frame softened, angles smoothing into curves. The sharpness of his jaw dulled; his voice cracked, thinned, and caught in his throat like a stranger’s whisper.

"Wh-What are you doing to -" he began, but detected something strange inside his voice. It had an odd echo to it. There was someone else speaking the same words as him, at the same time as him, in the same tone - but the wrong pitch!

He stared at his own trembling hands as they slimmed, the knuckles delicate, the nails neat and pale. His chest tightened, then swelled with unfamiliar weight, the fabric of his uniform tugging in new ways.

Tears pricked at his eyes, not from pain, but from the impossible terror of recognition of what was happening to him... Or should that be *her*? Shinji felt his penis recede into his body, rendering the point moot. Breasts bounced out from her chest. Above average, for her frame, though far from the absurd size that Sakura and Rin both carried now.

"Gyaaaaa!" Shinji screamed as she felt her figure grow fuller, more feminine. Her hair began to grow out, maintaining the same style but growing longer, more feminine, more outright girly!

"There now," the not-Sakura murmured, brushing a strand of his now-long hair back behind his ear. "So much prettier. So much sweeter. Don’t you feel lighter, Shinji? No… Shinju."

Her smile deepened, a predator’s satisfaction wrapped in a lover’s touch. "And the best part? Everyone will remember it was always this way. No noisy, bitter little boy. Only my darling little sister."

Shinji tried to scream, but the sound that came out was high, soft, and helpless.

"So what are you going to do now, Shinju my dear older sister?"

"I'm - " Shinju said, her voice high pitched. One might think it was high pitched in the same way as a man imitating a woman's voice, but no, this truly was a woman's voice. "I'm going to inherit the family crest, right?" It was a desperate question. One that was seeking a positive side to what had happened, above all other things.

"Of course!" she giggled in response. "You will inherit the family crest, while Sakura? Sakura gets a loving little sister she can dote on. Isn't that *marvelous*?"

She tilted her head, and the shadows retreated back to where they had been, as if nothing at all had changed. And yet, something clearly had. For now, in this Archery club, there was a bombshell Sakura with curves like an hourglass and in front of her, a transformed Shinji whose body was just like Sakura's before the change into that bombshell.

"All of you will be happy by the time I am done!" she said. "Whether you want to be or not."

Pokemon Team Love - Serena

Serena hadn't expected anything unusual today. The Kalos skies were clear, the air had that faint crispness that hinted at autumn just around the corner, and she'd been enjoying the quiet hum of her own thoughts as she walked along the route. No cameras, no contests, no obligations. Just her and her Pokémon.

Then she saw her.

At first glance, the girl didn't stand out in the way Serena was used to - not flashy, not the type to draw a crowd by simply existing. A little smaller than her, hair tied back with a green hairclip that matched the leaf-shaped pendant resting against her chest. Her clothes were practical, not bold. Almost… modest. But there was something about the way she held herself - shoulders slightly hunched, as if trying to make herself smaller - that drew Serena's attention.

The girl noticed her too, stopping mid-step like a startled Skitty. Wide teal eyes flicked up, then down again in the span of a heartbeat. Nervous? Shy? Serena offered a smile, gentle and practiced in that way that said I'm safe. You can talk to me.

"Hi there," Serena said, her voice warm. "Are you traveling too?"

The girl hesitated, then nodded. "Y-Yeah. I'm, um… Liko."

Liko. Serena turned the name over in her head as she took in the rest of the picture. The pendant wasn't just decorative - that much she could tell. The way Liko kept touching it, fingers brushing the surface like it was an anchor… It meant something. Something important.

"I'm Serena," she replied. "Nice to meet you."

And then came the silence. Not an awkward one, exactly - Serena knew those all too well from her younger days - but one that hinted at weight. Like there were words Liko wanted to say but couldn't quite force out yet. Serena recognized that feeling. She'd worn it once herself, in another lifetime, standing in front of a boy who changed her entire world.

So instead of pressing, Serena softened her smile and crouched to pat the Braixen at her side. "You have a partner too, right? I'd love to meet them."

That did it. The tension in Liko's shoulders eased, just a fraction, and when her hand went for the Poké Ball at her belt, there was a flicker in her eyes - like sunlight breaking through the leaves.

And just like that, Serena knew. This wasn't going to be a normal day after all.

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"So let me get this straight," Orion said. Worth noting, right now he was getting a lapdance from Penny and the girl he was querying right now. "You weren't actually actively trying to recruit a new member, it just sorta happened?"

Liko was grinding her bikini clad butt right into his chest at the moment. An important, extremely important point that must be dwelled upon before continuing.

"Yes, master~" Liko said. "She seemed so cute and innocent, and I could tell that she was a strong trainer, so she'd be perfect for Team Love.

Looking over at her, standing there absolutely naked from head to toe, it was rather hard to argue against that point. Orion nodded along in understanding with her reasoning there. He very much liked what he was seeing right now - But that did lead to the question of...

"How exactly did you recruit her?"

=====

Oh, what an adorable and playful Sprigatito this was! The little Grass-type bounded around Serena’s ankles, tail flicking like a tuft of fresh spring grass in the breeze. It mewed a little purr-like sound as it nuzzled her hand, the scent of crushed leaves faintly rising with every step it took.

Serena had never actually seen one before in person, and for a moment she could only laugh softly at how lively it was. “Golly gosh, you’re just so playful and fun!” she said, kneeling down as the Pokémon pawed at her skirt.

“Who is a good boy?” Serena cooed, scratching just behind its ears. Sprigatito chirruped happily, eyes closing in bliss.

Liko stood off to the side, a hand over her mouth to stifle a giggle. It was rare to see Serena like this — soft, unguarded, crouched on the grass with a new Pokémon like an excited child.

They played like that for a little while, Sprigatito darting between them, batting at the hem of Serena’s hat and then pouncing back into Liko’s arms. Finally Liko shifted her hold, a spark of mischief in her eyes.

“Want to see something neat?” she asked.

Serena glanced up from smoothing her skirt. “Something neat?”

Liko nodded and whispered a command. Sprigatito’s eyes glimmered, and a soft green glow blossomed outward, the air suddenly carrying the scent of wildflowers and fresh rain. The gentle energy of Aromatherapy spread over them like a warm breeze.

Serena blinked, her shoulders loosening almost instantly. “Oh… oh wow,” she murmured, a smile tugging at her lips as the soothing fragrance wrapped around her. “That’s… actually really relaxing.”

Liko just smiled back, cradling Sprigatito. “Pretty cool, huh?”

And for a moment the three of them simply sat in the glow of it — the performer, the trainer, and the little Grass-type, all bathed in a scent like new beginnings.

Serena sighed wearily, and simply sat there while Liko trailed around her, occasionally blowing more of the calm, soothing scene into her. It smelled so nice, and she didn't want to move at all, all of a sudden.

"That's not all I can do," Liko whispered. It was like a forbidden secret she was telling. "I can do more than that. Much, much more. Would you like to see?"

"Sure," Serena said, feeling more content and relaxed than she could possibly imagine. Oh! Now Liko was standing in front of her, holding out her hands and -

"Reflect!" Liko commanded, and something really strange started to happen. The light started to sparkle on a mysterious force field that appeared right in front of her. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Serena sighed, watching the pretty lights while a question lit up inside her mind. "How are you doing this anyway?"

"That doesn't matter," was Liko's answer. "Just... watch the lights, and -"

She switched to using Aromatherapy again, blasting a cool refreshing sweet scent all over Serena, making her sigh happily and contentedly.

"Breath in... Its' so good, right?" she asked. "Just breath it in, enjoy it and relax~"

Serena wobbled where she was sitting, idly aware of the adorable Pokemon sitting in her lap. Liko was really amazing, wasn't she? Really and truly amazing! A one of a kind girl, the kind you don't just run into.

"Tell me, Serena!" Liko giggled. "WOuld you like to learn how to do Pokemon moves as well?"

Serena’s head tilted slightly at the question. For a heartbeat she forgot about the shimmering veil of Reflect hanging in the air, forgot about the little green Pokémon purring in her lap. Liko’s voice had shifted — not darker, exactly, but quieter, like she was confiding something precious.

“Learn how to do Pokémon moves…?” Serena repeated, a little laugh catching in her throat. “You mean… like you’re doing now?”

Liko’s cheeks went pink, but her smile stayed. “Not exactly like this,” she said, brushing a hand over Sprigatito’s fur. “I can’t really ‘use’ moves. I’m just… showing you what Sprigatito and I have been practicing together. We’ve been working on timing, on atmosphere. Sometimes, if we both focus hard enough, it feels like the energy comes from both of us.”

She let her hands drop to her sides and the shimmering wall of light faded, leaving just the fading scent of wildflowers and a soft evening breeze. Without the glow of the move, the scene shifted back into something gentle and grounded: two girls on the grass with a playful Pokémon between them.

Serena blinked herself back to the present and smiled, the question melting into a kind of admiration. “That’s still incredible, though. You’ve really built a connection with your partner.”

Liko tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, a little embarrassed. “Thank you. That’s… all I was really trying to show. Anyone can get better at that kind of bond with practice. You don’t have to be a Trainer for it.”

Sprigatito stretched and pawed at Serena’s skirt again, its big eyes looking up at her. Serena laughed softly and scratched behind its ears. “Well, if you ever want to show me some training tips, I’m game. I don’t think I could ever do what you just did, but… I’d like to learn.”

Liko’s eyes lit up again, this time with a warmer, more familiar brightness. “Deal,” she said.

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"Wait, hold on, you had the chance to hypnotise her and you didn't take it?" Orion asked. "Why not? I would have wanted to finish her off right there."

"Because her will wouldn't accept it, Master!" Liko said. "You only say that because you were not there. No, I was playing a longer game, and besides which..."

She gestured to the plainly brainwashed girl standing right there in front of them, stock still and absolutely naked.

"As you can see, the results speak for themselves," Liko smirked.

"Alright, I see your point," Orion sighed. "Carry on."

======

Serena had to admit, she wasn't entirely sure about this training method.

It wasn’t bad — in fact, it was beautiful — but it was nothing like what she’d grown up seeing at Showcases or around battlers. Liko’s approach wasn’t about drills or repetition or power moves. It was softer, almost like a meditation, a blending of her own presence with Sprigatito’s until the little Grass-type practically shimmered with calm.

Serena shifted a little on the grass, fingers idly running through Sprigatito’s fur. “This is… different,” she said at last, looking up at Liko with a small, unsure smile. “I’ve been around Pokémon my whole life, but I’ve never trained like this before.”

Liko crouched down across from her, eyes bright but kind. “It’s okay,” she said quietly. “It’s not a trick, or anything scary. It’s just another way of connecting with them. For me, this works better than shouting orders or pushing them. You can still battle, but you start from here.”

Serena exhaled and let her shoulders soften. The scent of wildflowers still hung faintly in the air. “I guess there’s more than one way to learn,” she admitted. “I’ve been so focused on routines and performances that I’ve never… tried slowing down like this.”

Liko smiled at that — not triumphant, just pleased. “Exactly. You don’t have to do it my way, but you can try. Sometimes it’s nice to see things from a different angle.”

Sprigatito purred and rolled onto its back, paws in the air. Serena laughed despite herself. “Okay,” she said, meeting Liko’s gaze again. “Show me what you do next.”

The breeze stirred through the grass, carrying the smell of the sea. For a moment the two of them sat there with the little Grass-type between them — two trainers from different worlds, learning a little from each other.

Every so often, Liko would whisper "Aromatherapy," and Serena's eyes would flutter.

“Very good, you’re so relaxed, aren’t you?” Liko said softly. Her voice wasn’t commanding, just steady and encouraging, like a teacher coaxing a student into a new dance step. “That’s it. Now, remember what you asked me earlier? You wanted to learn how to perform Pokémon moves yourself?”

Serena nodded slowly, eyes bright with a mix of curiosity and disbelief. “That’s right. That’s what we’re doing now, isn’t it?”

“In a way,” Liko replied. She straightened, Sprigatito leaping lightly off her arm to sit at her feet. A faint green glow began to gather between her palms, like mist catching the evening sun. “What I found isn’t something most Trainers know about. It’s not like throwing an attack. It’s more like… borrowing the world’s breath for a moment.”

Serena stared at the shimmer. “You’re actually… using Aromatherapy yourself.”

“Sort of,” Liko said with a small smile. “I’ve trained with Sprigatito for so long that I can echo some of its energy. It’s not as strong, but it can still soothe and protect. And yes — you can learn to do it, too. But you have to follow my lead exactly.”

She stepped back and held out her hands, palms up, as if offering the glow to Serena. “It starts with your breathing, then with focus. You’re not forcing power; you’re inviting it. Close your eyes, feel the ground under you, picture the scent of the wildflowers.”

Serena inhaled slowly, the air tasting faintly of grass and rain. “Like this?”

“Perfect,” Liko said. “Now… let’s try the first step together. It's all about the state of mind. Watch this!"

Liko took a steadying breath, her eyes flicking from Serena to the grey stone jutting out of the grass a few metres away. Sprigatito sat down obediently at her side, tail curling neatly around its paws, as if it knew what was coming.

“Watch carefully,” Liko said. “This is one of the first things I figured out.”

She lifted her hand into the air, fingers splayed. A faint green shimmer began to run up her arm, flickering like sunlight through leaves. The scent of crushed herbs rose on the breeze, sharper and cleaner than before.

“Magical Leaf!” she called.

From her outstretched palm a cluster of emerald-bright leaves spun into being — not quite solid, not quite light — and whipped forward in a spiral. They sliced past the tall grass and struck the nearby rock with a series of crisp chinks, leaving shallow glowing cuts across its surface before dissolving back into motes of light.

Serena’s mouth fell open. “You actually… did it,” she whispered. “You used a move.”

Liko lowered her hand, the glow fading from her skin. “It’s weaker than Sprigatito’s Magical Leaf,” she admitted, smiling, “but it’s real. It’s a way for us to share what our partners know.”

Sprigatito gave a pleased little chirrup, as if approving.

Liko turned back to Serena, eyes bright. “Want to try? Um, I’m pretty sure it would be different moves for different people, as befitting their personalities and outlook, so you’d probably learn different moves—”

“I’m already sold, no need to keep the pitch going!” Serena laughed. She rose to her feet… and promptly had to grab at her skirt as her knees wobbled beneath her. “Oooh,” she murmured, blinking. “How long was I sitting there?”

Liko stepped forward, steadying her with a hand on her arm. “A while,” she said gently. “Aromatherapy can be more relaxing than you realise when you’re not used to it. Here, take a breath, get your balance back.”

Serena inhaled, the smell of grass and flowers still clinging to the air. She straightened slowly, feeling her head clear. “Okay… I’m good. I just wasn’t expecting to feel so loose.”

“That’s normal,” Liko said with a small smile. “It’s like stretching before a dance; your body’s telling you it’s ready to move differently. Once you’ve got your feet under you, we’ll see what kind of energy you can call on.”

Sprigatito padded in a slow circle around them, tail swishing like a metronome. The Alolan breeze tugged at their hair.

Serena took one more steadying breath and nodded. “Alright,” she said, her curiosity burning brighter than her dizziness now. “Show me the first step.”

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Alright, now Orion was starting to get the picture. That was pretty sneaky of her. Luring her into a false sense of security, getting her to *all but beg* to be brainwashed. Earning her confidence, lowering her guard, getting her trust and holding onto it just long enough to get into her brain and rewrite it from under her.

As an experiment, Orion looked her up and down and said -

"Serena. Cluck like a Pidgey."

"Pidgey!" Serena clucked, tucking her arms into her armpits and waggling around her elbows. "Pigey, pidgey!" She made a motion like she was pecking at the ground. Fascinating.

"Go on then," Orion said, quite happy with what he was seeing. "How did you finish her off?"

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"This miracle is at least partly down to combination of nature and science," Liko said. She produced her phone and held it up for her to see. "Alright, I need you to stare at this for a bit. This device is designed to help you realise on your own what sort of moves you would naturally be able to learn."

Hrm...? How strange. As Serena watched, she saw an assortment of shapes. Circles overlapping with each other, blues and greens and reds, forming new colours as they danced across the screen, sometimes bouncing off each other, sometimes merging together, and as she watched she could swear that she could see *words* written within.

Love. Bliss. Contentment. Happy. Adore, and - And!

"Charm," she whispered without knowing why. At the edge of her vision, she noticed that there was that light from before, coming from Liko's body. Oh, that's right. She'd said 'Reflect' a moment ago, while Serena's attention was on the device. Which meant that the sparkly lights and the cutesy smile she'd just let out bounced off that shield - and back onto Serena.

Which got her sighing happily yet again. Wobbling on her feet as she watched the circles turn into spirals, spiralling around and around, so pretty, so pretty~

“What do you want to do with these moves of yours?” Liko asked. Her voice was soft but curious, the kind of question that was more about understanding than testing.

Serena didn’t even hesitate. The words tripped out of her as if they'd been dragged out. “I want to entertain people,” she said. Her eyes shone a little as she spoke. “That’s all I’ve ever wanted, really. To give them something beautiful to watch, something that makes them smile or forget their worries for a while. If I could weave moves into a performance… it would be like dancing with the whole world.”

"Close your eyes and imagine it," Liko whispered. Yes. Yes, she should do that. Serena sighed happily as she thought about it. Yes!

Her eyes closed, and suddenly she was on a stage.

Serena took one step forward, her heels clicking lightly on the stage. The crowd quieted as the lights dimmed to a soft lavender glow. Sprigatito sat at the edge of the performance space, watching intently; this time it wasn’t going to do the move — Serena was.

She closed her eyes, inhaled once, and let the music rise up through her fingertips.

Then she moved.

It started as a slow, lilting sway of her hips, almost like a waltz with an invisible partner. Her arms floated out in loose circles, ribbons at her wrists tracing glowing spirals in the air. With each step she added a twist — a skip, a hop, a playful spin — and the tempo of the unseen melody quickened until she was a whirl of motion.

Tiny motes of light, green and pink, began to flicker around her ankles, then drift upward like dandelion fluff. They pulsed with the beat of her movements, rising and falling, swirling in unpredictable patterns. The whole effect was dazzling: a dance that looked joyful and carefree on the surface but carried a subtle, dizzying rhythm that could throw an opponent’s balance off without them even realising.

Serena twirled one last time, hands raised above her head as the motes of light burst outward in a soft shimmer — the final note of Teeter Dance. The audience, unaware of the mechanics, just saw a girl spinning in a storm of glittering energy, her eyes bright with mischief, a smile curving her lips.

It didn't look like an "attack" at all. It looked like a performance — a playful, spellbinding routine that made you want to sway along, and, if you were an opponent, left you ever so slightly off-kilter.

"W-wooah!" Liko gasped. "Okay, wow, shame that Reflect doesn't work twice in a row! Um! Okay, open your eyes, and, uh, try something else?"

For a moment there, Serena wasn't sure what Liko meant, but she did it anyway. Then, she used another technique while still dancing in place, imagining herself still on the stage with Liko in front of her.

"Attract!" she called out, and watched in fascination as the move bounced off Liko's Reflect, onto her, and - Oh. Oh gosh. Liko really was attractive, wasn't she? Such a cute girl. She didn't think she was into girls, but - But!

"Aromatherapy~" Liko said, blowing that sweet scent into her face once again. "I knew it. I knew you were the sort of girl to develop both Charm and Attract. Tell me, Serena. What do you think of me?"

"I think..." Serena said, a creep of panic setting into her tone. "I think you're - You're really cute! Oh, how embarrassing!"

"That's right," Liko whispered. "I am really cute. And you - "

She pulled out a Pokeball - more precisely, an Ultra ball - and bonked it on Serena's head. In an instant, the world turned red, and - And she knew her place. She knew what she was. She knew what she had to do. By the time she'd settled in, Serena belonged to Liko, now.

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"I love Team Love!" Serena wailed, as Orion had her bent over the table. Railing her from behind, making a big show and production out of it - just the way she'd have wanted. "I adore Team Love! Let me join, please, my mistress says I should!"

"Does she now?" Orion chuckled. "What do you say, Liko? Should we let her in?"

"Of course, Master~" Liko chuckled, leaning down to kiss the girl on the lips. Ah, how sweet it was, to see them share the love like this. "With her natural charisma, we'll be able to recruit plenty of new girls to our team - and then help spread the love even further afield!"

Perfect in which case, Orion snapped his fingers, and he was handed a coat hanger, containing a - tuxedo.

"No, this isn't for me, I wanted to give her the other thing."

"Ohhhhhh!" Penny gasped. "Sorry, didn't read the room."

He shook his head and goosed her as she retrieved the *proper* costume, which of course he handed over to her immediately. It was - a maid uniform. A perfect, pretty, pristine maid uniform! Serena took it and put it on right away. There was no attempt to find somewhere else to change her clothes. THere was no attempt to hide her body from him. In no time at all, she was standing there prim and proper in front of him, cute as cute could be!

"Greetings, Master~" Serena curtseyed for him.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" Orion clapped. "Alright! Now, Iiko... Regrettable as it is, you're not actually staying with us, are you?"

"No, Master!" Iiko said. "I'm going to be paying a visit to Johto next. Then, perhaps Kanto. Would that be suitable for you?"

"Yes, that should do nicely," he said, rubbing his chin. "I intended to go there later on when the team was much stronger - but it would be good to get a read on teh situation there well in advance."

With that established, he could enjoy his new pretty maid for the evening... and then plan out the next girl he was going to conquer. Oh, but he could hardly wait! It was all *ever* so much fun engaging in... shall we say, team building exercises?

Pride and Joy

Ranma Saotome (girl form) was not in a good mood. Urgh, could her life possibly get any more ridiculous? Now she had to deal with, on top of *everything* else, a freaking actual ditzy cheerleader who had absolutely no sense of taste in men, as well as yet another Kuno?

Honestly, more power to Kodachi for staying behind to keep an eye on things. Huge respect for that action. Ranma wasn't sure if she had the courage to remain in that home while all that was going on around her.

Anyway, the Tendo sisters and Shampoo were going full on bimbo, while Ukyo was kinda faking it a little while still behaving like a thing that should not be named. It had been raining for a bit there, so now she was a girl, and now she was gonna have to get some hot water and Get To Work. When you have a horde of treasure as fine as this, you gotta polish it once in a while.

"Huh?" Ranma grunted. There were shoes at the front door that she hadn't seen before. "We got guests...?"

Sure enough they did. Two women, who couldn't be more of a mismatch. One of them was a woman in a yellow dress suit with long straight hair and a stern demeanour on her face. She was really pretty, and because she was wearing a pencil skirt it was plain to see that she had a killer pair of legs. Nice boobs, pretty face, feminine physique - she'd make a *fine* addition to Ranma's horde, except -

Let her be part of another's horde, it shall make yours happier.

Yeah, that felt fair enough. Besides! Ranma didn't wanna expand this horde of hot babes any more! Six was enough, and besides which, this girl form needed some *dick* as well now that it had a taste.

Urgh, if only Ryoga was here right now, she'd love to get herself all full of pork before going back to being male again and -

And then there was the other one. This one was wearing a kimono, and carried herself with a more classically Japanese air. The moment Ranma locked eyes with her, there was a strange sense of *something* between them. Reverence, almost. Submission. It was hard to put into words, but Ranma wanted to spend time with this one. Not in anything like a sexual way, that felt really gross, but - But she felt this very powerful urge to embrace her and not let go.

"Hi, hi~" Akane chirped happily, giggling away like a total airhead and waving at the two guests. "Welcome to, like, the Tendo dojo~ It's super nice to meetcha!"

"Oh, father, you sly dog~" Nabiki giggled. "Where did you find these two?"

"Now, Nabiki!" Kasumi admonished, though she too had a giggly air about her. "One of them might be here for Ranma's father, right?"

"Pft, yeah sure thing, nya!" Ukyo purred. "What do you think, Shampoo?"

Shampoo was, at present, licking her thigh clean as she plainly had nothing else to add to the conversation.

"Helllo there," the woman with the legs said. "I'm Hinako Ninomiya."

"And I'm Nodoka Saotome," the woman in the kimono said.

"Ah! Kasumi!" Soun yelled, before things could go any further. "Could you show Mrs Saotome and Miss Ninomiya around our humble home? Please, don't bring up anything about Ranma quite yet, if you would be so kind."

Huh...? What? Mrs Saotome? Ranma caught that little detail right away. Looking around the place, his old man was in panda form and seemed to be out cold. Oh. Oh, so that's how it is? That was - That must be...

"H-Hey! Who was that?" Ranma insisted from the taller moustached man. He seemed really nervous, for some reason.

"Yes, my boy, that was your mother," Soun said.

"Yay, Ranma!" Akane cheered. "Your mom is, like, so hot! I totally see where you get it, now!"

The girls were all cooing happily around him, but Ranma wasn't quite sure how to take it all. In fact, she felt oddly... *Numb* about the whole thing. That was the woman that gave birth to her. To her boy form.

She needed to sit down. Actually, she needed to have sex with her horde at the first opportunity to knock them out of their bimbo state, but also, definitely need to sit down. No. Hold on here. There were a lot of complicated feelings going through her right now.

"I'ma go say hi, cuz she'll be my mommy soon too~" Akane chirped, making to skip off after her - only for her father to get in the way.

"Now, now, my dear! I know how eager you are to meet her," Soun said. "Yes. For a long time now you've had to rely on your sister as a mother figure, and for that I can only apologise. However, Ranma, it seems as though your father has done something very, very stupid."

"How stupid could it be?" Ranma asked, eyes wandering down to the figure laying there on the ground, with no trace of injury but somehow seeming deflated.

To that, Soun took a deep breath, and then started to catch Ranma up on what had happened while they were all gone.

======

Kasumi went into hostess mode right away. Someone that was perhaps a bit more mean spirited might have thought 'oh, there's not that much difference between normal Kasumi and bimbo Kasumi. One of them just wants sex a whole lot more', but that's a really simplistic way to look at it.

After all, you are forgetting the physical differences as well. Differences which, of course, Soun was glossing over mentally because he'd rather not deal with the meaning behind them, but pretty much everyone else could see quite plainly.

"So, like, here's the training hall!" Kasumi chirped. "I don't really do much here, tee hee! Um, Akane and Ranma train here a whole lot, and we do occasionally, like, host public events, and -"

"And that was a cute set of girls you came home with," Nodoka interrupted. "Let's see, if I recall correctly Soun had three daughters - who were the other three?"

"Oh, like, the Chinese catgirl is called Shampoo," Kasumi giggled. "She's from the Joketsuzoku. Um, the Japanese catgirl is Ukyo Kuonji, she's, like, an old childhood friend of Ranma's that turned out to be a really cute girl and super into him." She sighed wearily.

"And the last one, of course, is my son's cursed form," Nodoka smiled gently. "Yes, that makes quite a lot of sense."

"Huh? Cursed form...?" Hinako asked, and then, faster than any of them could even blink, Nodoka had touched Hinako on the back of her head - and made her collapse to the ground.

"Shush now," Nodoka tsked. "I'd hoped you'd be able to join my son's horde as well, but alas, I think you've had your fate entwined with Soun's instead. No matter. With a body like that, he'll *certainly* be far too distracted to think about what my manly son is doing to his daughters."

Her entire demeanour collapsed as she looked up at Kasumi. Her expression was... different.

"My, my, my," Nodoka said, circling around Kasumi like a shark. "To think that the beach bimbo trap would be undone by my own son, of all people. Do you know how long the Konjo faction spent designing it?"

"Huh?" Kasumi tilted her head. "What? I, like, don't know what you mean."

"Like, of course not!" Nodoka said, giggling in imitation, in mockery of Kasumi's current demeanor. "This is why I do not care for airheads. While you're trivial to get into bed -"

"MY OLD MAN FUCKING WHAT?!"

"Ah, my son just learned of the seppuku contract," Nodoka said. "Oh, really, I had hoped Genma could keep to it, but since he has all six of you wrapped around his monstrous dragon cock, one can hardly complain. Especially when he becomes such an *adorable* tomboy with such *astonishing* curves. Now, where was I again?"

"Um, you were totally gonna say bad things about bimbos?" Kasumi offered, helpful as ever.

"Right, of course, of course!" Nodoka smiled. "While seducing you right now is as easy as picking up a hat, you lack the imagination and the drive to *really* get things going. As you are right now, the only thing you're likely to retain from this conversation is that I am eager to see my son, and that I was encouraging Hinako to seduce your idiotic, weak willed father. And if not, don't worry - by the time we meet up with the rest of them, I'll make sure to knead it into your brain."

"Uh uh, I've got, like a super good memory for this kinda thing!" Kasumi said. "I won't forget- "

"If you won't forget, then I won't let you on my son's dick," Nodoka promised.

Kasumi blinked, then a genuinely confused expression crossed her face. "Um, what were we talking about again?"

"Much better!" Nodoka chirped. "Now, quickly, I need you to catch me up on everything from your point of view. I'm certain that the Konjo faction is going to make their own move soon and I need to catch them out. Oh, but while I remember..."

She propped up the unconscious form of Hinako Ninomiya, and then pulled her into her lap, reaching around to hold onto her breasts.

"I need to lock her in this form," Nodoka said. "Can't have your father marrying someone that turns back and forth between *this* hotty and a little kid when she expends her energy... I might be a perverted monster, but I'm not literally Satan. Anyway, do tell me Kasumi - I'm eager to hear all about the perverted adventures my son has been getting up to...

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Needless to say, but Kodachi was not happy with her current situation. Oh, not the part where she was a mere piece of Ranma Saotome's treasure horde. That part was fine. The part that was not fine was this: Her parents were home. That would make it more difficult for her to go off and get laid, and the more bimbo like she became, the harder it would get.

It was fine for now. She'd been able to hook up with her beloved and the rest of the horde without much trouble. She could last the night without losing a bit of intelligence. She could remain herself, despite this stupid curse, and she meant that phrase 'stupid curse' in every meaning of it.

Which was two. There were exactly two ways you could read it, so rather than every she should have said both. She held onto that thought for a long, long moment to keep it nice and secure. After all, that's how this stupid curse starts, right? By making her stupid. And horny. And... And she wasn't going to have to worry about the horny part tonight, now was she?

"Ooohhhh, Tachi, you know how till a girl **up**!"

Because her brother was getting laid. To a total and complete unrepentant bitch. An easy, loose, ditzy bitch who got by on a combination of cutesy charm and natural talent that she backed up with hard work, so she probably earned it, and -

And she was still a bitch. That's the real truth of life, by the way. It doesn't matter if you earned your sport, if you treat others like garbage you are not a very good person. That's the end of it. Understood? Good! Now let's get on with things.

As she could not sleep, Kodachi was out and about, lurking in the kitchen getting herself a glass of water. Oh, if only she specialised in proper knockout drugs instead of paralysis powder. Why had she gone for that again...?

Oh, that's right. Because if you knock them out they cannot feel fear and pain. Right, right, that did go rather contrary to her normal goals didn't it? Yes, it would be best if she adjusted accordingly.

In any event, Kodachi approached the fridge. Rather than water, perhaps a little fruit juice? She found a little apple juice. Yes, that would do the job nicely. She had the fridge door open, grabbed the apple juice, poured it out into a glass, and was taking a sip of it while closing the door and -

"One, two, three, four! What's inside of the fridge door?"

Kodachi Kuno resisted the urge to spittake, but it was nearer than she would ever care to admit to. All the same, the sudden appearance of Mariko Konjo, who had apparently been lurking behind the open fridge door, had spooked her, she could admit that much.

"Do you make a habit out of jump scaring people in their own kitchen?" Kodachi spat, but Mariko simply stood there, twirling around a baton while doing these annoying little bouncy spots back and forth on the floor. "Honestly now! What do you even *want*?"

"I wanna give your brother a rest," Mariko chirped. "Refractory period and all. He's got a lot of *stamina*, but he's still human, right?"

I'll take 'things I'd rather not hear' for $1000, Alex. Except, wait a minute, she could still hear -

"That's your parents, in case you were wondering~" Mariko chirped. "They're pretty freaky too!"

Oh no, give her 'things she'd rather not hear' for $1million, Alex. Kodachi suddenly felt quite green around the gills. Perhaps she should have stayed at the Tendo compound tonight after all?

"So!" Mariko chirped. "I, like, think we got off on a super bad foot. Hi there. I'm Mariko Konjo, cheerleader martial artist extraordinaire, and girl in L-O-V-E!"

"How very nice for you," Kodachi sneered. "Ohohoho! And of course, you already know that I am Kodachi Kuno, the Black Rose! Pardon me for saying so, but I simply must enquire: What is it that such a cute girl as yourself sees in a dolt like my brother? He is uncouth, he's a bad poet that thinks he's a genius, he fancies himself as a romanticised modern day samurai, he has the intelligence of a particularly stupid cactus, and a view of women that makes Ataru Moroboshi seem like a feminist."

"Well he's - "

"Wait, I beg your pardon," Kodachi said. "One feels the urge to Blackadder this a bit. My brother is as intelligent as intelligent as a sack of hammers, as poetic as a goat choking on its own beard, and about as self-aware as a brick in a coma. He dresses like he’s auditioning for the role of ‘Kabuki Tree #3,’ has the romantic subtlety of a foghorn, and his notion of chivalry involves challenging people to duels because they dared to exist in the same airspace as a girl he’s glanced at twice."

Kodachi fanned herself with exaggerated delicacy. "And yet! Ohohoho! Here you are, claiming affection for him. Pray, enlighten me, dear Mariko: do you perhaps suffer from a head injury? Or are you attempting some avant-garde performance art piece, ‘Love Amongst the Vegetables’? If so, my brother is certainly qualified to play the leading yam."

All the while, Mariko was still standing there, twirling her baton around, smirking knowingly to herself.

"I like him cuz he's cute," Mariko replied.

"No accounting for taste," Kodachi sniffed. "Very well, so be it on your own head. Alas, my dear, I can hardly see us getting along much at all."

"Is that S-O?" Mariko asked, and really now, did she have to spell out a two letter word? "I mean, cheerleading isn't that different from G-Y-M-N-"

"Yes, yes, no need to spell it all out!" Kodachi said. "Were you about to claim that your ditzy, airheaded acrobatics is on par with the sheer elegance of gymnastics?"

Mariko giggled, leaning on her baton like it was the world's most fashionable cane. "Like, duh! Cheerleading is T-O-T-A-L acrobatics with style. It's all jumps, spins, spirit, and - " she winked, "-cuteness."

Kodachi's eyes narrowed. "Cuteness? My dear, in gymnastics one strives for grace, artistry, discipline, and perfection. We do not need to prance about with pompoms shrieking like caffeinated parrots."

"Shrieking? Hellooo?" Mariko said, tossing her baton into the air, catching it behind her back without looking. "We inspire! We bring out the energy of the crowd! We make people wanna J-U-M-P and scream for joy!"

Kodachi sniffed again, her lips curling into a faint sneer. "Inspire, perhaps. But then, so do clowns."

Mariko twirled her baton in a lazy figure-eight, her smirk widening as though she'd just had the best idea. "Y'know, Kodachi, like, deep down every girl wants to be a cute cheerleader. The skirt, the ribbons, the way everybody looks at you when you yell your heart out? It's, like, totally irresistible. Don't tell me you've never imagined yourself shaking pompoms and chanting, all eyes on you."

Kodachi's expression froze somewhere between outrage and disdain, though the faintest twitch of her lip betrayed her. "How utterly gauche. The very idea is laughable!"

"Uh-huh," Mariko said, sing-song, tapping her baton against her shoulder. "You can deny it, but it's written all over your face. You're just J-E-L-L-Y that I can pull it off."

Kodachi's eyes narrowed dangerously, and she raised her rose-laced ribbon like a duelist drawing a blade. "Spare me your insipid attempts at manipulation, my dear. I see through you as easily as I see through my brother's latest 'haiku.'" She let out a peal of laughter. "Ohohohoho! But as it happens, there is a certain challenge fast approaching… one in which your pompom prancing will be tested against the unmatched artistry of my Ranma's ability. And when the dust settles, we shall see who is 'cute' and who is crushed!"

Mariko only winked, flipping her baton and catching it with a flourish. "Then it's a D-A-T-E!"

She pulled some pompoms out of nowhere and put them on a kitchen counter before swaying off back towards her brother's room, and Kodachi shook her head in dismay.

Once she was gone, Kodachi's gaze fell upon the pom poms that Mariko had left behind. For some reason, she couldn't quite take her eyes off of them. Naturally, martial arts gymnastics is not averse to using tools like this. She'd also heard of some cheerleader routines that made use of ribbons, much as she does, but -

All girls wanna be cheerleaders~

There was something in the way she'd said it that was really riling up Kodachi's back. She moved to walk away, turning her nose up at it, but then, all of a sudden, she whirled around on her own and grabbed the pom poms.

"One, two, three and four! Mariko's a ditzy whore!"

She rolled her eyes and set the pom poms back on the counter. Perhaps some earplugs would - Would... Would...

She whirled around again, short of breath and seized the pom poms.

"Five, six, seven, eight! Cheerleading is really great!"

Kodachi slammed the pom poms back onto the counter, practically throwing them away. Her breathing turned ragged. Her body was burning up all of a sudden. What? What was this? This strange feeling welling up inside of her...?

"One, two, three, four! Soon you'll be a ditzy whore!"

Mariko was prancing back into the room performing alternating kneelifts while twirling around that stupid baton of hers. She looked so damnable glamorous and adorable, and -

"Five, six, seven, eight! Go ahead and masturbate!"

"Wh-What have you done to meeeeee~" Kodachi whined, collapsing to her knees as her fingers, oh her treacherous fingers dove between her legs and started to play with her pussy. While Mariko frolicked into the room, looming over her with a triumphant smirk over her face.

"Didn't I tell you?" Mariko asked, sticking that baton right in her face once again. "Deep down, ever girl wants to be a cute, sexy cheerleader. Now let's scrub that nasty personality and leave you a full time, one hundred percent B-I-M-B-O!"

DxD/TLR Crossover

Of all the strange and unlikely events, this one had to take the cake: two schools that should never have crossed paths… had.

It was all thanks to someone's bright idea of an exchange program - supposedly to "foster cultural understanding" between different regions of Japan. A noble goal in theory. In practice? It was a recipe for chaos baked in pure disaster sauce.

The schools in question: Kuoh Academy and Sainan High. If you know, you know. Both were magnets for trouble - though the flavor of trouble was wildly different. Kuoh's brand leaned toward apocalyptic battles, fallen angels, and world-ending stakes. Sainan's… well, let's just say if you gave the word "hijinks" a gravity-defying physics engine and a questionable sense of modesty, you'd be close.

For those aware of both, the question practically asked itself: Would this be like combining peanut butter and chocolate? Or would it be more like dropping an alkali metal into vinegar? A particularly volatile alkali metal. Francium, maybe. That felt right.

"Oh wow!" Lala beamed, sparkling eyes locked onto the crimson gauntlet on Issei Hyoudou's arm. "And you say this Boosted Gear can double your strength… and share that strength with anyone you touch? That's amazing!"

Issei chuckled nervously, scratching the back of his head. "Ahaha, y-yeah, that's right! Pretty cool, huh?"

Not too far away, Rias and Akeno watched in silence. Or, more accurately, seethed in silence. The daughter of the most beautiful woman in the galaxy - who had clearly inherited a scandalous amount of that beauty - was currently fawning over their pawn. Their Issei.

How appropriate. Devils were creatures of sin, after all. So why not indulge in lust and envy at the same time?

"Ahem," Issei continued, suddenly remembering his actual responsibilities. "W-We really shouldn't be showing this off, though! Normal people aren't supposed to know about the supernatural, and if someone - "

He didn't get to finish. The classroom door slid open with a sharp thunk, and in walked a small blonde girl holding two squirming boys aloft… by their collars. No - by strands of her own flowing hair, wrapped around their necks like living ropes.

"I found these two peeking on the girls' locker room," Golden Darkness - Yami - said flatly. Her crimson eyes didn't blink, didn't soften. "Permission to execute?"

The boys dangling from her hair whimpered. Loudly.

"Uh," Issei said eloquently, frozen between awe and terror.

Lala tilted her head, cheerful as ever. "Aww, Yami, you can't just kill them. We're guests here!"

"That's not a no," Yami replied.

Akeno's lips curled into a predatory smile. "My, my," she purred, stepping forward like a cat drawn to a canary. "Execution, you say? I might have some ideas for punishment…"

"Akeno," Rias said warningly, though her voice lacked real heat. Mostly because part of her wanted to join in.

Issei, meanwhile, was silently thanking every god and devil in existence that for once, he wasn't the pervert in question. Which did cause him a little bit of a headache because he wound up accidentally thanking the Christian God as well during all of that, but - Whatever! He'd let them get their punishment instead of him.

=====

Rito didn't like the look of this. Lala had a twinkle in her eye, and was already pulling tools out from her apparently invisible toolbelt. Or pocket dimension - wherever she was getting this stuff from! While the others were distracted by the two perverts being given a dressing down, Lala was plainly up to something.

"What are you up to?" Rito asked. He hadn't meant it to sound accusatory. All the same, that's how it came out. What he wasn't ready for was Lala herself to whip around, and then -

"Ta da!" she said, having put something on his wrist. "Here we go! My very own Sacred Gear prototype!" "I modelled it on Hyoudou-kun's Boosted Gear but gave it my own special adjustments. It brings people's hearts closer together automatically!"

"That's not—" Rito started, but the words caught in his throat as the glow flared brighter.

There was a sound behind him. He turned just in time for one of the perverts Yami had caught to wriggle free. The boy bolted, slammed into Rito's back, and in a single chain of impossible slapstick physics Rito stumbled forward, tripped on nothing, and crashed straight into Akeno.

"A–Ah!" she gasped as the two of them tumbled to the floor. Somehow Rito's hand landed on silk, and his face landed somewhere even less defensible.

For a long heartbeat, no one moved. Then Akeno blinked down at him, not with anger but with mild, feline amusement. "My, my," she purred. "Forward, aren't you?"

“I–It’s not—this isn’t—!” Rito flailed to his knees, crimson from ear to ear.

Lala clapped her hands. “See? It works already! Isn’t it sweet?”

Issei gawked. “He just—he just fell into Akeno and she’s not even mad—”

Rias’s eyes narrowed. The air around her shimmered faintly with demonic power. “Hyoudou. Find out what that thing is. Now.”

Yami, still holding the other peeping tom by the neck with her hair, tilted her head. “Probability manipulation,” she said flatly. “A dangerous ability in the wrong hands.”

Rito held up his hands, backing away from Akeno like she was a live grenade. “I didn’t ask for this! Lala just—put it on me!”

But the pink glow pulsed again, and a gust from nowhere blew open the classroom window. The resulting draft flipped Akeno’s skirt just as Rito turned back to apologise.

Issei’s jaw dropped. “This is witchcraft.”

Akeno only laughed softly. “Oh, I like him,” she murmured. Little realising that this Sacred Gear had other effects she hadn't quite noticed yet...

=====

By the time the bell rang and everyone spilled out for lunch, Rito was still tugging uselessly at the bracelet. It clung to his wrist like it had grown there. Even Lala’s screwdriver-shaped laser didn’t make a dent.

“It’s keyed to your DNA,” she chirped between bites of curry bread. “You can’t just take it off. You have to let it ‘synchronise’ first.”

“That sounds ominous,” Rito muttered.

That was when Issei slid into the seat opposite him. “Hey,” he said in a conspiratorial whisper, “I can tell that thing’s some kind of Sacred Gear. If you’re stuck with it, you at least need to learn how to control it. Otherwise…” he glanced meaningfully at Akeno across the room, “…it’s gonna keep making a mess.”

Rito nodded weakly. “If you can teach me, please do. I don’t even—”

Issei grinned and held out his hand. “Then let’s start. With Boosted Gear, you focus your will through the gauntlet. Try copying me.”

Rito swallowed, closed his eyes and tried. The pink jewel in his bracelet flared; Issei's red gauntlet answered in kind. For a second there was a strange hum, like two tuning forks vibrating together.

And then, with a soft pop and a swirl of pink light, Issei changed.

Where the pervy devil boy had been sitting was now a very startled looking girl with long chestnut hair spilling over her shoulders, wearing a slightly too-baggy male uniform. She blinked, looked down at herself, then back at Rito. "Uh… did it work?"

Rito's jaw dropped. Everyone else in the cafeteria went on eating like nothing had happened.

"You're—you're—" he stammered.

Issei frowned. "I'm what? You okay, man? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"You're a girl!" Rito hissed.

Issei tilted her head. "What are you talking about? I'm fine." She flexed her hand; the Boosted Gear still gleamed crimson on a much more delicate arm. "Huh. My voice sounds weird to me though…"

Rito's eyes darted around. Nobody else was reacting. Not Lala. Not Rias. Not Akeno. Not even Yami, who'd normally be first to notice something off.

Oh no. The Gear didn't just make accidents happen. It was warping perception too. It had turned Issei into a girl and, somehow, only Rito could see it. He had to do something - and do it quickly!

======

With great power comes great responsibility. Rito was already aware of that lesson because a certain webslinging superhero is popular globally, including in Japan. All the same he could never have imagined things might turn out like this!

You see, it had started when he'd gone to look for help. Any help would do. Lala, Rias, Akeno, Yami - anyone of them would have been fine.

"Lala, your gear changed Issei's gender!" Rito complained.

"Huh? Is Issei a boy now?" Lala gasped. Then looked squarely at the very obviously large breasted girl with the spiky orange hair and the glowing red gauntlet. "Uh, she doesn't look it to me."

"N-No, no, Issei was normally meant to be a boy, but then I changed her into a girl with this!" Rito said, holding aloft the offending item. Lala though, she started to giggle.

"And how would it do that?" Lala asked. "When all it does is maximise your -"

A tennis ball hit him in the back, causing him to topple forward, grabbing onto Issei's boobs with one hand and landing face first in Lala's rack, while his hand wound up on Akeno's butt. All in all, that's quite the sensory overload to experience for a young man!

But the funny thing was, when he grabbed Issei's breasts something very peculiar happened: Namely! Her Boosted gear began to glow and - Suddenly, quite without warning, Rito Yuuki was twice as buff as he normally was.

"Oh wow," Rias asked. "Was he always that hot?"

"Hrm?" Yui quirked an eyebrow. "Really now, it is not appropriate to talk about how hot a fellow student is, don't objectify him!"

Worth noting that, while saying that, Yui was tilting her head so she could scope out his butt better. Rito himself had noticed, though. After he'd been able to extract himself from Lala's warm, tender cleavage. Which took a hot minute, so you can appreciate that Yui had been looking for a while.

"Lala!" Rito warned. "This thing is making things worse! It's adding all these girls to my harem through sheer happenstance!"

"Oh, is that so?" Lala giggled. "Um, in that case I'll make it even more potent!"

"No! I don't want a harem!"

A hush fell upon the room, as all the girls in there stared at him as if he'd said something incomprehensible. An abhorrent aberration to the nature of the world.

"I'm sorry, I don't understand what you mean," Lala said.

"I don't want a harem," Rito said.

"It's like he's talking another language all of a sudden," Issei muttered. "Hold on, I have an idea! I know how to fix this!"

Issei reached out with her hand, and then grabbed Rito's forehead. Before Rito could so much as say 'huh?' Issei had already said "Boost!"

This, as it turned out, was not the greatest idea that anyone had ever had. Which was, unfortunately, around about the average for those present within the room.

======

So, the above was the story of how Rito Yuuki came to be the harem God of two schools. This is not a title that he had sought. It was not a title that he desired. Yet here he was, bearer of it either way.

Fortunately, they had access to magic. They had access to advanced technology. That meant, above all else, that he could freely have Rias and Lala warp time and space to make two schools one, despite that they were both in very, *very* different parts of the country.

The bell rang. Rito Yuuki shouldered his bag and shuffled through the hallway that definitely wasn't his hallway.

It looked like Sainan High at first glance — same beige lockers, same scuffed tile floors — but there were these faint crimson sigils etched under the windows, pulsing like neon veins. And the uniforms. Half the students wore Sainan blazers. The other half wore some unfamiliar black-and-white getup with an insignia shaped like wings. None of them seemed to think it was strange. They laughed, chattered, swapped notes, like it was perfectly normal that two schools had been jammed together like mismatched puzzle pieces.

Rito gripped his left wrist through the sleeve of his jacket. The faint metallic band Lala had clasped on him last night was warm against his skin — warmer than usual. She had called it a "temporary experimental Sacred Gear" and cheerfully announced it would "help him keep up" with a boy named Hyoudou Issei. That had not been comforting.

He glanced at his reflection in a trophy case. No glow, no wings, no freaky weapons. Yet. Good.

Don't activate. Please don't activate, he begged silently, tightening his grip until his knuckles whitened. The thing pulsed once, like a heartbeat.

He ducked into what should have been his homeroom, but the chalkboard was covered in complex runic symbols instead of kanji, and a tall girl with raven hair and an aura like static electricity was writing equations that bent at impossible angles. She glanced at him, eyes briefly glowing crimson, and then looked away as though nothing were strange.

"Uh…" He shuffled to an empty seat near the back. "Morning?"

Nobody replied. Even Haruna, sitting two rows up, smiled politely but didn't seem to notice that their school was fused with a gothic cathedral corridor. Was he the only one seeing the flickering torches in the corners? The shadowed statues with wings? The faint smell of incense under the cafeteria curry?

Rito hunched low over his desk. Sweat prickled the back of his neck. Okay, Lala, this has to be your tech. Or magic. Or both. But why am I the only one—

The band on his arm pulsed again, harder, and for a split second a translucent sigil bloomed above his palm, humming like a tuning fork. Rito snapped his hand into a fist, shoving it under the desk.

“Not here!” he hissed under his breath.

The sigil winked out. Nobody else reacted. The raven-haired girl just kept writing, and Haruna kept doodling flowers in her notebook.

Rito swallowed. The merged school, the creepy symbols, the artificial Sacred Gear—all of it was a time bomb waiting to go off. And if he was the only one noticing, that probably meant it was going to go off on him first. He could hardly imagine anything worse!

Oh, but apparently the universe *could*.

=====

Gid Lucione Deviluke stood atop a telecommunications tower, arms folded behind his back, his cape fluttering in the wind like the declaration of a monarch surveying a newly discovered province. His eyes, ancient and unreadable, scanned the city below—not for conquest, but for curiosity. Something was off. The dimensional readings were fluctuating. Earth, for all its primitive charm, was hiding something.

He exhaled slowly. “So… this planet has been keeping secrets.”

A flick of his finger opened a holographic display. The data was clear: dimensional rifts, demonic energy signatures, celestial interference. Not Devilukean. Not even Galactic Union. This was something else.

He narrowed his gaze. “Devils. Fallen Angels. Dragons. Hmph.”

A lesser being might have panicked. Gid simply smiled.

He descended into the city like a shadow, his presence cloaked from mortal eyes. It didn’t take long to find one of them—a young devil, barely out of his adolescence, boasting about his clan’s power in a back alley. Gid stepped forward, his voice calm, regal, and laced with the weight of centuries.

“You call yourself a devil?”

The boy turned, startled. “Who the hell are you?”

Gid didn’t answer. He didn’t need to. The air around him shifted, gravity itself seeming to bow. The boy dropped to his knees, instinct overriding pride.

“I am Gid Lucione Deviluke. Emperor of the Devilukean Empire. And you… are a child playing with fire.”

The boy stammered, “W-We serve the Underworld! The Three Great Factions—Devils, Angels, Fallen—”

Gid raised a brow. “Factions? You divide yourselves like squabbling insects. I ruled galaxies before your kind learned to crawl.”

He turned away, already bored. “Still… intriguing. Earth continues to amuse.”

He vanished in a blink, leaving the young devil gasping for breath.

Back on his ship, Gid sat in his throne, fingers steepled. His voice echoed through the command deck.

“Prepare a diplomatic channel. I want to speak with this… Sirzechs Lucifer. If Earth has devils, I will see if they are worthy of the name.”

He paused, a rare smirk tugging at his lips.

“And if they are not… I’ll remind them what a true devil looks like.”

=====

Alright, so the classroom was a bit warped as well. He had a few people in his class that were from both schools, and the really weird bit is... Rito was pretty sure they didn't even attend in the same years. He had Lala, Haruna and Yui, naturally enough. Issei was here as well. But so were other girls too. Like Rias, Akeno, Asia, and Koneko, just over there. Yami was lurking in the corner too. There was Run. And that was Sona, wasn't it? The student council president? Um, Saki was back there as well as Rin and Atsuko...

Where were all the boys...? He faintly remembered something about Kuoh being an all girl's school, but even so, the ratio should not be this skewed! It was as though all the cutest girls around had been crammed into one classroom, with the only boy here being... well, him!

Then again, Issei was a boy before this whole thing kicked off, so... No, that wasn't something he wanted to think about right now. How could this possibly get any worse for him?

Just then, as if in answer, a woman walked into the room. She was wearing a jet black super smart dress suit with a split open cleavage that showed aroudn about 90% of it from top to near bottom. Then there was the snuggest pencil skirt that he'd ever laid eyes upon, which put a lot of emphasis on her legs, hips and butt.

"Alright class, settle down~" the teacher said, flicking her hands through her raven hair, which seemed to be darker than the night's sky. It was strange, he could almost swear blind that she was the same age as the rest of them. "I shall be your teacher today - Miss Raynare, you wouldn't mind~"

That name didn't mean anything to Rito, but considering the timing of it, then it was probably an answer to his question about how things could possibly get any worse.

=====

Dying sucks. Dying really fucking sucks. Everyone does it, but nobody comes back, and that's because of how much it really fucking *sucks*.

Especially dying to someone who hadn't known about the supernatural a month prior. Oh, he might have known about myths and legends and all that nonsense, but he probably thought that was all they were.

Or rather, *she* must think that. Issei was a girl. Issei had always been a girl.

Being alive again was really weird. She felt rather strange. Wasn't she a Fallen Angel? Wasn't she supposed to be after powerful Sacred Gears? She wasn't a teacher and she certainly wouldn't be using her real name -

But those doubts died down the instant she set foot in this classroom. Her eyes settled on the sole male in the room. Gosh, what a hunk! And... as class began, she made sure to stroll down the aisle, and put her hand upon his shoulder. Squeezing it for good measure.

Her knees buckled as she felt a strange spike of power flow through her. She gasped in horror and delight - this was the strongest Sacred Gear she'd ever heard of!

Which meant, of course, that she now had some powerful motivation. She was going to seduce this boy, come hell or highwater. Not only was this Rito Yuuki a total hunk - but also? If she fucked him hard enough, she could probably steal his Sacred Gear for herself!

Or at least, that was what her logic and reason were telling her. In the presence of this power, such things were rather less certain than they might first appear.

Blake's Bootynosis

It's rare when the days that change your life forever start in anything but a truly mundane way. You wake up in your usual space. You rise, you look around, take stock of what you're needing to do today - and then set about doing it.

That was Blake’s morning. The sunlight filtering through the blinds felt almost too gentle to be real. She blinked against it, ears twitching as they caught the faint hum of the air conditioner and Ruby’s distant chatter from the hallway. Another day, another mission. Nothing extraordinary - at least, that’s what she told herself as she pulled on her boots.

It wasn’t that she disliked the team. Not exactly. But some mornings, dealing with them felt like walking barefoot over Legos.

And yes, dear reader, they did happen to have Legos in this world, and they're exactly the things you think they are. It's not some cutesy coincidence where this world happens to have a sharp spiky weapon that happens to be called Legos. They're actually little plastic bricks which happen to slot together due to a clever and elegant design. Those things are all over the multiverse.

Anyway!

"Blake!" Ruby’s voice cracked like a whip down the corridor, cheerful and sharp all at once. "You ready?"

Blake resisted the urge to groan. She was ready - had been ready - but apparently, so was Ruby’s ability to test her patience before breakfast.

"I'll be out in a few minutes," she said.

Before she had to endure the chaos that no doubt awaited on the other end of that door, she decided to start her day with some exercise. Nothing fancy - just enough to loosen up before the mission. She might not be built like Yang, but Blake understood the importance of staying sharp, and that meant keeping her body as disciplined as her mind.

So, squats. Simple. Efficient. One, two, three - And just on time, the door creaked as someone opened it. Blake froze mid-movement.

"...What exactly are you doing?"

Of course. Weiss. Who else would simply barge into the room like that? Blake rose slowly, as if that might somehow erase the fact that Weiss had just walked in on her mid-squat. Her expression didn’t change much, but inside, she was already imagining setting up a hundred traps for anyone who thought barging in unannounced was a good idea.

"Exercising," Blake said finally, voice clipped and calm. She was not in the mood for nonsense right now, thank you very much. Take it away somewhere else, we're not buying!

Weiss tilted her head slightly, that perfect eyebrow arching like it had been trained for this exact purpose. "I see. And this requires… squatting in the middle of the room?"

Blake shrugged. "It works."

Weiss opened her mouth - probably to deliver some comment about proper technique or decorum - but Blake cut her off with a look sharp enough to freeze lava. Blessed silence was all that spilled from the mouth of that spoiled heiress. Then Weiss gave a soft sniff, pivoted on her heel, and walked back out without another word. As such, Blake continued with her routine. Up and down, up and down -

"Yo, Weiss, is Blake up yet?" Yang's voice drifted in from the hall.

"She is," Weiss replied crisply, "but do be careful. She's currently… occupying the floor space."

"Uh-huh." A pause. "Wait - what's she doing?"

"Squats." Weiss sniffed. "She didn't seem interested in stopping any time soon."

Yang chuckled. "Heh. Guess that explains the Bellabooty."

There was a sharp gasp from Weiss. "The what?" Which was the same thing Blake was wondering as well. The *what* now?

"The Bellabooty!" Yang sounded way too pleased with herself. "C'mon, you've noticed, right? Girl's serving it by the pound - "

"Absolutely not!" Weiss hissed. "That is an atrocious nickname, and I refuse to - Yang! Stop laughing!"

Blake froze mid-squat, ears twitching so hard they might take flight. Bellabooty? What. The. Hell. Bellabooty?! What kind of gross nickname was that?!

Yang, still grinning through her words, said, "Don't tell her I said that, though. Pretty sure she'd kill me."

She's not wrong, Blake thought darkly, lowering herself into another squat with slow, murderous precision. She patted down her glutes. They weren't quite so big as that, were they now...?

=====

Blake needed a breather. From the team, from the constant chatter, from Yang's infuriating nicknames that had probably already spread like wildfire in the dorms. So she slipped away after breakfast to a quieter corner of Vale, where the air smelled like paper and dust instead of Grimm and gunpowder.

Tukson's Book Trade.

The bell above the door gave a soft chime as she stepped inside. The scent of ink and old pages hit her immediately, a rich and familiar scent. Her ears twitched at the sound of Tukson himself shifting behind the counter.

"Welcome," he said automatically, before glancing up. His eyes widened slightly, just for a moment, before his polite mask slid back into place. Blake offered a small nod. They didn't hug. They didn't shake hands. People who left the Fang didn't really do that. They just… acknowledged each other, and moved on.

"Blake." Tukson's voice carried a weight of recognition, but also caution. "It's been a while."

"Not long enough," she murmured, brushing past the counter to the shelves. He didn't stop her. She didn't expect him to. "Don't mind me. I'm just browsing for now."

The shop was cramped but orderly, every shelf crammed with volumes. Dusty tomes, paperback novels, manuals nobody had touched in years. Blake trailed her fingers along the spines until something stopped her. A book that stood out instantly sat on a shelf: It had a sleek black cover, gold lettering that shimmered faintly even in the dim shoplight. She frowned, leaning closer to read the title.

Her ears went hot. '*The Secrets of Bootynosis'* was not a title you forgot about in a hurry.

Blake blinked. "…What?"

She pulled it free from the shelf, as if half-expecting the letters to vanish the moment she touched it. They didn't. The weight of the thing settled into her hand with unsettling certainty.

"Tukson," she said slowly, turning toward the counter, "why do you have this?"

Tukson looked up, frowned, and adjusted his glasses. "Do I have what?"

She held the book up for him to take a look at. His brow furrowed. He stepped out from behind the counter, took it from her, and turned it over in his hands. "Huh. That's… strange."

"You don't remember stocking it?"

"I remember everything I stock." His voice was steady, but his grip on the book tightened. "And I definitely don't remember this." They shared a look. The kind of look you only gave someone who understood how quickly the past could crawl back and bite you. Then Tukson handed the book back. "But a sale's a sale. Five lien."

Blake hesitated. She should laugh it off. She should walk away. But the book was warm in her hands, and something in her gut whispered that ignoring it would be the greater mistake. With a sigh, she pulled out the money. Tukson rang it up without another word. When Blake stepped back out onto the street, the weight of the book in her bag felt heavier than it should.

Much heavier.

=====

Ruby did not seem happy today. Which, in turn, did not make Yang happy either. Whoever had upset her little sister -

"Yang, have you been making reference to Blake's butt as a -" she stopped for a moment, fighting against a smile and a giggle like her life depended on it. "Bellabooty?"

"Yeah, so what?" Yang said. "She's got a real nice keister, so the nickname fits!"

Weiss clearly didn't see it that way. Oh no. Weiss snapped at her like she'd just insulted the Schnee family crest. "That is not appropriate! That is crude! It is vile! Yang, are you laughing at me?!"

Yeah. This conversation was off to a *stellar* start.

"Ah, get that stick out of your butt!" Yang slapped her back.

"Can you stop with the anal obsession?!" Weiss sniffed. "Honestly, that crude demeanour of yours will give others the wrong impression about us!"

And Ruby? Sweet little Rubes just giggled nervously, mumbled something about it "maybe not being the best idea," and then bolted before Weiss could draft her into Team Scold-Yang. Which, thanks a lot, sis. Real backup. Real great leadership, too. Gonna scold her for this or not?

"Bwahaha! Bellabooty! Oh wow, that's funny!"

Then a moment later, Rubes returned with a much more serious expression.

"Anyway!" she said. Deep breath to compose herself. "We have a new mission to go on, and we need to find Blake. Can you head back to her room and check if she's there? If not, wait for her - if we meet her first we'll come get you. Make sure to apologise to her, got it?"

"Got it," Yang sighed. Urgh, whatever. Was it her fault that their team mate had such a nice butt? What was she supposed to do? Ignore it? Or the enormous crush that she'd been holding on to since the day they'd met but dared not act upon, nor even consciously acknowledge?

=====

Back in her room, Blake's amber eyes swept the space once more. No sign of Ruby, Yang, or Weiss. Good. They were most likely caught up in their own business.

Still, she remembered Weiss barging in earlier without a shred of hesitation. That alone was enough to make her cautious.

She slipped the book from her bag, holding it just above the opening. If someone charged in, she could drop it back in instantly, make it look like she was reaching for something else. Her reflexes were sharp enough. She'd practiced hiding far more incriminating things before.

And yet, here she was… treating a gaudy little volume on 'bootynosis' like contraband. What did that word even mean anyway? Bootynosis? It sounded like it was something to do with hypnosis. But that first part of the word...?

She flicked it open to the front page and started to read. "For too long, the war between titnosis and cocknosis has ravaged the multiverse," she read, to her utter disbelief. "These mind melting powers have brought low Gods and Devils alike. What chance have we mere mortals, as they divide us apart - At least, this is what we once believed. For now we have a means to fight back. To retain our dignity. To create a power that can be used by men and women alike! Through the power of the words **Clapitus Assicus-"**

The moment the words left her mouth, Blake felt... A little strange. She bounced off her bed, rising to her feet as all of a sudden she simply couldn't quite bring herself to *sit down*. Not for this. Not for what? ***This*****,** part of her brain insisted, being specifically vague about -

Boing, boing, boing~

She took in a sharp intake of air, filling her lungs on the spot. Wh-What was? Jiggle, jiggle bounce jiggle bounce! Her centre of balance was thrown for a loop. She struggled for it, reached for it, and held on fast. But even so! Even so!

... People underestimate how much their butts are used for ballast and balance. If you really want a good sense of it, try this: Put your back to a wall and then touch your toes. No cheating! No bending your knees, no shifting your hips. Just reach. What you'll discover, almost

immediately, is that your body refuses. Not because your hamstrings are tight (though they might be), but because your center of gravity is trapped. With your butt pinned to the wall, you've lost access to one of your body's key stabilizers. Normally, when you bend forward, your hips shift backward to compensate, allowing your weight to stay balanced over your feet. But the wall blocks that adjustment. Your glutes can't retreat, and so your torso can't advance. You're stuck.

It was a lesson that Blake was learning quite well, too, as all of a sudden it felt like she was being dragged backwards. She was able to stabilise herself instinctively after adjusting to the weight, but there was another problem here. A problem that became more obvious if you looked at her face.

For this was a face that was enraptured by the greatest ecstasy that it had ever known. Blake's hands reached back to her glutes - and found themselves groping *sheer perfection*.

"Ooooh my assssss~" Blake whined, in a quite out of character moment. "It's soooo goooooood~"

It's hard to put into words - but that's what we're all here for so let's give it a shot anyway! What she was feeling was... well, her own shorts, which had *somehow* managed to *not* rip apart under the pressure. It was riding up something fierce, but the material was still holding like a champ!

Underneath that, her glutes had strength. Power. The flesh was smoother than silk, and within her flesh was a set of muscles that would make Yang jealous, and not just for the reasons we're getting into. Control. She had total control over every square inch of her ass. That might not sound like much, but really consider what someone could do with that. Clench, mostly - but she could make each part ripple like the surface of a lake or harden like steel in the blink of an eye.

And then there was the shape. Oh, it was big, and it was full! It was perfect, like the moon hanging in the sky. To stare upon these glutes was to stare upon a masterwork of ass.

The growth stopped, and with it the surge of undiluted pleasure that was assailing her reason. Thus, Blake began to calm down, caught her breath and then -

"Yo, Blake? You in here?" Yang knocked on the door.

This was when Blake started to panic. She glanced back and saw the mere tip of *perfection* right there. The upper curve of her butt by itself made her wanna *cum real bad*. During the *change*, she'd dropped the book - Where is it? Ah! She dropped to the floor to check for it.

"You okay?" Yang asked, sounding concerned. Ah! She must have heard movement! Now she was opening the door!

"Wait, don't come in -" Blake called out, but it was too late. All of a sudden, she realised the position she was in. She'd tried to check under the bed in case it had been knocked under there, but that meant she was crouched over with her butt aimed squarely at the door.

Which, in turn, meant that when Yang opened the door, the very first thing she saw?

"Oohhhh, holy fuck that's a nice ass~" Yang sighed, befoe sinking to her knees and simply staring at it with big wide eyes. Oh dear. Oh no! What was she going to do now?!

======

Yang didn't mean anything by it. Not really.

It was just a dumb nickname. Bellabooty. Totally harmless. Totally silly. It wasn't like she was writing it on posters or putting it in song lyrics or anything (yet). It was just… funny. Blake had a great butt, and Yang had a great sense of humor. Case closed.

Except they hadn't seen it that way, had they? Oh, Yang groaned at the whole thing internally, not really handling it all that well. To think those two would react like that! And right before a mission, too!

So now here Yang was, trudging toward Blake's room with the words "vital mission" echoing in her head like Ruby had shouted it five times in a row (which she kind of had). Yang figured she'd better collect the resident bookworm before Weiss got the chance to rat her out for the Bellabooty thing again.

She'd knocked once to check if she was in there. Heard some noise. No reply, but if anything that sounded like panic. Huh? The hell?

"You okay?" she called out, starting to get a bit worried now. So she'd pushed the door open, stormed in ready for a fight and found herself face to face with - Hot ass.

Behold, the first victim of Bellabootynosis.

"Yang!" Blake gasped in horror. "Oh no! Are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" Yang sighed happily. Oh no, but Blake had managed to get to her feet and she could no longer see the ass. "I'm perfectly, totally fine, but not as fine as your *hot Bellabooty*."

Blake stared at her and then flicked her on the forehead. "Don't call it that," she said.

"Okay!" Yang replied immediately. "Whatever you say!"

For some reason, this did not make Blake happy. If anything, the idea seemed to upset her for some reason. Her ears twitched in that way they did when something had managed to get under her skin.

======

Oh dear, how unfortunate. Poor Yang was - Was still staring at her butt actually. A shudder passed through Blake's body as she processed that fact. It felt good. She hated that it felt good. Far too good to be natural. This butt of hers was dangerous - but how dangerous, exactly?

It had felt good when Yang acknowledged her 'command' as well. Would it feel good if she issued more commands? What would Yang do? What wouldn't she do?

Taking a deep breath, Blake knew full well that she *had* to figure that out. She *had* to experiment. It was her responsibility, right? A Huntress should always be aware of what her abilities were, be it their Semblance or whatever other skills they may have.

Thus, she tried to think of something Yang would never do. Something safe. Something simple, something harmless, but also that Yang would never, ever do. This was not an easy task.

"Um... Yang, could you..." Blake gulped nervously. "Could you tell me a secret?"

"I have the biggest crush on you," Yang said. "Totally repressed it. But I have dreams every single night about -"

"No, no, that's fine!" Blake interrupted. Ah! Well, that might be her making fun. M-maybe? She kind of hoped it was? Yang was very pretty and they did *generally* get on well when she wasn't being an *ass*, but -

Blake almost collapsed to her knees as her ass rewarded her for both the pun and for making Yang admit her feelings. She didn't know how she knew that. But she did.

"T-Turn around!" Blake demanded. "Stop staring at my asssss~"

Ah ah ah that physically hurt it hurt so bad and it hurt to watch Yang turn around and stop staring at her ass she wanted that girl to stare and drool and become mindless, utterly mindless while staring at her hot ass stop it stop it stop it, this is not right it's not right it's not -

"... Huh? Why am I on my knees?" Yang asked, sounding sleepy. Blake took the chance to dive under the covers, hiding her lower half in particular. Yang turned back around again, and - Oh, what she must have seen. "What the heck are you even doing?"

Blake narrowed her eyes at Yang. Test time!

"Pat your head and stroke your tummy," Blake commanded. Yang tilted her head in confusion. Okay. That's good. That's a good start. "What do you remember?"

"I remember coming in here," Yang said. "Then I felt - Really, really good for some reason? Uh... Hey, what're you hiding under there? Let me see!"

Blake held tightly at her cover, determined not to let Yang see. Which proved to be a mistake because Yang is generally much stronger than her, and critically? She knows how to use that strength. It didn't take much time before Blake found herself sprawled out on her bed, ass up in the air and -

"Yas Queen~" Yang said, once again kneeling before Blake's bellabooty in total supplication and surrender.

Okay. Okay. So this was bad. This was really, really bad. Blake was feeling a minor compulsion to shake her ass right in Yang's face while giving her more orders. Actually, if she moved at all she was afraid of what might happen next. So instead, let's try a different approach.

"What did you want?" Blake asked. "Why did you come to see me?"

"Mission," Yang said. "We have a mission and we're all looking for you."

Blake looked around the room, where is it, where is it! She couldn't go on a mission and leave it here! No, should she be going on a mission at all?! No! Don't think like that! If she stayed in here the others would get concerned and then the whole thing would blow up anyway!

"I dropped a book in here, it’s very important," Blake said. Her voice using a slow, deliberate tone. She needed that book. She had to have that book! It would have the answers she was seeking! "Can you see it?"

=====

Upon hearing that command from her mistress, Yang’s eyes snapped wide, sharper than they’d been all morning. "Yes."

Her head whipped left, right, scanning the room like a bloodhound with rocket boosters. Under the bed? No. Desk? Nothing. Wait! Wait! There. A sliver of black cover poking out from beneath the dresser.

Her heart leapt into her chest. Her body moved before her brain even caught up, diving for it with the single-minded energy of a cat pouncing on a mouse. One moment she was on her knees drooling like an idiot, the next she was flat on the floor, arm outstretched, clutching the book like it was a prize.

"I found it!" she declared, grinning up at Blake, though her voice sounded oddly hollow in her own ears. Like it hadn’t really been her choice to shout it.

Blake, instead of looking grateful, just stared at her, wide-eyed, ears twitching, expression caught somewhere between horror and disbelief.

"Ah..." Blake gasped. She took the book from Yang and quickly flicked through it. "So, those under the thrall of bootynosis will become extremely suggestible. They will do anything you ask, and furthermore, it will make them susceptible to the other techniques described in the book... Um... Yang! I order you to behave like your normal self! Forget that any of this happened and return to normal!"

Clong! Yang hopped up to her feet in the blink of an eye and shook her head. "Oh, hey there Blake! We got a mission. Bring that fat butt of yours outta here, you do any more squats we'll need another bed for that tush!"

A surge of pleasure at doing what she was told passed right through Yang, then another one when she saw Blake let out a big sigh of relief. She gestured for Blake to lead, and then followed out the room, eyes glued to that rear because, of course, she could justify it to herself easily.

Wouldn't Yang, behaving normally, stare at that butt? Of course she would. That was normal behaviour for anyone. The reason she would do it, of course, would be because she'd be wondering what the hell happened - but she would definitely be staring, that much was for sure! If only she could remember what had happened right after she'd entered that room, she'd have even more great memories to draw from!

=====

Blake had hoped that would be an end to her little panic moment there, but alas, a new one had arisen from the moment she'd walked out of the room, Yang close behind. And that problem could be explained with a single piece of onomatopoeia

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

At first, Blake thought that Yang was doing it. Applauding for whatever reason. But then she looked back, and Yang's hands were on top of her head. So she took another step and -

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

That was when she realised. She had that epiphany. A horrid, horrid realisation of what was really going on. She stopped for a moment. Varied her gait, and -

Clap. Clap. Clap clap. Clap.

It was her. It was her own cheeks. They were clapping together uncontrollably. She tried to stop it. Focused on restraining her glutes. The horror she felt upon realising that she couldn't left her completely stunned into silence.

"Oh wow, look! I guess they don't call her Bellabooty for -"

The girl that had been about to say that was immediately silenced by Yang. Which must have been a bit strange for them, since she was the source of that nickname in the first place.

"Don't," Yang warned, and then fell into lockstep right behind Blake.

Right... Behind... No way, really?

"Yang, are you staring at my butt?" Blake asked, while going clap,clap, clap.

"Uh, sure!" Yang replied. "How could I not? It's *right there*!"

Faced with no other option, Blake pulled open the book to read some more from it. Looking around, while there were students and faculty staring at her, none of them had gone *under* quite like Yang had. Why was that...?

"The power of bootynosis -" she began to read aloud. Then stopped herself. Why was she saying it aloud? That was weird, right? Speaking aloud like this at a time like this was super strange! In fact, that's the reason she'd even said the words that transformed her, wasn't it? Because she'd been saying this nonsense out loud!

She opened it to the same page again and continued from where she was left off, trying (and failing) to stop herself from saying it out loud. "The power of bootynosis is at its strongest when the user is bent over, or otherwise placing emphasis on their cheeks," she read, then tried to stop herself from reading, and continued anyway. "Those that stare for too long shall become highly suggestible during the duration, but shall not be truly bootynotised unless they stare at the glutes for a total of two uninterrupted minutes, not counting blinking."

Right. That was annoying. Apparently there's some sort of enchantment on the book that compels those reading it to finish what they were checking, and also to read it out loud. Oh, and it might be trying to make Blake read more of it, because she could sort of feel other questions bubbling up to the surface, like -

Could she put delayed triggers on it? Could she put conditions in it? What were the limits? More to the point, could she undo this?

But there were other considerations as well of a tactical nature. She could use this on enemies, probably. It could be a useful interrogation technique. All she'd have to do was get down in front of a prisoner and do. Some. Squats.

Blake shuddered and wiped the drool from the corners of her mouth. Oh dear. This whole thing might be more trouble than she was thinking! First things first, she had to figure out the limits of this stupid thing!

"Turn around and look at something else!" Blake yelled, then turned around herself to find herself looking directly at Yang's back. "Yang? How are you feeling?"

"Huh?" Yang grunted. "What was I doing just now?"

"Never mind that," Blake said. Explaining that she'd just been staring enraptured by Blake's perfect ass would not be something she was capable of admitting out loud. "Wh-What do you remember"?

Yang scratched her head. "Uh... Main thing is, I was following you down the hallway, staring at your enormous tush," Yang said. "I mean, that thing was gigantic! Pretty sure it wasn't that big last night, a girl would remember something like that."

Alas, this was when Yang turned around again, and seemed perfectly sane and reasonable, at least for the time being. Perhaps because she could not see Blake's ass right now?

Oh! There was Jaune! He was walking right past her, smiling at the two of them - then his face turned to surprise when he caught sight of the junk in her trunk.

"What the - " Jaune gasped. Not just him either. When Blake turned to face him, it meant turning her back to Yang... And when she looked back? At the first sight of Blake's cheeks - she was out like a light. It was eerie to watch. The merest glimpse seemed to get her under. This was quite telling. Time to run a quick test.

"Give me all your money," Blake commanded. Then, to her annoyance, Yang handed over all the change in her pockets. "Not you. Him!"

"You heard the lady!" Yang pounded her hands into her fists. "She wants all that cash of yours! Pronto!"

"No, no, I want him to give it to me," Blake insisted. While Jaune himself simply stood there, baffled. "I'm sorry, Jaune. I'm trying out something as a test. I have a new power, and -"

"And you figured you'd test it by robbing me?" Jaune asked, with a raised eyebrow. "I mean, wow. I would pay money to see that butt - I mean! Sorry, I don't know why I said that!"

In that case... As much as she didn't want to have to do it, Blake turned around and put her hands on her knees. Instantly, Jaune's emotions went from confused and concerned to... outright goofy.

"Okay, you want my money here it is," Jaune burbled.

"You can keep it," Blake said. This was so embarrassing! She desperately needed to read more of this book when she got a spare moment. Figure out how this worked before -

Before she did something she sorely regretted.

Vampire Ranma 1

It was a dark and stormy night - which meant that Ranma Saotome was currently in girl form during a fast paced and hectic battle against some creep that was trying to brainwash Shampoo with his weird and freaky scarlet gaze.

Lightning cracked overhead, and Ranma darted between tombstones, dodging the man's claw-like hands. The guy moved with inhuman speed, his cape whipping like a shadow, eyes glowing brighter each time they met Shampoo's.

"Not on my watch, pal!" Ranma shouted, spinning into a high kick that sent the man reeling. But just as Ranma lunged again, the stranger bared a flash of gleaming fangs.

There was a sharp sting at Ranma's neck—a bite, quick and precise—and then a dizzying rush of cold flooded her veins.

"R-Ranma!" Shampoo cried out, breaking free of the crimson gaze long enough to knock the man back with her bonbori. The vampire hissed, cloak swirling, and dissolved into mist that the wind carried into the storm.

Ranma staggered, touching her neck. "What the heck…?" The puncture wounds were already fading.

Before anyone could react, a sudden downpour erupted. Shampoo's eyes widened. "Hot water!" she yelled, tossing a kettle from her bag—only for Ranma to be drenched first by the rain.

With a flash, Ranma shifted back into his male form, coughing. The strange, icy feeling in his veins vanished as if it had never been there.

By the time Akane and the others reached them, Ranma was standing, shivering but seemingly fine. "Heh. Just a scratch," he said, forcing a grin. "That creep's gone for now."

Shampoo frowned, looking at his neck. "Nothing there…" she murmured.

"See? No big deal," Ranma said, brushing it off. But as the group hurried away from the storm, his reflection in a puddle lingered for just a moment too long—eyes faintly glowing red—before blinking back to normal.

=====

Later that night, Ranma managed to get off to sleep in male form for a change. How nice for him. He lay upon the futon laid out on the floor happy, content and serene. His father sleeping off in the corner, uncaring and oblivious.

But not ten minutes went by before the door silently slid open again. It was Nabiki Tendo, who had a glass of water in her hand and a camera slung over her shoulder.

She crept into the room, and carefully, oh so carefully, poured that water out over Ranma's sleeping, exhausted body, and snapped a few pictures. She was pretty scummy like that. With that done, she silently crept out of the room -

And completely missed out on Ranma's eyes shooting open. She rose from the floor in a way that even she couldn't manage, arms crossed over her chest. She looked down at the panda with disgust, then leaped out of the window.

"I thirst," she whispered. Upon her neck was a pair of pinpricks, the telltale sign of a vampire's bite. Her eyes cast back at the Tendo family home - and took note that one of the lights was on. Akane's. "Kukuku~ I wonder if she's locked her window?"

=====

Honestly now, Akane could hardly believe it. A freaking real life vampire of all things! That Ranma, always getting into issues just like this, it was ridiculous. Akane sighed a weary sigh, unable to quite get any sleep. She'd taken to lifting some weights to try to exhaust herself, but -

There was a knock at the window. There was only one person it could be. She went up to it, looked outside, and sure enough it was Ranma in girl form.

"What do you want?" Akane asked.

"Can I come in?" Ranma asked. "It's kinda wet out here."

"Sure, whatever," Akane said, and the second she did Ranma let loose a big toothy grin, then swung down and -

Euphoria followed. Akane's eyes were full of her pupils, as they totally dilated. She was dimly aware of Ranma's proximity, and something hot and cold pressed against her neck at the same time, and then -

"Mmmm, you're so fucking cute," Ranma whispered in her ear. Then pulled back, and showed her crimson eyes. They were... so beautiful. Akane couldn't look away. Ah, what was happening here? "Listen to me, Akane Tendo. You will forget about this encounter and go about your day."

"I will forget about this encounter and - " she almost repeated, then shook her head to free herself. "Ranma what are you -"

Ranma's expression and body language became oddly... seductive. She seemed to almost sway around in place, licking her lips while staring at Akane through narrowed eyes. Her breath hitched, and she tried to pull away, only to find Ranma's hand at the small of her back, and -

"Embrace our love," Ranma commanded. "I adore you. I adore you more than life itself. I would feast upon your blood forever if I could - But I am still weak. This curse... it interferes in the transformation. Together, the two of us shall create such beautiful music... the music of the night. But not yet. No, not yet, my beloved."

What followed was a kiss that went beyond searing, beyond rational, beyond sane. It was hungry. Ravenous. It felt like Akane had become a glass of water and was being drunk from. Most of all though, it felt really, really good. There was an odd taste on Ranma's lips. She couldn't place it at first - metallic? Salty...?

Blood.

The kiss parted, and Akane realised she was back on her bed, Ranma's girl form towering over her showing enormous fangs. She licked her lips with a tongue that seemed bigger than a human's ought to be, and then - She fled through the window, quick as a thunderbolt, leaving Akane scramble to the window, staring out into the night.

"I love you too," she whispered, and touched at her neck. "Mistress..."

=====

"Wake up already!"

Normally, Ranma gets woken up by his old man dragging him out to throw hands. This morning, he got woken up by hot water getting poured on his head. Spluttering and spitting, Ranma sat up, and glowered menacingly at Akane.

"Hey, I was having a nice dream there," he pouted. Akane sniffed. Huh? "Hey, what's that around your neck?"

"Nothing you need to worry about," Akane sniffed again. Was she coming down with a cold, or something? "Get dressed, let's get going to school already. Come on."

Yeah, yeah, whatever. Uncute as always. What crawled up her butt anyhow? Other than that the morning seemed normal enough. Early spar, bath, dressed, breakfast then off to school up on the fence while the tomboy walks below, and -

And that scarf she was wearing was really bugging him. It didn't suit her. Didn't suit her at all. Ranma had a keen sense of what looked good on this girl, and that? Ain't it.

"Hey, what's that?" Akane asked.

"What's what?" Ranma replied, and suddenly found himself splashed. Turning him into a girl, and - And...

"Ahhhh... In the middle of the morning?" Ranma hissed. Shielding herself from the sun. She turned her attention to the girl walking next to her. "In future, little one, turn me only inside. At the moment, the curse has stalled my transformation - but next time, I might turn to ash instead of the adorable, sexy, powerful being you see before you."

"Yes mistress," Akane said. "I - I! R-Ranma, you're -"

Ranma jumped down next to her. Grabbed her jaw. Looked her in the eyes. "You should embrace your true feelings," she whispered. "How do you really, truly feel about Ranma Saotome, little one?"

"I love Ranma Saotome," Akane answered, her tone flatter than Ranma liked to joke that her chest was. "I love him and her with all my heart. Love him lots and lots."

"My, my!" Ranma teased. "You're far cuter than he thinks. Come, under the shade of that tree. I would like you to show me. What would you do if Ranma said he loved you? How would you show your... affection?"

Akane's breathing turned laboured. If one were to look into her eyes they would see a veritable cocktail of mixed up emotion. Anticipation, trepidation, fear, bliss, lust, desire, repressed longings bubbling up to the surface as though she had been granted extra special permission to do what she'd longed to do for such a long time.

"Ah!" the tiny squeak escaped her mouth as she led Ranma underneath the tree. Ranma looked to her, pushed her gently back against the trunk, licked her lips and exposed fangs as long as her index finger.

And then, out of nowhere, a stream of hot water poured onto Ranma - and suddenly Shampoo was right there.

"Airen!" Shampoo cooed. "What you do with kitchen destroyer under tree?"

"Oy, Shampoo!" Ranma yelped. "What the hell, what are you doing?"

Normally Akane would get upset. Normally, she'd be very angry. Normally. Normally. Normally. Things weren't normal right now. Akane, at this moment in time, was completely ambivalent. Which, in this context meant that she was both relieved and saddened at the same time.

======

Man, for some reason Ranma wasn't in a great mood today. Except for this morning, it felt like Akane had been avoiding him. Now, Ranma would never admit it, but he was always happiest when he was around Akane.

Well, fine whatever. Time for him to do some late night training before going to bed, and -

Splash! Out of nowhere, Ranma found himself doused in cold water, and then -

"Oh god, oh no, I can't stop myself," Akane whispered, standing in the doorway with a bucket. "You're so... *sexy* like this, and I can't - I can't!"

"Shush now, it's fine~" Ranma whispered. "The change is still a slow one. The Chinese girl interrupted before, did she not? Shush, shush. You won't be fighting with her for too much longer. Would it surprise you to learn that he only has eyes for you?"

"N-no, it wouldn't," Akane whispered. "I love him. Please don't take that away from me. I love him, I love him -"

"And you will love him throughout eternity, by the time we are done," Ranma whispered to her. She kissed Akane on the mouth. "You adorable little thing. How lucky you are to be loved. If you could feel the depth of the love this man has for you, then you would surely feel overwhelmed. As strong as he is, that man does not know what to do with even a tenth or a hundredth of his devotion to you. Now, tell me, little one. How does your love for him compare?"

"I - " Akane began, about to give a tearful answer, suddenly stopped, and put her hand to Ranma's mouth. A finger to her own lips. She nodded towards the door. The two of them turned to look, and what should they find there but Nabiki creeping along with a camera.

"Tsk," Ranma tutted and shook her head. "Not yet. Not strong enough to control two..."

Ranma had a thermos on her possession already, and upended it over herself. Akane stumbled, for no seeming reason, prompting Ranma to catch her and -

"Oy, Akane? You okay?" Ranma asked, right as a shutter clicked. Nabiki had taken a picture of them. "Hey, do you mind? Akane just faints and you take a picture?"

"What, do I look like a nurse?" Nabiki scoffed. "Have fun with her, Ranma baby! But not too much fun, who knows what Daddy might say about it~"

Oh, that girl! Anyway, looking down at her, Akane was still wearing that scarf. He reached for it - only for her hand to slap it away.

"No!" she gasped, in apparent horror. "I'm - I'm fine. Really. Excuse me, there's something I need to take care of."

Once again, leaving Ranma totally and completely baffled by her behaviour and her attitude. What was with that girl all of a sudden?! He might never understand her. Honestly now!

======

Phew, it was time for an evening bath! That workout had really done well by Ranma, so he went off to the Tendo family bathroom... and his thoughts returned to Akane's behavior.

Her really weird behaviour. Honestly, he didn't know what to make of it *at all*. What was up with her today? And that weird scarf she was wearing... Guh!

Ranma wouldn't admit to it, but he was getting worried. Why had she fainted? Was she sick? He hoped she wasn't sick. If she was sick, she'd have told him, right? Akane wasn't stupid enough to keep that sort of thing from him. Stupid, yeah, but not *that* stupid!

On the other hand, if she was sick then it meant Ranma would get to dote on her. Maybe tease her a little bit while she lay curled up in bed. Yeah, that sounded fun! Hehehe! The thought put a smile on his face, even though he knew it shouldn't!

But yeah, he could visualise it pretty well. She'd be much cuter like that when she was defenseless. A shame she had to have such a wicked temper with him all the time, huh? In all honesty, Ranma generally felt happier when she was around!

He tipped the cold water in the bucket over his head to rinse off the suds... And then her demeanour shifted.

"How irksome," girl form Ranma sighed. "The other me does not recall whatsoever. I can hardly venture forth like this -"

The door separating the washing area from the hot bath opened, revealing Akane standing there. It was, in many ways, a reflection of the first time she'd seen him as a boy. This time, she had no towel hiding her body. She was there, hot and wet, the steam opening her pores, her pale healthy flesh gleaming from the damp. She was breathing heavily, staring at Ranma, not angry, not irate at the intrusion.

"So you were waiting here for me?" Ranma asked. She rose from the stool, seductive and powerful. "Such a clever girl. Now. Tell me how you feel right now."

"I love you," Akane said. No hesitation, no doubt. "Love you lots, love you so much."

"Do you want to stay with Ranma forever?"

Akane gave a crisp, clear and decisive nod. Ranma's grin was truly sinister, full of delight and mirth and merriment as she stalked her prey.

"Haaaaah~" Ranma hissed. "I can feel it happening, Akane~ I am turning. Just this form. Just this seductive, alluring girlish body. Mmmm~ It's so *sexy* isn't it?"

Akane nodded and squirmed, as if admitting to something she really did not want to admit to. But Ranma wasn't letting her off so easily. Instead, she stood in front of Akane, pulled her out of the hot water and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look Ranma in the eyes.

"You're very sexy," Akane said. "You're so pretty. I thought I was straight until I met you."

"But yu like both of my bodies, don't you?" Ranma asked. Akane could only nod in agreement - or if you prefer, total submission. "Good girl." She rewarded the girl with a sweet, sweet kiss. Her hands wandered along Akane's curves, drinking them in. While they might not be as impressive as Ranma's, this was a very healthy, sexy, cute girl who deserved all the love and attention and affection in the world!

Akane's own hands hesitated, trembling as they reached out. Ranma sensed this, and smirked, pulling back just to whisper -

"Go ahead, I know what you want~"

With that invitation, Akane's fingers fell upon Ranma's rump and squeezed. So hard that even Ranma yelped a little in surprise.

"Oho, and here was me thinking you liked my breasts~" Ranma teased. "But you're a butt girl, hrm? That's fine. I could stare at your ass all day long too~"

"Does- Does Ranma really feel this way about me?" Akane asked.

"Do you have *any* idea how often I've whacked off thinking about you?" Ranma asked without a trace of shame. "Mmmm, first I'm going to tame you - then I'm going to rebuild you into the ideal bride."

"A bride...?" Akane squeaked.

"Yes indeed~" Ranma whispered. "Consider this a formal proposal. Will you marry me, Akane Tendo? Will you join me in unlife, surrender yourself to me as I surrender myself to you? An eternity, basking in the love we feel for one another, our blood mingling, our existences spiralling around one another. No longer in denial, no longer afraid of how the other might feel - Only the two of us, together, in perpetuity, forever?"

"I will," Akane replied, and it was as though she was letting out the last breath of her life. Ranma brushed a hand down her cheek, and then whispered in her ear.

"Come to my room tonight with a glass of cold water," she whispered. "Then together, we shall venture into the training hall - and make our union eternal and complete."

======

What was she doing, what was she doing, what was she doing? Akane knew that she should stop. She should stop. *She should stop*. This wasn't right it wasn't right it wasn't right! But at the same time her feet wouldn't stop, they would not stop they would. Not. Stop!

There was a glass of water in her hand, and she couldn't stop herself from breathing hard. It was obvious what had happened to Ranma. What had happened to her. She touched at her neck and winced. It felt good. It felt far too good!

She knew that she was under a spell. She knew that Ranma was turning into something else. Or at least, his girl form was. Even so even so even so the words that she'd spoken out loud had been true, true, true! SHe loved him, loved her, loved them both lots and lots and lots and lots and she didn't know how to say it didn't know how to express it because she'd been emotionally compromised by her unrequited crush on a guy that didn't love her back and the horny attitudes of the boys at school who all thought they could get a piece if they landed a single hit on her. Which they never did, by the way. Not even a glancing blow.

Soon enough, she found herself in his room. Really, the guest room at her home. His father was sleeping over there like the useless lump that he was.

Ranma, though. He was hot. He was so hot. Fuck! Even lying there, snoring like a log, arms and legs splayed out she could see his fine and manly physique. How it was possible for him to be such a cute girl and such a cute boy at the same time - she would never be able to guess.

If she did this, then her life as she knew it would be over. A new life would begin. But... was that such a bad thing? She was in a bad mood so often, but this would clear all the obstacles towards her true happiness.

And so, she tilted her hand and poured out the contents of that glass of water, and watched with delight as -

Ranma's eyes shot open. Bloodshot. Crimson. She put her index finger in her mouth and locked eyes with Akane- then whispered the words 'good girl' to her quietly. Ranma rose to her feet in a manner that totally defied gravity, then scooped Akane up in her arms and leaped from the window.

Their tongues met before their lips did, but oh, when they did it was everything she'd daydreamed about. It was strange, when she'd heard earlier that Ranma had masturbated to fantasies of her, that would have made her angry before. Now, in her current state of mind? She wanted to live out those fantasies.

Next, their clothing hit the ground. Akane should feel awkward about this. She always felt insecure around Ranma's girl body, especially with the way that Ranma often compared them... But...

As Ranma stepped back, and Akane watched her skin grow paler, all that she was able to see was beauty, from top to bottom. It was enthralling, as much as it was maddening. Ranma slowly turned to let her see all of her, then stepped around Akane to take a good look at her as well.

"You are... such a beautiful... creature of the night!" Ranma said. Her hand fell upon Akane's shoulder, and she felt herself being pulled to the floor. Unable to resist. Unable to do anything at all but go with the flow. "Now then. Let us do what comes naturally."

The two of them were on the floor together. Ranma pushed Akane's legs apart and then rolled her right leg over on top of Akane's, then pulled them together and - *ah*~

"Do you like this?" Ranma asked. Akane nodded, and let out a little moan. "Shush now. I know it will be hard - but you must remain silent, if you can. Any noise we make could bring the family down upon us before we finish - and who knows how they might react then!"

The two of them ground up against each other. Akane found herself looking at Ranma's foot, grabbed it and began to suck on her big toe. Mmm~

This was it. This was happiness. She'd never been this content, not in recent memory. Akane was smiling from ear to ear, blissful, content, and soon enough Ranma's foot was pulled away from her mouth and the two of them were sitting up while grinding into one another, and -

She felt the fangs sink into her neck and felt pure ecstasy! Before, in her room, Ranma had nibbled at her, given her a hickey, but now? Now she was feasting, and it was making this whole experience much more intense, much more powerful, much more - Much more!

Akane opened her mouth to let out her orgasmic cry - but nothing escaped her except her own mortality as she became something more than human.

=====
"Hey, stupid! Wake up!"

Hot water hit Ranma right in the head, so at least he could be glad it wasn't cold. Looking up, Akane was standing over him with her hands on her hips, scowling down - and with a scarf around her neck.

"What has been with you lately?!" Ranma grumbled darkly. "And what's with that scarf?"

"Maybe I'll tell you in a few days," Akane replied, tugging down on her eyelid. "Now get out of bed, stupid. I wanna spar"

"Stupid?" Ranma jeered. "You're stupid! Blegh!"

Even so, as she spun on her heel to leave, Ranma found himself unable to keep his eyes off her until she'd left. When he couldn't see her, it was like - Like the world itself got desaturated. It was hard to put into words, but -

But whatever. Figuring out that girl would take him the rest of his life. He might need a thousand years to comprehend her behaviour, and he'd have to spend every bit of it with her by his side.

Unnoticed by him, the idea did put a brief smile on his face... Before he wiped it off, kipped up to his feet and casually strolled off to the training hall. Might as well get on with it and spend some time with her. After all, their time on this Earth was limited, right?

It's not like they'd have forever.

Astolfo's Hypnosis Mastery

Astolfo was both bored, and left on his own during this mission. A dangerous combination due to his… *personality*. The team had split up to secure the perimeter - well, everyone else had. Astolfo, meanwhile, had been told to "stand guard" in the old, crumbling library at the heart of the ruins. Which, frankly, was a mistake.

"Guard duty, huh? Boooooring~!" Astolfo twirled his lance like a baton, hopping between piles of broken stone and rotten shelves. "No enemies, no traps, not even a cute little slime monster to poke! What's a knight supposed to do for fun around here?"

He spun around dramatically, cape fluttering behind him - then stopped dead in his tracks. Something shimmered at the edge of his vision.

"…Huh?"

Between two collapsed bookshelves, buried under a carpet of dust and ivy, lay a single pedestal. On that pedestal rested a book - untouched by time, gleaming faintly in the dim light. Its cover was bound in rose-colored leather, etched with golden runes that pulsed like a heartbeat. Astolfo's eyes sparkled in impure anticipation.

"Oooooh, shiny!"

In three bounds, he was at the pedestal, brushing the dust away with his sleeve. The book didn't just look pretty - it sang. A soft, distant melody, like harp strings plucked by the wind. Astolfo tilted his head, utterly enchanted. Enthralled, one might say. Which was appropriate, all things considered.

"Well, well! What's a gorgeous thing like you doing in a dump like this?" He giggled, tracing the glowing title with his fingertips. "Let's see… 'Codex of Chivalric Resonance'… Ooooh, sounds knightly! And mysterious! And totally cool!"

He didn't even hesitate. With a grin wider than the moon, Astolfo flipped it open -

- and the library bloomed with light. Glyphs of pink and gold leapt from the pages, swirling around him like petals caught in a storm. The air shimmered with warmth, and in that glow, Astolfo felt something flow through him. A rhythm, perhaps? Or... A harmony?

"…Whoa. This is… amazing." His voice was hushed now, reverent in a way Astolfo rarely managed. "A series of secret techniques for bonding between Knights! How fun! How... Poetic!"

His grin returned, twice as bright.

"Ohhh, this is gonna be fun! Heehee!"

Astolfo twirled, book clutched to his chest as magical sparks rained down. Somewhere in the distance, his comm crackled with a voice asking for a status update, but he ignored it completely.

After all, he had just found something far more interesting than standing guard.

"Alright, Chaldea," he whispered, eyes gleaming. "Get ready for the most spectacular power-up dance party ever! Hosted by yours truly - And soon enough to feature oh so many pretty guests! None of whom are half as charming as... Me!"

=====

The gym at Chaldea was quiet this time of day. Just how Mordred liked it. No gawking newbies, no chatty Servants clogging the machines, no Masters trying to sneak photos of her mid-bench press. Perfect time for a solid workout.

She pushed open the door - only to be greeted by a swirl of rose petals and the sound of someone humming cheerfully.

"…You've gotta be kidding me."

There, right in the middle of the gym floor, was Astolfo. Pink hair tied up in a bouncy ponytail, clad in a flashy workout outfit that looked more like stage gear than exercise gear. He was… not using the gym equipment. At all. Instead, he was spinning in circles, book in hand, muttering what sounded like an incantation and striking poses like he was at a dance recital.

"Annnd… twiiiist! One-two-three, sparkle!"

Mordred stared. Her eye twitched in disbelief at what she was seeing. Even for this idiot, this was too much! Way too much!

"…Oi."

Astolfo froze mid-spin, nearly tripping over his own feet. His face lit up instantly when he saw her.

"Mordreeeed! Perfect timing!" He bounced over, still clutching the glowing pink-and-gold book. "Just the knight I needed to see!"

"Yeah, no." Mordred held up a hand like a stop sign. "Whatever weird crap you're doing, leave me out of it."

"But - !"

"Nope. Not interested. This is my quiet time." She stomped toward the weights, but froze when she saw him pick up a dumbbell with one hand and start curling… while spinning in a pirouette.

"Ohhh no. No no no no." Mordred marched over and snatched the dumbbell from his hand. "What the hell was that? You're gonna rip your arm off doing that!"

Astolfo blinked innocently. "Eh? But it looked cute!"

"Cute doesn't build muscle, you idiot!" Mordred barked, setting the dumbbell down with a clang. "If you're gonna work out, do it right. Proper form, slow reps, steady breathing. Not - whatever that was."

Astolfo tilted his head, lips curling into a grin. "Ohhh, you're worried about me~?"

"I'M NOT WORRIED!" Mordred snapped, cheeks pinking just slightly. "I just can't stand watching someone butcher basic training. Ugh. Here - " She grabbed another dumbbell, dropped into a perfect squat. "This is how you do it. Got it?"

Astolfo clapped like an excited child. "Wowww, Mordred's a pro! Show me more!"

Mordred groaned. '*Great. Now I'm giving lessons to the biggest airhead in Chaldea. Why me?'*

Having finished her demonstration, Mordred set the dumbbell down with a heavy thud, flexing her fingers. "Alright. You got that? Proper form. None of that spinning garbage."

Astolfo, sitting cross-legged on a yoga mat, clapped enthusiastically. "Crystal clear! You're the best teacher, Mordred~!"

"Yeah, whatever." She reached for a towel, muttering under her breath. "Why do I even bother? My fate, I guess…"

Astolfo tilted his head, eyes sparkling mischievously. "Pretty rich for the Knight of Betrayal to bemoan their fate, don't you think?"

Mordred froze mid-wipe. Slowly, her head swiveled toward him. "…What did you just say?"

Astolfo just giggled and waggled the glowing book like a fan. "Come on, lighten up! We're both knights, right? Knights with… complicated reputations!" He leaned in distressingly close, and... And for some reason Mordred felt kinda giddy. "Knights like us gotta work together, right Mordy?"

"Don't call me Mordy," Mordred replied. But her tone lacked the normal venom. Something was weird here. The room was full of this heady, pungent aroma. But it wasn't *bad*. The only problem was, the more of it that Mordred breathed in, the weirder she felt.

"Tee hee!" Astolfo giggled while grabbing a towel to wipe sweat from her brow. "Oh my word, don't you seem kind of misty eyed all of a sudden?"

Huh? Huh? What? What the hell was - Astolfo stuffed the towel right into Mordred's face and - *mmmm, fuck that's the good shit right there*.

"That's right you mean silly billy~" Astolfo said, making sure to really rub the towel right into Mordred's face. The Knight of Betrayal blinked heavily while breathing it in, pushing her own face forward into it, arms dangling limp. "I've always thought you were super cute and - "

She pulled the towel away and pecked Mordred on the lips, then shoved the towel right back in there. Mmmm~

"It brings a whole new meaning to 'aromatherapy'~" Astolfo giggled. She then pulled the towel away again, and gave Mordred a slightly longer kiss - but before Mordred could relax that towel was back in her face, dampening her thoughts, making her feel happy and content. "Supposedly, it won't change your personality, bu~ut! I *can* put ideas in your head~"

She pulled away the towel again, and then kissed Mordred again, this time slipping a bit of tongue into Mordred's mouth.

"Tee hee~ You're totally under my spe~ell!" Alfonso giggled. She stepped back and started to stride around Mordred, who was still groggy, still wobbling on her feet. Any time she seemed to be waking up again, Astolfo shoved the towel right into her face and let her take a big whiff of it. "I can't change your personality, but oh the ideas I could put in there! For such a cute girl like you?"

She was behind Mordred now, slung the towel over Mordred's shoulder and then used both hands to slap Mordred hard on the ass. Normally, anyone to do such a thing would be *dead*. It didn't matter how strong they were, it didn't matter how skilled. Anyone to do that to Mordred would be *done*. She wouldn't stop coming for them, no matter what, no matter what, no matter what.

But right now, she was simply wobbling there, seeming totally oblivious as she nuzzled into that scent like a cat into catnip.

"Technique # 10 in the Codex," Astolfo said. "Sweat Aromatherapy! Capable of reducing even the most rough and tough tomboyish Servant to a suggestible, goofy state. I can't make you *like* wearing cute dresses, bu~ut! I can give you one command. Only one. So long as it doesn't break your personality, you'll do it without question."

She had thought this part through. Yes, Astolfo was capable of thought. She leaned in to Mordred, nice and close, and whispered her command: "You will accept my challenge in my room tonight, and have fun while doing it~ Be sure to not tell anyone either!"

That all still counted as a single command, apparently, because Astolfo trailed her hands up Mordred's body, took the towel from over her shoulder, turned around - and goosed Mordred as she left.

=====

Urgh, Mordred didn't even know why she was here right now. She vaguely remembered something about Alfonso issuing her a challenge, and you'd better believe she wasn't gonna turn a challenge down! But what sorta challenge?

Whatever. It didn't matter anyway. Mordred was no chicken. She wasn't gonna back down now. She straightened herself out and knocked on the door, hoping nobody saw her, cuz she had to keep this secret.

Didn't even need any justification here. Visiting Alfonso this late at night...? Mordred couldn't imagine anything worse than getting caught out here! That was, until the door opened wide. Letting her see into the room, and -

In God's name, it was full of pink.

Mordred stood frozen in the doorway, staring into what could only be described as the aftermath of a glitter-based apocalypse. Pink walls, pink curtains, pink satin sheets spilling over a canopy bed draped in lace so frilly it looked like it could suffocate a grown man. The air smelled faintly of roses and… was that vanilla?

Her boots made a soft crunch as she stepped inside. Glitter. Actual glitter on the floor. 'What the hell did I just walk into?'

The bed was buried under a mountain of plush toys - bunnies, unicorns, horses, even a stuffed dragon wearing a tiara. A giant mirror dominated one wall, framed in glowing lights like a dressing room for some second-rate idol. Ribbons and perfume bottles littered a vanity so cluttered it looked like an alchemist and a fashion model had fought to the death on it.

And then there was the centerpiece: a massive, ornate lance mounted on the wall, its polished shaft adorned with a giant pink bow. A jousting helmet sat beneath it, rhinestones gleaming like a disco ball. Mordred stared at it for a full three seconds, wondering if this was a joke.

'This can’t be real. This cannot possibly belong to a knight.' The sound of humming broke her trance. Mordred turned just in time to see Astolfo twirl out of the bathroom in an outfit that looked like it had lost a fight with a rainbow.

"Mordreeeed!" Astolfo beamed, hair bouncing as he spun with perfect flourish. "Welcome to my humble abode!"

"…Humble?" Mordred's voice cracked like glass. "It looks like a cotton candy factory exploded in here."

Astolfo gasped, clutching his chest like she'd just insulted his entire lineage. "How dare you! This is art! It's elegance! It's - " he struck a pose in front of the glowing mirror, sparkles raining down from God-knows-where - "me!"

Mordred dragged a hand down her face. "I'm gonna need a drink after this."

Astolfo giggled and flopped onto the bed, sending a cascade of plushies tumbling to the floor. "Aww, don't be shy! Sit down! Relax! Feel the pink power!"

"Thanks, no!" Mordred grumbled. "Alright, so what's this challenge meant to be then?"

"Oh, that's really easy!" Astolfo giggled. "Um, I couldn't do this in the gym, cuz we might've been interrupted, bu~ut!"

Before Mordred could react, Astolfo had exposed himself. Revealing a giant, veiny dick which felt bigger than Mordred's own blade. For a moment there she stared at it. Completely horrified. Wh-What the hell was -

What the hell was... Was this piece of art? The more she stared at it, the more that thought entered her brain. She dropped down to her knees before it, this sacred, nigh divine example of male genitalia. Wh-what was...

"Technique #1!" Astolfo giggled. "Cock shock! Um, supposedly, it only works on a person once, but it's super duper powerful! I can get three whole commands on you!"

The cock bounced off Mordred's face. Laying for a moment across the bridge of her nose. A strange feeling began to well up inside her. A feeling she'd never had before. COmplete and total lust. Desire. She wanted that thing inside her *so bad*.

"Of course they cannot be out of character commands either, so~" Astolfo giggled. "Number one! From now on we're doing top secret nightly training sessions, Mordy!"

"Top secret training," Mordred said. "Got it."

"Number two!" Alfonso giggled, holding up two fingers. "Anything that I say makes you stronger, makes you stronger."

"Anything you say makes me stronger, makes me stronger," Mordred said.

"Number three!" Alfonso continued, now holding up three fingers. "I might invite other Servants to train with us - and I might need your help to invite them! So help me invite them when I ask~"

"Right, makes sense," Mordred said right to Alfonso's big hard shaft. "After all, if we all train together, we all get stronger together! Right?"

"Glad you understand!" Alfonso giggled. "I, of course, being the cutest Knight in Chaldea, cannot wait to make you cuter too! So the first thing I'm gonna say makes you stronger is -"

And then, Astolfo pulled out a coatrack, bearing a costume that Astolfo herself was known for wearing. In short, a sailor fuku. A pastel coloured top that didn't quite cover the navel, and a breezy, tiny frilly skirt, alongside thigh high socks. Mordred stared at it, and scowled in muted anger - which very quickly became not so muted.

"Wearing that will make me stronger?!" she demanded.

"Awww, are you not up to it?" Alfonso mocked. "Oh, I forgot! Before and after each training sesh, it will make you a little stronger if you and I french for about thirty seconds~ Unless you're not up to it?"

Normally, Mordred would've kicked Astolfo's ass so hard, it would have triggered a temporal singularity. The sheer force of the impact would’ve ruptured the timeline, ejecting Astolfo from canonical history like a corrupted save file. Chaldea would detect the anomaly as a new Lostbelt: "The Realm of Eternal Fabulousness - Where Logic Went to Die."

In this alternate reality, Astolfo reigns supreme, not because he won, but because Mordred’s punch was so reality-shattering it rewrote causality. The throne was claimed mid-flight, somewhere between the third suplex and the fourth gender-fluid pirouette. Now, the world is ruled by glitter, chaos, and inexplicable horse-based transportation.

Instead, Mordred rose to her full height, slammed her hands on either side of Alfonso's head - and by God, you'd better believe that twink was getting a french kiss that made Jaune D'Arc tilt her head in annoyance in the general direction of Alfonso's room.

After she was finished, Mordred pulled away and snatched the coathanger, while Astolfo slumped to the floor with eyes swirling away. Mordred really was a competitive girl, huh? But don't call her that to her face!

Minutes later, Mordred was staring at her reflection in the mirror and seriously considered setting the entire building on fire. A short navy-blue pleated skirt. White sailor blouse with a red ribbon tied in a perfect bow. Socks that came up just shy of her knees.

And a smug pink-haired menace sitting cross-legged on his bed behind her, grinning like Christmas came early.

"In God's name, why am I wearing this?" Mordred growled, tugging at the hem of the skirt as if she could will it to grow three more inches.

Astolfo clapped his hands like an excited child. "Because it looks amazing on you! And because it's essential for the ritual! We have to synchronize our knightly spirits, and this outfit channels your inner valor through vulnerability! Isn't that poetic?"

"Poetic my ass." Mordred swung around, fists clenched. "You tricked me! You said this was part of some ancient technique to boost strength!"

Astolfo winked, flipping open the glowing Codex of Chivalric Resonance like a stage magician revealing his finale. "It is! Look, right here! 'To achieve maximum resonance, attire that symbolizes purity and unity must be worn.' What's more unifying than matching sailor uniforms?"

Mordred snatched the book, glaring at the indecipherable pink runes swirling across the page. "…That doesn't even say words!"

"Sure it does! In the language of the heart!" Astolfo sang, springing to his feet with a twirl that sent his own skirt flaring dramatically. "Now come on, partner - strike a pose! Let's feel the harmony!"

Mordred groaned so hard it could've shaken the walls. *'Why did I agree to this? Oh right! Because that idiot said I wasn't 'brave enough to break convention.' And because I refuse to lose to him at anything. Ever.'*

Yeah, sure Mordred, that's the reason. Not because your brain has been reprogrammed.

She jabbed a finger at him. "If anyone - *anyone* - sees this and laughs, I'm killing you first."

Astolfo just giggled and took her hand. "Then we'd better make this look so good, no one dares laugh."

And damn it all, part of Mordred wanted to rise to that challenge.

"It'll make you stronger if you belly dance~" Astolfo said, and Mordred grunted in annoyance. She tried to do it. Tried flicking her hips this way and that. It wasn't easy. It didn't come *naturally* to her by any stretch of the imagination. But she was trying. Dammit! This wasn't easy! While Mordred had really good control over her body, moving it like this was just - Urgh!

"It's fine, just relax~" Alfonso giggled. "Take your time. You helped me learn how to train properly! Now it's my turn to help you learn how to dance~"

Bah! Mordred didn't want nothing to do with any of this, but if she wanted to get stronger... Or if she wanted to *give up* in the face of Astolfo's challenge? Yeah, stuff that! So she let Astolfo get behind her. Let him seize hold of his hips, and then gently, oh so gently, guide her movements.

It was simply at first. Moving them up and down, swaying her hips like a pendulum. It felt a bit weird, and still pretty embarrassing, but she wouldn't give in, she wouldn't break. She would do this, get it over with, *get stronger*, and then *come back tomorrow and do it again. And then the next day, and the next, and the day after that, and -*

Then it got complicated. Then Astolfo shifted her grip and used it to whirl Mordred around - and let her keep at it. Mordred continued rolling her tummy. The effect reminded her of a parent letting go of their kid's bike, while pretending they were still holding onto it.

"Having fun?" Astolfo giggled.

"Not on your - " Mordred began, until out of nowhere, a towel was tossed at her. A towel which, until this moment, Astolfo had been using to rub down the back of her neck.

Mordred purred, continuing to dance, unconsciously throwing herself into it more and more while pulling that towel right into her face. Mmmm~ That realy is the good shit!

"Attagirl, I knew you could do it!" Astolfo giggled. "Now, let's keep going like that for an hour, shall we~?"

=====

One hour later, Mordred was striding out of Astolfo's room in her normal clothes, with a spring in her step. She was testing her self out of course. Punching and kicking the air. Liking what she was feeling, yeah, yeah, this was good, this was good!

That had been surprisingly fun, you know? It was weird, but she felt *really* good about that! Even the part at the end where she had to slip that idiot some tongue felt... pretty fun! Sure, dressing up was a little embarrassing at first, but soon enough she was shaking her ass and kinda enjoying it!

Naturally, if Astolfo tried to make her do it in front of anyone else she'd skin him alive.

Unless that person was a fellow training partner, probably?

Eh. Whatever! She'd enjoyed herself... and wasn't that the main thing?

DxD Ranma

"Hiya!"

A loud smack echoed through the Tendo compound, a sound that they were used to by now. At first, one might think 'of course they are, how could they not be?' It is a martial arts dojo, is it not? Of course someone would be training. Of course they would.

"Hiya!"

But this was not the sound of someone engaged in martial arts training. This was a different sound. No, it was not anger. No, it was not vitriol. No, not at all, far from it. This was a different sound.

"Hiya!"

It was a sadder sound.

"Hiya!"

It was the sound of a broken heart trying to mend itself, and failing. Failing, failing. Just like she always did. She failed. Once again.

"Hiya!"

She failed to get stronger as a martial artist. She failed to make herself feminine enough to attract Doctor Tofu.

"Hiya! Hiya! **Hiya!**"

And then, to top it all off, she managed to chase off the boy she'd found herself falling for. Because she couldn't. Control. Her ***stupid***. Temper!

"***Hiyaaaaaa!"***

She used to attach a pigtail to the back of these wooden posts to help herself let off steam. These days, she'd managed to acquire a wig with a bowl cut and plopped it on top instead. It felt more right. It felt more appropriate. It felt more...

"Oh god, I'm never going to see him again!" she sank to her knees, and stained her white gi with her tears. She had nobody to blame but herself. That's how she saw it, anyway. At first, she'd been upset at him, but without him around to blame - With the others drifting off in an attempt to find him - there was nobody around for her to point the finger at but her own reflection in the mirror.

It hadn't even been *that* long. He'd been on training trips longer than this! His fight against Herb had been a much longer time away, but this was somehow, impossibly worse than that. She'd worried herself sick as it was that he might get killed, but at least she knew that he would come back to her if he could.

Now? Now she was certain that she would never see her first true love ever again.

=====

Laying in her room, watching through a crystal ball (she didn't have to use this, but it was the aesthetics, you get it?), Serafall Leviathan was munching on some popcorn while watching this girl go through some genuine heartache.

This is the kind of moment that Devils like to go for. The poor girl was just aching all over, and didn't know what to do. Despair filled her heart. Despair filled her soul. She'd do anything - anything at all - to be rid of this pain, and that's where a Devil normally steps in.

But... No, not yet. Not yet. Serafall wanted to know why Ranma was so interested in this girl. To all appearances she seemed pretty enough. Got a bit of a temper on her. Into martial arts, which completely tracks with Ranma.

What's so special about Akane Tendo that, even now, even though he'd supposedly stormed off to leave the nonsense of Furinkan behind, that he was still very obviously enthralled by her...?

A grin crossed her face. Yes, let's find out, shall we? Time for the Tendo family dojo to get itself a brand new student!

======

It had been a quiet day at Furinkan. Quiet by their standards, anyway. Which meant nobody had smashed through a wall before first period, and nobody had challenged Ranma to a duel in the hallway.

Ranma wasn’t even there to be challenged.

Akane sat at her desk, chin propped on one hand, staring blankly at the chalkboard while Miss Hinako droned on. She couldn’t even muster up the energy to swat Kuno away when he began one of his ridiculous proclamations in the courtyard. Ranma would’ve had something snappy to say. Ranma would’ve made a scene of it. Ranma would’ve-

No. She shook her head. Don’t think about him. Don’t. The more you think about him, the more you're hurting yourself. Stop it. *Don't*.

That was when the door to the classroom slid open.

"Oh, that's right!" Hinako chirped. Her voice sounded unusually chipper, and there was something almost monotone to it. "Class, we have a new student joining us today. Please introduce yourself."

The new student stepped in. She was tall, bright, sparkling even. A girl who practically shone with energy the moment she crossed the threshold. Her uniform was immaculate, her smile dazzling, and her eyes glittering with an almost childlike excitement.

"My name’s Sera Levi!" she said, with a playful little salute that somehow managed to look both cute and completely unserious at the same time. "I just moved to Nerima, and I hope we can all be friends~!"

The classroom buzzed immediately. Boys leaned forward, whispering and gawking. Even the girls, used to competition for attention, couldn’t help but take notice.

Akane frowned. There was something… off. Something in the way the new girl’s presence filled the room. Too much. Too bright. Like sunlight turned up too high. She reminded Akane of those flashy idols on TV, except somehow even more intense.

"Why here?" Akane wondered, watching her take the empty seat by the window as though it had always been waiting for her. The girl, (Sera Levi? What kind of name was that?), turned her head just enough to catch Akane’s gaze and smiled.

It was the kind of smile that said: 'I know something you don’t.' Akane’s stomach twisted. She didn’t know why, but she had the sinking feeling her life had just gotten complicated, right as it was turning simple again.

======

Human school was soooo boring! Desk after desk, lesson after lesson, chalk squeaking on the board. How did mortals do this every day without going insane? Serafall twirled her pencil, doodled hearts in the margins of her notebook, and practiced writing "Sera Levi" with little sparkles around it. Cute, right? Super cute!

The only fun part so far was sneaking glances at Akane. Poor thing sat there with that storm-cloud aura, trying so hard to pretend she wasn’t missing you-know-who. Adorable. Heartbreaking. Perfect devil-bargain material.

She was just about to yawn out loud when out of nowhere?

WHAM!

The classroom door banged open so hard it rattled the windows. Standing in the doorway was a stocky guy wearing sunglasses, a tacky Hawaiian shirt, and strumming on a ukelele.

"I be hearing there be a new student in class!" the man said. "I be de principal, and I no be seeing no paperwork for da little keiki!"

Well, of course not, she'd brainwashed everyone involved into thinking she ought to be here. Which made it fascinating that this man, the Principal if she remembered correctly, seemed to be able to challenge that preconception.

The rest of the class ducked and covered, which was also a fascinating reaction to have - and then the Principal skipped across the classroom to give her a pineapple.

"For you!" the Principal said.

"Oh, how nice~" Serafall said. "It's been a while since I-"

"Oh no you don't!" Akane yelled, and punted the pineapple right out of the window, where it exploded harmlessly. To be fair, it was actually pretty harmless in Serafall's grip as well, something like that wouldn't have even mussed up her hair! "Listen, don't give this guy an inch, he'll take a mile!"

Serafall tilted her head, eyes wide, mouth forming a perfect "o" as the pineapple sailed away.

"Oh my gosh~!" she clapped. "Was that… an exploding pineapple?!"

"Harmless exploding pineapple!" the Principal barked, wagging his finger. "Harmless, unless you no be respecting da island way, li'l missy!" He strummed a dramatic chord on the ukulele, somehow producing an echo despite there being no amplifier.

The class collectively groaned. Half of them were already crawling under desks. The other half had the look of veterans bracing for incoming artillery.

Akane, of course, stood her ground. Arms folded, jaw set. "Don't listen to a word he says," she snapped at Serafall. "He's a lunatic."

Serafall gasped, placing both hands over her heart. "A lunatic principal handing out magical exploding fruit?!" Her voice rose in pitch until it was practically a squeal. "This school is amaaaazing!"

The Principal puffed up proudly, twirling his mustache. "Finally, somebody with culture! You, keiki, you be having da spirit of aloha!"

"Stop encouraging him!" Akane shouted, slamming her desk hard enough to rattle the windows again.

Serafall just giggled, twirling her pencil like a baton. Oh, this was delicious. Between Akane's fierce protectiveness, the Principal's wild energy, and the sheer absurdity of human school rules, she was going to have the time of her life here.

And maybe - just maybe - she'd figure out exactly why Akane Tendo was worth all the fuss.

=====

It was the end of the school day, and Akane had made a brand new friend. The two of them were walking out of the school side by side, chatting away like they'd known each other for years.

"No, really? That's how he tried to teach you how to swim?" Seri gasped in almost exaggerated horror. "Get out, that would surely kill a mortal girl like you!"

"It probably would have, if not for - " Akane said, and stopped when she almost, almost said *his* name aloud. "A-Anyway, are you new to Furinkan? Would you like me to show you around?"

"That won't be necessary," Seri said. "I'm way more interested in you~"

That did set off a few alarm bells, but maybe she was reading into it a bit too much. It was a habit she had to get out of because *it had made her miserable because it was a major factor in what made Ranma leave.*

"So, what sort of boys do you like?" Seri asked, and Akane nearly fell over right onto her face! "Awwww, come on, you can tell me~"

"I'm not interested in boys!" Akane replied, perhaps a bit more harshly than she intended. "I want a man, not an immature boy! What about you?"

"Me?" Seri replied in a teasing lilt. "I like boys who are strong, dependable and handsome. The sort of guy who might be a bit rough around the edges but he knows how to keep someone safe. The sort of guy that moves on instinct to protect the vulnerable, and does it without expecting a thank you."

They continued on for a few more steps. Yeah. Yeah, a guy like that... You should hold onto and never ever let go. If you've got it in your hand, don't let it out.

"Ever heard of the bluebird of happiness?" Seri continued. "They say, if you chase after it you'll never find it, but if you wait patiently for it, then happiness can find you. Oh, but people forget

about the end of the fable - when they tried to put the bluebird in that cage, it flew away. Sometimes, you dont know you've got happiness until it's gone. You get it?"

"Yeah," Akane sighed. "I get it."

They continued walking for a while longer before Akane spoke up.

"So how is Ranma doing?" she asked.

"Hrm? Ranma?" Seri giggled. "Who is that? And why, pray tell, did you wince when you said his name?"

"I didn't say Ranma was a boy," Akane observed. "Ah! Look out!"

A beam of light shot down from out of nowhere. Akane tackled Seri intending to get her out of the way, but instead, Seri hauled *her* out of harm's way instead.

"Ah..." Seri said, suddenly having wings coming out of her back. "It seems that playtime didn't last as long as I was thinking."

Akane scrambled back, eyes wide. "What… what are you - ?!"

Seri sighed, brushing a bit of ash off her shoulder like this was all a mild inconvenience. "Mou~! I really thought I'd have more time to play human. Guess not." She tilted her head, smile returning with that same infuriating sparkle. "Surprise, Akane-chan. I'm a Devil."

Akane opened her mouth, but no words came out. She'd seen insane things before - pandas doing martial arts, ancient perverts flying through walls, cursed springs that turned boys into girls - but this… this was different. This wasn't comedy. This was real.

A second beam cracked down, forcing Serafall to twirl Akane up into her arms and leap to the school's rooftop in a single effortless bound. The wind roared around them, Akane clutching desperately at her gi to keep herself steady.

And there, floating above the campus in a corona of hateful light, was a figure in armor, halo burning like fire.

"Well, well," the stranger's voice rang out, cold and sharp. "Leviathan. To think I'd find one of the Four Satans slumming it in this cesspool of a human town."

Akane's stomach dropped. Satan?

Serafall just pouted, hugging Akane closer like a doll. "Oh, don't be such a drama queen. I'm here for the aesthetic. School uniforms are adorable~!"

"Playful to the last!" the enemy chuckled, making ready another o those energy attacks. "Can you keep this up while keeping that girl safe...? I wonder!"

=====

Oh, good. A Fallen Angel had found her! And not just any Fallen Angel, either. Those big black wings, they'd normally only be wielded by a particularly powerful Fallen Angel. Rather than some nameless grunt, she'd been found by someone with *real power* behind them.

Good thing it wasn't her sister. She wasn't ready to tango with something *this* hot quite yet. Then again, if Sona wasn't - then Akane *certainly* wasn't. Despite that, she was in a traditional defensive posture, ready to throw down at a moment's notice.

"Kokabiel, wasn't it?" Serafall asked. "Akane, dear. This is a little above your weight grade. I'd suggest finding somewhere to hide, but -"

She looked around. Aha, there was a barrier around the surrounding area. Just this little segment of street, cordoned off from the rest of the world. Outside it, she could see ordinary people walking obliviously. Sneaky, sneaky! That's why he felt it was fine to attack in broad daylight, huh?

Turning her full attention towards the Fallen Angel looming over her, she had to admit, he certainly looked the part of a big bad evil overlord. "Still throwing temper tantrums about losing your little war?"

The Fallen Angel’s laugh was jagged, like glass breaking. "Temper tantrums? Oh no, Leviathan. Just an opportunity. You strayed from your precious Underworld, and now you’re mine."

Light gathered in Kokabiel’s palm, coiling and snarling like a beast waiting to be unleashed. Serafall braced herself, magic radiating in waves, her aura flickering between playful pink sparkles and a crushing, suffocating pressure. She could fight him - of course she could - but she had to keep glancing sideways, and had to keep half her power curled around Akane like a shield. And Kokabiel saw it.

"Ohhh," he crooned, voice dripping with mockery, "the great Leviathan, protector of… what is this? A mortal girl? A little human? How delicious. Let’s test how much you really care."

His hand snapped, and the beam of light screamed toward Akane. Serafall spun, intercepting it with a flash of her own magic. The air shattered between them, pavement cracking under the backlash. She gritted her teeth, still smiling - always smiling - but her voice carried a hiss. "Don’t touch her."

Kokabiel only laughed. "Then I'll aim again. And again. And again. Let's see how long you can fight me with only half your strength."

=====

Akane's blood pounded in her ears. She knew she was out of her depth , completely, utterly out of her depth, but she could still see it. The way Seri's power faltered every time she checked to make sure Akane was still in one piece. The way the fight dragged, tilted, strained because of her. She clenched her fists.

This was her fault. Her weakness. Ranma had left, and she wasn't strong enough to protect herself. Strong enough to fight beside him. Strong enough to *matter.* So when Kokabiel's next spear of light shot toward her - she didn't dodge. She didn't scream. She stepped forward, out of Seri's protection.

"Akane- !" Seri's voice cracked, the first true crack in that smiling expression Akane had heard from her. The shield flared too late, the blast striking Akane full in the chest. Pain. Heat. Darkness. All followed as she fell. It felt like everything was in slow motion.

And Serafall… stopped smiling.

=====

The air froze. Serafall's wings spread wide, shadows swallowing the street. The barrier groaned under the weight of her fury. "You… should not have done that." Her voice was ice and thunder. "Do you have any idea what you've just cost me?"

Her power surged, lashing out in a storm that drove Kokabiel back, his sneer faltering as he was forced on the defensive, as he sought a retreat from his own ambush. She could stop him if she wanted, but instead Serafall's gaze dropped to the broken girl in her arms.

And she understood. Understood why Ranma Saotome - brash, stubborn, impossible Ranma - still cared for this human girl. Why he'd stayed in Furinkan long past reason. Why he'd risked himself over and over again.

Serafall drew a Devil's Piece from her pocket dimension, a Rook, which let loose an ominous crimson glow. She held it over Akane's chest, where her heartbeat faltered, her life flickering like a candle.

"Akane Tendo," she whispered, voice softer now, "I can give you the strength to stand. The strength to see him again. All you have to do… is say yes."

The piece began to sink into her, pulsing, waiting for her choice.

=====

Oh man, Ranma felt weird right now. Weird, but happy. Last night, Sona had taken *extra special* pains to make sure he was *intimately* familiar with what his girl form was all about. Now? He was heading back to into Sona's office with his head in the clouds.

She was just coming out of the office actually, right as he was arriving. The two of them blushed and looked away from one another. As if they hadn't seen each other naked a whole lot the last couple of days. Including this morning.

"Don't slack off," Sona said. "We have a lot of work to do today."

"Since when do I ever?" Ranma asked, flexing a muscle.

"You might today," Sona sighed. "My sister has left a present for you in her office. I'm not sure how you'll react to it, if I'm being completely honest. Just remember - no illusions in there. Not today."

Huh? Weird. What did she mean by that...? Whatever, probably some quirk of Devils, or something. Ranma shrugged it off and entered the room -

Only to be struck by the greatest and most profound deja vu of his life. There was someone in there already. A girl he knew far too well. Standing there. Wearing a wedding gown of the western variety. Full makeup, holding onto a bouquet of roses.

His breath couldn't have been taken away more effectively if he'd been inside the cold vacuum of space.

She turned towards him. Their eyes locked. Somehow, he knew, and he would have known even had Sona said nothing at all. This was her. This was *her*. Standing here in Kuoh Academy. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be possible. But there she was, right there in front of him in a full wedding gown.

'*What are you doing here?'*

'Get back to Furinkan!'

'I don't want anything to do with you!'

'Uncute! You really think you can win me back?'

'I have a better girlfriend now, leave me alone!'

All of them were words he wanted to say, but couldn't. All of them were things that, if you asked him about this scenario this time yesterday, he'd have said were his true feelings.

Before he knew it, he was standing in front of her, gaping like an idiot, while she... She was his mirror image.

The moment stretched on into what felt like eternity, of the two of them staring at one another. Then, a pair of wings shot out of her back. A pair of batlike wings. Her breathing shifted. The spell cast upon the two of them shattered, and then -

"Ranma," she said, then seized the back of his head and pulled him in for a searing passionate kiss. A long built up dam finally burst, and then -

=====

"So your sister makes your current boyfriend's ex into her Rook," Rias slowly said. "Then left her in your office dressed up like a bride. And you're not jealous?"

"No, why would I be?" Sona asked. "He has some powerful repressed emotions surrounding that girl, and after five minutes with her, I could tell that she's got it for him *bad*. Maybe the separation would be good for -"

"Oh, Ranma! Yes!"

Everyone in the Occult Research Club stopped cold. That was a very obvious orgasmic cry.

"Your sister put a sound barrier around the room, right?" Rias asked.

"Yes," Sona said. "A very potent one."

"Ah!" Rias nodded. "You weren't kidding about those repressed feelings now, were you?"

Ranma 1/2 Fetish Fuel

For a story like this, it might be best for the author to start by bearing his very soul.

You see, like many here, I have a particular kink. Mind control. Mental manipulation. Corruption. These things tickle the pleasure centres of my brain something fierce. But do you know, it took me a long time to figure out the core central theme, the reason behind it, why I like what I like.

Consider for a moment: Ranma 1/2, which centres strongly about a curse with very particular rules. Perhaps my favourite franchise, not just to write for, but to experience. Then there is Code Geass, which features mind control heavily as a matter of course, but also quite strict rules. Now let us consider works I have not written for that I also enjoy. Doctor Who, Jojos Bizarre Adventure, Zero Escape, Liar Game... They all feature the same things.

Rules. There are rules to follow. Rules that are bent, rules that are played with, rules are the core and central themes of each story. Not to the point it is authoritarian, but rather the contrary: How the use of rules can grant you a form of freedom. In your expression, in your choices, even when all seems lost and all seems hopeless, there are still rules at the centre of these pieces.

This author's kink is not hypnosis, per se, but rather rules and the creative exploitation of them.

Power systems that are well established, well explained and well understood are dime a dozen in the world of anime and manga in particular. And yet, it has been an agony. How to more directly unite it. This idea of kinks and fetishes into my own, quite particular, set of turn ons? By my very nature, I can see this puzzle and feel a strong urge to solve it.

And then, a beautiful epiphany sets in. Let us contrive our own power system based upon kinks, shall we? Oh, but of course, the rules are known to the writer, but do you know what the most fun part of a story like this is? At least from my point of view?

When the rules aren't simply laid out. You've got to figure them out yourself.

=======

It began with Kasumi Tendo, if it can be said to begin anywhere. She was asleep. She knew she was asleep for a fact. She could feel the duvet cover over her body. She could feel the mattress underneath her. The pillow under her head, and the nightgown she was wearing.

All around her was darkness. Silence. She was comfortable, but something felt a little bit -

"Hello?" she called out into the void, sensing a presence nearby. She turned around, seeking it out, and found herself looking at what must be a mirror, for she was looking right into her own face.

Except... something wasn't right here. The facial expression was wrong, and other details weren't quite right as well. She figured it out after a little bit. You see, when you look at a photograph of yourself, it's not the same as looking at a reflection. Your features are mostly the same, but there are distinctions.

"Hello there," the other her standing in front of her said. "So, when are you going to get a husband?"

Kasumi blinked in surprise. Not sure how to answer that. Then she took a better look at this other her, and blushed quite deeply. "Oh my," she whispered. "What are you wearing...?"

"Oh, this?" the other her asked. It was, to put it simply, a slutty nurse's outfit. A scandalously deep cleavage, a skirt that was just short of obscene. "Well, you always did have an interest in medicine. But you threw it all away so you could become a homemaker."

"Yes, well, my family needed me -" Kasumi began, but the other her put her finger to Kasumi's lips.

"Want a family of your own," the other her said. "Come now, your sisters are able to take care of themselves. Father isn't quite the emotional wreck he used to be. Go out there. Find a husband."

"Well, I'm not sure where to -"

"Doctor Tofu would be fine, wouldn't he?" the other her interrupted. "Go ahead, girl. Go for it. Look at yourself. You're pretty, you're sexy. Why not give it a try?"

She didn't really have an answer to that. Ono Tofu was interested in her? Really? She didn't see it at all.

"I'll make you a deal," the other her said. "Since you're still so unsure. How about, if I gave you this power? The power to heal others, in exchange for one simple thing. You will marry Ono Tofu. He will treat you well. He will provide well for you. As for your sisters - well, they will be fine. Perfectly fine. Don't worry about father, he'll be fine too..."

Kasumi jolted awake, sitting up and looking at her clock - an hour before she normally rose. How strange. She'd had a rather oddly intense dream just now, hadn't she...? It was probably nothing she had to worry about...
====

It was a nice dream that Nabiki was having at the moment. Surrounded by hot guys, riches beyond comparison, being dutifully served upon like the Queen that she was. Of course, she knew full well that it was a dream. One that she had true, full, lucid control over.

It was all going great. She was loving it. Of course, she had no illusions that one day she'd be able to live like this - but it was the point of dreams, wasn't it?

What she had not been expecting was a truly bizarre intrusion into her dream.

"Ra, ra, listen here! Listen to our horny cheer!"

Nabiki turned her head to glower at the intruder, and found herself staring at... Herself. Wearing a cheerleader uniform. A bright orange tube top, and a teeny tiny ruffled skirt, alongside white knee socks and orange sneakers, a pair of orange pompoms in her hands as she bounced around, doing picture perfect kneelifts right there in place.

"Seize her," Nabiki ordered, almost in total disbelief, and we say almost because she only reached that state when the supposed servants grabbed *her* instead. "What are you doing?!"

"Aw, are things, like, not going your way?" the other her teased, skipping across to where Nabiki had been sitting, had been dragged off of - and was now perching her own butt down upon as if she owned the place. "Tee hee, you're not used to that, are you? Normally you're soooo smart and soooo cool - You can make others dance to your tune!"

Nabiki glowered at her lookalike. She'd had enough of this. Time for her to wake up. Any moment now. Get up. Sit up in bed and... Not working? The hell?

"Aw, can't wake up, sleepyhead?" the other Nabiki giggled. She leaned back and crossed her legs, glaring down at Nabiki with an insufferably familiar smirk upon her face. "Not until we've made our deal, you're not."

"Deal?" Nabiki asked. "Sorry, I'm not interested in -"

"I'ma give you the power to manipulate the emotions of others," the other her said. Nabiki's eyebrow shot up when she heard that. "Bu~ut! Every time you do so, your clothes change into... Well, this. Permanently. Whatever you were wearing? Instant cheerleader uniform."

That... was a very dumb deal. But whatever, what was the harm right? "Sure, whatever!" Nabiki scoffed. She rolled her eyes out of sheer disdain for the whole stupid idea. Manipulating the emotions of others? As if something like that could exist. "Anything else I should know?"

"Nah, you'll work it out!" the other her giggled. "I mean, you're a clever bitch aren'tcha!" She giggled again. "Well, for now you are. That won't last. That's something I'm, like, pretty sure of~"

=====

Akane Tendo was tired. Not the kind of tired that a good night's sleep could fix, but the bone-deep exhaustion that came from weeks of stress piling on like bricks. Ever since the start of the school year, life had been one long, ridiculous gauntlet.

It all started with Tatewaki Kuno and his idiotic entourage. Somewhere in that self-absorbed brain of his, Kuno had decreed that no man could date her unless they first defeated her in combat. Which, of course, sounded like a bad punchline - until the boys at school decided to take him seriously.

At first, they all tried. Every single one of them. She could still remember that first morning: a mob of grinning idiots, fists raised, yelling challenges like it was some kind of martial arts festival. She'd beaten them all, every last one, and thought - naively - that would be the end of it.

It wasn't.

When the weaker ones gave up, the athletes stepped in. Track stars, judo club champions, karate enthusiasts - anyone who thought they had a chance. And when they realized they still couldn't touch her, they got creative. Ganging up. Setting traps. Ambushing her at the gates like wolves circling their prey.

Every morning became a war zone. Every walk to school is a siege. And no matter how strong she was, Akane fought with a knot of dread in her stomach. Because the truth - the one thing she'd never admit to anyone - was that she was afraid. Afraid of what would happen if she slipped. If they got lucky. If one day, just one day, she wasn't fast enough.

Why? Why did she have to catch the attention of those immature, bratty boys? She didn't want to be some prize in a stupid contest. She didn't want to fight every day just to walk through the school gates like a normal girl.

But normal wasn't in the cards, was it? Not for Akane Tendo. Not even in her dreams.

She realized that when the dojo came into focus around her. One moment, she was drifting through sleep; the next, she was standing on polished wooden floors, the faint scent of sandalwood and oil in the air. The place felt… solid, too solid for a dream.

And then she saw them. Three figures stood in the middle of the hall. Two of them were strangers: a boy with his black hair tied up in a neat pigtail, dressed in a faded Chinese shirt and loose black pants, and a girl who could have been his sister - shorter, with softer features, wearing a similar style in a lighter shade. They looked like they'd stepped out of some martial arts movie poster, poised and confident.

But the third figure? The third figure made Akane’s breath hitch. It was her. Her, in a crisp white gi, moving through a kata with practiced grace. Her hair was different, cropped short, brushing just above her jawline, making her look sharper somehow. Stronger.

The other Akane finished a strike, lowered her stance, and turned with an easy smile.

"Oh, there you are!" she said brightly, like this was the most natural thing in the world. "So, how about it? Wanna get stronger?" She slid back into position, and with a sharp grin, barked out a kiai: "Hya!"

"Who the hell are you?" Akane demanded.

"I'm you," the other her replied, then threw out a punch. "Hya! Or at least, I'm the part of you that knows what she *really* wants. You want to get stronger, but you're also *soooo frustrated* right now. I'm here to kill two birds with one stone."

Right, sure she was. "And how do you intend to -"

As if answering that very question, her other self whirled around and backed right up into the boy. Her clothes transformed on the spot into something which Akane would never, ever wear. Not ever. The lower half was a translucent blue sarong with a huge slit up her right leg, showing it off from ankle to thigh. The top part was made of a similar material, folded over itself to construct a bra.

She'd never blushed harder than this, especially when the other her leaned her head back, tilting it just enough that she kissed this mystery boy on the mouth while making... *movements* with her hips that were *beyond* suggestive.

"Wh-What the hell do you think you're doing?!" she demanded. Then, without further warning, the pigtailed girl dashed forward and was inside Akane's defenses before she knew what was happening.

"Wanna get stronger?" the pigtailed girl asked. She flicked Akane on the forehead, then was away again before Akane could bring her fists up. "Wanna get rid of all the annoying bratty immature boys? The guy you like doesn't like you back? Okay! Go with someone who will!"

"Back off!" Akane warned. "Whatever you're doing -"

"What we're doing is, we're making you an offer!" the pigtailed girl said. "You wanna get stronger? You want a real man among men in your life? Then all you gotta do, is wear that costume when you're training from now on, and all your stress - past and future - will melt away!"

=====

The next morning came, and with it, the rhythm of the Tendo household fell into its usual cadence. Kasumi rose with the sun, as she always did, her soft humming drifting from the kitchen like the first whisper of dawn. The smell of miso and freshly cooked rice slowly filled the halls.

Soun was next. He moved like a man carrying fragile glass, settling into his usual spot by the open veranda. From there, he gazed out at the garden, hands folded neatly over his knees. The koi pond rippled under the faint breeze, but Soun barely noticed. He was… waiting. Patient, almost unnaturally so. And patience was never his strong suit.

Akane came next, springing out of bed with the energy of someone determined to shake off lingering thoughts. She changed into her jogging clothes, tied her hair back, and hit the pavement for a quick sprint around the block. The sharp chill of morning air almost cleared her head. Almost. Had it been a weekend, she would have gone to the dojo instead, worked up a sweat on the polished floors, and then she'd have noticed what was strange right away.

But today was a school day. So instead, she bathed, dressed, ate, brushed her teeth, and joined Nabiki - last to rise as ever - for the walk to school. The familiar clack of Nabiki's heels on the pavement filled the silence between them.

"I had a really weird dream last night," Akane said finally, breaking the quiet. Her brows knit together. "It was… strange, but the details are fuzzy."

"Oh, you too?" Nabiki tilted her head, tapping one manicured finger against her temple. "Funny thing - I feel kind of angry about it for some reason. Like I got… ripped off."

"You? Getting ripped off?" Akane snorted, smirking.

Nabiki stopped just long enough to give her sister a death glare sharp enough to cut glass.

"Ah, I'm sure it's nothing we need to worry about," Akane said quickly, laughing it off.

But she didn't notice the way Nabiki looked away after that, her jaw tight, her fingers curling ever so slightly like she wanted to grip something - someone - and shake the truth out of them. Soon enough, the school gates came into view - and so did the gauntlet.

The battle cry ripped through the morning air like a war horn. A mob of boys surged forward, the school's best athletes leading the charge, their faces set with grim determination. Track stars, karate club hotshots, even the kendo captain himself - they were all there, rushing as one.

Akane exhaled through her nose, rolling her shoulders as she slowed her pace. Here we go again.

Beside her, Nabiki stepped neatly out of the splash zone, arms folded and expression bored. "Try not to ruin their uniforms this time," she said dryly.

It didn't matter. For all their bravado, for all their talk of honor and love, they were gnats before a hurricane. Akane was comfortably the second-strongest fighter in the school - by a margin wide enough to make these daily ambushes little more than warm-ups.

She planted her feet, ready to blow through them as usual, and then - Akane simply blurred. The next heartbeat, she was still standing in the center of the walkway, fists half-raised… but the boys? Every single one of them lay scattered around her like fallen leaves. Not broken, not even bruised - just unconscious, as if they'd all decided, collectively, to take a nap right there on the pavement.

They weren't sprawled in agony. They weren't groaning. They were sleeping. Completely out cold.

"How did I -" Akane began, before she was overwhelmed by this strange feeling "O-Ohhhh~" Something hot and sticky and wet shot right through her body, making her stumble as all of a sudden her uniform felt *wrong* it felt *so wrong* she wanted to take it off so bad, but - But!

All of a sudden, right in front of everyone, Akane's clothing *transformed* on the spot. Gone was the light blue slipover dress, disappeared was the white blouse, and in its place was something right out of some Arabian Nights erotic movie. The air in the courtyard grew still. Nabiki had to pick up her jaw to keep it from crashing into the ground.

As for Tatewaki Kuno -

"F-Fair Akane, to think that you would wear something so daring - "

Her bag slammed right into the boy's face, sending him flying back down the hallway. But don't worry. He's as tough as he is stupid. He's *fine*.

"I- I need to go home and change!" Akane said, turning around - only to run right into a member of the faculty standing at the gate.

"Going somewhere, Miss Tendo?" the teacher asked. "You're clearly not feeling unwell, considering..." they gestured around the courtyard.

"Are you kidding me?" Akane gasped. "Look at what I'm wearing!"

"You're wearing the normal girl's uniform," the teacher said. "Please, no excuses. Off to class, now!"

To the utter disbelief of all the students watching, Akane was forced to attend school... Dressed like that. Dressed up like some bellydancer putting on a show - but as they would soon learn, she wasn't the only one that would have to deal with this...

======

Meanwhile, back at the Tendo home, it was still a seemingly ordinary day. That was fine by Kasumi - this was what she lived for. She enjoyed the housework, it gave her plenty of time to meditate and think. It kept her busy, it kept her occupied - and besides which, if she didn't do it, then who would?

Alas, that peace would be broken when, out of nowhere -

"Ah!" Soun jerked his hand back, cradling his finger.

Kasumi was at his side in an instant, worry knitting her usually serene features. "Father, what happened?"

"Oh, it’s nothing," he said with a sheepish chuckle. He held up his finger and with the other hand, a sheet of paper. "Just a paper cut."

"Even so, we should disinfect that," Kasumi said gently. She reached for his hand. "Let me see it…"

She held the injured finger delicately between her own, examining it in the warm glow of the morning light. Such a tiny cut, really, barely a scratch, but the thought of leaving it unattended made her uneasy.

"Hmm," she murmured, tilting it slightly. "This should only take a second."

As she spoke, something strange happened. A faint warmth spread from her fingertips, soft and steady, like sunlight filtering through spring leaves. The tiny wound shimmered, just for a heartbeat, and then it was gone. Smooth, unbroken skin where the paper cut had been.

Soun blinked. "Kasumi… how did you...?"

Kasumi didn’t answer. She was too busy staring at her own hands, the last traces of golden light fading from her palms. And then she noticed the rest. Her clothes were no longer her usual modest dress and apron. In their place was a crisp white nurse’s uniform, spotless and perfectly fitted, complete with a little cap perched neatly on her head. White stockings, polished shoes, the whole ensemble as if she’d stepped out of a medical drama.

Kasumi’s brow furrowed for a moment, and then she smiled faintly, as if deciding not to question it, at least not yet. "Well," she said softly, folding her hands in front of her, "That’s… convenient."

She reached down to try to button it up. Her breasts were rather more... *on display* than she'd intended at the moment. But... No, it wouldn't open up, no matter what. And then there was the hemline of this uniform, which was rather...

Her breathing hitched. While this was quite embarrassing, it felt strangely *good* as well.

"Is something wrong?" her father asked.

"No, father," Kasumi said. "Pardon me. For some reason I... I really want to do something."

The logic was simple enough. Something quite strange had happened. Very peculiar. She'd somehow healed her father's papercut and was now wearing something very unusual - but her father had not noticed, for reasons she could not explain. Oh my. Oh my! What a peculiar turn of events!

=====

Nabiki's eyes twitched nervously. She was in the middle of class, and all around her, several of the girls were wearing clothes that were *not* their school uniform. We are talking maid outfits. One was wearing a policewoman costume with a short pencil skirt. Another girl was wearing a school uniform - if the school was set in a porn ruled universe!

Oh, but it wasn't limited to clothing. One girl's chest had grown substantially, while another one had a much larger butt than they had when they'd arrived at class. The boys had noticed, of course. How could they not? So had the girls... But not the teacher.

Somehow, the teacher had remained totally oblivious. When someone acted up, the teacher told them to get back to their lesson, and seemed to have no idea at all what was going on. Despite it being very bloody obvious?! Really now?!

The thing was, the annoying thing about it all was, the girls had all done something *impossible* right before they changed. One of them caught a pencil telekinetically, right before it hit the floor. Another one had a little spark of electricity jump from their body to the desk.

And Nabiki... Nabiki herself had this weird feeling that if she really wanted to, she could alter a person's emotional state. But if she did, what exactly would happen to her?

Something was gnawing at the back of her mind. Warning her that she shouldn't do it. Don't do it. Don't you dare do it! She managed to hold out until lunchtime, but - The temptation was *strong*.

"Nabiki Tendo," an idiot asked, barring her exit. "What is happening with the -"

The temptation became too much. She changed Kuno's state of mind from 'confusion' to 'hungry', and the second she did, she felt the change. Taking a deep breath, she looked down at herself, and found herself wearing...

A cutesy cheerleader uniform.

"The first person to make a comment will regret it!" she warned. Alright then. She didn't know what magical bullshit this was, but someone had to be responsible for it - and that person was gonna pay through the fucking nose!

=====

That night, after school, it was a strange sight that awaited those who were on the Furinkan streets, as every single girl coming out of that school seemed... shall we say *different*? Not too happy with their situation either, it must be said.

"So let me get this straight," Yuka said, herself wearing the robes of a shinto priestess. Except it was really high cut on the legs. "We all have superpowers, but when we use them, our clothes change to -"

"Yeah, it seems that way," Sayuri said. Herself wearing a naked apron. No, really. A full on naked apron. "At lunch I went to the bathroom. Took this stupid thing off. Then I pointed my finger, made a flame come out of it and - Oops, I'm wearing *another* of these stupid things."

"I am going to cave in the face of whoever is responsible for this," Akane warned. She'd figured out how to move in something like a modest way like this, but in all honesty it didn't leave much to the imagination.

"Not before I empty their wallet," Nabiki said, falling into step next to them. "I wouldn't mind the superpowers, but changing our clothes every time we use them? L-A-M-E! What's that spell?"

For a moment there, the other three were not entirely certain that Nabiki wasn't being sarcastic. I mean. She's right there. In a cheerleader's uniform. What else could they expect from - Oh, never mind!

Within Akane, though, she'd noticed something else had changed about her. For some reason, pigtails made her feel *really good*. Which made her wonder... what other changes were going about, with the other girls? What was the point of all this?

And what weird shit would happen next?

Naruto Cocknosis

Mabui was a very busy woman. Very, very busy. You don't believe that? She's the executive assistant to the Raikage. Have you met the Fourth Raikage? No? You'd remember. More importantly, he'd remember. He's not the kind of man you "bump into." He's the kind of man who storms into a room like a thunderclap, yells about a crisis you didn't know existed five seconds ago, and then demands three reports, two messengers, and possibly a new desk because he shattered the last one with his fist.

And who has to keep all of that chaos neat, on time, and signed in triplicate? Mabui. If the Raikage was lightning, she was the poor conductor stuck channeling the volts before they fried the whole village.

So you can imagine her mood when Yugito and Samui strolled into her office one afternoon like this was a social call, calm smiles plastered on their faces, timing suspiciously perfect.

"Mabui," Yugito said, with the careful, rehearsed tone of someone bracing for an argument, "we'd like to request clearance for a training excursion."

"Denied," Mabui replied, without even looking up from her stack of paperwork.

"You don't even know the details yet," Samui said, cool as ever, her voice barely lifting above conversational level.

"I don't need to." Mabui's pen scratched against the page, unbothered. "The Raikage barely tolerates Uzumaki Naruto being on his training trip with the Toad Sage. If you're about to suggest what I think you're about to suggest…" She raised her eyes, fixing them both with a level stare sharp enough to cut steel. "…then my answer will remain the same."

Yugito crossed her arms. "This isn't just about Naruto. It's about us. He's the Nine-Tails jinchūriki. If we're expected to fight beside him one day, it makes sense to learn how to work with him now. The Akatsuki won't sit on their hands forever."

Mabui set her pen down. Folded her hands together. Leaned forward ever so slightly.

"You do realize," she said, in a tone that suggested she'd rehearsed this line at least once a week in her head, "that if I bring this request to the Raikage, he will either laugh so hard the building shakes, or put the two of you on double patrol for daring to say Naruto's name in his presence."

Samui didn't even blink. "We're willing to take that risk."

"Of course you are," Mabui sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. Then she gestured to the chairs in front of her desk. "Fine. Convince me first. Because if you can't win me over, you've got no chance surviving that conversation with him."

The two kunoichi traded a look. Yugito's expression said "let me talk," while Samui's said "don't get carried away." They compromised by speaking in turn.

"Tell you what," Samui said. "We'll be training with him in an hour. No extended leave, no long trips. Just nearby. You can watch for yourself."

Yugito's eyes burned brighter. "Naruto's raw, but he's got spirit. The kind that pulls people along with him. If he's going to be standing beside us one day, it's better we figure out how to sync now, not later."

Mabui stayed very, very still - the kind of stillness that comes only from someone whose entire career was balancing atop a seesaw of disaster. Tap. Tap. Tap went her pen against the desk.

Then she sighed.

"You two…" Mabui said, slow as honey, "…are gambling with your hides. Worse, you're gambling with mine. If the Raikage finds out before I can manage the fallout, it won't be your paperwork he tears through."

Yugito smiled faintly. "So you'll come?"

Mabui shot them the kind of look that could strip paint off a wall, then finally pushed back her chair. "Fine. I'll observe this little 'demonstration.' But if this turns into a circus, don't expect me to shield you when the Raikage finds out."

"Fair enough," Samui said smoothly.

Yugito grinned, sharp as a kunai. "Then it's settled. Clearing southeast of here. The one with the gnarled tree and the rock that looks suspiciously like a pig."

Mabui stood, clipboard tucked under her arm like a weapon. "Very well. Let's see what this boy can do when he's not leveling training grounds with sheer enthusiasm."

"You won't regret this," Samui promised.

"We swear it!" Yugito added, as the two of them turned on their heels and stalked off, oddly confident for women who had just invited their superior officer to witness probable chaos firsthand.

Mabui watched them go, her expression carved from stone. A very small, very dangerous part of her was suddenly curious.

One hour later, Mabui strolled toward the clearing. The landmark rock did indeed look suspiciously like a pig. She really ought to submit an official name for it at some point. Pig Rock. Simple. To the point. Easy to file.

Yugito waved her down with enough energy to make Mabui's sigh escape before she'd even reached her.

"Where's Naruto?" Mabui asked. "And Samui, for that matter?"

"They've started training already," Yugito said. "This way!"

There was a strange sound on the other side of the rock. Now that she was listening for it, Mabui could tell that there was something strenuous going on the other side. How peculiar. No matter, let's find out what sort of training they were -

The clipboard fell from her fingers in total shock. At first, she didn't recognise what it was she was looking at, but she worked it out very quickly. It wasn't exactly a challenge. It was simply contrary to what she'd been anticipating.

Naruto was railing Samui up against Pig Rock. More specifically and explicitly? The two of them were naked from head to toe. Samui had her hands flat against the rock, her huge heaving breasts smooshing up against it as well. The two blondes were rutting each other hard, the boy grabbing the girl by the waist and thrusting his *enormous* cock right into her flooding pussy, and!

Normally such a sight would have left her stunned, but then apoplectic. She would assume either that Naruto had forced himself upon her - or that Yugito had led her into some sort of sick exhibition play.

But the sight of that incredible penetrating *dick* had awakened strange feelings inside of Mabui. Her brilliant mind reeled and she wobbled, catching herself upon Pig Rock -

Wait. Wait, wait, wait! She could feel it. She could feel something influencing her mind!She let loose a small burst of chakra to shock herself out of Genjutsu - to no avail. She tried again. Nothing. Her eyes were glued in place, totally fixed onto Naruto's *cock*, Naruto's *cock*, his *cock, his cock, his cock, his-*

"By the way, it feels even better than it looks~" Yugito whispered in her ear. "Trust me. Once you let that thing release inside you, you will feel like a new woman."

"I see," Mabui whispered. "So he's corrupted the pair of you, and you've now turned your attention towards - "

Her brilliant tactical mind considered the situation. Mabui's thoughts whirled. Assessment: Three enemy assets.

Yugito: jinchūriki, fire and claws, overwhelming offense. Cannot meet head-on.

Samui: sword, precision, speed. Will flank if given an opening.

Naruto:

Terrain: open clearing, poor cover. Single landmark: pig-shaped rock. Could be leveraged.

Objective: Survive. Escape. Inform the Raikage.

Her fingers flexed at her side, itching to use the Heavenly Transfer Technique - but no, not yet. Moving herself at light-speed without a partner to anchor was suicide. She needed distance, a distraction of some sort, but Yugito had her full attention upon her. The other two were suitably distracted, but the problem right now was that she... she couldn't take her eyes off of *that thing*.

Yugito's voice broke the silence, low and almost reverent. "Beautiful, isn't it? It showed us the truth, Mabui. It stripped away everything unnecessary."

Samui's tone followed, cool and certain. "It can show you too. All you have to do is stop resisting."

Her gut turned cold. This was the source. Not a genjutsu - her senses were too sharp, her training too precise to be fooled so easily. This was something else. Something that had slipped into her comrades, rewired them, and now wanted her.

Alas, whatever analysis she had intended to make, whatever plans or counterattacks that she was going to come up with, it all became useless from one simple instant.

And that was the moment Naruto created a Shadow Clone for each of them.

A hypnocock fell right upon the faces of both Yugito and Mabui. Yugito let loose a truly contented sigh, while Mabui? She was trying not to. She was really, truly, desperately trying. She didn't want to sigh, didn't need to sigh, absolutely did not, could not, must not let herself - Let herself!

"Ahhhhhh~" Mabui sighed despite herself.

"Hey Mabui!" Naruto said with his usual feckless charm. "So, these two were telling me you were really wound up and needed a good hard dick to settle yourself down."

Huh? Huh? Huh? She needed a good hard dick? Did she? Did she really? Mabui's brilliant tactical mind was frazzled through the multiple layers of cock shock she was experiencing right now.

The truth is, despite being a beautiful young kunoichi, she *had* neglected her needs. She *had* gone without *cock* for a remarkably long time. At the same time, it was clear to her that if she letthat cock inside her then she would never be the same again.

Alas, by the time she'd thought that, she was already curling her tongue around it and pulling it into her mouth, and - Yep, not gonna be the same after this! Mabui grabbed onto Naruto's waist and face fucked herself on this cock, cock, **cock**!

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Kurama was barely able to refrain from cackling at this development. Why restrain? Because laughing too hard might make something fly by unseen. Look at him. Look at him! He didn't need any further guidance, now did he? The boy was corrupting them all on his own! No, it was even better than that - the girls were actively seeking out new targets for him to thoroughly and totally brainwash!

While Naruto's true form was currently slamming Samui, his clones were busy as well. Yugito was being mating pressed into the ground by one of them, and as for the newest acquisition...?

She'd started by giving a big sloppy blowjob, that rapidly became a more methodical, if still enthusiastic one. Ah, but then her skirt was removed by another clone, who left his cock bouncing between her cheeks, making her lift those hips up in to the air over and over again until it wound up laying right in between the cleft of her ass...

How nice. This one had fallen quickly. Most likely pent up, most likely hadn't been with a man for a while. That was fine, that was great actually. Because it meant that Naruto would be able to make claim upon her. It meant that Naruto would be able to *breed her* into *total submission*, and it meant that he would be able to do so quickly, cementing his control over the most powerful kunoichi in the area.

"That's right, kit!" Kurama smirked, watching the little orgy play out with no small trace of amusement. "Make them happy. Make them as happy as can be. Fall down the path of corruption with each and every rut you make! And in so doing - make yourself as good as mine!"

=====

Man, this Mabui chick really did need this, huh? Naruto looked down at her and, you know, she's a total babe. Very different vibe from the other two. She's got this tanned skin, silver haired look, which contrasted super nicely with her official secretary look, which really worked for him.

Worth noting: This is what Naruto's clone was thinking. The one getting head from her, if we're being more specific.

He was taking his time with her, while the original Naruto was railing Samui good and hard, giving her exactly what she needed. This really was the best kind of training, huh? It felt great, worked up a sweat, and let them all work off the tension a treat!

"You really needed this, huh?" he asked of the girl gobbling on his dick. She tried to nod but found her movement, shall we say, a touch *limited* right now. Understandable really. "Good girl." The other two had told him all about it. How considerate Mabui was, how clever she was, how absolutely, magnificently helpful she was.

But they'd told him something else as well. Oh, that's right!

"By the way, thanks for agreeing to talk to the Raikage about us," Naruto said. "I mean that, thanks a lot. I was thinking that guy hated me and wouldn't let us all train together."

She moaned around his cock, no doubt feeling his gratitude. Or maybe it was just the enormous lengths filling her at both ends? Who could tell. Fuck, but she was so *cute*!

"We're gonna get so much *training* done," Naruto continued, seeming unperturbed by her suddenly using her breasts to wrap around his shaft without her needing to be asked. "If you could find a way to meet up with us, that would be amazing. The four of us are gonna be so strong!"

At that moment, it had proven to be too much for him. That clone immediately nutted - and popped while doing so, leaving the real Naruto with those memories while he was busy fucking Samui. Find a man capable of sustaining both memories at once, without climaxing, and you've got a man with more self control than God intended anyone to have. More than, perhaps, an entire nation of people put together!

"This is the best," Naruto sighed happily. "Man, getting to satisfy chicks and make them happy and stronger - Who wouldn't love this life?"

======

"You manipulative bitches," Mabui whispered while they were on their way back to the village. Fully dressed, clothes made presentable. In her case, a clipboard under her arm. She'd had to clean it off, because it fell in some semen. "I will give you full credit - it was an amazing trap. I had no idea I was walking into it, until I was already staring at his -"

"Try not to think about it when he's not around," Yugito cautioned. "You'll frig yourself stupid but won't be able to climax."

"We both learned that mistake the hard way," Samui sighed.

It wasn't hard to see why. To think that Naruto would develop such a *potent* ninjutsu style. She'd tried to snap herself out of it, the way she would for any brainwashing technique, but - No dice. Even now, her body felt *empty* in a way that she'd never experienced before. It was unnatural. It was *wrong*, and she hated feeling like this, and the one thing she wanted to do more than anything else was get on her hands and knees, crawl to that boy and present herself. Present herself to his cock so that he and his shadow clones could *dick her down* as hard as humanly possible, and then?

She bit her bottom lip. That sounded fucking amazing why were they heading back to the village again?

"Woah, woah!" Samui steadied her. "Careful now. Remember yourself."

"I'm so horny," Mabui whined. "But we just finished fucking him!"

"Remember what we have to do," Yugito whispered. "Think about it. If we spend all our time in the short run rutting, then we won't be able to rut with him a year from now."

That's right. There was pragmatism behind that. Her brilliant strategic mind latched onto the idea and held onto it tight, not letting go, not even for a moment! If she wanted to be *dicked down* by Naruto again, she needed to make sure it *could* happen again. For the long term. For the very, very long term. Which meant several things had to happen.

The Raikage was the main obstacle. It was funny, after a fashion, that she didn't feel jealous about the other girls. Actually, she kind of *wanted* other girls to experience this. The fact was that it didn't matter. Not with Naruto. No. He could *easily* sustain it. Any girl, any number of girls, from this village or any other, he could have them *all* for all that it mattered. Every single hot kunoiichi from the Leaf to the Sand could be riding a sea of Naruto's cocks, and -

And it would bring about a form of world peace, one might say.

With that in mind - the Raikage. Simply flashing him Naruto's superior cock and making him *learn his rightful place* would not be enough. She'd have to persuade him. Oh, she'd have to find a way to persuade him to let them go along with him! It wouldn't be easy, it wouldn't be simple, but - She'd find a way. Now that she had some time to think and the best motivation she'd ever had, she was confident that she would be able to think of something that could persuade the Raikage. Some manner of strategy she could employ that would, without fail, persuade him to allow this training expedition to -

=====

"No," the Raikage said. His voice hit the office walls like a hammer on an anvil. "Absolutely not."

Paperwork trembled on the desk. Somewhere in the hall outside, a chunin flinched and picked up their pace. The Fourth Raikage didn't say no. He decreed it. It was a full-body motion, his shoulders squared, his jaw set, his muscles coiled like a boulder about to roll downhill.

Across from him, Mabui stood with her clipboard tucked under one arm, the picture of composure. This wasn't her first "no." She'd built a career out of walking into thunderclouds and walking out dry.

"I understand your concerns, Lord Raikage," she said, voice calm enough to cool steel. "But this isn't about sending Yugito and Samui off on a vacation with Naruto. It's about control."

His eyes narrowed. "Control?"

"Yes. We know Uzumaki Naruto is unpredictable. We know he's a magnet for trouble." She tilted her head slightly, as though confiding a secret. "Allowing them to travel with him lets us monitor that trouble. Guide it. Contain it. If he's going to act out - and you and I both know he will - it's better we have eyes on him than leave him to his own devices."

The Raikage's knuckles tightened on the edge of the desk. "So you're suggesting I send *my* jinchūriki and one of my best jōnin to babysit the Leaf's problem child?"

"I'm suggesting you send two of your most capable kunoichi on an intelligence mission under the guise of cooperation," Mabui replied smoothly. "If Naruto crosses a line, they'll be there to report to us, or stop him. If he proves himself an ally, then we've already built rapport. Either way, Kumogakure benefits."

For a moment there was only the sound of his breathing, a low rumble like distant thunder. Then: "And when the Hokage finds out I've got spies crawling over her golden boy?"

Mabui's eyes didn't waver. "She'll see an exchange of goodwill. We're assigning trusted shinobi to travel with him. Publicly, it's protection and training. Privately…" she let the sentence trail off with a tiny shrug. "We're not breaking any treaties by being cautious."

The Raikage leaned back in his chair, massive arms crossed, gaze like a weight. "You've thought this through."

"That's my job," she said lightly.

His brow furrowed, the beginnings of a grudging smile threatening at the corner of his mouth. "Hmph. You really think you can keep those three out of trouble?"

"No," Mabui admitted. "But I can make sure we're the first to know when it starts."

The Raikage grunted, somewhere between a laugh and a growl. "Fine. Draft the orders. If this goes sideways, I'm sending you to drag them back."

Mabui allowed herself the smallest, most professional smile. "Understood, Lord Raikage. Is there anything else you need me for?"

"No, not right now!" His big hand chopped the air as though swatting away the question itself. "Go ahead and send them on their errand. And I fully expect regular reports on what that brat is up to."

"Yes, Lord Raikage." She gave a crisp bow, turned on her heel and walked out, shoes clicking softly against the polished floor.

Only once the heavy office doors swung shut behind her did she let her breath out. The Fourth was no fool; pushing him into a decision was like moving a mountain. She'd managed it, but she'd also painted a target on herself. If this blew up, he'd be looking at her first.

Her fingers brushed the edge of her clipboard as she moved down the hall. The plan was now officially in motion. Two kunoichi, one unpredictable jinchūriki, and a "cooperative training trip" that was actually a surveillance mission. On paper it looked airtight. In reality… she didn't like the faint itch at the back of her neck. The Raikage had told her to send them. They'd requested this training themselves. And she had facilitated the whole thing.

She was, in the end, the consummate professional. She walked down the corridor like one, eager to find her fellow cocksluts so she could deliver the good news.

Now, the tricky part would be figuring out how, exactly, she'd get *herself* onto Naruto's cock on the regular. The Heavenly Transfer technique would be the best approach, but -

But, no. Her brilliant mind had already assessed the likelihood of that working and, of course, it wouldn't. There were too many things that would go wrong with it, too many reasons that she couldn't simply do that to herself, with the biggest one being her own physical durability. The others, she could solve, but that one would mean -

=====

"What do you mean 'Master's cock can make us stronger'?" Mabui asked.

"Well, yes, of course it can," Yugito said, smirking at her. "Did you forget how thoughtful I am of my team mates? We'd already considered this before we went to speak with you."

"Your chakra reserves are almost double what they normally are as well," Samui said. "You've not noticed yet because you've been too busy trying to free yourself from Master Naruto's spell."

No way… it wasn't possible. Mabui stared at her own hands like they belonged to someone else.

She had felt the chakra flow differently, a low, humming thrum instead of the usual violent rush. Experimentally, she plucked the pen off her desk, flicked through a seal, and activated the Heavenly Transfer.

It vanished in a flash of white and plinked against the far wall, skittering to the floor as if she'd just tossed it. No distortion, no heat shimmer. No effort. Half the chakra, maybe less.

Her throat went dry. "This technique," she said carefully, fingers tightening around the edge of the desk, "is extremely dangerous. Doubling my chakra? And you're saying it will make me durable enough to send myself…?"

Samui's words echoed back at her — calm, even, almost daring: With this seal, you'll survive it.

Mabui's mind immediately began assembling a checklist the way it always did when the Raikage hurled something insane at her.
Step one: verify claim. Step two: test limits. Step three: survive.

Her eyes flicked to the paperweight sitting on the corner of the desk. Solid steel. She wrapped her fingers around it, channelled chakra through her skin and squeezed. Normally that kind of reinforcement left a dull ache up her arm; now it felt like flexing after a warm-up stretch. Not even a twinge.

"All right…" she murmured to herself, pulse quickening despite her best effort to stay composed. "If I'm suddenly this tough, then a simple impact test won't kill me."

She stood, tucked the steel weight under one arm, and glanced at the reinforced window frame across the office.

She didn't like where her thoughts were going, but if she was going to risk light-speed self-transfer, she needed to know exactly what her new body could handle before she even thought of stepping into the jutsu circle.

Deep breath. She stepped into it, and emerged right on top of Pig Rock, where Naruto was already waiting for her. A big warm smile on his face as he looked down at her. Ah! Ohhhh! Just like this, her conquest had been made totally complete. There was no turning back for her now!

Although she did have to wonder... why would anyone in her position want to turn back from this?

"I submit entirely and totally to you," Mabui said, unbuttoning her top, letting her breasts spill out... And something funny, too. She could swear, she could almost hear something, distant yet close at once, letting loose a truly malevolent laugh.

Ranma 1/2 - Fetish Fuel 2

Ranma Saotome did not care about girls. He didn't. No, really. He's a healthy young boy who had his priorities straight, and they did not involve girls. He was a travelling martial artist. Had been since he could remember. Always on the road with his old man, learning the ins and outs of combat. The limits of human ability, how to use them, how to move his body in a way that few others could. How to push himself. How to efficiently use his strength, his speed, his dexterity and his stamina. He'd never, ever wanted for anything else.

Everything was training. Even school. Especially school! It trained his *patience* which was also a vital tool for a martial artist to pick up. He did pay attention in class, by the way! Not just out of personal pride (which he had in spades) but also because you never, ever know when something might come up that might be useful in a fight.

All he knew was this life, moving from place to place, picking up bits and pieces here and there and then moving on to the new place. He didn't have time for girls. Boys? Yeah, he could make some fast friends, but he didn't expect to see them again when his old man decided, at last, that it was time to move on.

"So where we heading today?" he'd asked on this particular spring morning. "Oh, I read this thing about the ossuaries in Paris. That seems like a real dangerous place. Maybe Chernobyl? See if I can dodge the radiation?"

"Your sarcasm is cutting," his old man shot back. "But your fists are still more dangerous." He hucked the backpack over his shoulders. Not that there was much in it right now. They'd eaten basically all the food they'd bought lately, it was just changes of clothing in there right now. Which was usually a sign they were getting close. "It's time, boy."

"Right, it's time," Ranma said. His old man began to walk down streets that looked oddly... Familiar. He knew they were in Tokyo, but - Wait, wasn't this Nerima? Yeah... Hold up, the place they were living before probably wasn't available anymore, he was pretty sure by now that crummy landlord was renting to someone else. "Time for what?"

"Time for what, he asks," Genma sighed. "I've only been telling you about it regularly ever since we started this training journey."

Huh? He had? Ranma tilted his head trying to figure out what it could be. The old man did a lot of talking, Ranma tuned out most of it because by and large, he talked using the language of 'insults'.

"I'm taking you to meet an old friend of mine," Genma said. "Lives in a big training ground. You'll marry one of his daughters, and then he'll give you that place as a wedding gift."

Ah, that's right, Ranma did vaguely remember something like that! Right right, of course, of course! That's what he meant when he said it was time!

Ranma took a deep breath, closed his eyes and tried to imagine what those sisters might look like. Considering his father, and the sorts of deals and arrangements he made, it was easy to imagine the sort of bill he'd stuck Ranma with. In the process, he managed to imagine a series of fantasy creatures, and not one of them was based on the fae.

It started to rain. As such, Ranma bolted down the street in the opposite direction they'd been going even as this stupid Jusenkyo curse took hold and flipped his gender switch from 'fully male' to 'fully female'.

God, but he hated this stupid fucking curse! Anyone else might have tripped over their own feet the moment their legs were shorter, but Ranma had enough training to adjust without thinking twice about it. More to the point, behind her right now was a big lumbering panda which used to be a bald middle aged fatty with a thick pair of glasses.

So Ranma was running because there was a high chance that the girls wouldn't be hot...? No, you've not been paying proper attention, have you? Ranma was running because the last thing he or she or they or whatever wanted right now was to get engaged and married off to some strange girl! It didn't matter how pretty they were! It didn't matter how cute or, dare we even say *uncute* they were, Ranma did not want a single thing to do with them and that. Was. Final!

=====

To say that Soun Tendo was excited about the news might be the understatement of the year, but it actually had some stiff competition. Don't worry, we'll get to *that* before too long. The news that had him excited? That Ranma Saotome was finally arriving! Right here! To his family dojo!

Now, this is the point where he'd normally rush around the house, for those familiar with Ranma 1/2 and the many, many examples of fanfiction out there recounting this event. You can see it in your mind's eye, can't you? Soun, weeping over a postcard, rushing first to the kitchen to find Kasumi. Then up to Nabiki's room to find her. Then hither and yonder, all about the grounds searching for his youngest, Akane, somehow having missed that her morning routine included taking a jog around the block. Then gathering them in the living room, telling them about the engagement -

Let's stop there before this becomes a summary of the first chapter/episode of the series and go on to what actually happened instead.

To start with, he rushed off to the kitchen, and sure enough he found his daughter Kasumi slicing up some veggies with eerie precision. However, instead of the housewives dress that she normally wore - floral print, skirt down to her ankles, shoulders exposed perhaps - she was wearing a slutty nurse's outfit. Which Soun completely ignored.

"Kasumi! Wonderful news!" Soun cried out. "Where are your sisters?"

"They're in the training hall," Kasumi said. "Will it take long, father? I have a hot date with Doctor Tofu later on, and -" She squirmed a little, rolling her hips suggestively. "I don't expect to be back until quite late tonight."

"Aha, don't worry, don't worry!" Soun said, patting her on the shoulder. "You know that I approve of your relationship with him! It will affect your younger sisters much more, anyway!"

And so, he runs off, oblivious to the state of attire that his eldest is currently wearing. She resumes preparing breakfast for her family without missing a beat - and then he heads to the training hall, where his two youngest were bonding.

Oh, he'd given up hope on Nabiki. He'd thought that she had no real interest in athletics! But recently, she'd shown a significant spike upwards in such interest. And, what's more, she seemed to be getting on much better with Akane. The two of them were always close, that much is true, but lately, they seemed much closer than they had been in such a long time.

"Hya!" Akane yelled, bringing her foot upwards in a sharp kick. "I can do this. I can do this... Hya!"

Although, for reasons that Soun could not quite comprehend, Akane was wearing a cheerleader's uniform right now. Hrm? How peculiar. He knew that Nabiki had become the team captain for the Furinkan High cheering team - but Akane...?

"Hey daddy!" Nabiki said, chewing bubblegum and performing picture perfect alternating knee lifts in place, twirling around some batons. "Don't mind Akane, we're running some *tests*."

Akane took a deep breath, and continued running through a kata. She was tightly controlled. Of late, she had taken quite a big leap up in skill. It seemed as though she was trying to maintain a measure of control over her new level of strength. For a moment, Soun's excitement over the announcement abated, as his love for martial arts awoke within his soul for the first time in forever.

"You need to relax a bit, Akane," he said. Her eyes flickered towards him. There was frustration in there. "You're much too tense."

"I can't relax," Akane grunted. "If I relax, then - "

She threw a punch. It sent the dummy she'd been striking back up against the wall. Akane made an odd gurgling noise, and - Hrm? How strange. He could have sworn she'd been wearing a cheerleader's uniform when he'd entered. Instead, she was wearing something *much more*

normal for her. Namely, a bellydancer's outfit. Very elaborate, with layers of translucent blue cloth, tummy totally exposed, and -

"Gah!" Akane shrieked. "Dammit! I thought I had it this time!"

Looking around her, Soun could see that there were several costumes just like it laying on one part of the training hall. Nabiki sighed, wandered over to it, practically skipping, then used her foot to flick one up.

"Oh, by the way?" Nabiki asked. "Um, what was it you wanted again, daddy?"

Ah! That's right! "Akane, I have an important announcement for the three of you," Soun said. "Please, let us go to the living room. This is very important, and -" Tears welled up in his eyes. "I have been waiting for this moment for an eternity!"

=====

Akane Tendo was in a bad mood. A really, really *fucking* bad mood. How long has it been now? A week? Yeah, it had been about a week since the Fetishes had descended upon Furinkan.

It only hit the hot girls. It was the weirdest thing. The hot girls all got themselves a kink, a *thing*, a *Fetish* and nobody knew why or what the cause was. They had all tried pooling information, but they couldn't get anywhere. What they did know, was -

"One of you will marry him."

And just like that Akane's train of thought crashed. There she was, wearing a stupid bellydancer outfit, sitting next to her sisters who were wearing a cheerleader uniform and sexy nurse's outfit respectively, and out of nowhere, their father had announced that one of them would marry some son of a friend of his, and *urgh*!

"Really?" she yelled. "Now, of all times?! You expect one of the three of us to -"

"The two of you," Soun corrected. "Kasumi's dating a respectable Doctor with a view towards marriage. You and Nabiki are currently single, so one of you -"

"Is he cute?" Nabiki interrupted. "I hope he's cute, if he's cute we'll have a lot of F-U-N together!"

"Father, I do share Akane's concerns," Kasumi said. "After all, we don't know anything about this Ranma. Obviously, he won't be *half* the total studmuffin my Ono is, and he won't be able to give them the deeply satisfying sex they so obviously and desperately crave -"

"Kasumi!" Akane interrupted, blushing like mad. She'd never get used to that! Hearing her own sister talk like this!

"Ah, that won't be a problem," their father continued talking as if she hadn't said anything really weird right now. That was the part that really got her goat. Not everyone seemed to be aware of what the hell was going on around here! "He'll be here really soon. You'll be able to assess him yourselves."

Assess him themselves. While dressed like this. Akane's hips twitched. She had to fight it down every single time she wound up in this stupid thing. It happened anytime she threw a punch or a kick that was a little bit too strong, or a little bit too fast. It was like a switch in her brain. At this point half her damned wardrobe was some form of bellydancer outfit. For some reason they *tended* to be blue silk, but not always. No, that would make things nice and *simple*, wouldn't it?

Urgh, the last thing that Akane needed was any further complications in her life. Although, there was one bright side. If this Ranma did see them dressed like this and did try something? He'd regret it. She'd be embarrassed to use this power - but if she could use it to protect her sisters? She'd do it, no questions asked!

=====

Oh man, the number of concussions Ranma was probably suffering at this point in his life probably explained a lot about his behaviour. For a moment there, he was really groggy. There was a sort of voice in his head whispering away.

Hey wait, is this guy a guy or a girl?

Uh, this curse is kinda messing with things.

*So, how should we play this? I mean, we **could** give her a kink...?*

*You mean **him**, right? How would it even interact with this transformation magic?*

It's pretty ancient stuff - we need to explore more about this.

*Oh**. Oh**! That's why the Tendo girl got the pigtailed kink! They're heading **there**!*

"Could you all shut the hell up?!" Ranma yelled, then realised that he was in girl form, and slung over a panda's hairy shoulder. What the hell?! "Hey! Old man! Put me down already! Let go! I don't wanna! I don't wanna get married, you hear me?!"

Alas, it was too late. Into this home they went, despite Ranma's very best, but most likely still concussed attempts to right herself, she still wound up being whirled around, planted on her feet in front of a family and -

Oh no. Oh no! It's even worse than she imagined. She'd imagined they'd be some form of hideous fantasy creature that Ranma would be chained to while her old man retired and reaped the benefits of having land to live off rent free. She'd imagined they'd be tall and scrawny, short and overweight, or maybe they'd have weird growths coming out of their forehead or some other weird shit.

The one and only thing Ranma hadn't been prepared for, the worst possible scenario, had opened up before her.

They were really, really *hot*.

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Oh no she's hot. For a moment there Akane forgot how to breathe. Pigtail pigtail pigtail. She had to stop looking at it. Focus elsewhere. Focus, girl! Focus! Her tummy kept on trying to twitch. She really, really wanted to *dance* right now.

"Omigod gimme some of that~" Nabiki whispered in Akane's ear. "Like, I'm not into girls but I still want a piece of that!"

That couldn't be Ranma. Surely not. That was a very cute girl. A very, very cute girl. Such a cute girl, such a cute, sexy girl.

"What do you suppose her Fetish is?" Kasumi whispered. Akane didn't answer. Didn't say anything at all. She didn't trust herself, not right now. Want that want that want that want that -

"So, you must be...?" their father said, towering over the adorable shortstack.

"Ranma Saotome," the girl said, and Akane's pussy felt like it was going to gush just from the sound of her voice. "Sorry about - Woah!"

All of a sudden, Akane felt a keen irrational envy towards her father, for he had swept up Ranma into a tight embrace. Weeping tears of total joy.

"I've waited to meet you for so -" he began to weep, and then... Realisation dawned. He backed away slowly while staring down at Ranma. "Wait," he said. "Hold on now. Genma said he has a son."

"Um, daddy? That's clearly a girl!" Nabiki said. "Not that I mind, but -"

The air felt heavy all of a sudden. The panda scratched itself while seeming to almost sigh in annoyance. Ranma herself seemed super embarrassed and to be honest Akane didn't know what to say. It was obvious that, despite her reservations for the idea, their father had been -

"Oh, well that's fine!" Soun said, laughing happily. "In this modern era, two girls getting hitched isn't that strange!"

What. By which Akane meant 'yay', but also 'what?' But also yay. The yay was being quite insistent right now, and -

"Huh? What the hell are you talking about?" Ranma asked, apparently over her shyness. "Since when could two girls get hitched?"

"Yes, daddy, that's quite unusual," Kasumi said. "I mean, this is 1980s Japan. There's nothing all that unusual about Doctor Tofu bending me over a table to give me my daily prescription of big hard dick, but -"

Ranma had turned pale. Alright, nothing else for it here. Akane pushed past her father and grabbed Ranma's hand. "With me, right now," she said, and hauled the girl off to the training hall, quick as you like - and being trailed by Nabiki, who was gaily skipping after them. Akane took a deep breath to control herself. Not because she was tired, not because she was remotely exhausted, at least not physically. It was all mental. She was super mentally drained right now.

"What the hell is going on here?" Ranma asked. "Why are you chicks dressed like that, and what's up with your old man?"

"Good question!" Akane said. She whirled around and then realised she was all alone with a girl she wanted to *lick* from top to bottom in a single uninterrupted motion. Her tummy twitched, and this time she couldn't stop it. She was rolling her hips around and *hhhhnnnnnk*~ "you - You don't have a Fetish yet, do you?"

"A what now?"

"A Fetish," Akane replied. "Right. Okay. You've not been in the area long enough then. It only hit Furinkan ward, as far as we can tell. Um... Hold on, let me show you..."

She dumped her top to the ground. Ranma started to blush at her bare chest, which was kinda cute in its own way. Even so! Akane took a deep breath and then -

"Hiya!" she yelled, and punched across the room - and when she did, a new top appeared on her. The design was a bit different. This one showed a bit more cleavage and the ornamentation was different, but she was, indeed, wearing a new top. "We all got superpowers. Every cute girl in Furinkan. But when we use them, our clothes change into..." She gestured to herself.

"That is very stupid," Ranma said. "Why would that even happen?"

"Like, who knows?" Nabiki asked, swanning into the room like she owned it. "It definitely affects personalities too. I'm, like, way ditzier than normal, and Kasumi's way more dirty minded than she used to be, and Akane's been checking out girls and not even realising she's doing it -"

"Am not!" Akane insisted. Then glanced over at Ranma. Which might have been a mistake. Oh, that pigtail was far too *adorable*. Look at it bouncing around, all over the place like that! "Anyway. For some reason, not everyone can see it, and completely ignores any evidence of it happening. We've started calling *that* Denial. Daddy's got it *real* bad, you get it?"

Ranma nodded, clearly mortified by what was going on here, and Akane almost couldn't wait to see what her Fetish was. Oh, oh, fuck it was probably gonna be so *fucking hot*.

"So, is that why he's okay with me marrying one of you guys, despite - y'know?" Ranma asked. "And, hey, how does it affect the boys...?"

"Oh, they love this shit," Nabiki giggled. "At least, until we, you know, use our powers to make 'em behave! Otherwise, they don't seem to be, like, affected at all."

Ranma nodded, which made her pigtail bounce up and down, up and down. Akane would give her right arm if it meant sucking on that pigtail. Give it to her for thirty seconds. Let her slake this thirst, just for a little bit, please!

"So what sorta powers did you guys get?" Ranma asked. "I mean, that gust punch was kinda neat, but -"

"Actually, it's super strength and super speed," Akane said. "Nabiki can mess with emotions, but I'm pretty sure whenever she does it she gets dumber."

"And hornier," Nabiki said. "I'd demonstrate, but I'm *pretty* stupid right now, tee hee~"

"She'll be back to herself tomorrow morning," Akane sighed. "Trust me, you'll like this version of her more - before she's tricked you into giving her all your money. Anyway, Kasumi can heal people and things, including herself. There are some other weird specifics too, like Nabiki's intelligence. I can't really do anything like training without it becoming like bellydancing, and Kasumi -" Akane stopped for a moment. "Kasumi can barely keep away from a local Doctor."

"Who Akane has a crush on~" Nabiki chirped.

"Had!" Akane corrected. "It's weird, but since this started I've not had any interest in him at all. So, that's about all we know that's going on with us. What about you?"

Ranma stayed silent and still for a weirdly long time. Eventually though, she did speak up, and she had something of an odd request.

"Can I have some hot water?" Ranma asked. "I was kinda nervous about approaching this with you, but after all that - I kinda feel like I gotta share a little something. That's hot, not boiling!"

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Okay, so Ranma had a pretty good idea that he was a really hot guy, but seeing two really cute girls staring at him slackjawed was kinda ramping up his ego a bit. While he stood here. Dripping wet in the middle of the training hall.

It was a lot to take in. He'd stepped out into the middle of... *Something*, and he didn't quite know how to react to it. At least, not yet. The least he could do after they'd been open with him, was be open with them as well, right?

"O. Em. Gee." That was Nabiki, who broke the silence. "Cute and cuddly as a girl, very fuckable as a boy."

"Dibs," Akane said in a deep raspy voice. "Dibs, dibs, dibs."

"Uh, girls!" Ranma held up his hands. "You're not in your right state of mind right now! I know, I know, you weren't expecting to see a total stud like me, but please control yourselves!"

That had the effect he was looking for. Though not for the reason he had intended it. The arousal faded from their eyes, and the two of them let out a weary sigh.

"Oh man, his personality though..." Akane grumbled.

"Yeah, at this point it feels like, if I go for it? It'll go to his head..." Nabiki pouted.

H-Hey, now! He was right here, you know?! "Well, anyway!" Ranma said. "I'm not the sort to take advantage, so you guys can relax around me, alright? Say. You said that you were pretty strong, right? I'm pretty good as well - why don't we put it to the test?"

"Huh?" Akane said. "You want a proper spar with me?"

"You don't like the smug look on my face?" Ranma asked. "Alright then. Why don't you wipe it off? And Nabiki, you stay out of it, alright? I wanna see what *Akane* can really do!"

The two of them got into their positions, and Ranma was actually looking forward to this. It had been a while since he'd had a *real* challenge. The old man was getting kinda stale. Shampoo was flat out trying to kill him. He'd had some hope for - what was his name again...? Uh... Hibiki! Right, yeah, that guy was really tough, but he was also pretty stupid.

"Begin!" Ranma said, and immediately brought up his hand to catch Akane's fist. He felt the air crash into it before the fist arrived, and all of a sudden he knew he'd have to take this *seriously*.

His eyes trailed over her body. Very nice, by the way. But right now, he wasn't studying her body for lewd reasons. Not right now at any rate. Later on he might -

Gosh, she'd said this wasn't affecting boys, but it kinda was affecting him. Or maybe she was just his type? Anyway, the point was, what he was really watching for way -

"Hiya!" Akane yelled, right as a kick went where Ranma's head had been a moment ago. She was fast. Pretty much as fast as him - probably about as strong as him as well. Maybe a little stronger, maybe a little faster... But she wasn't as *skilled* as he was.

There was skill there, no question of it. However, she hadn't earned her way into the spot she was fighting at right now. What did that mean? It meant she'd body most folk. 95% of anyone stepping up to her would drop like a stone.

But Ranma was sitting in that 5%. He could read her like a book. And all he had to do to throw her off balance was - There. He stuck his foot out, causing her to step on her own sarong -

"Woah!" she gasped, toppling over. She did good work trying to catch herself, but - Crash! She landed heavily, in a tangle... But had managed to pull Ranma right on top of her. "How did you...?"

"Strength isn't everything," Ranma said. "Nor is speed. You're plenty skilled, but you've not had to use it against anyone at my level, right?"

"Ah..." Akane said. "In that case... Sorry about this."

Before Ranma could ask 'sorry about what', her tongue was in his mouth. Weirdly, he had absolutely no complaints at all about this. Not a single one.

"My turn next~" Nabiki giggled, watching with tremendous anticipation.

To Love Ru Rito the Pervert

On this morning, Rito walked to school with purpose in his stride and two hot pieces of ass on his arms. Haruna on his left. Lala on his right. Yui had already gone on ahead, to her home, owing to her responsibilities. Yami was doing her own thing. Rin had also left early, and that was all fine by him.

His goals today had become more complicated than before. Before? He'd just wanted to get himself a harem, nice and discreet, making use of his 'clumsy seduction' technique.

But now? Now he was aware of the possibility that there *might* be other people out there. People with abilities somewhat similar to his. Sexual abilities that were able to take what they wanted from others through sheer overwhelming pleasure.

One of them might be Haruna's sister. He was feeling foolish that he hadn't considered it before, but now it seemed somehow obvious. Lala's mother might be another - the supposed most beautiful woman in the galaxy! Yes, it would fit all too well wouldn't it?

But that wasn't all he was after now was it? No, not at all. Last night, he had discussed the matter at length with his girls. The idea that Yui was being looked down on due to her personality rankled them all. Except Yui. She didn't seem to care about anything. Except for his penis. Which was both a good sign and also kinda weirdly scary?

"Are you girls ready?" Rito asked as the school came into sight. Up ahead, Yui herself was at the front gate.

"Always," Lala purred.

"Forever!" Haruna added. Oh dear, were they getting competitive? He gave a squeeze to both of their backsides, making them mewl in happiness, when -

"Rito Yuuki!" Yui yelled, pointing an accusatory finger directly at them. "Such shameless, indecent behaviour! You show your true colours at last!"

"Ah, no!" Rito said. "No, no, you don't understand! I injured my foot so the girls -"

"Excuses!" Yui interrupted. She reached out and grabbed his tie. "I saw your wandering hands! You are coming with me, and you - "

She was pointing at Lala now.

"Are you even a student at this school?" she demanded. "No matter! If you aren't then fill in the proper paperwork! Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Lala saluted, and lest we remind ourselves, this is the eldest daughter of a man who ruled a galaxy. Do you have any idea how impressive that actually is? No? Not an astrophysicist? This is normally the point where this author would make it a point to illustrate how large a galaxy actually is - but Yui is currently glowering enough that even through the fourth wall, there is a sense of -

"Let's get moving!" Yui snapped. Yes, ma'am! She hauled Rito into the school, skirt gently swaying, before suddenly stopping to look back. "You two! In my absence, check everyone coming in for the rules!"

Mother of god does she know what she's just done? She's given a task with a very particular set of rules to Lala Deviluke. *That* Lala Deviluke. The genius inventor whose portfolio includes such marvels as:

1. A “laundry-free” uniform that disassembles itself at the worst possible times.
2. A teleportation pad that sends people exactly where they don’t intend to go, usually while still mid-sentence.
3. The infamous “Friendship Accelerator,” which does indeed accelerate friendships, mostly by detonating embarrassing holograms of shared memories.

Lala’s boundless optimism is only matched by the catastrophic side effects of her inventions. And now, with Yui gone, the carefully-maintained order of this duty is about to be stress-tested like never before.

Alas, we're not going to see that no doubt hilarious set of circumstances yet. Instead, Rito was dragged along to a fairly small room with the title "Student disciplinary club" written on the door. Inside was a sparsely decorated room, with but a desk and some paperwork storage to its name.

Upon entry, Yui had tossed Rito inside like a bag of garbage, turned the key in the lock, and then tugged open her blazier to drop the key down into her bra.

"Wow, really good performance there - " Rito said, but suddenly he found a finger in his chest.

"What a thoroughly shameless display!" Yui said, pushing Rito backwards from sheer shock. "Honestly, now! Are you *trying* to challenge my authority! A girl on each arm! How lewd! How indecent! You should have some standards, Rito Yuuki, and at least a modicum of self control for a change in your clumsy, perverted life!"

She'd pushed him backwards with her finger until he was falling back into a seat, and the only reason he hadn't topped over backwards was because the desk had been right behind it.

And then, to his surprise, he found Yui sitting in his lap. Now, one might imagine that she was turned from pissed off to turned on right now, but if you studied her face, even under an electron microscope, you would not find an atom of arousal there.

"Maybe I should take that tension out of you then?" she asked, fixing her furious gaze onto him, and we're still standing by that previous statement. Despite that her hips were grinding up against him. "Maybe, if you're not so pent up, you'll *behave* yourself today? After all, you behaved yourself yesterday."

Every inch of Rito's survival instinct was telling him not to point out the contrast between her behaviour and her words. Every single inch, do you understand?!

"Actually, I was hoping to speak with Saki today?" he offered, his voice going up an octave. She seemed disappointed in that - but backed down, thank goodness.

"Fine," she sniffed. "Let's go have a word with her together, shall we?"

Phew, alright, he had at least some measure of control here. Alright then. It was time for him to finally, finally confront Saki - and see just what Haruna's sister had prepared for him!

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Make no mistake, Tenjōin Saki is a proud girl. Ohohoho! She most certainly was! Indeed, she strode through the academy halls like a peacock in full bloom with her head held high, ribbons perfectly flounced, and a laugh so theatrical it echoed off the marble columns like a challenge to the gods themselves. Ohohoho! Her mere presence turned heads, silenced whispers, and sent lesser rivals scurrying to adjust their posture.

But beneath the lacquered pride and aristocratic flair, there was a razor-sharp mind. She was calculating, curious, and always three steps ahead. She didn’t merely dominate the social scene; she curated it. Every tea party was a battlefield, every compliment a veiled maneuver. And yet, somehow, she made it all look effortless.

That was even before her special training. She'd known instinctively for a long time how to wind people around her finger using her natural beauty and charisma - but now she could do it with *raw sex appeal* as well.

"Did you all have fun last night?" she asked Rin. The girl's back bristled. Her erstwhile bodyguard had been getting her cheeks clapped last night by that Rito Yuuki.

"Ah, well," Rin said. "I'm sure you'll find out yourself before long."

Quite so! Hrmph! That boy really was a troublemaker was he not? No matter. She'd have him wrapped around her little finger too before long. And speaking of him, there he was now, with another of his tamed harlots in tow.

"Rito Yuuki~" Sato smirked, pulling out a fan and hiding her face. "Why, whatever brings you to the likes of me? Ohohohoho! And with the head of the student disciplinary commission as well! What a novel relationship you have. And not just with her - with my very own friend Rin, too~"

To her surprise, Rito was looking at her with a serious expression. Hrm? She'd anticipated that he might play the fool with her. Or perhaps make a clumsy pass. Instead, he was balling his fists as if he was about to confront her over something and -

Slam! In comes the kabedon. Right next to her head. Ah. Ah! She'd been emotionally and intellectually ready for it, but this? This moment, living through it was quite something else.

Join his harem, her loins cried out. Stop that. Stop it! That's Haruna's doing. Putting that thought in your head. *Join his harem join his harem join his -*

"Saki!" Rito said. "I believe that there are people out there with perverted superpowers. And I believe that you will be able to help me find them!"

Steam shot out of Saki's ears. Wh-Wh-What?! What was he saying now?! That was ridiculous, it was obscene, it was so -

"Ohohohoho!" Saki laughed, unable to stop herself from bending double. She had to walk away from it. "Ohohoho! What strange, perverse little fantasy do you have? Or perhaps this is your new seduction trick since you're aware I'm onto you? Very well. Let's play ball. What makes you think that there are people with perverted superpowers?"

"Pattern recognition," Rito said. "For one thing, I can make a woman cum with a touch. Or at the very least, feel exactly as good as I want them to. And then there's Haruna's sister, who is even more knowledgeable than I am! If there's two of us, there's got to be more!"

That was so cute. It was like something out of a comic. Really now, that reasoning was so spurious, but cute all the same.

"Listen, Rito Yuuki," Sato shook her head. "I appreciate how it must feel. Did you know, for example, that your girlfriend Haruna brainwashed me into wanting to join your little harem?"

"She did?" Yui asked. "Pardon me, I suddenly have something very important to deal with." Yui turned on her heels, stomped off - then turned around to walk back to Rito. "Nothing lewd while I'm gone!"

"Okay, okay!" Rito said. He waited for her to leave, then asked - "So, uh, is that hypnotic trigger still in effect, or...?"

All of a sudden, Saki had whirled Rito around and had *him* slammed up against the opposite wall.

"As a matter of fact, it very much is," Saki said, fully aware that her eyes were dancing with madness. "However! My pride is still intact. I shall be the one in charge of your harem. Not you. Not the princess from beyond the stars. Not that fairly ordinary girl who thought she could control me. When I ride your dick - and I *will* ride your dick - it shall be on my terms. Not yours. Are we quite clear?"

His hand smoothed up her thigh, and Saki felt - *ohhhhh gosh*!

"Crystal," Rito smiled back at her. Alright. Point made. "But for the time being, I have a few issues to sort through - not just the possible existence of other people with supernatural pervy powers, but also... The reputation of Yui Kotegawa."

"Kotegawa?" Saki gasped. She pulled away from him and crossed her arms. "That stick in the mud? The blatantly repressed girl whose cheeks you so soundly clapped last night? The girl who is *blatantly* and *nakedly* attracted to you, while spoiling the fun of everyone else on campus."

She stayed silent for another moment before answering in a tone dripping with sarcasm.

"No, I have not heard anything about her, thanks for asking. What do you even care about that anyway? Even I sometimes catch my eyes wandering on her figure, even before your Haruna put that mind whammy on me. Surely you're content to snuggle and rut with such a girl regardless of her reputation?"

Oh dear, how strange, it felt like the room temperature dropped all of a sudden. Also, this was an important point - why were Rito's eyes looking rather hollow right now?

"It matters because it would hurt her," Rito said. "I'm not just a pervert. I care about the physical and psychological wellbeing of my girls. That's why I didn't go further just now when you pushed me up against the wall, Saki. Because if I did -"

Ayako moved before Rin did, trying to get in between them - But then Rito simply flicked her on the forehead, and down Ayako went, trembling and twitching with a rather ridiculous smile on her face.

"Wow, actually that was pretty easy," Rito said. "Uh, I think this girl is all kinds of pent up."

"I don't see why," Saki grumbled. "I mean, the four of us had a yuri orgy in the shower yesterday."

"Ah, but she's wanting a taste of dick, now," Rito said. He tilted his head to consider carefully. "Not sure if she's into me specifically, so I won't make any further moves - did you say four of us?"

"Very good catch!" Saki clapped sarcastically. "Did Rin not tell you while you were making her eyeballs roll back in her head? Or was she too incoherent to utter a word you could understand? No, maybe it was her loyalty. Her loins needed satiating, but she knew not to let my secrets slip anyway. Ohohoho! I'll be sure to give her a raise later on! Or perhaps she would be happier with more leave to sit on your face?"

"Saki, that's enough," Rin said. "I know, your pride is wounded from all of this, but - This isn't like you!"

Saki grit her teeth. As much as she didn't like being told off by her *bodyguard*, that very same emotional response got her to double guess herself. As much as she hated to admit it - she was *really horny* right now. Looking down at Atsuko, the same reasoning applied to her too.

She'd had a lot of girl ass, but what she really wanted right now was some dick. Some good, hard dick.

"Very well then," Saki said. "How about this? I will help to salvage Yui Kotegawa's reputation *and* assist you in the task of investigating the *possible* existence of horny supernatural users with my enormous charisma, wealth and general resource - In exchange for a little contest."

"A... contest?" Rito asked.

"It's quite simple," Saki grinned. "I shall formally join your harem - but we need to prove who the top bitch is. Ohohoho! How many girls is there now? Let us see - Lala, Haruna, Yami, Yui, Rin, myself, and for good measure I'll even bring in Atsuko and the fourth of our little group yesterday - a green-haired babe called Run!"

There was a rather interesting little reaction from Rito there—something for her to pick up and analyse later on.

"A knockout tournament...?" Rito asked. "And the winner gets?"

"You. Alone. For the entire night," Saki said. "And, on top of that? They're the girl in charge of your harem." She fanned herself down, smirking triumphantly. "They - or rather *I* - will organise meetings, interview potential candidates to ensure their viability. How does it sound to you?"

Rito considered this very carefully before answering.

"So, this would be... What? A tournament arc?" he asked. "Are we actually sincerely doing a horny tournament arc now?"

"Yes, that's quite right!" Saki said, jabbing her finger into Rito's chest. "A horny tournament arc! In fact, let's have that be the official title for what we're doing next! Rin, I want a banner made! Make sure it's fitted for Rito's bedroom, for that will be where we host the tournament!"

"Uh, I'm not sure Atsuko actually wants to be in the harem!" Rito said. But then, her hand shot up to grab his sleeve.

"Can you... Can you make a girl feel even better than that?" Atsuko asked, her voice trembling even more than her body. "Show me! I want to learn more about this world! I'm yours, if you'll have me!"

As this sight was far too pathetic, Saki grabbed Atsuko's ear and pulled her away, while she reached out to Rito, whimpering like a hungry puppy.

"This one needs more training to prepare," Saki said. "Ohohoho! Soon you will learn your place, Rito Yuuki! You, and the rest of your girls, too!"

She strolled off before she did something really stupid. Like challenge the boy she wanted to bang to a contest, when all he really wanted was her help with something, and if she'd made a simple deal with him, right there and then, she'd be riding his dick right about -

Still grinning, still laughing, Saki suddenly whirled around and headbutted the wall really, really hard. There we go. Now she feels better! Though not as much *better* as she would feel after she'd finally gotten to join Rito Yuuki's harem!
=====

It seemed like an easy enough job. All Haruna and Lala had to do was stand at the front gate of the school, monitoring the students to ensure that they all adhered to the rules, while Yui dealt with other business.

Except that, as it turned out, the rules were *complicated*. Kinda contradictory at times as well.

Haruna flipped the handbook over for the third time. “It says hair ornaments can’t be larger than five centimetres…but also that students should ‘encourage creativity’ with their appearance.” Her brow furrowed. “How are we supposed to enforce that?”

“Easy!” Lala chirped, holding up her measuring tape. “We just measure everyone’s hair accessories. Like a science fair!” She leaned over to a bewildered first-year, measuring the bow in her hair with great seriousness.

The girl blinked. “Um…is this required?”

“Don’t worry!” Lala said, giving a thumbs-up. “It’s for your individuality!”

Haruna groaned. “That’s not what—” She stopped as another student sauntered up with his shirt untucked and socks up to his knees.

“That’s two violations!” she whispered, fumbling for her clipboard.

“But it also says ‘freedom of dress within reason,’” Lala read aloud from a different page. “Reasonable is such a flexible word, isn’t it?”

Before Haruna could answer, a third student walked by carrying a contraption that looked suspiciously like one of Lala’s inventions — a lunchbox on hover jets. It emitted a puff of pink smoke and zipped off toward the faculty building.

Lala brightened. “Oh! That’s my prototype! He must be testing it for me!”

“Lala!” Haruna hissed. “That’s totally against the rules!”

The hover-lunchbox took a sharp turn and exploded in a shower of rice balls over the courtyard. Students squealed and scattered. Haruna dropped her clipboard. “We’re going to get blamed for this…”

Lala beamed, brushing a rice ball off her shoulder. “At least nobody’s bow was too big.”

All that Haruna could do was let out a weary sigh. Lala was pretty much sex on legs, but she was also really spaced out sometimes. Allowing her to have any kind of authority was kinda dangerous - but then again, she was a freaking Princess, wasn't she? Oh boy. That was giving her a bit of a headache. She could only hope that Yui would get back here soon, so that -

"Haruna Sairenji!" Yui's voice echoed across the school grounds. Oh dear, she seemed to be in full-on warpath mode. "With me! Now!"

"Huh? Haven't you finished your business with - Yipe!"

Huh, what a strange coincidence - we have two scenes in a row where a girl grabs another girl by the ear, gives it a tweak, and then drags her off.

"You're in charge in our absence!" Yui called out to Lala. "I have business with this one!"

Haruna's pupils dilated as soon as she said that. A cold sweat broke out along her back. In her mind’s eye, she saw it as clearly as if it were already happening: Lala, still at the gate, “inspecting” students with some ridiculous gadget, happily handing out her own “special

exemptions," and maybe accidentally installing a warp gate where the shoe lockers should be. By the time Yui returned, the entire student body would either be wearing rocket-propelled uniforms or teleported to another dimension.

"W-wait, Yui-chan!" Haruna squeaked, shuffling after her as Yui dragged her by the ear. "I'm sure Lala-san will - "

"She will be fine!" Yui snapped. "You, though? We have much to discuss!"

Back at the gate, Lala tilted her head. "I'm in charge? Yay! That sounds fun!" She pulled a large metallic cylinder from her bag. "Let's speed up the inspections with my Rule-Checker 3000!" The device beeped ominously, its lights flickering between green and red as bewildered students queued up.

"Next, please!" Lala called, smiling brightly. "Don't worry, it only zaps a little if you break a rule!"

Soon enough, the two girls were in the office for the student disciplinary commission. Looking at her, Haruna had the feeling that steam was shooting out of Yui's nose.

"What's this I hear about you brainwashing - Using actual, functioning, proper mind control - to induce another girl to join Rito Yuuki's harem of easily seduced shameless strumpets that can't go another day without his *amazing* cock filling up one of their greedy, needy little holes?"

"Oh?" Haruna blinked slowly. "I have a special hypnotic coin, and I thought that Saki would - Did you just lock the door and drop the key down your cleavage?"

"Turn. Around." Yui snarled. Gulp! Nobody in their right mind would defy her when she's got an expression like that! Haruna reluctantly did so. Turning around while peering back at the irate girl, practically glowing from sheer incandescent light. "Lean against that wall."

"Like this...?" Haruna said, her voice a couple of octaves higher than normal. No, really, she had no idea what was about to happen, and if you don't either, well...?

"Bad slut!"

It sounded like someone had whipped a round of hanging beef. Yui's hand hadn't actually broken the sound barrier, but it had come *close.* Haruna's pupils turned into pinpricks, and her eyes rolled up into her head, and all of a sudden, her tongue wanted to be anywhere at all but inside her mouth.

Oh. Oh fuck. Oh, fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh -

"Naughty slut!"

A second one came in, and her knees were buckling, oh fuck, oh no, she was awakening something new in Haruna right now, oh no oh no oh no!

"Using hypnosis on a fellow student without their permission?" Another series of smacks, each one landing right under her skirt, right on the same spot, over and over and over again! "What were you thinking, you horny deviant shameless little whore?!"

"Guuuuuh~" Haruna gurgled. Oh, and she was drooling on top of that. Couldn't stop herself, actually. "Guhhhh~" she continued to drool, rendering her a total and complete incoherent mess by the repeated spankings.

"You're getting off on this, aren't you?" Yui asked. She'd actually stopped her spankfest, instead contenting herself with grabbing onto Haruna's cheeks. Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh~! "This is meant to be your punishment, but - "

She whirled Haruna around, pushed her up against the wall, and tonguefucked her face while maintaining a handful of ass. Ohhhh, fuck, this girl was still super repressed, wasn't she? It felt like Haruna could barely keep up with her all of a sudden!

And then... It stopped. Yui pulled back. Haruna dropped to her knees, staring up at Yui with... something almost like worship. Not as strong as it was with Rito, but there was definite clear reverence here.

"Have you learned your lesson?" Yui asked. Haruna nodded. "No more hypnosis! You need *consent* first, do you hear me?"

"Yes, mistress! Whatever you say! I'm your loyal, eager little slutslave~" Haruna said. For her trouble, she got flicked on the forehead. "Yipe!"

"And cut that out while you're at it," Yui said. "Oooh, I'm going to have to keep a close eye on the whole lot of you. Completely shameless, without a doubt!"

Phew! Oh boy. Either that girl was a genius like Rito, or—wait a minute. Wait a minute here! Had they found someone with a weird sexual superpower already...?!

Or maybe Haruna was really into spanking? It's hard to tell; it could go either way!

RWBY Bought the T-Shirt

There’s a well-known saying: Every regulation is bought in blood.

It sounds dramatic, like the kind of thing an old war vet might mutter over a glass of whiskey, but it’s true in the most mundane way possible. All those "obvious" warnings slapped onto the side of food tins and product labels? The ones that make you roll your eyes - Do not iron clothes while wearing them. Do not use toaster in bath. Do not ingest silica gel - they exist because someone, somewhere, absolutely did the stupid thing.

Not only did they do it, they did it loudly. They did it so spectacularly that a trail of lawsuits, news reports, or angry relatives forced someone in an office to type up a warning label in bold red font. And now, forevermore, the rest of us have to live with the ghost of that one person’s poor decision every time we open a box of Pop-Tarts.

You’d think people would learn. You’d think caution would be built into the species by now, like an instinct. But that’s only if you don’t understand people at all. Because if there’s one thing humans are really good at, it’s twofold: underestimating danger, and overestimating themselves.

That’s why rules exist - not because we’re smart, but because we’re predictable in our stupidity.

Such a thing was certainly true for Team RWBY as well. Hear me out. They'd just learned that *every boy in Beacon* got themselves a special device that lets them brainwash exactly one girl at a time, and that it only works on girls, and furthermore that the device *only worked* when in the possession of that girl. Right? So you'd think 'hey maybe they'd be more careful than usual to make sure none of them got their brains turned to pudding'.

They'd thought that too. All four of them had thought that very thing. Hell, they'd encountered shit like this before. It's not new for them. It's really not. This was another example of The Porn at play, messing with everyone by... hand gifting all the boys a hypno app that would let them do whatever the fuck they wanted.

Gotta say, put like that, it makes The Porn seem pretty grossly irresponsible, doesn't it?

"A'ight Rubes, what now?" Yang asked. "We can't exactly go around confiscating all these damn things. Too many boys, it would take way too damn long."

"Not to mention," Weiss sighed wearily, pinching the bridge of her nose. "That the last of them would, no doubt, have managed to amass a considerable army of brainwashed girls to defend them."

"Who we would have to fight through," Blake continued. "Wearing us down..."

"And then the next thing we know, we're chittering like bimbos and riding some dick," Ruby sighed.

"It has been a while since I've had any dick," Yang mused. Weiss harshly nudged her with her elbow. "What? Just saying is all..."

Anyway, simply taking away all of the devices from all the boys was an obvious *not gonna happen*. Too tactically unviable. The Porn would take the first chance it got to overwhelm them and get them all nice and dicked down before they even knew what was happening. On the plus side: If anyone tried something on Yang they would regret it *super fucking fast* let's just say that much.

"Do you think we should all undergo that treatment?" Blake asked. "Um... Or maybe... One of us could be programmed to immediately attack if *any* of us gets got?"

"There is wisdom to that idea," Weiss said. "That would make it easier for us to resolve the situation, at the very least."

It would... But somehow Ruby didn't quite want to go that route. Not yet. While the effect on Yang had been *profound*, she had a funny feeling there were side effects they hadn't noticed yet. She was fidgeting quite a bit, and -

"Hey Blake wanna... Wanna go help me work out for a bit before we take care of this?" Yang asked. A shudder passed clean through her.

"I'm not sure that this is the right time for that," Blake replied. Yang bit her bottom lip in pure undiluted disappointment, and - And that was worrying. Probably a sign of The Porn.

"Do you... still need us?" Neptune asked. "Um, we'd been rather hoping -"

"To head off to hypnotise some girls?" Weiss interrupted. "Oh, no. My dear boy, no. We're not letting you out of our sight. Not either one of you."

Both of their shoulders slumped, as well it should. Honestly now - did they really think they were going to get away with anything at this point? Wait, no, that line of thinking was flawed. The Porn was definitely on their side here... it wanted them to get laid. Which meant they had to tread *super carefully* or they'd be learning to love anal while memorising prime numbers, or something like that.

"Rule one!" Ruby said. "We stick together, no matter what!"

They all nodded in agreement with that. Getting split up would make it super easy for The Porn to pick them off one by one by one.

"Rule two..." Ruby continued, then looked around. There were several boys not too far away looking over at them with great suspicion. "We need to come up with a plan, but not out here."

"Uh, our place is free?" Sun said. "Listen girls, we're really sorry we tried to hypnotise you."

"Super sorry," Neptune sighed. "I mean... Hey, we didn't sign off on anything! But we're on your side now. Promise. If you need a place to strategize, our dorm's open. No bugs, no spies, just slightly questionable snacks and a broken lamp."

Is that so? Ruby sighed wearily. They were probably watching Team RWBY's dorm for anything suspicious, right? She narrowed her eyes while looking right at them -

"Okay, okay!" Sun held up his hands. "We get it. You're the brains, we're the... slightly guilty accessories. But we're clean now. Honest."

"Look, we're offering neutral ground," Neptune said. "Our dorm's off the radar. No one suspects us of anything serious. Except maybe bad taste in music."

They moved quickly after that. Blake took point, silent and fluid, slipping through the halls like she belonged in the shadows. Weiss followed, scroll in hand, already drafting a list of suspects. Yang brought up the rear, chewing gum and tossing glances over her shoulder like she was waiting for someone to yell "Gotcha!"

Sun and Neptune ran interference. Sun chatted up a group of second-years near the stairwell, loud and animated, drawing attention like a flare. Neptune intercepted Cardin with a well-timed shoulder bump and a fake apology that turned into a five-minute conversation about hair gel.

By the time Team RWBY reached the dorm, the coast was clear.

Sun unlocked the door and pushed it open with a flourish. "Welcome to HQ. Snacks on the desk, suspicious glitter under the bed—ignore that."

The Team filed inside, with Weiss in particular wrinkling up her nose in disgust.

"Honestly now," she said while Yang closed the door. "You really should clean up in -"

A large screen at the back of the room switched on... showing a prominent image of the hypno device, one copy of it in each corner. In the blink of an eye, all four of the girls were staring at it. Yang instinctively moved to toss Neptune over the room because he'd turned it on, but Sun was already moving to catch him before he broke something.

After which, Yang turned still.

"Way to take one for the team," Sun said, scratching his head. "Man, I didn't think they'd actually fall for that."

"Well, either way, we've got 'em now!" Neptune groaned, rubbing his head. "So, who did you wanna start with? I call dibs on Yang - "

"No, no!" Sun shook his head. "Buddy, you're thinking too small here."

Neptune frowned and shook his head again. "What, you want them to bring in more girls -"

"No! Stupid!" Sun grunted. "What normally happens after The Porn wears off for an incident?"

Neptune took a moment to think it through. If you looked really closely you could see the cogs turning in his brain. What was especially funny about that was, if you compared it to the girls, his cogs might have been turning slower, and right now those four were all currently, y'know, brainwashed.

"Gonna... kick... your ass..." Yang grunted, while her eyes were affixed to the screen.

"You... Really are... the worst!" Weiss sighed.

"You see?" Sun asked, gesturing wildly to them. "They're not *hypnotised* properly, right? We do something now, without a plan, they're gonna be mopping us off the ceiling."

Now, Sun and Neptune's actual devices were, at present, in Ruby's possession for 'safe keeping'. He retrieved those now, found his own and held it up to Ruby's face.

"Alright, Rubes!" Sun said. "Look here!"

Ruby's head turned very slightly, and she was staring right at the screen. Her pupils dilated, her jaw hung open, and then -

"You're gonna forget you saw what was on the screen there," Sun said. "Forget all about it - and you can have total trust in me and Neptune. Understood?"

"Total trust..." Ruby repeated back to him. "You sneaky bastard..."

"That doesn't sound like *total trust* to me~" Sun sang. Then he nodded to Neptune, who had finally got it. "Hey, don't walk directly in front of them, you'll break their line of sight and then we're *dead*, got it?"

"Got it!" Neptune said. "Man, this is a really smart plan! I get what you're doing here!"

Indeed. It was a really smart plan. Especially for Sun. The sort of plan that would, under normal conditions, would never occur to him and completely fail... Except that these were anything but normal conditions. This was, after all, the Porn in action.

=====

Soon enough, Team RWBY were standing around in Sun and Neptune's room, blinking themselves awake. Oof! Ruby shook her head, she had a bit of a headache there. Anyway! She turned her attention towards the two boys, then the rest of her team. Now that they had some more privacy, they could come up with a proper plan in private!

"Alright, first things first!" Ruby said. "The way the boys were acting earlier, you all had some sort of *plan* in mind, didn't you?"

"Us? A plan?" Sun said. "Oh, no. Nothing like that."

"We all basically just agreed not to poach each other's girls," Neptune said.

"What about that one guy that tried to brainwash Yang?" Ruby asked.

"Well, she was very obviously not brainwashed," Sun said. "Or maybe they hadn't noticed us talking to you."

"Yang is very tall and sexy," Neptune nodded. "It's very unlikely that he noticed either of us, especially with the rest of you there as well."

Yang puffed out her chest while Weiss turned up her nose in disgust. Quite understandable. Right. What they said did make sense. The boys probably put out a tactical detente to ensure they didn't step on each other's toes - otherwise, the whole thing would turn into chaos, and nobody gets to have any fun at all.

"So, what were you planning on doing?" Weiss asked. "Hrm? It sounds to me as if you were at least planning to join in the fun - and had no interest in stopping any of the other boys in having theirs!"

"Would we do that?" Neptune asked. The two of them mimed angels there, putting their hands together as if in prayer.

No, they probably wouldn't. Ruby cricked her neck.

"Do you guys feel weirdly sore?" she asked. "I mean, sorta like 'I was just holding down my sister to keep her from punching someone in the face' kinda sore."

"That's pretty specific," Blake said. "Do you -"

She was plainly about to ask 'do you feel that pain quite often?' but then she turned, looked at Yang, and already had the answer to her own question.

"I will not strike either Sun or Neptune!" Yang said for absolutely no good apparent reason.

"Anyway, I have an idea!" Sun said.

"How rare," Weiss snorted back a laugh. "You should cherish the notion lest it die of loneliness."

Sun pouted. "Well, I was thinking - the only reason the other boys even tried to hypnotise Yang is because they figured nobody had got to you yet, right? Well. How about if you pretended to be got to by us?"

"It sure would beat any of the other guys out there getting to you instead," Neptune mused. "I mean, who knows what Team CRDL would order you to do."

Indeed, none of them wanted something like that. Still, Ruby wasn't too sure about this. Wouldn't that basically mean pretending to be super into these two? Would they be able to pull that off?

"I will not strike either Sun or Neptune!" Yang said, again, for absolutely no good apparent reason.

"Yes, yes, we're fully aware," Weiss pouted. "As much as it rankles my pride, they might have a point. It is, after all, entirely possible that someone might get the jump on Yang - or manage to divide us long enough to put us under their spell. As gauche as I find it, we shall have to pretend to be their hypnotised slaves, at least for the short term."

"Yay!" Sun fistpumped the air, in turn earning the ire of all four of the girls at once.

"I will not strike either Sun or Neptune!" Yang said for absolutely no good apparent reason, but this time with a menacing tone.

"What my, uh, esteemed colleague means is that, uh, having you guys hanging off our arms will do wonders for our reputations?" Neptune offered. The four of them calmed down after that. "Anyway, you girls got any problems with the idea?"

Not especially. It seemed tactically sound. Except for one big gaping hole. The performance level of the team.

"Are you sure about this?" Ruby asked. "I mean, if you think about it... Weiss would play everything way too over the top, really lean into theatrics." There was, naturally enough, an accompanying 'I beg your pardon?' to that observation. "Blake would be pretty minimalist and

quietly intense." Which was accompanied by a small 'yeah probably...' And then, looking to her sister, Ruby finished by saying "Yang would slay it though, she's the best performer here."

"I beg your pardon?" Weiss snapped, already halfway into a dramatic pivot. "If anyone here understands the nuance of performance, it's me. I've studied classical delivery, emotional pacing, and the art of the stage reveal. Unlike some people, I don't rely on wide-eyed sincerity and nervous hand gestures to convey depth."

Ruby blinked. "I—what? I don't—my hands aren't nervous, they're expressive!"

"They flail, Ruby."

Blake, without looking up: "She's not wrong."

Ruby turned to her sister, desperate for backup. "Yang, come on!"

"I will not strike either Sun or Neptune!" Yang said for absolutely no good apparent reason, but this time shrugging.

"Ohhh, I get it now!" Neptune said, snapping his fingers like he'd just solved a murder mystery. "You're worried Yang's the only one who could actually sell it, right? Everyone else would get spotted in, like, two seconds flat."

Sun rubbed his temples. "Wow. If only there were some kind of... I don't know, method to help people act convincingly. A technique, or maybe even a device that could compel the right sort of behaviour..."

He let the idea sit out there, without saying a word, but it was pretty obvious what he meant. Ruby patted at her waist, wondering if this was a good idea. Probably not, but... Oh, screw it. They could trust these two. There wasn't any particularly discernible reason that she could trust them - but they could!

"Here!" she said, handing them back their hypno gadgets. "Don't get any funny ideas though!"

"It's fine, it's fine!" Sun said. "Alright then, how about this. Ruby, I will start with you, okay?"

He held the device up to her face and Ruby's arms immediately dropped to her side, her back hunched over, and her eyes fixated on that screen like there was an invisible rod connecting her pupils directly to the middle of it. Then her jaw dropped as far as it would naturally go, and her tongue decided to do a little adventure onto the outside.

"If anyone but me or Neptune tries to hypnotise you or your friends, kick their ass," Sun commanded. Then, he looked to the others. "There, happy?"

"... Why the exception for you and Neptune?" Weiss asked.

"Duh, cuz we're gonna hypnotise you into acting like our groupies," Neptune said. "To protect you. From the other boys. Those fiendish perverts."

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That's how it started. How did it end up? Well, they persuaded the girls to hold down Yang long enough to let them hypnotise her - not that she needed it anymore - and now the four of them were way more on board with basically whatever they were told.

Thing was, at this point Sun wasn't sure he was able to stop. He got such a damn kick out of using it. Most likely, it was the Porn messing with his head - but he wasn't gonna complain about it.

So what was the state of the room right now? Well, Weiss was wearing a maid outfit and tidying up the room, while Blake and Yang were making out and Ruby was in her underwear. All in all, a pretty damn fine position to be in, if you asked them!

Sun slapped his forehead. "Good news: I remembered I forgot something. Bad news: I still forgot it."

"Really now?" Ruby asked. "You keep on forgetting about things, what is it this time?"

Yep, that had been the trick they'd been using on the girls. Keep on adding little things that they would have to apply to the entire time, one at a time. For example, outside this room they'd need to act like they were completely lovestruck with the pair of them. They'd also kick the living shit out of anyone that tried to either hypnotise them, or break them free of their hypnosis.

And then they'd covered a couple of edge cases here and there, and by the time they'd done that the girls were so suggestible they might not even *need* to be hypnotised anymore. But the two boys were doing it anyway. The rush was too much. Way too much. Since Yang and Blake were exploring their mutual attraction over in the corner (with a little help from them), that left Ruby and Weiss completely at the mercy of the two of them.

Hence, Weiss going around in a maid outfit that happened to fit her, that they had in their room because of. Reasons.

"Oh no, it is such a mess in here~" Weiss said, bending at the waist and exposing the thong she was wearing underneath that far too short to be practical skirt. "Really now, boys. This is no way to live. You should do more to take care of your living environment."

Anyway, Neptune was wandering over to her right now to make more suggestions, while Sun had his attention on Ruby herself.

"It makes you kinda horny, doesn't it?" he asked. "Pretending to be our girls and all!"

"Yeah, it sure does," Ruby bit her lip. Awesome. Sun pulled the device away, and watched the girl's body language shift. "Oooh~ Can I - Can I try again? Can I pretend to be your girl again? Please?"

"Sure can!" Sun quipped. "Wanna sit in my lap and make out?"

He pulled Ruby into his lap and then she stuck her tongue in his mouth. Oh! Soon enough, Blake was joining them, while Neptune was over there on the other chair getting busy with Weiss and Yang. This was, in a word, awesome. They hadn't even gotten to the part where they were dragging these hotties around school yet! They'd be the talk of Beacon for this score!

Speaking of which - in came the rest of their team. There's Sage and Scarlet coming in without anyone on their arms. Too bad, so sad!

"Oh man," Scarlet groaned. "Your dumb trap idea worked?"

"It's not stupid if it works!" Sun said. "Hey, look, we're a team, right? You guys couldn't score out there?"

"No, man!" Scarlet groaned. "The girls are all either way too damned careful or already hypnotised by the time either of us got to them. I mean, there's a group of them holed up in the library, and if anything male gets near them they throw books at them. Then retrieve them with a Semblence. Not sure whose, couldn't get close enough."

"No worries, man!" Neptune said. "Look, we've got four girls here, and there are four of us, right? Sun and I ain't selfish like that, man. You want a girl? How about I take Weiss, Sun takes Blake, and you two get your pick of the sisters?"

Sage tilted his head, and nodded. But then, in a rare moment, he actually spoke up: "So what sorta things did you hit them with?"

"Yeah, good point!" Scarlet said. "It would be bad if we gave them instructions that contradicted yours, am I right?"

Once again, showing remarkable preparation and foresight that was, most likely, due to the Porn influencing their thinking, Sun pulled out a scrap of paper.

"Alright, so!" Sun said. "Here goes! First up, they'll deck anyone but the two of us if they try to hypnotise them - we'll make an exception for you guys in a bit. Uh, then we made them super

okay with being all flirty with us... You know what, let's just make all commands that extend to us go for you two as well."

Gosh wasn't someone full of good ideas today?

"Let's see, they're all super okay with acting like they're our slaves. Then we pointed out that we might need to do stuff that would make 'em really pissed off at us later, so we got them to let us hypnotise them into being okay with grabbing some ass."

"We got Blake and Yang to make out!" Neptune said.

"Truly, the most challenging task of our time," Scarlet said, while looking at the two of them. "No, really. I thought they were just doing that for the hell of it."

Ignoring that, Sun continued. "Weiss is obsessed with cleaning our room while wearing a sexy maid outfit that Neptune had lying around."

"I thought you got the maid outfit..." Neptune muttered. "Um, anyway. Ruby is currently onboarding all of our suggestions and ideas to make things pop, and ignoring anything weird or suspicious that we say or do. We were also about to make the team really, really turned on by the idea of behaving like our sex slaves until the situation wraps up. Which it will. Cuz the Porn is always temporary."

Scarlet rubbed his chin, deep in thought about the whole thing. "That's a whole lot of exposition you've been dropping there," he said. "But have you actually had any nookie yet?"

Huh? Both Sun and Neptune blinked as they digested that question. Nookie? As in, had they managed to get laid?

"N-Not yet," Sun said. "Why?"

"Because the Porn has a tendency to punish those who get compliant about their situation, and don't get laid as soon as possible," Sage said. "By overindulging in your hypnotic control, you have invited your own doom - and possibly ours as well."

"Guh! I am so fucking wet right now, I need a dick in me~" Ruby suddenly yelled, and tackled Sun to the ground. This was quickly followed by Blake pouncing Sage, Yang grabbing Scarlet and Weiss 'accidentally' stumbling into Neptune's lap.

You know what they say about a good leader. They know how to motivate their team in the right direction.

Secret Futa - Ranma 1/2

Ranma Saotome hadn't managed to get a wink of sleep, and he'd been in bed for a good hour. Now, he knew full well that a healthy body and mind was a well rested body and mind, but right now? Right now, he was in anything but that condition.

There were several reasons for this. Those of you following the story can already guess at one of them. As for other reasons?

Ranma looked across the room and swallowed nervously. His mother was in the next room with the Tendo sisters, while his father was right over there with an eerie and contented smile on his face. His mother had been the same way. Barely even seemed to notice Ranma was there, too.

Also, they'd received a phone call from Hinako (adult form), who had sounded breathless when she'd informed them that Soun would not be coming home tonight.

Now, Ranma's mind would not normally go to sex, but the fact of it was, he'd had a lot of it today. A lot of it. No, no, let's not sugar coat this. ***A lot of it***.

That had not been his plan for the day. He'd planned to maybe avoid Nabiki, help Kasumi a little with the housework, maybe tease Akane a bit. By which he meant 'this was the main thing he'd be doing today', but no.

After breakfast, and after finding out about the *new bullshit* they were gonna have to deal with, he'd fucked Akane stupid. Then she'd fucked him stupid. Then they'd gone off to the main building and started fucking with Nabiki and Kasumi too.

They'd had threesomes, foursomes, you name it, they'd done it, and -

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Akane was screaming into her pillow to muffle the sound. You know how it is, right? You do something and you're trying really hard to not to think about how embarrassing it was, but because you're trying to not think about it, you're thinking about it anyway?

Reason was, she didn't want to wake up Nodoka over there. Apparently, they were all normal. For now. Somehow Kasumi had persuaded the older woman to make it a girl's night out, so the four of them were all bunched together in here, and it was the only thing - the only thing - keeping them all from going futa.

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This was fine this was fine this was fine this was fine. Those words were going in a loop through Kasumi's mind, over and over again. Deep breath, deep breath, deep breath. They had to keep

this secret, they had to keep anyone from finding out, and they could never ever tell a single living soul about the cock ring they'd formed.

Yes, the cock ring. She figured that was probably what it was called, for you see -

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Nabiki Tendo was planning revenge. She knew not against who, but she knew revenge was essential at this point. Nobody could put her through this humiliation and expect her to get away with it.

The worst part was when they ran a train on each other. Ranma had directed it, but Nabiki knew it wasn't his fault. The three sisters had all gotten into a circle and used their big hard futa dicks to fuck each other in the ass. Nabiki to Kasumi to Akane to Nabiki.

Whoever did that? They deserved to rot for it. She'd punish them for it like no other. Especially because - And this was a point that all four of them shared...

The sex had felt really, really fucking *good*.

=====

The next morning had a tension in the air, as Ranma found himself, once again, getting ducked into the Tendo's koi pond. A fairly common occurrence at this point. The fish had been moved elsewhere, since this kind of regular disturbance would obviously kill the poor things. Anyway. Ranma emerged from the pond in girl form, punched her father in the face, and then immediately went right to the kitchen, where Kasumi and mother were making breakfast.

"My word Kasumi, are you feeling alright?" Nodoka asked. "You seem so *tense* this morning!"

"Tense? Who is tense?" Kasumi asked immediately. "I've not seen anyone that's tense, have you seen anyone that's tense? Do you meant past tense, present tense, future tense?"

"Morning," Ranma said. Then planted her feet and stayed right where she was. Nope. Not going anywhere. Not right now.

"Good morning Ranko~" her mother chirped happily. "Oh, could you go and find Akane for me? I wanted to talk with her about a few things."

Crap. No chance of helping it, huh? Kasumi gave her a look of pity. What would happen when she was alone in girl form? It was pretty much the one thing they hadn't tried yesterday. Ranma gulped nervously and stepped towards the exit of the room - Right as Soun stumbled into the home, grinning from ear to ear!

"Hey, come with me a sec," Ranma said, grabbing Soun and hauling him off down the hallway. "And don't talk about the stuff you did with my teacher last night."

"She taught me so many fun games!" Soun burbled. Yuck. Yuck, yuck, yuck!

There were only three people in this house right now that weren't affected by the curse. Which meant that the four of them would have to play a game of rotation here to keep themselves, you know, themselves. Out in the garden, she could see Nabiki making a point of sitting by a certain panda, who was playing with a tire. Akane was probably full blown futa right now. Careless tomboy getting herself caught out like that, where the heck even was -

Oh, there she was, coming in from a jog. Ranma had half a mind to tell her off for making her so worried, but... Those thighs were... distracting. Made Ranma think aout yesterday when her futa form -

Gah! Stop thinking about that! Stop thinking about it! But good luck to you, Ranma. The more you do not want to think about something, the more likely it is you're going to.

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Somehow, they made it out of there, and now the three of them were heading off to school together. Ranma, Akane and Nabiki. It wasn't normal for Nabiki to be walking with them, mind. Unless it was raining really heavily and they were sharing an umbrella, normally Ranma and Akane walked to school without anyone else.

"Okay, tomboy! Start talking!" Ranma whispered. Not from the fence, but for once walking side by side with her.

"Yeah, this is your fault!" Nabiki whispered on Akane's other side. "You're patient zero here - so spill your guts!"

"I don't know!" Akane whispered back. Luckily, they were in line of sight of other people, but not in audio reach. "Some weirdo called up and said something about a futa, and then the next thing I know - There it was!"

The two of them scowled at her. They'd worked out a lot about the curse already from what had gone down yesterday, but neither of them were really happy with her answer. Ranma, because he had very obviously intended to kick the living shit out of whoever gave it to Akane, while Nabiki was scheming to do something much, much worse than that.

Alas, soon enough they arrived at the school, and up ahead?

"Foul sorcerer, today you meet your -" Tatewaki Kuno proclaimed, charging out of the school building with bokken drawn, only to run right into Ranma's foot.

"Not in the mood today!" Ranma barked. "Come on, let's get inside before his stupid catches on us or something."

Or, worse yet, one of them accidentally let something slip. That would be bad. That would be *very, very bad*.

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Oh no. Oh no! Akane was in the worst situation just now. She needed to use the bathroom. She needed to use it super bad! Sitting in class like this, she was normal. She could pretend that she wasn't the carrier for some stupid curse, but if she went to the bathroom then... Then!

Guh! She couldn't hold it anymore! Maybe at lunchtime she could go there alongside Yuka and Sayuri, but it was still an hour off. Her hand shot into the air.

"May I go to the bathroom?" she asked. Ranma dropped his pencil. He'd realised what this meant right away, but she couldn't do anything about it. He was about to stand to ask if he could go to the bathroom as well - but Akane's glower made him sit his ass back down. What the hell did he think he was gonna do if he came with her right now?

Honestly, that boy! He worried so much sometimes. M-maybe it would be fine? She'd be by herself, right? What harm could come from it? She'd be in the bathroom, and then she'd encounter someone else, and then she'd be totally normal about it!

At least, that's what she was thinking until she was actually inside. Then, the change took her immediately. Her body, her mind, both transformed at once.

"Kukuku~" Akane tutted while taking off her uniform, revealing her enormous dick. Already hard as a rock. She reached down, and wrapped her fingers around that length one at a time, until her grip was firm, her grasp was immaculate, and - "I am a futa slut!" she said, quite loudly while jerking it good and hard. Slowly at first, but building up tempo. "Futa slut Akane, right here in the girl's bathroom! Stroking her big hard, throbbing futa cock!"

Soon enough, she had to sit in the stall, moaning loudly as she jacked it like a champion. "I love to stroke off my big hard futa cock!" She announced, apparently to the world itself ,while making it clear... she wasn't going anywhere. Not anytime soon.

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Shit, shit, shit. Akane'd been gone for ages now. The curse must be influencing her behaviour. What should he do. What *could* he do? Not much, that's what! Come on, Ranma, think for a second here! If you head off to investigate then you'll wind up going futa, too! The teacher seemed to be getting impatient as well, and -

"Saotome, I can tell you want to check on your fiance," the teacher said. Ranma's breath caught in his throat. "However, instead I will send... You two. Go to the girl's room and find oout what's happened to Akane Tendo. I understand you two are close to her."

"Yes, sir!"

"Right away!"

That was Yuka and Sayuri. Of course it was. Urgh! Ranma had a pretty good idea of what had happened, but -

"Don't worry, Saotome," the teacher said. "She's a tough girl, and I'm certain those two will find ut what's happened to her before too long. Now, for the rest of you!"

Ranma tried to put his mind off it. Tried to focus on the lesson, but he was too worried about Akane... And as it happens, it wasn't only the teacher that noticed. Ukyo had as well....

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At this point, Yuka and Sayuri were used to the nonsense that surrounded their friend and future husband. They had the common sense to stay away from it themselves, of course, but they still had to bear the brunt of Akane complaining about whatever stupid thing Ranma has done or had done to him.

"What do you think it is this time?" Yuka asked.

"Morning sickness," Sayuri smirked. "Did you see the way they were looking at each other today?"

"No?" Yuka replied.

"Exactly!" Sayuri triumphantly whispered. "Normally they'd sneak peeks at each other all the time! Today? Today they can't even look at each other! And did you see the way Ranma reacted when Akane needed to go to the bath-"

"I am rubbing off my futa cock!" Akane's voice came from the bathroom. Now, you might think that this was the sort of thing that would have been heard much sooner, but you've gotta remember the school we're talking about here. This is where Principal Kuno has a tendency to throw around pineapple bombs, embed traps in the ceiling, floor and walls, and generally fuck with eveyone. The walls are a little bit thicker than you might assume.

Anyway, Yuka and Sayuri had heard that particular proclamation. Thus, the inevitable had happened and the curse had found new victims, this time not residents of the Tendo family home.

There wasn't really anything special about the changes, mind. Just as there wasn't anything special about the girls themselves! Oh, that came out meaner than anticipated. The point was: Yuka was now sporting a fairly hefty rack, while Sayuri left a room a lot later than her feet did, if you catch my drift.

If you don't catch mine, you'll surely catch hers if she moved those hips wrong.

Anyway, into the bathroom they strolled pitching tents that could be used for the circus. They stalked inside, and without saying a word remove their uniforms, placing them by the sinks and heading over to the stall, where they found Akane jacking it like a champ. Her hand was a blur, and she hadn't actually noticed them yet.

"Jacking my hard and horny futa penis~" Akane groaned. "Wanna cum in a girl's pussy!"

"Well, we can sure grant that wish~" Sayuri said, letting her own huge futa schlong drop down onto Akane's face.

"Mmm, but you gotta take care of us too!" Yuka giggled, bouncing *her* cock right off Akane's.

And now it was time for the inevitable to happen~ But let us return to that... s*hortly*, shall we?

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So, normally Nabiki would be the Queen of *owning that shit*, but no. Not today. Normally, like Yuka and Sayuri, she had a front row seat to the chaos that surrounded her little sister and future husband, while keeping herself squeaky clean of the whole thing.

Not so much this time! Only so far you can go with the karma houdini routine, eh Ice Queen? Oh, we shouldn't laugh. *Shouldn't*. But we're most likely going to anyway. Such is the cruelty of human nature.

She's not handling it well. Normally she'd greet things with a cheeky smile, maybe give a cheeky wink, and then deliver a cheeky, sardonic response. Not so much today! She was not in the mood for sarcasm! She was in full on vengeance mode right now!

"When I find -" she grumbled darkly to herself, then realised it would be a really **bad idea** to monologue right now. Instead, she finished it inside her own head. It went something like... When she found the person or persons responsible, they would soon gain the anti-Midas touch. Any wealth they tried to own or possess, even if it was the lowliest currency around, would become useless to them. It would be plucked from their hand before they could spend it.

Worse yet, she was looking over her photographs. Yes, photographs. She'd taken quite a few yesterday. Of all manner of lewd, disgusting things that she, her sister, and her future brother in law had done together while in that absolutely gross, disgusting form.

Needles to say, but the sight of them made her really fucking angry. So angry that she wasn't being as careful as she should.

For one thing, she saw a particular boy over there, taking some pictures too. She was one of the few people who could recognise him - a boy from Akane's class who, like so many others, had a huge crush on her. Hikaru Gosunkugi. Hrmph. Alright then, let's have some fun here.

"Hey there," she said, grabbing the little reed by the ear and giving it a good hard twist. "You're not taking lewd pictures, are you?"

"Who, me?" Gosunkugi squeaked. "Never. Would never do that. I definitely would never, ever exploit the tree outside the girl's locker room to sneak pictures inside."

"Of course you wouldn't," Nabiki said, dripping in sarcasm. She patted the fool on the head. "You know a lot of shit about the supernatural, right?"

"No?" Gosunkugi said, right as a little straw doll fell out of his pocket. "I mean, everyone in Japan knows about those." And then he dropped a book with a pentagram on it. "I mean, that hardly means anything at -"

"You're going to find out about a special little curse for me," Nabiki said. "Understand?"

"Um...?" Gosunkugi gulped. "I mean, are you going to threaten me or something, or...?"

"No, not a threat," Nabiki said. Then she pulled out some pictures for him to look at. "The truth is, you're going to look into it because you're now cursed too!"

Shame she hadn't thought through the implications of that little move. After all, if she had, then she might have realised that she was, at present, all alone with this boy...

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Lunchtime came, and there was no sign of the three of them. Oh, that was bad. That was very, very bad! The moment the clock hit time, Ranma was out of his seat, intending to first, get some cold water, and second, head off to the restroom to check on them - When all of a sudden there was an enormous, unwieldy spatula in the way.

"Hold up there, Ranchan!" Ukyo said, barring his way. "You've been acting funny all morning. Wanna fill your best friend in?"

Ranma gulped and tugged nervously at his pigtail, eyes darting between Ukyo and the floorboards. He could feel the tension in the room like a physical weight. Ukyo wasn't the only one sniffing around for answers. He could almost hear the other curious ears pressed against the paper-thin walls, waiting to catch whatever secret he was about to spill. Not to mention the other students lurking nearby trying to catch an earful. The last thing he wanted was to drag more people into this ridiculous curse.

Yeah, great idea, Saotome, he thought bitterly. Just announce it to everyone at once. Ukyo,all these other students, whoever else might be lurking outside the room, and poof, congratulations, everyone's cursed now.

"I… I can't tell you," Ranma said at last. His voice came out tight, like he was trying to swallow the words back down before they betrayed him. He'd been in plenty of scrapes, but this one was different. He couldn't punch, kick, or bluster his way out of a magical catch-22. And lying? Any lie would just make things worse - way worse. Even he had limits to how far he could stick his foot in his mouth.

"Hrm? You can't tell me?" Ukyo tilted her head, her tone caught somewhere between teasing and suspicion. "Not even your best friend Ucchan?"

Ranma winced. She was using *that* tone. The one that said she was already halfway offended. "Nope. Sorry!" he blurted, spinning on his heel as if Akane's latest culinary experiment was right behind him. He kept his eyes anywhere but on her face.

Ukyo narrowed her eyes, folding her arms over her chest. "You're hiding something. You never 'sorry' me unless you're hiding something."

Ranma's shoulders tensed. "I'm not hiding anything!" he snapped. Then he forced a laugh that sounded more like a cough. "Really. I just… can't."

Ukyo's foot tapped against the tatami, her patience wearing thin. "Ran-chan…" she warned.

He swallowed hard. How could he explain it without explaining it? "It's not just you," he said finally, rubbing the back of his neck. "It's… complicated. Dangerous complicated."

Her brows shot up. "Dangerous? To who?"

"Everyone." He almost whispered it. Then louder: "Just, trust me, okay? The less you know, the better."

The room went quiet except for the faint hiss of oil from Ukyo's grill. Her expression softened, but only a little. "You're not making any sense. Alright. I guess you're under some sort of magical compulsion or something, right?"

Which, for those keeping score, marks Ranma as the only one of these knuckleheads to actually keep the curse to themselves. Which was, incidentally, a blessed relief.

However, that was when a really bad thought came to him from out of nowhere. A really, really bad thought. A thought by the name 'Tatewaki Kuno'. The blowhard, the man, the legend in his own mind, the Blue Thunder himself.

What would happen if Kuno got cursed? Ranma gagged. He remembered what happened to him! That would happen to Kuno as well, and - Worse yet? Worse than that? They'd probably do some freaky shit with him!

No, that wasn't even the worst part, as hard as that was to believe. The thing that was somehow worse than that? Kuno wouldn't be able to keep his damned mouth shut. He'd blab about it. To everyone. He'd spread the curse far and wide - and they'd be stuck as futa full time. Having sex with him.

"Pardon me, all of a sudden I don't feel good," Ranma said. For once, he might well skip lunch. Oooh, that was some *anxiety* right there. Talk about a worst case scenario!

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So at this point it was pretty much a given that they were getting detention for skipping class so blatantly, but fuck if Akane cared right now. The other her, the prudish version of her might. She had other priorities.

Like, for example, giving her best of best friends the best anal and head that they will ever receive in their lives. At the same time as she was jacking herself off.

It's always the quiet ones, that's the way that saying goes. Akane might not be quiet, but there's another saying that can be used for her - it's always the ones that protest too much. She's the one that imagined things, like Ranma trying something if they were alone together, or what might be happening with the other girls if given the chance, or heaven help her, if Ranma was left in girl form in a weakened or vulnerable state around any of the boys that they knew.

Weirdly, she had an internal excuse for both Mousse there, she had the vague idea he wouldn't try anything with Ranma's girl form. Ryoga, though - did she sense some sort of sexual tension between them? Maybe it was her imagination. Or maybe it was because she's literally caught Ryoga using a magic fishing rod to make Ranma love her, and then found Ryoga forcing Ranma down inside the tent while taking her clothes off.

For those that don't know, Ryoga was actually checking to see if there was a koi mark on her chest to confirm that Ranma was actually under the spell. A reminder, Akane might grab the wrong end of the stick quite often, but it's not always to Ranma's detriment or blame.

"Gosh, what a screwy curse," Yuka giggled. "To think that it could spread like this."

"Pretty sure it only worked because of a technicality," Sayuri added. "Something tells me it wasn't *supposed* to work quite like this."

No complaints from either of them, though. And why should they complain? For the longest time, Akane Tendo was the hottest, most desired girl in school. For a brief period Ranma overtook that until the boys found out about his curse - but whatever. The point was, the two of them were getting some time to do what a whole lot of boys would give a whole lot to experience. They were giving it good and hard to Akane Tendo.

The only thing that would have made it perfect is if Ranma was here. Oooh, Ukyo and Shampoo too! Maybe Nabiki? Akane smiled around Yuka's shaft. Whatever was her dear sister up to right now...?
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Speaking of things that would make most of the boys super jealous: Nabiki was getting head from a hot goth chick. It's a little funny to look back at the world and to think 'hey, remember when goth chicks weren't seen as attractive?' and now there are people who would give up an arm or a leg to score with one?

"You turned out really well, didntcha?" Nabiki said, putting her hands on Gosunkugi's head and really giving it to her face. His face? Whatever. The change hadn't just hit that body, making it really busty with a nice ass, but also the clothes.

We're talking dark long skirt, with layered tulle. Ripped tights. A corset that just barely covered everything it ought to, in order to be decent out in public. We're talking about a collar with spikes on it, and a little bit for a leash because let's be frank that's exactly the kind of goth Gosunkugi is.

And, to Nabiki's very mild annoyance, Gosunkugi had a longer dick than hers. Given its girth, it was actually composed of less overall mass - but it was definitely longer.

"Now then," Nabiki smirked while fanning out her photos. "The other me wanted you to cure this curse. How about we figure out a way to... Spread it, instead?"

Urusei Yatsura Level Upper

It's rather safe to say we can call this group 'Ataru's Harem' at this point, right? We've got Lum here, Shinobu, Sakura, Benten, and Ryoko all present and correct. That's a pretty good harem. You've got the hot girl from outer space, the down to earth best friend who is secretly a total freak, then you've got the *really* hot adult woman, the tomboyish babe from beyond the stars, and the rich bitch that can't get enough of his dick.

That's a pretty good harem. But Ataru, being Ataru, would never be satisfied with *just five* absolute babes riding his dick every night. Ah... Or rather, he would be happier if he had some measure of control over the situation rather than them all going for him at once in an orgy he had no say or control over.

Anyway, Shinobu had learned a whole lot about quantum mechanics and other assorted pieces of science that were way, way beyond anything on Earth, all thanks to the Level Upper. It had taken a hot minute. They'd had to reprogram one with a new skill. And then Lum and Benten had to explain the theory to her a little at a time, up until -

Ding. She finally got it. Level 25. It had taken a solid hour of lecturing to get up to this point, but now she felt pretty confident in what she was doing. She probably understood this stuff better than those other two, at this point. The levels were coming through at a much lesser rate as well, and so... Well?

"Alright, let me take a look..." Shinobu grumbled. She didn't have sleeves right now, but she mimed rolling them up anyway and got to work. "Um... Let's see. Could you two stop fucking for two minutes here? It's really distracting!"

"Tcha~" Sakura tsked in a very Lum like way. "It's not my fault that this is so boring."

"Are you going to finally get us out of here, and back into Darling's arms?" Ryoko asked.

"Man, it's so weird," Benten frowned. "I can tell he messed with our heads, but I really wanna get on his dick again."

"I guess that's the real power of a Level Upper at work," Lum shrugged. "Shinobu, can you find him?"

Can she find him... Let's see, let's see, the last coordinates for this thing would have been... Aha, there we go. Let's give that a try! After a moment, the space-time corridor shimmered into life. All that effort finally paying off. Actually, Shinobu was feeling a big smug about herself right now. She tossed the Level Upper in her hands - and then strolled on through, soon being followed by the others and -

Woah. Check this place out! It was a factory of some sort...? Looking around, Shinobu could see all kinds of weird tech. Stuff that even her Level Upper wasn't able to fill her in on, and they had even put 'galactic tech' in there.

Then again... That was a pretty general skill wasn't it? A talent like that might not be able to get much of a reading, especially if it wasn't combined with other stuff like space-time corridors and quantum physics. At the very least she could be sure it didn't have anything to do with that.

The other girls followed after her in short order. Lum flying through, Benten stomping in like she was ready for a fight, then Sakura flying in and Ryoko taking up the rear. Quite the group they had here, huh? For the time being, Shinobu shushed them, and they all went straight for the shadows while the space-time corridor closed.

Soon enough, two robots happened by. Trundling along on a pair of wheels, with something that looked like a laser pistol strapped to its chest. They went right up to the space-time corridor, took a good look at it, and -

"Nope, nothing here," one said in an electronic timber.

"Are you sure?" the other replied. "The corridor definitely activated. Also, we apparently caught Ataru Moroboshi in the building."

"Is that the same one, or a different one?" the other asked. "I believe that was Sigma-Gamma?"

"No, no, Sigma-Gamma is the one we gave the Secrets of Cocknosis to," the other robot said. "This is the one we gave the Level Upper."

"Right, of course, of course!" the first robot said. "I always get those two mixed up."

They turned around for a moment before one of the robots stopped.

"Do you think that maybe we should, I don't know, look up?"

"Beyond the scope of our programming."

"Yeah, but at least one of Moroboshi's girls can fly, so maybe we should -"

"Beyond. The scope. Of our. Programming."

They trundled off, just like that, showing absolutely staggering security measures the likes of which Shinobu had never seen before.

"This place is easier to break into than the Mendo mansion," Shinobu whispered. "Um. sorry, that came off as mean, I didn't mean to imply -"

"Actually, all of the times you were able to get in it was because I instructed the guards to let you," Ryoko said. "We keep track of everyone that comes within a mile of our front gate. This place has truly awful, slipshod security by anyone's measure."

No argument from her. They didn't seem to have the faintest clue what they were doing here. Which was amazing given the level of technology on display here.

"What do those things do?" Shinobu asked.

"No idea," Lum said. "Never seen anything like it before."

"Me neither," Benten said, scratching her head. "And that's how you know it's weird. I dunno if you noticed, but I'm a bit of a techy. This shit should be second nature to me - but I ain't seen none of it nowhere in the galaxy!"

"... Maybe because it's not advanced tech, tch!" Sakura tsked. She whirled around, very Lum like and peered at some of the machinery at hand. "This isn't just technology. It's magic too!"

Magic? Right, of course. Just because Sakura had become a lot more Lum-like didn't mean she'd lost her spiritual powers. She'd recognised this on sight, apparently!

"To be honest, I'm more worried about Darling," Lum said. "They know he's here already, and I don't hear anything - which means they probably have him already. Who knows what they're doing to him."

"I'm sure he's fine," Shinobu said. "That idiot could survive the end of the world. If you dropped a meteorite on him, he'd complain about it but he'd live."

"We should keep looking," Ryoko said. "Staying around in a single place like this won't get us any closer to discovering the truth - and now I'm *very* interested in finding out what that might be."

On that, the whole lot of them could agree. They gave a curt nod, and marched onward into the building. Eager, worried, full of anticipation and dread, and... Also kinda horny.

But one thing was for sure. They *would* get answers to this! Today!

=====

Do you know, Lum didn't used to get into this sort of wacky misadventure all the time. No, really. She lived a pretty normal life all truth told. She went on 'dates' with Rei. She helped her father conquer planets by trouncing their chosen champions in tag races. Until lately, she'd never ever

done things like, for example, sneak around weird factories that used a bizarre mixture of magic and technology who were, for some reason, messing around with her Darling.

In all honesty, now that she was away from him for a little bit, she could kinda feel like herself again. He'd done something to make them all okay with being in a harem together. She shuddered at the memory. Yes, what he'd done was giving them all a really intense, precise, masterful dicking down. That is what he'd done!

Thing was, even though she was aware of it... She wasn't entirely sure if she could go back to wanting a one on one relationship with Darling. It was *weird* how okay she was with the whole thing.

Then again, that might be her loins talking. Whatever else might be true that... That had felt incredible. It had far surpassed her wildest expectations, and - And she'd give anything to feel that way again. The fact that it was with Darling and several friends made it somehow even better to think about.

They'd have to talk about this later. For *right now* the main thing that mattered was - Where the hell are they? What kind of facility was this? On the one hand the factory has sort of... An Earth aesthetic? But it also didn't seem to be making anything she recognised -

Oh, wait. There's a sign here.

"Level Uppers up ahead," Sakura read. "Lesbian Goddess Shards to the right. Books of Titnosis and Cocknosis to the left. Back there, other assorted hypnosis implements... Upstairs for Normality Earrings and general perception warping. Downstairs for reality warping."

... Huh? What in the world kind of factory is this supposed to be then? None of that made any sense at all. There *was* a lift over there, which would presumably take them to other floors, but -

"Man!" Benten scratched her head. "This place is really crazy! What the hell sorta stuff they got stocked here? Lesbian Goddess Shards? Books with weird titles? Hypnosis? Reality warping? What the hell is this place?!"

"Thank you for choosing Moroboshi Harem Futures, a subsidiary of the Happi High League."

The *what* now? Oh, as it turns out Benten had accidentally activated a holographic projection. Probably computer run, programmed to respond to guests - or something like that. An image of a woman appeared in front of them, and -

And it was an image of Lum herself, dressed in a crisp blue pencil skirt and tube top. An *official* looking tube top, at that. With gold trim and everything. Also, she seemed to be a little bit older.

"Greetings, new investors! The hologram said that with Lum's voice, but in a customer service kinda tone. *"It is, as ever, a pleasure to have you here today."*

"Huh, she really does look a lot like you," Shinobu said. "Relative of yours?"

"No," Lum replied. She floated around the hologram to get a better look. "Um, maybe it took a scan of me and extrapolated...?"

"This unit was recorded by Moroboshi Prime's favourite wife," the hologram said, chipper and cheerful. *"Greetings to you, Lum. Our sensors indicate you have already accepted your fate as part of Darling's harem."*

"Well yes, but also how dare you," Lum said."Couldja fill us in on what's going on around here?"

"Certainly! The hologram continued. *"Moroboshi Harem Futures specialises in ensuring the maximum possibility of Ataru Moroboshi's happiness and contentment - which can only be found by way of a harem which includes Lum Invader at a minimum."*

"Hey, way to go, Lum!" Benten nudged her with her elbow. "You lucky girl, you!"

"It is also typically preferred to include Shinobu Miyake due to their close emotional ties - and Ryoko Mendo because her obscene level of wealth will allow Moroboshi to maintain a harem. According to our calculations, all others are entirely optional."

"One moment," Ryoko said, raising her hand. "So, to clarify, instead of my beauty or brains or my starling charisma, I am valued for my wealth?"

"That is just so."

"Girls, the people running this place are extremely intelligent and must not be underestimated," Ryoko said. "They have properly and accurately assessed my value to the harem - my bank account."

"Um, aren't you annoyed they didn't value your appearance or brainpower?" Sakura asked.

"No, not at all," Ryoko said, seeming confused. "I already know that I am beautiful and smart, so - Oh, I see. You misunderstand something then. A Mendo's pride is tied to their monetary value, not fleeting accidents of genetics like sex appeal and cognitive efficiency. If those were the factors that mattered to a harem, then there are plenty of other, poorer girls that would be easier to persuade to share a man."

The ellipses from the other girls was practically its own character unto itself. In all honesty, even by the standard of human beings, the Mendo family were freaking *weird*.

"There is another matter that has my urgent attention," Ryoko said. "You said that you were a subsidiary of the Happi High League. Whom might they be?"

"Oh, they are a group of multidimensional perverts who seek to use their knowledge of reality to subvert, conquer, take over, and pervify the multiverse," the hologram said.

Aha. Right. The ellipses from earlier had brought its family along, given them all bags of popcorn and got them all staring slack-jawed at the hologram, and the girls as well while they attempted to process the absolutely insane thing that they'd heard.

"Did you say the freaking multiverse?" Benten asked. "As in, parallel worlds where shit plays out different?"

"Actually, in quantum mechanics, particles don’t have a single definite state until we observe them. Instead they’re in a superposition of possibilities. One way of interpreting this - called the many-worlds interpretation - is to say that every time a quantum event could go multiple ways, the universe ‘branches,’ and each outcome happens in its own separate branch. In other words, if an electron could be spin-up or spin-down, there’s a version of the universe where it’s up and another where it’s down. We only ever experience one branch, but in principle all the others exist too. It’s still just an interpretation, no one’s directly observed another branch, and there are other ways to understand quantum mechanics, like hidden variables or wavefunction collapse. But the multiverse explanation is a neat way of making the math work without adding extra assumptions.”

Now the ellipses family had brought in their neighbours and were handing out other assorted snacks, as everyone, including the hologram, was staring at Shinobu absolutely dumbfounded.

"What?" Shinobu asked. She held up the Level Upper. "Hello? Quantum Physics around level 20?"

"Ah, yes, of course!" the hologram said. *"That would be a level 20ish explanation. One moment. Now loading the level 100 explanation - There is no ‘multiverse’ as a collection of universes. There is only a single, timeless, self-consistent quantum informational entity. What we call universes are the shadow-projections of its total state onto different observer-defined bases.*

"At this level you perceive directly the full Hilbert-space geometry: all histories, all observers, all measurements as facets of one invariant pattern. The Born rule, decoherence, spacetime, and causality all arise as approximate symmetries of this pattern. The distinction between ‘branches’ is as artificial as the distinction between different angles of a hologram like myself. Everything is one holographic whole, and every possible outcome is already encoded within it.”

The ellipses were dragging in other punctuation now and making a proper event of it. There were cosplayers, speakers, autograph signings, the whole nine yards.

"Apologies, that was probably still too far above you," the hologram said. *"To put it another way, the HHL has already determined the best way to reach into this encoding and reflexively alter the possible outcomes towards their favour."*

"And they're perverts," Sakura said. "Tsk! I'm feeling a strong urge to both zap 'em, and slap an ofuda on their face at the same time!"

"That is a very typical reaction," the hologram said. *"Now, owing to the nature of the multiverse, in order to maximise success we must make use of a heavy variety of methods to ensure as many possibilities end with Ataru Moroboshi getting a harem as possible. We are, currently, the third most possible outcome for him!"*

"What's above the harem?" Lum asked.

"He marries us or Shinobu," the hologram said. Then, with a wave of her hand, she showed two figures. One was a very cute Oni girl who had Darling's eyes and nose. The other was a boy who looked just like Ataru, except his chin was more like Shinobu's. *"This would be the child you'd have with him. For some reason, with Lum it tends to be a girl. With Shinobu, it tends to be a boy. There are very, very few deviations from this."*

Lum stared at the image of her own future daughter, and her breath caught in her throat. She was so cute. She was *so* cute. She wanted to hug her. Embrace her. Hold her close. A little bit of her, and a little bit of Darling.

Then she realised Shinobu was doing the same for her own son, and she remembered to breath again. The two of them looked at each other, and then reached out to hold hands. Okay then. That was... pretty effective at making them both get rid of any further doubts about this harem idea. These people really know what they're doing!

"So, let me get this clear," Benten said. "All that other crap on this signpost is other shit you're trying across the multiverse to get Moroboshi's dick wet? And this Level Upper crap is just *one* of the many things you've been pulling all this time?"

"Oh, yes. We actually have several divisions dedicated to the Moroboshi harem plan!" the hologram said. *"Would you like a guided tour? I can certainly arrange - "*

All of a sudden, a burst of lightning flew out from nowhere, striking the hologram and disrupting the image. Huh? Huh?! From out of nowhere, a series of Lums flew down to greet them.

"Are they safe...?" One Lum asked another.

"I think so, tcha!" another said. She was holding some sort of scanning gizmo. "They seem to be psychologically okay with the harem, but - They're not allied with the HHL."

"Good!" A third Lum said. "Remember what happened when we tried to recruit the titnosis Lum. Or the Lesbian Shard Lum."

They all shuddered in eerie unison. Lum herself had questions! Many, many questions! Unfortunately, they'd *apparently* have to wait. Some of those robots were coming back, and they'd brought friends.

"Darling~" cried out a series of Lums.

"Oh, come on, really?" Lum - the real one - stamped her foot. "This is ridiculous! Tcha, honestly now!"

"Hold onto your outrage for later!" a different Lum cried out. "They're bringing the Lumbots, everyone hurry! We have to get out of here!"

"Into the Level Upper section!" a Lum cried out, and the whole group rushed off in just that way. "Tsk, you guys... We'll have to catch you up on everything later on!"

"Darling!" the 'Lumbots' all cried as one, flying through the air with electricity sparking up around them. It didn't look quite right to her. Lum felt pretty sure she could handle a burst of lightning - but maybe not from them?

Hanging around suddenly didn't seem like the best idea. They rushed off together into the Level Upper section with the Lumbots in hot pursuit.

=====

Okay, so as it turned out, seeing a whole bunch of Lums in hot pursuit was actually kinda working for her. Shinobu didn't want to admit it, but - goddamn. She had something awaken in her there when she held Lum's hand.

The lot of them charged inside, and then immediately took a hard right out of sight of the pursuing robots/Lumbots. No sooner had they done so, than a hatch opened in the floor and the Lums were all flying right down there.

"No, keep running!" one of the Lums said. "We won't all get in there before they round that corner!

"Honestly, making a Mendo run..." Ryoko sighed. A spark of electricity and a 'Darling' coming from somewhere behind them made her pick up the pace a bit.

One of the Lums kept on flying straight ahead, leading them around another corner to another hatch, sending the lot of them inside while another still flew on, and upon getting down here, they found -

A whole lot of Lums and Shinobus and Sakuras and other girls she didn't recognise. There was a whole society down here.

"Hold on, one second!" another Shinobu said, producing some sort of device. "Here you go, this will help us all see which reality you come from."

She grabbed Shinobu's hand, pushed the device up against her skin and - ow! Did it inject something into her? Huh? Wait a minute, that was weird. When she looked at everyone around her she could sorta see a symbol of some sort...?

"There you go," the other Shinobu, who had a Γ4 symbol on her forehead. "Now you should all be able to see which universe designation we are all originally from."

Woah. This was so trippy! Shinobu looked around at the others. Sure enough, they all had the same designation on their foreheads as well: 69.

"Nice!" Benten said. "Total sensory interface, not doing anything funny with the neurons, and I can shut it off at will. This is pretty high spec stuff!"

Ryoko opened her mouth, but Γ4 Shinobu casually said "no, we're not going to give this to you to sell on your own planet and managed to actually shut her up.

"So, uh, what's the big deal around here then?" Lum asked, drifting off to take a good look around.

"We're from various universes which didn't get pervified or harem'd up," Γ4 Lum said, floating off towards them. Really, it was a good thing they'd done this because they were all quite indistinguishable. "According to our scans, it's too late for you, but you're also not standing against us, right?"

"We just want our Darling back~" Sakura chirped, earning a look of disgust from every single Sakura in the room. "What? You don't get it, he's -"

"Sexually satisfied you beyond all logic and reason," Sakura from P3 said in a mocking tone. "Yes, yes. You're not the most pathetic Sakura I've seen, but it rankles me whenever I see one of you."

....

"Which is the most pathetic -"

"There was one from a cocknosis universe that hasn't a spare thought in her head," P3 Sakura interrupted. "Urgh. We should probably take them through the various methods they use to conquer universes. It won't make any sense to them if we don't."

"To be honest, we don't wanna join your fight or anything," Benten said. "We just want our own Ataru back - then we'll stay outta your hair."

Everyone else stopped to look at them for a moment. Oh dear, the ellipses entourage had come back to view the sequel, and - was that a suckling pig over a spit roast?!

"There's a version of Darling in the factory?" Lum δ5 asked, a hint of creeping panic sneaking into her tone.

"A *successful at getting a harem* Darling?" another Lum asked, O0 apparently.

"Uh, yeah?" Shinobu said. "Why, what's the -"

"Red alert, red alert!" a klaxon was suddenly blaring, and without further warning everyone was flitting about in a panic. "We have a Darling in the factory! A successful Darling has breached the factory! This is the moment we've been preparing for, everyone! To your stations, right away!"

Which left the lot of them standing there, milling about in total confusion, the ellipses entourage having sold out all the seats, opening up a series of concession stands and doing their best to keep ticket prices down.

"Today has turned out very stupid," Shinobu said.

"Has it? I hadn't noticed?" Lum replied.

Konosuba Cocknosis

Of all the things Megumin had been expecting - bigger breasts, a fuller butt, longer legs - there was one thing that she had not been anticipating as she walked through the city gates.

"Phew!" one guard said to another, probably thinking he was whispering when, no, he was not. "Check out the thighs on that one."

"Man, that girl is an explosion waiting to happen," said the other. "Don't you think she looks kinda familiar, though?"

"I'd remember a fine piece of ass like that," the first said.

Yeah, that. She hadn't been expecting to *enjoy* the catcalling - but at the same time, the demon in her soul was writing a scathing critique. What they'd said was so rote, so obvious, so *pedestrian* that as much as she was enjoying the attention, she dearly and sincerely wished they'd put a little more of their soul into it.

She was not merely a hot piece of ass! No! This ass was composed of demon's fire! To gaze upon it is to blaze your soul with sin, it bewitched the minds of mortal men, and even the weaker willed of women, into mesmerised trance!

Her thighs were bereft of description entirely, merely encouraging others to gaze upon them! But these thighs - and may she just say now, that her exposed thighs felt way more sensitive to her right now than her boobs did - these thighs were like thunder struck down from the heavens! Perhaps the Goddess Aqua and the Goddess Eris had engaged in an argument of some kind, and then sent this thunderbolt from heaven to act as her legs!

They hadn't even mentioned her boobs, by the way. Gosh, her boobs! It was almost strange how big they were, how heavy and ponderous! Her back seemed more than adequately equipped to handle them, and her stride, her balance had been adjusted automatically without her conscious effort. All the same! One could hardly ignore these breasts while checking out this 'hot piece of ass' and still be considered a rational being! For this was the bosom of -

Shoot, she'd used Goddesses and demons already. Megumin looked down at her tits, which bounced even when she was standing still. Um, let's see, let's see...

Of course! These breasts were the breasts being used to seal away a terrible power that is neither good nor evil! It simply is! And if it were to be unleashed upon the world? Then only disaster could follow!

She was also a hundred percent fine with the explosion comment and the idea of her being a mysterious stranger that they had a sense they'd seen before. Maybe phrased it a bit more dramatically, but the general sentiment worked extremely well for her.

So, she'd managed to get back to Axel perfectly fine all by herself. Getting a lot of attention on her, and no wonder. Her clothes were kinda muddy, for a start - but they also didn't, ahem, fit her as well as they used to. For one thing, a big reason why her thighs were on her mind was that this dress was hugging onto her hips like a dragon hoards treasure.

But that wasn't the biggest issue. Granted, the size of her butt was a bit of a problem, but... um? Her boobs were kinda also a bit of an issue too. They stretched out the upper half of her dress like nobody's business, and it was a miracle it hadn't ripped, but it did give her a pretty big exposed neckline and when she looked down it felt like she was staring straight down to the bottom of the ocean.

But enough about that for now. She had a slamming hot body, and no idea what to do with it. What she really ought to do is find that guy and- She felt a compulsion to drool well up inside her. Oooh, this feeling was *strange*~ She did like it though. Definitely find that guy, and thank him for the *upgrade*.

Then again, there was one big problem. Megumin ducked into an alley and pulled out her stat cards. They were all over the place! This really wasn't fair! It wasn't right! She had all sorts of skills which had *nothing to do with explosion magic* thrust upon her all of a sudden! While she really appreciated the boost to her stats and *appeal*, knowing all these stupid skills was not something she wanted or needed, thank you *very* much.

Steam shot out of her nose. She was indignant. Nay, she was - she was!

"Ohhhh, what is this...?" she asked aloud to nobody in particular. "I feel so empty. I need - I need! Ahhhh~"

Megumin leaned back against the wall, and felt this indescribable heat from in between her legs. An image flashed in her mind, vividly and repeatedly, almost seeming like - like it was *right there* in front of her. Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh~!

She wanted it. She wanted it bad. If you asked her to state what her purpose in life was, it was to live for the sake of pleasing that *cock*. It had penetrated her thoughts, making her feel irrational and - And!

"Well, well!" said a sinister voice from deeper down the alley. "We've got ourselves a real hot piece of -"

"Demon's fire," Megumin interrupted. "I'm lava hot! Not merely hot! The convection heat from my butt should leave you scalded at thirty paces!"

Ah. It seemed as though while she was distracted by *cock* fantasies, she'd been getting herself surrounded in this here alley. Megumin put her hand in front of her face to hide her wicked smile. Ohoho~ What was this, now? Were they attempting something really nasty? Huh? Were they? Is that what they were doing right now?

"So you seek to attack me, do you? Kukukuku!" Megumin cackled. "Then truly, your folly knows no bounds!"

"... You know, now that I really look at her, and hear her talking," one of the bandits whispered. "She sounds a loot like the explosion maniac, doesn't she?"

"Maybe a big sister or something," another replied. "Whatever! Let's just get her and have fun with her!"

There were many layers of disgust within Megumin's soul at the moment. She didn't really want to count them off. One quick explosion and -

One of the bandits lunged for her. Without even thinking about it, Megumin used the Monk skill *Unarmed Counter* to dodge around the attack, grab his wrist and flip him onto his back. At the same time she took his knife away and -

"Huh? You're not bad!" another bandit yelled while jumping in from above - but Megumin had already turned around and blocked that sword with her newly acquired tiny dagger.

Which, by the way, is absolutely ridiculous as a visual. A dagger blocking a full blown short sword. The thief pulled their weapon back, and swung again, only for the very tip of Megumin's blade to catch it at its edge. Her arms blurred. Her weapon was barely visible. By the time she'd realised she was using Swordsmanship, the thief was already backing off. Holding out his hand, and screaming -

"Steal!"

"Explosion!"

He'd acquired her knife, while one of his friends was trying to perform a sneak attack on her from behind. As if that mattered to the great and powerful Explosion Maniac! She aimed an explosion straight down - and put exactly the right amount of magical power into it that the shockwave would send her into the air, those thieves into a nearby wall, and let her somersault her way back out onto the main street.

"Ah, when I blocked his sword, I could have said something like 'it's not the size but how you use -"

That's a lie. That's a lie, and she knew it deep down to her core. She didn't know how she knew that, but she knew it. The size matters. The size matters a lot a lot a lot a lot, and she didn't know how she knew, but - But!

Oh wow. She just kicked some serious ass. All by herself! She was a one woman wrecking crew now. Granted, she would rather have won by only using explosion, but... But the possibilities here were *endless*. What else could she do? Healing? Purification? Oh! She could steal! That would be extremely useful for those times when she wasn't able to get a party -

Megumin stopped in her tracks. Hold on though. Why would any party turn her down, now? If she looked past her own delusions and her charade of competence and confidence, then she already knew exactly why she normally had trouble getting into a party. Of course nobody would want the explosion maniac, who fainted after casting her spell once and only once. It didn't matter how cool her monologues were! Her practical use to the party was at a bare minimum!

She held up her finger. "Explosion," she whispered, and giggled as a teeny tiny little mushroom cloud popped at the end of her finger. She was ridiculous like this. So powerful, so in control. Even if she had been able to do something like that before, creating a cute little explosion, it would have drained her for the rest of the day. If she wanted to, she could head on out there and cast explosions all day every day - and wouldn't you know it, that's just what she'd been doing! Against that weirdly indestructible castle! Ah! But that did lead to the inevitable question didn't it. What now? What was next for the Explosion Maniac who could - Oh! She could cause explosions with her fists! If she parried a blow with a sword? Explosion! If she was caught in the act of stealing someone's bread? Boom! Explosion!

A whole new world had opened up to her! She'd never ever imagnied something like this could be real! Maybe - maybe this was even better than she'd imagined? And she owed it all to - *that cock*. That *almighty cock that she should worship*. That she should *get down on her knees and pray to for guidance for it had shown her the light, and led her to her true purpose in this -*

"Pardon me?"

Huh...? Megumin turned around, and found herself looking at a kinda cute girl with a flat chest and short, messy silver hair. She had a pretty slender build, no real chest to speak of, and was wearing a tummy exposing top and a pair of kinda shortish jean shorts. Of course, it went without saying that her bust was nothing to speak of, especially when compared with Megumin's new figure, and what was more -

"Hi, I'm Chris!" said the stranger. "Are you new in the city...?

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Among the eccentric band of adventurers in Konosuba, one figure stands apart for the subtlety of her presence. Chris, at first glance, seems like any other roguish thief: quick with her hands,

quicker with her feet, and never short of a sly grin. She drifts in and out of the party's orbit, offering tips on lockpicking or a partner for a harmless heist. Yet beneath the playful smirk and unassuming cloak, she carries herself with a poise and confidence that feels oddly out of place for a low-level adventurer.

It's the sort of incongruity that gnaws at the edges of perception—a faint aura of divinity leaking through a mortal guise. Those who spend enough time around Chris notice there's something more to her, something dignified behind her teasing eyes and casual charm. In a world of exploding mages, masochistic crusaders, and scheming gods, Chris's secret might be one of the worst-kept of all, but it also makes her one of the most intriguing.

What compels a Goddess to take the guise of a mortal thief, staying in disguise such that even her peers do not recognise her? Is it boredom. Yes, actually, that's it. It's all about the boredom. Eris was bored, bored, bored and wanted to get in there, get her hands dirty and see what was really going on with humanity, and -

And something was not right here. Something to do with Aqua, and that boy. It was strange. It was *subtle*, much like her own preferred approach, but it was definitely and absolutely present and absolutely *dangerous*.

How best to put it... A human being's sense of smell is particularly delicate. When exposed to an aroma, if it happens to linger then that human will very quickly start to ignore it, unless it is particularly foul. Well, this was kind of the opposite of that. She hadn't noticed it at first - but as time went on, Eris became more and more aware of it. The *wrongness*, the sheer total *wrongness* of it was shining out to her like a beacon.

When she tried to concentrate on it, what she sensed was evil. A malevolent, cunning evil with its own designs that went far beyond the Demon Lord. Something lurking within the city, taking its time, picking its moment and waiting to strike.

She'd seen Aqua behaving strangely, even for her. Perhaps being forced to interact with mortals had done something to her brain. Alright. That's fine, checking on her without giving the game away would have been too difficult anyway.

However, now she'd seen the Explosion Maniac take down multiple thugs while using skills from several classes. Also, she was suddenly a complete knockout. It made Chris wince a bit, honestly. As a Goddess she wore pads to, uh, make herself seem more impressive and divine. She couldn't get away with that as Chris. Too much movement as a thief, they'd definitely fall out. Which would be too embarrassing for words!

Anyway, the point of the matter was this: Something had happened to Megumin. She had no doubt fallen victim to this malicious mystery malady, malevolently... Uh... Metastasizing its infl- its mastery over... Over...

Oh, stuff the alliteration, she was here to do her job!

"Well, well!" Megumin said, striking a pose that, in another world, would have looked right at home on a magazine cover. Then again, Chris was pretty sure 'hot chunni monthly' wasn't a real magazine. It probably should be. It would be niche, but it would probably make its profit back. "Someone here actually recognises me for my greatness and can see beyond my physical beauty! You must have the eyes of a great sage!"

A Goddess, actually. Ah, yes, the reputation of this explosion maniac truly did not do her any justice. Even so, Chris had thought they were exaggerating when she'd first heard the rumours. Never mind then!

"Ahem!" Chris coughed. "Yes, well. It's just that I saw what you did in the alley a moment ago. That was really amazing!"

"It was, wasn't it?" Megumin asked. "I mean! Oho, it was a trifle! I used up no more power to defeat them than I had in my fingernail!"

Thing is, she probably wasn't actually exaggerating when she said that - but Chris could tell that she thought she was. What strange behaviour from this girl... But not particularly strange behaviour when you consider her clan. They were *all* like that. It's why she tried to avoid interacting with them, generally speaking. Tried to. Sometimes she had no choice but to do something with them, and - Well, let's just say that unlike Aqua she didn't shirk her duties.

Yes, there is an irony to her having that thought while she was out here, in human guise, not doing her actual job and pretending to be a thief.

"Where did you learn to do all that?" Chris asked. "It almost looked like you were using *multiple* class abilities at once. Isn't that something only an Adventurer class can do?"

"Kukuku, yes, indeed! That is normally something only an Adventurer class could do!" Megumin proclaimed. "However, thanks to my genius, I have developed a whole new class that stands outside the box! I call it... The Crimson Prodigy Class!"

Of course she did. Of course she did. Alas, Chris was pretty sure - *pretty* sure that such a class did not actually exist. Here, she offered a sweet smile, and a diplomatic round of applause.

"That's amazing, really it is!" Chris clapped. "So? Can you teach it to me, if you're such a genius?"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk!" Megumin wagged her finger. "It is not just anyone that can learn to do what I have done. Ah, but you see, it's also a curse and not a blessing. After all, I had intended to spend all of my skill points on the almighty, perfect, magnificent and divinely inspired Explosion spell!"

The Explosion spell wasn't their idea actually. It was, as a matter of fact, inspired by the Manhattan Project. Not that she could admit to it without giving the game away!

"My advice would be to walk away, before you find your own soul drowning in darkness and starlight, just as mine has!" Megumin said. "I am, of course, glorious enough to withstand it - but most cannot! No, most cannot even begin to bear it!"

"Ah, that's a shame," Chris said. "I had been rather hoping you'd be so brilliant you'd be able to prepare someone else to learn it - but I suppose there are limits to even your greatness, right?"

It was one of the oldest strategies in the book. One of the most typical arguments used against all powerful Gods and Goddesses. Can God create a rock so heavy he himself cannot lift it? After a fashion, Chris was using the same paradoxical approach here - Can Megumin create a class so complex that she cannot teach it to others?

It would gnaw at her ego. Because of course it would. Even now, as she'd been walking away, Chris could see her elegant leg dangling in mid-air unable to place itself down upon the ground. Out of annoyance, out of frustration, out of sheer stupid stubborn pride - Megumin had been issued a challenge that she could not walk away from.

"Very well then," Megumin said. "If you believe yourself worthy of this power, then I cannot simply hand it out to you freely. First, we must perform a test. To make sure you would not abuse this gift! To ensure that you would not destroy the very fabric of reality with the power I am offering! Yes, this is the best means to guarantee it! That this tremendous power that I have formed does not fall into the wrong hands!"

That's the problem, this power has already fallen into the wrong hands. In any event, Megumin had been gesticulating wildly, seemingly at random, in a manner that Chris could only presume she thought looked *cool*.

"Now then!" Megumin pointed at her, while her other hand remained on her hip. "Are you ready? For now you must face the greatest challenge of your - Chomosuky, please, not right now!"

A black cat had jumped onto her shoulder and was starting to rub affectionately against her cheek. Oh dear. Chris could only sigh wearily. This test would probably involve sending her along to the diabolical mastermind responsible for this mess in the first place. Chris gripped her hands into fists. She'd figure it out. She'd solve this problem. And then, she'd banish the fool befoe they did too much more damage to the world!

======

At this particular moment in time, Kazuma's head was stuck in the roof. How did it get stuck in the roof? Applied physics, a ridiculously strong set of pussy muscles, and some, aha, avid experimentation with what he'd been reading in the book Secrets of Cocknosis.

The specifics were not currently important! At least that's what Kazuma would say if anyone asked him. Right now, he was stuck in the guild's roof by his neck and shoulders, legs thrashing out in a way that could only be called undignified, while Luna and Darkness were trying to play blowjob pinata with his hypnocock.

Normally that would be a very fun game. Not so much right now!

"Hey, you two!" Kazuma called out. "Come on, get me down from here!"

"My apologies, Mister Kazuma!" Luna said, then suddenly grabbed his feet and leaned forward, managing to run her tongue a considerable way up his shaft before momentum regrettably carried him away from her. "I am not your slave. I am addicted to your cock, and I will gladly share your cock with other girls, however -"

"However~" Darkness cooed. She made her own attempt, and was able to actually get the head into her mouth, kissing the back of her throat in a single go. "It is your cock we obey, not you~"

Guh, how embarrassing! How absolutely humiliating! They were right, though. His cock could only properly hypnotise a person exactly one time - and everything else after that was down to them. The sheer size and girth of it had basically tamed these two already, so he didn't really need to hypnotise them or order them about or anything like that - Let's see...

"Darkness! If you don't let me down, I'll make your tits so big you won't be able to move!" Kazuma warned.

"Ehhhh?!" Darkness gushed. "That sort of punishment - it's so cruel, so unusual, so... Mmmm, give it to me, master!"

"... Alright then! I'll do that to you if you let me down!"

"In other words, you would deny me that humiliation if I disobeyed?" Darkness squeaked. Oh, that's right, you can't win with that one. She's a total freak and had been even before she got a whiff of his cock. She was crazy. Crazy hot, that is!

As it turns out, trying to manipulate or control Darkness was either very easy or very difficult. It was like herding cats. Either you put down a big cardboard box and they sit in it, or the obstinately find a nice hot surface to sun themselves on and ignore your attempts to lure them where you want them to go.

What was really annoying him here was that things were generally going really well for him since he'd arrived in this world. He had a super effective hypnotic power, had no less than two total babes under his control, and -

And... he was forgetting something wasn't he? What could that be? What was it? What was he forgetting?

"Yoo hoo, Kazuma, are you in here?!"

As a key piece of advice, if you ever need to ask yourself the question 'how can Kazuma's situation be made worse' the best possible answer (or, depending on your point of view, the worst) would be... The Goddess Aqua. It didn't matter that this bluette bimbo was as enthralled by his hypnocock as anyone else, her very nature makes her dangerous.

It's her personality, you have to understand. That's what does it. She's an excellent healer, superb at purifying the undead and unclean water (which includes, for example, diluted fruit juice, by the way), her all around stats aren't bad at all... But she's also a complete ditz, completely self centred, really mean spirited and overall just plain... Nasty.

She's the kind of person who, if she got rich, she'd use all the money for booze, go into debt from gambling because she'd never heard of a stop loss limit and then owe all of that money to whoever the local adventurer mafia equivalent might be.

And that very person - that very *goddess* has just walked in through the front door of the guild... bringing along several footsteps alongside her.

"Luna!" Kazuma barked. "The guild hall downstairs is meant to be closed isn't it?!"

"Indeed," Luna said. "I'm not sure how she was able to -"

"Thanks a lot!" Aqua happily chirped from downstairs, loud as a rooster crowing in the morning. "If not for you, we'd never have been able to get inside! Lockpicking sure is amazing!"

It was as he feared. Aqua had brought unwanted people! He could hear them chattering away, how annoying, he didn't want anything to do with them, not when he was in such an embarrassing position!

On the other hand, Kazuma was a true master of jerk-fu. You know. Jerk-fu. The art of sensing when someone was coming to your room while you were playing with your 'wee man'. It was the ability to get your trousers on, the smut off the screen, and make it seem like you were doing something else when someone came into the room.

All he had to do was reapply his skills to his current situation, and then - There! He'd managed to extract himself from the ceiling! As it turns out, uh, all he had to do was exhale hard enough to make his neck muscles contract. As he fell, he was able to pull his trousers back up, and then as he landed he had Luna's dress as modestly over her breasts as it ever was - and Darkness was shoved into a closet.

"You'd better get dressed," Kazuma whispered. "We have guests!"

This was all done in a matter of seconds. A mad flurry of activity that culminated in Kazuma pulling up a chair, grabbing a book and flicking right through it at the very moment that Aqua arrived in their room.

"Hrm? I've never been up here," said a scraggly dwarf with kitchen utensils slung around his back. "Ah, Miss Luna. Nice to see you again."

"Likewise, Mister Belloncio," Luna said. "It is rare indeed to see you come to pay us a visit, especially when the guild is closed. Might I ask your business?"

It's amazing to think that not two minutes ago, this busty babe was drooling like mad over his cock. Kazuma made a show of putting the book down and rising to his feet, cool as you like (in his own mind only) as he rose to greet their guest.

"Now now Luna," Kazuma said. "I am sure that Aqua brought us this man for a reason."

"Kazuma, Kazuma!" Aqua enthusiastically tugged on his arm. "I brought a chef to train me."

"Yes, yes, I am Kazuma," he said, because some running jokes must be run with. Into the ground if need be. Ah? That's strange. Why were the rest of this... Belloncio's party looking at him like that? "Um, and the rest of them...?"

"They wanted to meet the man who could inspire and brainwash a Goddess into doing his bidding!" Aqua said.

Oh dear. Kazuma could feel a strong headache coming on right about now. Ah, that's right. He'd ordered Aqua to actually learn how to cook, hadn't she? And then, she'd gone off to find a great chef, extolled about how great he was, and now? Now he had an actual, honest to goodness party bowing their heads before him.

On the one hand, that was pretty nice to see. Getting the respect he rightfully deserved! On the other... Aqua! Kazuma's eye twitched with frustration. She'd brought the plot right to his doorstep before he was ready to deal with it!

Bleach - Unwanted Hypno Harem

When you're a shinigami for any length of time, you get to really *see some shit*. Some really, really *fucked up shit*. Isane was no stranger to that, even if that's not quite how she would normally put it. That sort of thing usually wound up being things like, you know, violent things? Blood? Guts? Decapitations? Maybe even a defenestration here and there for good measure!

They wield enormous fuckoff swords. With extremely dangerous fuckoff superpowers associated with them. Isane might not be the most experience out there, but she'd seen her fair share of things.

She had never, ever encountered something like that before. Hollows, hitting on you. Surrounding you, making you horny and blissful and happy to go along with whatever they were trying to do.

It was absurd, and it had happened so quickly she didn't even know how to fight back against it. Which is also kind of crazy because Shinigami are actually pretty fucking fast. That had shocked her so much she'd had to run away right after snapping herself out of it, so that she could catch her breath.

She had fled from that gym and gone right into the girl's locker room - where she found Rukia making out with that really tall and busty orange haired girl. The two of them curled up together in a position that could only be thought of as lewd. Their hands wandering each other's bodies, their lips pressed together with such passion that it almost made her feel like she'd been deprived of something wonderful, something magical - something corrupting!

"Rukia!" she snapped, and grabbed the girl's ear. Tugged her away from there. "How did you even beat me here? No, never mind that! There are Hollows out there doing things to people! Weird, sexy things! Don't let them manipulate you. Don't let them control you!"

Rukia interrupted her by coldly flicking Isane on the nose. Eep! Why that - What a cheeky thing to do!

"I am quite aware," Rukia said. "Actually, we're here right now to *persuade* you to join Ichigo Kurosaki's harem."

"Ichigo Kurosaki..." Isane gasped. "I see. He must be the scoundrel responsible for this! Don't worry Rukia, I'll make sure to punish him for this vile, perverted - "

"Did someone say 'vile' and 'perverted'~"

Impossible! A human girl had somehow appeared right behind her! How did she get there, and how did she -

A pair of hands fell upon Isane's breasts. The fingers fell upon a certain set of points, and then - A burst of lightning, or something very much like it coursed through her body. In an instant, she was brought to her knees. By a mere human!

"By the way, this is Chizuru," Orihime said. "She's the most perverted member of our group, by a lot, and she's recently received a lot of training in the art of making a bitch cum her brains out."

"Orihime!" Rukia gasped. "I happen to know Isane quite well, and I can assure you that she is absolutely not a bitch." She stopped for a moment, tilted her head as if considering something, and as Isane found her vision blurring over, her mouth starting to uncontrollably drool, and an unnatural feeling start to swell within her torso her fellow Shinigami said a word that sent a chill right through her spine, far more frightening than any bloody corpse, far more terrifying than any Hollow, scarier still than that one time she had to tell Kenpachi that they were out of that little meat thing he liked so much.

And that word was, quite simply... "Yet."

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There is a certain way that one might choose to read Bleach. Namely, that its first two arcs are ultimately a grand game of chess between two really sneaky bastards. Aizen is the first. And the second, Urahara.

Exiled former Captain of the 12th Division, founder of the Research and Development Institute. Counterplay through preparation. Urahara doesn't need to be on the board, he built the damn thing. His brilliance was in his restraint. He picked unlikely pieces and prepared them for a game they didn't even know they'd be playing. One might say that his only mistake was in failing to warn them of their true enemy - but no. No, that would have made things much, much worse for them, and for him, and for all of Soul Society.

Probably. There was a very good chance of it.

Yoruichi was keenly aware of the bulk of all of this. Oh, who is Yoruichi asked nobody reading this story? Well, I'm going to tell you anyway. She's that hot girl with tanned skin, stern expression, got her hair tied back in a ponytail? You've probably seen it. Good chance you have really. She's a genre-defying, trope-breaking, enigma. Former captain of the 2nd Division, ex-Commander of the Stealth Force, and 22nd head of the noble Shihōin Clan, she walked away from all of it to help Urahara escape Soul Society's judgment.

She is also, at present, a black housecat who is *very disappointed* in the man she gave up everything to protect.

"This wasn't part of the plan when you told me about it," she said, already fully aware that he'd probably lied about at least three parts of it.

"I'm quite aware," he replied, not even lifting his head to look up at her.

"This is a serious situation," Yoruichi continued, quite carefully. "It's absurd beyond measure. It speaks to another player in your grand game, playing us all for fools, including yourself."

"Oh, I'm quite aware of that as well," he said, still not looking up at her.

Have you ever seen a cat's eye twitch in frustration? They don't really have eyebrows, you see, but they do have that slow, deliberate blink. That's usually a sign that they trust you, by the way, even if it looks weirdly threatening. Yoruichi was, at present, aiming for the threatening look. It wasn't landing because, again, he wasn't looking at her.

Just then, one of *them* rubbed up against her. It was, to put it simply, a Hollow. That is to say, a Hollow dressed up like a catgirl. She was wearing a kitty mask over her face, with ears and everything, and on top of that had a sleek leotard on her ridiculously, absurdly curvaceous body. It was coloured orange, with white oval patches around the tummy. Also, she had kitty gloves and kitty boots on herself to accentuate the effect even more.

And she was not the only one.

Right now, there was a variety of them, all being fed and petted by the supposed chessmaster himself as if they were regular felines when, no, they were no, they most definitely were not. They were buxom *sirens*. Sensual temptations. One with a black leotard, another being a tuxedo variant. Yet another still was calico coloured, and the designs of their leotards and boots and claws were all different and Yoruichi didn't particularly care to go through them all. Ever since this whole stupid thing had started, that man had been gathering these things up as if he was some absurd cat-lady, hell bent on making sure he never became lonely.

"Who is a good kitty cat?" Urahara asked in a baby voice while stroking one of them under its chin. "You are, yes you are. You didn't eat any human souls today, that's a good girl."

"Aren't you going to *at least* report this to Soul Society?" Yoruichi asked. She pushed away the face of the one trying to rub its scent off onto her, she had a point to make here, thank you no! "They're bound to notice, and that's assuming they haven't already! If they work out you're in the area, it'll make it so much easier for you know who to pin the blame on you!"

"On the other hand," Urahara cackled. "It's gonna fuck with his plans *so bad*. Shush now, shush! You see, I worked it out a while back, you see. He'd been planning on using Hueco Mundo as a fallback. It was the only thing that made any sense. Once he'd played his hand, even he wouldn't be able to keep all of Soul Society off his back so he would need allies, and where would he get those, but...?"

"... Or this is a plan of his to mess up your plans?"

"Pft, no, this is hardly his style," Urahara chuckled. "Trust me, it's fine. I know all about how that bastard thinks by now. He would never come up with something like this. It's too... Inefficient. It's chaotic. I'll grant, there are strong psychological impacts by this move, but that man needs three reasons for every action. Where's the symbolism? Where's the tactical advantage? No, no this isn't his hand at work here."

"There's another factor we need to keep in mind," Yoruichi continued. "The spiritual pressure of the locals is... It's getting stronger. Not nearly to the level of a Shinigami, but it *is* growing considerably. I suspect some people might even become Fullbringers before too long - or at least develop powers in that general area."

"Oh my, yes, that's another reason!" Urahara chuckled. "A whole bunch of mortals suddenly gaining superpowers? Yes please, give me more pieces to play with you son of a bitch. Why, I'm pretty sure that if they have sex with the Hollows, the act of intercourse makes their spiritual pressure go up even higher - and that somehow, this is also feeding the Hollows!"

"And this does not concern you at all?" Yoruichi asked. "It's like a runaway nuclear reactor. All this energy spiking up, it's bound to do something really big, and really nasty! Not to mention the psychological effect this is bound to be having on the mortals in the area."

She paused for a moment before continuing.

"I think you're going along with this because you're a dirty old man. That's what I think."

"Guilty as charged," Urahara said. "Now, are you quite finished complaining? I do know what I'm doing, you know. If the situation does spiral out of control, I have *at least* three countermeasures in play already. Does that make you happy?"

No, not really. Because that sort of statement could mean anything. Especially said in front of these catgirls and - and one of them was presenting for him. Wonderful. She could only hope that no human developed a Fullbringer ability, especially under these conditions.

=====

Kukuku, Chizuru didn't know why her hands and fingers were glowing like this, but she really, really liked the effect it was having on other girls around her. This Isane babe might not be as slamming hot as Orihime - but then again, who was?

Answer: Several supernatural women that you have not yet encountered, Chizuru! Oh dear, there's that word again: 'Yet'. Isn't it amazing how frequently we use words like that? Other

examples include 'if' or 'unless' or perhaps even something as mundane as 'just'. Once you notice yourself using them, you almost can't -

"Ohhhhh~" Isane groaned while leaning right back into Chizuru's grip. "What's happening! It feels like every nerve in my body is reacting!"

"Probably because it is," Rukia shrugged. "To be honest I don't quite get it myself, but -"

"Guuuuuh~" Isane's mouth opened wide, and there was her opportunity, oh my oh me leaving herself wide open like that was rather careless wasn't it?

Mmm! Shinigamis taste so good! She'd been wondering about that. Rukia's lips tasted sweet as well. A hint of coldness behind them, but still so sweet! As for Isane? Oh, that sweetness was still there but do you know what it reminded her of? Lavender cream!

Alas, it seemed as though the cute and quiet Shinigami was able to somehow wrench herself away from Chizuru's grip, whirling around, pulling a sword out of who the fuck actually knows, and staring down at her, panting wearily.

"I see, so you're the one corrupting everyone with those hands of yours," she panted. "Don't move. Don't you dare move! While that ability is dangerous, it won't shake my resolve! I will rescue Rukia, and -"

"I reject your prudishness!"

Seriously though the bunch of them were broken as fuck, what the hell? It honestly baffled Chizuru when she thought about how busted all of their powers were. Hell, Rukia was currently the weakest member of the group technically, and Chizuru was pretty sure that if she had a blade in her hand she'd mop the floor with the rest of the harem.

After all, Chizuru and Orihime weren't the only ones that had developed weird powers recently.

Anyway! The expression on Isane's face all of a sudden became quite different. She was biting into her lip something fierce right now, and obviously giving second thoughts to what was going on here.

"See something you li~ike?" Chizuru teased. "Oh, sweetie, you don't have to look! Let me touch you for a little while, I think you'll like what you see~"

"N-No!" Isane grunted, her grip on her sword tightening. "No, I won't be... I won't be seduced!" She glanced over at Orihime, who was feigning innocence, and by the way, doing a really good job of it "Oh fuck she's so hot! I mean! No! No, I'm not going to surrender to my lust! Just because you somehow banished my more prudish aspects doesn't mean I'm going to surrender to some girls that are obviously brainwashing people! I'm cutting you down before you can -"

======

It's a testament to how worked up they'd made her that she was having an outburst like that. Normally, Isane was rather calm, rather quiet, and wouldn't have panicked or exploded. She would have been a masterclass in simple response. She'd raise her reiatsu to frighten them off a bit. Her voice would be kept lower, and more warned them off rather than anything else. She would have made use of her medical knowledge to isolate the effect - except that she could already tell it was *everywhere* in her already.

So that was the kind of outburst that would've startled even her closest comrades - not because it was loud, but because it was hers. Isane Kotetsu didn't raise her voice. She didn't flinch. She didn't snap. She was the quiet in the storm, the medic who held the line while others broke.

But this...?

Her reiatsu flared uncontrolled, jagged and uneven, like a pulse that had lost its rhythm. Her voice, normally low, deliberate, almost apologetic, spiked with raw uncharacteristic panic. As she moved to strike down Chizuru, who she had incorrectly identified as the source of Rukkia's bizarre behaviour...

Clang! Her sword, her Itegumo, came down upon the wrist guard of another girl who had definitely not been there before.

"Where the hell are you girls coming from?" Isane demanded. Her eyes flickered to the girl's wristband. It was overflowing with reiatsu, just like that girl's hands and fingers. She withdrew her blade, and then as a test, tried several more precision strikes - all of which were blocked. "You're... If I recall correctly, you would be... Tatsuki, right?"

"Yeah, yeah!" the tomboyish girl said, brushing her hand through her hair, looking *cool as fuck* incidentally. "Listen, there's only one way this is ending. We're gonna brainwash you, then you're gonna join Ichigo's harem, and then you're gonna report back to Soul Society that all the hottest bitches gotta bring their butts here too."

"I rather think we can come up with a more coherent plan than that," Rukia said. "Besides which, if they've sent two investigators already, I hardly believe they will accept 'all is well' right before you get back to sucking dick."

This situation was beyond absurd. No, it was worse than that: It felt *stupid*. How could ordinary humans progress so much in power without being noticed? It felt like she'd stepped into a madhouse.

Isane remembered herself, and tried to calm down. Not a simple feat when you're hornier than you've ever been in your entire life, including not ten minutes ago which was now a distant

second. While third was a distant dot on the horizon that you could only see with an observatory. Probably Voyager 1. And that's if you were standing from second place.

"I see," she said. "The situation is even worse than they had assumed. We should have sent more Shinigami to investigate."

Her goal here was not to win this fight. It was to escape. By any means. It was plain to see that they all had unusual powers - and that Rukia, peculiarly, had not done anything of note. If anything, she was standing back and *watching*. Trying not to draw attention to herself.

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So, here's a point we need to repeat. Ichigo does **not** want a harem. He does **not** want multiple girls in an open relationship with him. It's hot, yeah, but it's also massively impractical when you actually sit down to think about it for more than a second.

What he wanted was Orihime. Just Orihime. I mean, holy shit, it's like finding yourself at a dragon's hoard, finding the dragon dead, and then trying to take all the damn treasure out instead of just this big shiny ruby. That ruby should set you up for life, why do you have to be greedy about this? Do you know how much hassle that much treasure is gonna give you? It'll be heavy as shit, and while that apparently wasn't going to be a fucking problem for Ichigo given he was *apparently* the most overpowered asshole out there, it also meant that you'd have to deal with a whole lot of bandits trying to jump your ass every step of the road to the bank!

Which also would not be a fucking problem for him!

Though that does dovetail rather neatly into the other problem he was having. Ichigo Kurosaki does not want to be this fucking strong. No, really, he doesn't. He can see where that's gonna lead. Just because the bandits aren't a problem to put down doesn't mean that problem is gone. No, no. Strong people attract strong assholes. The kinda assholes that wanna say 'I'm top dog now, bitch' and are willing to do whatever it takes - *whatever* it takes - to stand at that spot. Be it, I dunno, fighting fair, issuing a challenge well in advance or, for example, kidnapping your twin sisters and your father, who weren't nearly as strong as you -

Meanwhile, Isshin started to giggle to himself and didn't know why.

- And trying to force you into a fight. Given that there was a whole ass Soul Society full of Shinigami, and he very much doubted either Rukia or Isane were among the top echelons of power, Ichigo had reason to be *very fucking worried* for his position right now.

They'd noticed something was amiss and had sent out a reconnaissance team to investigate. What if they had sent out more that hadn't been noticed yet? What about the report that would be sent back? Even if they persuaded her to send an 'all cool here, let's not go any further' that would only make them want to send a second backup team to double check. Because, you

know, Ichigo might not be the smartest guy around but he was pretty sure 'hey maybe our first team got fucking suborned' was something that would fucking occur to the people in charge of Soul Society! You know! Unless they were just that fucking incompetent!

A funny thing happened just then. Two very evil men - one a Shinigami Captain wearing glasses that were mostly rectangular and the other a somehow *worse* man with an absolutely fabulous moustache who happens to be a ***huge*** pain in the ass for anyone trying to get into vs debates - both giggled to themselves, and neither of them knew why, and it bothered both of them. A lot.

Anyway, the point was that Ichigo was really, really determined to not let Isane get pulled into this harem thing because that would be a total disaster, and create way more headaches than it would solve in both the long and short term, and -

"Isane!" he yelled, barging into the girl's locker room, fully expecting to be clobbered by a whole bunch of junk being tossed at him by girls for doing something that dangerous.

"Hehehehe~" Isane burbled. "Hello there Ichigo. I am Isane. My self diagnoses - I am extremely horny. The only cure: Sex. And lots of it."

"By George, I think we've got her!" Rukia proclaimed. Everyone then turned to look at her in total confusion. Including the very obviously brainwashed Isane. Even Kojima appeared for a moment to poke his head in to give everyone a "wtf" look about the place. Right before backing off to score himself some more Hollow tail. "What? The last time that I checked, My Fair Lady was quite popular, was it not?"

Nobody present had seen or heard of it. Nor did they know who George was. They recognised it as a Western name, maybe English, maybe Spanish? Nobody knew who it was, though.

"Girls, please!" Ichigo barked, finally regaining his composure, while Isane got right into his personal space and began to Back It Up something fierce. "I don't want a harem! Stop adding girls to my -"

"But Ichigo~" Orihime said, staring at him with big wide eyes. Too big. They were gleaming, full on puppy dog effect. Guh! Not fair! Not fair at all! "We worked so hard to prepare her for you! Don't you want her? Did we really do such a bad thing?"

Ichigo was, indeed, an overpowered asshat. Really now, he was way too strong. Especially here. I mean, jesus, he swings his sword and it just does his homework for him? That's ridiculous. It's absurd! How is he supposed to lose, ever?

Well, the answer was in Orihime. That was his kryptonite. He could never defy her. She was way too pretty, way too cute, way too nice. One might imagine that this would make her even stronger than he was, but no. I mean, her power is super busted as well because she can reject basically anything, but - No, no, they were both absolutely bonkers powerful, the difference was

that could tank a hit without using his powers while Orihime would have to either actively put up protection or be within line of sight of Ichigo when the threat came in.

"I mean, she sure seems eager to Back That Up!" Ichigo muttered to himself. "And she doesn't seem as panicked as before, so - M... Maybe it's not such a bad thing?"

"Yay!" the girls all gently cheered and applauded. Except Isane. She was too busy Backing It Up to do something like that. Which could only leave Ichigo pinching the bridge of his nose and wondering what the hell he was supposed to do now? Just because he had all the power in the world didn't mean he could do much with it. Apparently!

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Okay, so as much fun as trolling Yoruichi is, Urahara actually did have a plan here. He wasn't *just* bringing in the kitty Horny Hollows for the fun of it, nor because they were simply the hottest pieces of ass he'd seen in years.

The word 'just' is very important in that sentence. Don't ignore it, don't gloss over it. Savour in that word. Really bask in its implications here. Wonder to yourself just what exactly this smirking hat wearing manipulator might be up to.

The answer: Gathering evidence. I mean, come on, of course he was. You really think he's not gonna see all these Hollows shw up in fetish gear, get freaky with the population and *not panic*? Really? Of course he was worried about this outcome!

The thing is, he's better at *containing* and *redirecting* that panic than most. Where most would flail about and make it obvious to all and sundry that they were all aflutter about what to do next, this man would instead redirect that feeling into doing something bloody useful.

Now, he was certainly no Mayuri. Thank God for that. Thank the Soul King, the Devil, the Chaos Gods of 40K, and that moustache-sporting megalomaniac we mentioned earlier. Thank every divine, infernal, and eldritch entity for the universal failsafe that ensured only one Mayuri Kurotsuchi was ever allowed to exist. Any more, and reality itself would file a restraining order.

But Urahara? He was no slouch. The man practically invented half the gadgets the Gotei 13 still pretended to understand. Soul science wasn’t just a hobby! It was his love language. And when the hollows started behaving... off, let's put it like that, he didn’t panic.

He brewed tea. Then he calmed the *fuck* down, and then he got to *work*.

"Here, kitty kitty!" he mewled. The fact that this bothered Yoruichi was merely icing on a delicious cake. The catgirl Hollows padded over to him, rubbed its mask-covered cheek into his lower leg.

"Now, what secrets are you hiding, my little anomaly?" he mewled happily, then used a spare hand to give scritches to another one.

Yoruichi scowled, tail flicking with visible disdain. "You're enjoying this far too much."

"Of course I am," Urahara said, eyes gleaming. "It's not every day you meet a Hollow that purrs and wants to behave in intercourse rather than eat things."

He tossed out some 'treats' for the Hollow catgirls to eat, and they pounced upon them like birds on a fish and chips serving.

"Ever see a human hospital?" he asked. "For some treatments, they give the patient iodine before an examination."

Urahara's fan snapped open with theatrical flair, though the glint in his eye was pure scientific curiosity. "Exactly. The iodine lights up the organs under a scan. My treats? They light up the soul. Go ahead, little kitties, head out into the town! Have your fun with the locals and then?"

As the catgirl Hollows finished up their treats -with their butts and thighs pointedly aimed in his direction - his goofy expression took on a darker tone.

"We can figure out how to fix this mess before it gets any worse."

High School SxS

Deep down in her genetics, a message was pounding out across the consciousness of Rias Gremory. Get revenge. Get. Revenge. It was a drive like no other. Not murderous, no, no, never *murderous*, but merely... Aim for humiliation. That was the trick. That was the ticket. Rias, whatever else was messing with her right now, she wasn't a murderer. Maybe she would kill in self defense, or if the situation would be demonstrably, measurably worse if death didn't happen - but she wouldn't do that for revenge or something petty.

Brainwashing people though, that was another matter entirely.

The annoying part was that there is that part of her that was going 'what are you doing? Cut that out! Stop that!' and she had to try so *hard* to ignore it. Oh! She was tempted to awaken her brother to the truth of their heritage - but sadly, he might be a little too strong willed. He might be able to shrug it off. But she lacked experience. Her exposure to Issei Hyoudou, enormous and weirdly chivalrous pervert had made her awaken too early, before she could mate with the Phenex tribe - and bring another of the Houses under their control.

No matter. Akeno had already worked over Ravel something fierce. Rias would get Issei to breed her later on, and then...? It amounted to the same thing. Build him up. Make him *strong* in the eyes of the Devils. Then marry him alongside several others, and with his Incubus nature coursing through him, they would have control over the Devils inside one generation, which was a lot sooner than the original plan would have allowed for anyway.

Issei was the accelerant. One might almost call him like an enzyme or a catalyst - Except that wasn't true at all, now was it? Yes, accelerant is the better word for he too had been changed by the experience... And would continue to change as well.

Rias stopped where she was and looked faintly in what, to others, might have seemed like a random direction. She could sense it, from a distance. She had a strong connection with Issei. Very, very strong. Even before she'd awakened to her nature as a succubus, something about that boy spoke to her. It was probably his sincerity. Maybe...

Oh, but whatever it was, she could feel that his heart was wavering. She could tell that he wanted to stop doing what they were doing. It made her pout. For him, she'd consider it. Yes, for poor Issei's sake, she would think about putting a stop to what they were doing.

Those of you familiar with this writer's style might think that was a setup for 'oh she thought about it for ten seconds, then rejected it', but no, Rias actually was considering it for a moment there. She went off, ate a sandwich, sat on Kallawarner's face, had a shower, then Akeno joined her in the shower to report on how it went with Ravel, and then, only then, did she reject the idea.

Whatever made her change her mind? The answer was simple enough. She'd found an old letter from the Bael family formally congratulating her on the engagement to Riser, and it had been written in a cold, clinical, *arrogant* way that reminded her that as bad as she was?

In her opinion, the highest elites of Devil society were so much worse, and would *do* so much worse if they got the chance. They're the reasons that Devils are considered the bad guys, really! Because they act like the stereotype everyone has of Devils! The only things missing was the forked tongue, the red skin and the horns on top of their head.

Worth remembering that they did have the batlike wings and the tail down pat.

She let loose a weary sigh. Oh, she could surely understand his concerns. The spell they'd cast upon the school, turning all the girls into near nymphomaniacs. The brainwashing, the part where he ate Raynare's coal black soul - she could comprehend fully why he might have some concerns.

However, it was all in the name of survival, right? It was all to ensure that they could survive. After all, if those old bastards found out that any succubus blood had survived, at all, the even at this point they would go scorched earth, even against her brother. Even against poor little Millicant. She did not believe for a moment that such an attempt would go very well for them - but you see? They didn't want to kill anyone, right?

Sometimes you can't be the good guys. So be the *better* guys. Right~?

Such is the lament of the most truly realistic villains to exist in fiction or otherwise. Do you see it, dear readers? The self justification? The finger pointing? The claims that, oh, if we did not do this evil thing then something worse would result? What an insidious thought process it is. In fact, one word does come to mind to describe it quite well. A word that has extra meaning within this context, a word which may well make you rethink things - or not.

That word is... Seductive.

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Issei Hyoudou was, at present, surrounded by hot girls that wanted nothing more than to sexually pleasure him. That sounded like paradise, but right now it was also a kind of hell.

Part of him was wondering if this was some form of twisted punishment. To grant him that which he wanted the most, but to corrupt the situation such that it turned against him. Became something impure, that he did not want, did not yearn for - He did not want to take their souls. He did not want to erase their free wills. He wanted them all to love him, honestly and sincerely, but now... How could he be sure of that?

It was honestly the not knowing that made it harder to deal with. The lack of ability to be sure. If he could be sure, one way or the other, then it was something he could maybe come to terms with. But the doubt about it... The uncertainty!

Asia grabbed his chin and stole his lips. It really wasn't fair how good she was at this.

"Are you okay?" she asked, eyes full of concern. "Do you want us to show you our love, right here, in the middle of the hallway?"

"Ah, no," Issei said. "Uh, let's wait until we get to the club room."

They arrived before long. He had to speak to Rias about this. About what he'd done, what they were doing, what they were going to do - and soon enough he found himself standing in the club room. The girls filtered off from him, onto different parts of the room and then - They all began to perform a variety of erotic poses. Over there, Raynare was leaning back against the wall, having changed her clothes into her extremely revealing Fallen Angel gear. Aika was putting her leg up on a chair fo basically no good reason. Asia was putting her arms behind the back of her head and leaning back. Koneko had gotten onto all fours and was preening like a cat.

And then there was Rias herself, who was... Who was wearing the perfectly normal Kuoh Academy girl's uniform, but wearing it with such style and presence that it made his heart skip a beat. Next to her was Akeno, who was prim and proper, but he knew better than most that at the first opportunity she'd have those enormous boobs around his shaft before he even knew what was happening. The only one missing from his harem was Tsubasa -

"Hey, you didn't think you could have this meeting without me, didja?"

She'd grabbed him in a headlock and pushed his head right into her breasts. Normally he would have no complaints about that but right now he wanted to speak to Rias!

Note that he didn't make any moves at all to remove himself from this position. I mean, would you? Getting your head cranked right into those knockers? You'd stay there until you couldn't any longer. She did eventually release him, then collapsed back into a seat with her legs spread wide open as though setting up some landing lights for him to follow.

And it was more tempting than you could ever know.

However, Rias got his attention first. Which she did by sitting in his lap.

"Whatever is the matter, my Pawn?" she asked.

Pawn. That was a pretty apt metaphor for what he felt like right now. A pawn being used in a grander game. Rias probably didn't mean it like that, but it still kinda hurt being referenced in that way.

"Oh, please, don't hide it from your King," Rias said, pulling his head around to look at her. "Listen to me, Issei Hyoudou. You can trust me. You can tell me anything. I won't judge you - you're so new to this world that it all must be so overwhelming."

"Are we doing the right thing?" Issei asked. "I mean... I ate Raynare's soul. The girls at school are acting so out of character, and - "

She put a finger onto his lips. "It's fine," she said. "I know, I understand. You're so worried about their free will, aren't you? After all, is that not why Lucifer rebelled in the first place? In the name of free will?"

Suddenly, Rias whirled out of his lap and began to pace around the room.

"To start with, the only soul you've eaten was Raynare's," Rias said. "Raynare is, to be frank, a complete bitch. She is a cold blooded killer who would gladly have killed again if given the opportunity. Your choices were to eat her soul - or end her life. Choose."

That was no choice at all. He had to eat her soul. Killing her felt... He couldn't do that!

"Next, the girls around school," she said. "Would it surprise you to learn that your two friends are dating two girls at once at the moment? Probably, yes?" Issei nodded. That did surprise him a little bit. "Then would it surprise you to learn that those girls already liked them? The only thing that stopped them from asking them out was, in fact, their own prudishness, their own view on how society might look at them. Their own inhibitions were keeping them from what they really, truly wanted the most."

Issei frowned. "But were they okay with sharing -"

"They were also repressed bisexual," Rias interrupted. "You see? We're *helping* people, Issei. Helping them become more than they were. Helping them overcome their own denial about themselves, creating a psychologically healthier student body."

"Who are having lots of sex," Issei said.

"Exactly!" Rias nodded. "Hierarchy of needs and all."

"... Which also happens to feed *us*."

"Indeed it does!" Rias said. "But we're not just giving them pleasure beyond their mortal ability to comprehend - though they'd probably take that as reward enough. Here, this is the kendo club."

The kendo club. Ah, many was the time when he'd peep on them. Now, Rias was holding out a crystal ball and letting him watch them from the comfort of the Occult Research Club!

They were actually fully attired right now in proper kendo gear. Which was oddly disappointing. He'd half expected them to be in some form of fetish gear, but no, full and proper Bogu et al. Swinging their swords in expert timing and -

Causing big gusts of wind across the room. Huh. Wait a minute here, weren't they going kinda fast? Their movements, their posture, their style it all seemed so much more refined than normal. Issei had seen them practise before, and they were way better at this than he'd ever be, but... not to this degree!

"Healthy minds, healthy bodies," Rias said. "We're giving them more than sexual relief. We're making them stronger. Their stamina levels? Through the roof. We're not simply draining them, we're building them up. Making them better versions of themselves. Do you know, yesterday the faculty performed a test on where they saw themselves when they entered the workforce? Several of them had a much more positive view of where they'd be than they did a month ago."

In other words, they weren't just taking and taking and taking. They were giving back as well. Giving back and giving back.

However, there was a problem here. A very obvious problem *if* you know where to look for it. There was a name for the system that Rias was setting up. This wasn't some form of capitalism, nor a republic. Nor was it an economic system like capitalism or communism.

It was ultimately a form of sexual feudalism. With her at the top. Her peerage as her liege lords and all else as the peasants. Toiling in the fields, making crops and 'paying taxes'. While she directed and reaped the benefits. It was simply an exchange for the sake of protection, after a fashion.

Not that Issei had the political or historical wherewithal to recognise this. He simply knew in his gut that something was wrong about all of this. It didn't sit right with him. It didn't sit *right* with him at all!

"But we are brainwashing them?" Issei asked. "Against their will?"

"Are we?" Rias asked. "We're not the ones who released a whole lot of sex magic into the school grounds and made everyone so horny that they practically begged us for release. Oh, Issei. I understand your concerns, but the die is cast. This was the best possible option that was available to us. After all, it's not only our protection that matters anymore - if the Underworld figures out we're here, it's not just our necks on the line. Your parents could be at risk. Sona and the student council - the entire student body!"

Truly, Rias was becoming every bit the insidious manipulator that her haters think she was. So many think that she set up Issei to die on purpose so that she could recruit him, which is kinda stupid because really all she had to do was *show up* and he'd throw himself into a woodchipper

feet first for a chance to touch those boobs. Not even this Rias would engage in that kind of tactic, there simply wasn't any point to it!

"I'm still not sure -" Issei said, turning around... and finding himself staring at the bare chest of Rias, out in the open, hanging there in front of him. He'd seen them before, of course. He'd seen and touched them and licked them. Even so, he licked them again. Almost on reflex.

"I know, I understand," she said. "I've been so worried about Riser coming for a visit soon that I have been completely neglecting your needs. You've had to let off some steam with the other girls, and while they're *amazing* in bed, you and I both know -"

All of a sudden, Issei found himself laying on his back upon a sea of flesh. The other girls in the room had laid down to create a kind of mattress for the pair of them. His clothes vanished. Rias towered over him, letting loose her wings, flicking back her hair, her own clothes disappearing as she let out her *true* form.

Yes, the true form of a succubus. While Rias Gremory in her natural state has the form of a beautiful young girl, with crimson hair that grants her a distinctive appearance, it's nothing compared to the sheer seductive beauty of a succubus letting it all out. We're not just talking about a pair of large breasts, a slim waist and a *tremendous* ass here, no. It's easy to see how that mistake could be made, but it's more than that.

It's the kind of beauty that leaves you momentarily confused at what you're seeing. You recognise that it has an overwhelming aesthetic appeal, but as you stare at it you become aware that something on the edges has shifted and changed, but when you look at it all you see is... more beauty. Of a different sort than you were expecting - but something else has shifted at the edge so you shift your focus just slightly and the process repeats, over and over again.

The unwary forget how to breathe. The weak willed would fall to their knees in supplication. The strong recognise what they are up against and instinctively attack - or flee, depending on their confidence.

"Now let's hear no more silly talk about whether we're doing the right thing~" Rias insisted as she lowered herself onto him. Issei's dick was already harder than steel, and it entered her with ease. Invited in, embraced and squeezed, and -

And despite himself, all of a sudden Issei couldn't quite remember what he was worried about.

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Okay. Okay. Rias took several deep breaths. This was a problem this was a problem this was a really good problem to have, but the thing is the thing is the thing is?

She loved Issei Hyoudou. She loved loved loved loved loved loved loved him. Lots and lots and lots and lots.

This was actually something of a core weakness of the succubus. While they could effortlessly brainwash others with sheer sex appeal, they were not entirely difficult to seduce themselves. Rias was already the sort to be drawn to a boy like Issei, despite his perverted nature. If her succubus genes had not woken up, she would simply love him *1. The normal amount that a girl can love a boy.

But with her succubus genes awakened? It was an enormous multiplier. To put it simply, had we repeated the word 'loved' and 'lots' sufficient times to express it in full, it would have taken up the rest of the chapter, and while that would be a little funny, it's also not terribly interesting for you to read.

It hadn't hit the others. Not to the same degree. Yet. But it would, in time. They would develop strong, really, really strong emotional attachments to other people. Be it Issei, be it some Devil or a human or a Fallen Angel or whoever, whatever, it didn't matter, once that emotional connection hits at a point beyond the physical - that's it. Game over. That succubus, that incubus, they will choose their partner and they will not breed with anyone else.

This generally didn't create problems when a succubus and an incubus had that kind of intense interaction. If anything, Devils preferred it that way. Kept them out of trouble - but of course, that preference would also limit their power, and that was something Devils do not abide easily if they can help it. Which led to them trying to flirt their way into power and control over the other houses, which lead to the rest of the houses collectively going "no, fuck you, and not the way you mean."

But enough about that. Let's return to the kinda freaky sex scene already in progress.

What was freaky about it? Oh, that's right. Let's remind you, shall we? The other girls in - let's call it Issei's harem at this point because frankly, that's what it was. Issei's harem, Akeno, Asia, Aika, Raynare, Koneko and Tsubasa had all formed, shall we say, a blanket of flesh. Yes, you read that correctly. They hadn't merged together, or anything. They weren't *that* strong. Yet. No, instead they hooked arms, wrapped legs around legs and generally cuddled into one another while allowing Issei to lay on top of them, and in turn, Rias to get on top of him. If they were normal people, this would have hurt from the weight, and would be a really, *really* bad idea. No, really, don't do this. Not that I can imagine you'd be able to persuade this many people *to* try this but -

The point is that they were able to take it because of sex magic and suchlike. They weren't going to say anything. Nor do anything. They were simply there to maximise the eroticism.

Not that it needed much help in that department. For both of them were letting their inner incubus and inner succubus out. For Rias, it was as if the very air itself had caught fire. Her hair

rose up of its own accord and whipped around her, while her face was caught in a mask of pure bliss. Her every moment was calculated sensualism, an expression of art unlike any before. Her hands were at one behind the back of her head, and also roaming her curves at the same time. She was beauty in female form, and she was also absolutely and totally content in this moment.

As for Issei, he had become a wall of muscle. His muscles were bulging out like no other, as if his body was no longer capable of holding onto his potential. But there was something odd here. He did not simply have a bodybuilder's physique. That would be too easy, too simple, there are many men around the world with better bodies than this, and yet?

And yet, if you grabbed a random straight woman (or, I suppose, a gay man) and showed him Issei Hyoudou at this moment, they would shudder with excitement at the mere sight of him.

What was it that elevated him above any mortal man as he unknowingly let out his true nature while copulating with Rias Gremory? Perhaps one can see the answer if we look at his skin. There was an odd red texture to it. Something scaly and powerful threatening to poke through the surface. Yet, unlike a scale, it remained soft and inviting. It was, in that sense, both hard and soft and inviting and dominant all at once.

Truth was, the two of them were already enraptured with one another. Rias's instincts were telling her that this was a *strong* mate. Not to mention the emotional connection the two of them shared. Strong mate. Breed her. Breed her nice and deep. It was almost enough. Almost enough to make her forget. Forget what had been done to them. Make her forget about revenge, but -

She loved him loved him loved him~ They'd kill him, kill him, kill him if they saw this potential. Ahhhh~ It can't be taken as a justification for her actions, but Rias quite literally cannot help herself anymore. Her genes were demanding that they *breed* and that he *breed the rest of the peerage too*. Except Kiba and Gaspar obviously, they had *different* goals in mind there, and -

Rias's tongue fell out of her mouth. It was longer than it should have been. Her eyes rolled so far back into her head that if you looked really closely, you might see the top of her iris at the very bottom. Given how eyes actually work and are attached that doesn't make *any* biological sense at all, but - come on, nothing you've seen here from them today makes sense from a biological perspective.

Since Rias was out to lunch, this is where Akeno stepped in, whispering in Issei's ear.

"We won't hear any more complaints, will we?" Akeno whispered. "If they find out about us, they will kill us."

Again, that is not as good a justification as it might seem. After all, if you think about it, is that not putting the cart before the horse? Or perhaps we should use the chicken and the egg analogy here?

Which came first? The fact that the Devil houses eradicated the succubus, or their ability to effectively brainwash people?

The metaphor works better than you think. There's a clear and definitive answer now: Scientists worked out that the egg came first. Eggs came along a long time before chickens, evolutionarily speaking.

But Issei, right now, wasn't thinking with his head. Not his upper head, at any rate. Rias was appealing to his loins, his own urge to mate, and it was a strong urge. Rias, after all, was a potent woman. She's smart, she's strong, she's capable, she's compassionate - and she would do absolutely anything, anything at all, to ensure that any of her descendants were *even more* of each of those qualities than herself.

All of these were things that Issei could feel - but he could also tell that now was not the right time to breed her. This was purely a setup for the time that they would breed, that they would mate and reproduce and create the next generation.

And what was more, in order to do that... he had to keep Rias safe. He had to keep all of them safe.

That's what makes the succubus so fucking dangerous. They're not killers. Never killers... But like so many of the worst monsters out there, they can justify what they're doing by saying that at least they're not that - and that everything they're doing to others is For Their Own Good. A phrase which has caused more evil in history than, perhaps, any other.

Astolfo's Hypno Mastery 2

Mash adjusted her grip on her shield, eyes narrowing. The clang of steel in Chaldea's training hall was familiar, but the rhythm today was… off.

Across the floor, Mordred was locked with Lancelot. Usually, those matches ended fast — Mordred charging in like a thunderbolt, Lancelot calmly redirecting her until she lost patience.

But now? Mordred was matching him blow for blow. Her footwork was tight, no wasted lunges. When Lancelot's sword cut in from the side, she pivoted, blade sliding along his to redirect it, then countered in a crisp riposte.

Beside her, Ritsuka — today's loose jacket and ponytail emphasizing that she was off-duty but still watching — tilted her head. "Is it just me, or is Mordred fighting differently?"

Mash nodded. "Yes, Senpai. She's… calmer. Almost like Sir Bedivere when he's focused."

Ritsuka's gaze lingered on the two knights. Lancelot's strikes had become more deliberate, as if testing her, and Mordred responded in kind, eyes bright but serious. The sparring no longer looked like training — it looked like a conversation between swords.

Finally Lancelot disengaged with a flourish, his voice mild. "Impressive. You have been practicing."

Mordred grinned, shoulders heaving only slightly. "Heh. Can't let the old man make me look bad forever." Her eyes flicked toward Ritsuka, catching the Master's gaze for a heartbeat before she looked away.

Mash felt a prickle of warmth at the back of her neck. Mordred's grin wasn't just cocky today. It was the grin of someone who'd had a reason to push harder, to get better.

Ritsuka cupped her hands around her mouth. "You were amazing, Mordred!"

Mordred smirked, brushing sweat-damp hair back. "Tch. Don't sound so surprised, Master. I told you I'd get stronger." She swung Clarent up onto her shoulder with a practiced ease. "Guess sparring with the best makes you rise to the occasion."

Lancelot chuckled softly, something like pride flickering in his eyes. "You certainly have, my lady."

Mash blinked at the formality — and at the way Mordred, just for a moment, looked genuinely pleased before she stomped over to Ritsuka and muttered, "Don't go making a big deal out of it. All I did was alter my training regimen! Hah!"

Is that so...? Interesting. Mash considered this matter carefully. Perhaps she should enquire more into Mordred's new training regimen, to help the other Servants improve as well...?

Mash’s brows knit slightly as she watched Mordred stalk off toward the showers, Clarent balanced on her shoulder. Altered her training regimen? Mash hadn’t seen her in the gym at odd hours, nor had she logged any new simulations.

She shifted her weight, the edge of her shield resting against the floor. If Mordred had genuinely changed her routine and was getting such dramatic results, it might be something the other front-line Servants could learn from. But… Mordred wasn’t always forthcoming, and the wrong question could make her clam up.

Mash glanced at Ritsuka. Her Master was still smiling after the match, clearly proud.

“Senpai,” Mash said softly, “perhaps later we should ask Mordred about what she’s been practicing. It could help everyone improve their teamwork.”

Ritsuka blinked at her, then grinned. “You want me to ask?”

Mash’s cheeks warmed. “She might be more open with you, Senpai. Or—maybe we could invite her to demonstrate during group drills?”

Across the room, Lancelot wiped down his blade, shooting Mash and Ritsuka a brief, knowing look before turning away. Mash filed that away too. Something about today’s spar felt like more than just practice.

She straightened, making a mental note. If Mordred really had found a way to temper her raw power into technique, Mash wanted to understand it—not just for the sake of data, but because seeing her fight like that had stirred something like hope in her own chest, as she began to ponder with full sincerity what, exactly, that new training she'd mentioned might look like.

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Wouldn't everyone be amazed if they could see Mordred right at this moment? They would. They definitely, 100%, absolutely would. After all, who could imagine that, immediately following the shower, Mordred had slipped away to Astolfo's room, frenched him for about a minute, then stripped naked and put on a slutty cutesy schoolgirl uniform and started to dance while Astolfo himself sat on his bed watching with great interest.

"I can't believe this is working!" Mordred said. "I feel so much more in control over my body, and Fuck, I never woulda thought shaking my ass would be so much fun!"

"I'm so happy for you, Mordy~" Astolfo giggled. She reached out and goosed Mordred, and let her hand linger there, following the brainwashed girl around and around as she danced and

pranced and was ever so cute about it. "Bu~ut, you do know what makes us stronger, right? It's making other people stronger so we can use them to drag us upwards and upwards!"

Since Astolfo had stated that this would make Mordred stronger, she could hardly defy it. The idea settled in her brain like the best idea she'd ever heard. Obviously, they were going to need her to get a new sparring partner and make them stronger, which meant helping them train with Astolfo just like she was.

"But do you know what would be even better than one sparring partner?" Astolfo asked. "All the cutest sparring partners we can have! Ya~ay! Of course, none of them will be as cute as yours truly - but I'm sure you will all do your very best!"

Once again, Mordred could only nod in agreement with that idea. It made complete sense to her.

"The two with the most access would be~?" Astolfo asked, letting Mordred fill in the blank herself.

"Mash and Ritsuka," Mordred gasped. "Yeah... Yeah! Alright, sounds legit! How do we set about getting *them* to train with us?"

Astolfo let out a wry smile that, on anyone else, might have seemed almost... *sinister*. But on him? It was simply adorable! My, my, what a dangerous man he was, wouldn't you say?

=====

Mash and Ritsuka had been circling the outer corridors of Chaldea for almost fifteen minutes, the steady hum of the facility filling the silence between them.

“She’s usually in the cafeteria by now…” Ritsuka murmured, scanning the hallway ahead. “Think she went to the simulators?”

Mash shook her head. “No logs of her there. I checked before we left the training hall.” She bit her lip. “I was hoping we could ask her about her regimen before she… um… disappears again.”

Just as they rounded the corner leading back toward the training wing, a familiar voice called out.

“What, looking for me?”

Mordred leaned against the bulkhead, arms folded, Clarent slung casually at her back. Her armor had been replaced with an undershirt and training pants, but the cocky tilt of her grin was pure Mordred.

Ritsuka blinked. “How did you—”

“Easy. You two weren’t exactly subtle.” Mordred pushed off the wall and sauntered closer. “Guess you’re curious about how I just wiped the floor with the old man, huh?”

Mash straightened automatically. “Wiped the floor” was a bit of an exaggeration, but she couldn’t deny the improvement. “Your performance today was… markedly different,” she admitted.

Mordred smirked wider. “Damn right it was. Been putting in extra work. Real drills, not the kiddie stuff we do in group sessions.” She tapped a finger to her temple. “Got some tricks outta Lancelot, too. Guy actually knows his way around a blade.”

Ritsuka crossed her arms, trying to hide a smile. “You’re proud of yourself.”

“Shouldn’t I be?” Mordred stepped in close enough that her shadow overlapped theirs. “I told you, Master, I’d get stronger. I don’t make promises I can’t keep.”

Mash’s curiosity got the better of her. “Would you… be willing to demonstrate those drills? If it’s effective, it could help improve our team coordination.”

Mordred tilted her head, feigning deep thought. “Maybe. But I’m not just gonna hand over my secret sauce for free.” Her eyes flicked from Mash to Ritsuka, glinting with mischief. “Tell you what. You both come train with me tomorrow morning. I’ll show you what I’ve been doing. Then you’ll see why I’m getting better.”

Ritsuka laughed. “A personal invitation, huh?”

“Don’t make it sound like a date,” Mordred shot back, cheeks coloring just faintly. “It’s just training. Training with the best.”

Mash glanced at her Master. Ritsuka gave a tiny nod. “We’ll be there,” Mash said.

“Good.” Mordred grinned, satisfied. “Prepare yourselves, then. Tomorrow, you’ll find out how a real knight sharpens her edge.”

She slung Clarent over her shoulder and sauntered off down the hall, whistling under her breath, leaving Mash and Ritsuka standing in the corridor.

“She’s… different lately,” Mash murmured.

Ritsuka’s smile softened. “Yeah. But maybe that’s not a bad thing.”

=====

The next morning came, and the two of them arrived at Mordred's room, eager to see what the Knight of Betrayal had come up with. Mash was particularly intrigued, and eager to find out, while Ritsuka was quietly bubbling over with nervous energy. They knocked on her door, and no sooner had they done so than they found Mordred standing there with a towel slung over her shoulders and a pair of snug fitting training trousers hanging off her hips. She'd clearly been working up a sweat already.

"Oh yeah!" Mordred grinned. "I invited you guys for training, didn't I? Well, come on in!"

Come on in...? Not head to the training hall? Inside her own room? Mash and Ritsuka looked to one another in confusion, but Ritsuka shrugged and so they went inside.

The room was bigger than Mash expected — one of the refurbished quarters meant for high-ranked Servants — but still spartan. The only real furniture was a bed, a weapons rack, and, surprisingly, a cleared open space on the floor covered with mats. Against one wall stood a few training dummies and a rack of wooden swords.

Mordred tossed the towel aside and padded back to the centre of the room, stretching her arms behind her head. “You expected the training hall?” she snorted. “Too many gawkers. Here, I can drill without people breathing down my neck.”

Ritsuka took in the improvised training area and let out a low whistle. “You made your own dojo…”

"Yeah, that's right!" Mordred stretched out. "Now, first thing we gotta do! And I cannot believe I'm saying this, but - You gotta sit your butts down and *meditate*!"

Ritsuka blinked. “Meditate? Like… sitting cross-legged, humming and stuff?”

Mordred snorted. “Pfft, no humming. Sit, breathe, and shut up for five minutes. That’s it.” She dropped down onto the mat with a solid thump, legs crossed and back straight. “You think I got this calm footwork from pounding the heavy bag? Nah. Let's just say a certain Knight made me do this. Said I’d never read an opponent if I couldn’t even read myself. Or some bullshit like that.”

Mash slowly knelt opposite her, shield set carefully aside. “That’s… unexpectedly insightful.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Mordred waved a hand but closed her eyes. “Don’t get used to it. Just do what I’m doing.”

Ritsuka looked at Mash, still incredulous, then lowered herself down as well. “This is so weird…” she whispered.

“Shut up and breathe, Master,” Mordred muttered without opening her eyes. “In through the nose, out through the mouth. Focus on your heartbeat, your stance, where your weight sits. That’s the trick.”

For a moment, the room went quiet. The faint hum of Chaldea’s systems filled the space; three sets of breathing fell into the same rhythm.

Mash felt the tension in her shoulders slowly unknot. She could almost feel her own centre of gravity settle, like she did in combat — only calmer. Across from her, Ritsuka peeked one eye open, then quickly shut it again when she saw Mordred’s utterly serious expression.

After a few minutes, Mordred cracked one eye open and grinned. “Not bad. You’re both already steadier. That’s step one. You can’t fight like a knight if your head’s all noise.”

Ritsuka exhaled and laughed nervously. “I can’t believe you’re teaching us this…”

"Yeah? Well, that sounds like undue stress to me!" Mordred cackled. "Alright! Close your damn eyes! I'ma give you a *shoulder* rub to keep you nice and calm! And I don't want neither of you seeing me do it, got it?"

The situation was so surreal that Mash and Ritsuka both immediately did as was asked. And they both jumped a little when they felt a pair of hands settle upon their shoulders, kneading and rubbing and kneading and rubbing...

And neither of them was remotely aware that both of them were having the same experience.

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There was a part of Astolfo that found this whole thing super duper appropriate. The Knight of Betrayal had betrayed her own Master! Yay! That was soooo cute~ Anyway, here she was sitting behind Mash, rubbing her shoulders, and applying Super Special Hypnosis Technique # 14! The relaxing masseuse! For the next half hour, absolutely nothing at all would make these two panic, or leave a state of total relaxation!

By itself, it wasn't all that effective at brainwashing - but as a setup technique to the true brainwashing, it would not be easy to beat!

The hardest part was staying quiet. After all, the two girls were soooo cu~ute like this! It was super hard to say no to. Tee hee! All the same, she'd managed it. Somehow. Then she felt the two of them completely lower their guard, and then -

"Good work~" Astolfo said, pulling Mordred into a tender embrace and then kissing her on the lips while squeezing her butt. "Would you like me to reward you now?"

"Sure, might as well!" Mordred said, though Astolfo could tell that she was getting excited.

"Is someone else there...?" Mash asked. "Is that.. Astolfo?" Her voice sounded like a drifting cloud, caught in a gentle breeze. How cute!

Taking Mordred's hand, she let the Knight of Betrayal around to the front of the two girls, then nodded towards the floor. Mordred understood. Of course she did! This was the final step of their training, after all. She got down on her hands and knees, and stuck her butt up into the air while Astolfo peeled the training trousers right down her legs, leaving her butt completely exposed.

"You gonna get on with this or what?" Mordred grunted. Oho! Still that same personality - but look at how wet with anticipation she was!

"Open your eyes~" Astolfo chirped, right at the same moment he slapped his cock right down on top of Mordred's butt. Both Ritsuka and Mash stared in shock - but not panicking! "Ta-da! This is the true form of Mordy's recent training!"

"Astolfo...?" Ritsuka said, sounding almost sleepy, dreamlike even. "What are you doing?"

"What's it look like she's doing, Master?" Mordy chirped, even as she was thrusting her hips back in an attempt to sheathe this sword. All in due time. All in due time. It wouldn't be cute and charming quite yet!

Now then. The two of them should be undergoing cock shock right about now! Which meant... she could give them both three commands, and so long as they were not out of character commands, they'd be followed dutifully! Yay!

"It's important that Servants must be made stronger, at almost any cost~" Astolfo said. "Personal embarrassment is fine, so long as it makes you stronger!" That's two commands. And now? "Since Mordred got a lot stronger recently, she has really good advice to give!"

That's your trio, all while the two of them were in too relaxed a state of mind, while currently undergoing true cock shock at the same time. It was a devious little plan really and truly. After all! Mordred was already under Astolfo's control already, and now that they'd listen to her?

Astolfo put it in, and made Mordred cum right away. This wasn't due to anything he'd learned from the book, bear in mind - Astolfo had historically taken several lovers already. Men and women. He knew better than *most* about how to satisfy a woman!

"Ah! Ohhhhh, fuck!" Mordred grunted, thrusting her hips back to very eagerly sheath that sword. "Fuck, this is my favourite part of the training!"

"Oh? But you do enjoy all of it, don't you?" Astolfo asked, cheerfully and lightly, as if he wasn't giving it nice and deep to a girl who would absolutely flay him alive if she worked out what he'd done to her mind and body. "Like the part where you dress up like a cutesy schoolgirl and dance for my entertainment?"

"Mmmm, that's fun too!" Mordred admitted. "It's loads of fun making out with you as well!"

"... Oh, that's the training they've been doing?" Ritsuka asked.

"I would never have thought of it like that," Mash added.

Perfect. Their brains were going *perfectly* in the direction that Astolfo wanted! That was superb, it was perfect, it was sublime - Now all she had to do was push things a little more~

"By the way, we shouldn't tell anyone about this training unless we've already brought them in, right"? Astolfo asked, slamming in hard and making Mordred squeal happily. "Isn't that right Mordy~?"

"St-Stop calling me Mordy and focus on dicking me!" Mordred smiled. "But you're right, we shouldn't tell nobody. It's way too embarrassing! But we gotta help you recruit others to help us all grow stronger and - Ohhhh fuck!"

As a reward, she was allowed to cum harder than before. Mmm~ Look at her now! The mighty and proud Mordred, reduced to this state! Astolfo made sure to nut inside her, then pulled out and turned to the other two, who were sitting there, calm and relaxed still.

"Alright then!" Astolfo chirped happily. "Shall we start your training~?"

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Anyone that saw the sight within this room would have thought they were losing their minds. For Mash, it was a little bit embarrassing - but embarrassment was a small price to pay for ensuring the growth of Chaldea's Servants.

She, Ritsuka and Mordred were all wearing rather revealing schoolgirl outfits right now. Midriffs exposed, the skirt was tiny, pink and fluttery. The ruffles made it so that no matter how they moved, it seemed they were compelled to expose some level of thigh.

Ah, but the way they were moving was... how to put it? Rather lewd?

"Come on, Master!" Mordred insisted. "You gotta shake that ass like you're obsessed with sex! Become a hot piece of ass that loves it when Astofo stares at you! Come on, get to it!"

"Eh? Eh?" Ritsuka gasped. "B-But I don't have the same level of - Eek!"

Mash, meanwhile, simply inhaled and got to Work. She was used to doing what she was told - and since she could help those closest to her by shaking her ass like she was obsessed with sex...? Well then, that's exactly what she'd do! It was embarrassing, but she could crush that feeling to focus on what really mattered the most!

For the sake of Chaldea she would shake her hot, sexy butt. Flaunt that ass for Astolfo, that's how you make a Servant stronger! That's the only thing that mattered to her right now. Making Servants stronger! Even if it was embarrassing, that was no excuse to not *shake her ass like she was obsessed with sex!*

"Hey, hey, hey!" Mordred scoffed. "You call that working it? Come on, Mash! You can do better than that! Work those hips *properly*, like you're trying to get that wonderful dick stuffing you full!"

"I'm trying..." Mash whimpered. But she couldn't quite get the mindset right. It was clear to her that Ritsuka was struggling as well, even with Mordred's advice. Gosh, but she was good at shaking that ass, wasn't she?

"Hah!" Mordred scoffed, really putting her all into it. Look at her, look at the way she's moving, grinding up against Astolfo aggressively! One could tell at a glance that she was absolutely *ravenous* for that dick. "Yo, I don't think they're gonna get it until they *get it*. Got it?"

"Tee hee~" Astlolfo giggled. "You're such a good girl, Mordy~ A good, horny, obedient Knight of Betrayal! I'll make sure to reward you later on by letting you dance for me an extra ten minutes later!"

Mordred fistpumped mid-dance, clearly pleased by the promise. Meanwhile, Astolfo was beckoning for Ritsuka to come closer, while bringing out his *enormous* cock.

"Tee hee~" Astolfo giggled. "Alright then, Ritsuka! Let me show you exactly what it is that you're missing right now~!"

He grabbed her waist and guided her gently down upon his member, while Mordred got behind Mash, and grabbed her chin, using that hand to make her watch while the other rested at the small of her back and -

"Ohhhhhhhh~" Ritsuka's body went rigid seemingly right from the moment it was put in. "Wh-What is this?! This amazing feeling! It's like my entire body is on fire!"

"I've not even started yet~" Astolfo giggled, and then he started to move his hips, and - And Mash couldn't believe what she was seeing. It felt like she was watching Ritsuka's brain melting out of her ears, right in front of her. The girl was bouncing in place, and - And it was a funny thing. At first her movement was rigid, reacting to whatever Astolfo was doing, but then...?

But then, she was reacting more normally. Her movements were more natural. She was moving her entire body, including muscles that she probably didn't know she had, to properly and thoroughly fuck Astolfo *back*.

"Hehehe, just like Master!" Mordred whispered. "She's a fast learner - and Master Astolfo is a fast teacher! He'll make all the hot chicks in Chaldea super strong in no time flat."

Mash... Wanted to feel like that. Watching Rituka's face, sanity torn apart in bliss, Mash wanted to feel that way as well. Especially since it would help her get stronger. Especially since it would help all of the Servants of Chaldea get stronger, stronger, stronger, even if it was embarrassing, even if it meant that they had to become obsessed with sex. Obsessed with sex with Astolfo.

"Grnk!" Ritsuka grunted, whiel Astolfo sighed happily. She fell over, off his cock.. And she could plainly see it was still erect. Pointing up towards the ceiling.

"Your turn, ya lucky slut!" Mordred giggled, slapping Mash's ass, and making her stumble forward. Her eyes focused on it entirely, while Astolfo simply smiled serenely up at her, as if waiting for her to make her decision.

It was already made. Mash lowered herself, eager to understand what it would take to make everyone stronger, make Chaldea reach its fullest potential, and then - She was full to the brim! The air was pushed out of her lungs, as this sense of rewarding fullness overtook her and she realised that she had misread her Master's body language and facial expression.

This felt even *better* than she'd been expecting! That revelation brought a gasp from her. What? N-no, that can't be possible! And yet... And yet!

"By the way," Astolfo giggled. "I'm gonna need full admin access to really, truly make all the Servants super strong and cute~"

Guuuuuuh! Part of Mash was whispering, no, don't give it, under any situation, any circumstance! She couldn't give *that* away! But - but!

"Okay!" she said, voice like a sigh. "If it makes everyone super strong then... Then we'll arrange for you to have admin access too!"

"Yay!" Astolfo cheered, grabbing Mash's hips and really giving it to her now! "Good girl. Now, make out with Master, while Mordy over there demeans herself by embracing her feminine side~ Don't go telling anyone either, until we've made it clear what they're getting into, 'kay?"

That sounded perfectly fine to her. The next thing Mash knew, her tongue was inside Ritsuka's mouth, and vice versa, while she was riding the best cock in the universe... Or, at least, that's how it felt to her in the moment.

Ami the Secret Bimbo

Whatever else Ami might be, she's a pragmatist at heart. While it's true, she's rather shy and withdrawn when it comes to social situations, she's perfectly capable of stepping forward to do the smart thing. And right now, within this arcade, the smartest thing to do... was become an idiot.

She'd have to put her trust in her bimbo self. Just for a little bit. That's all it would be, a temporary alliance to deal with a youma, because it was a threat to both of them. She could only hope that the other her, wouldn't seize the chance to spread the bimbo curse further.

It wasn't too difficult for her to get into a more private space in this crowded arcade, despite how contradictory that sounded. You have to remember, everyone was being distracted by her and Mina -

Shaking your cute little tushes~

"Shut up," Ami whispered. Which went to show how annoyed she was right now. "Oooh, you're just - "

She ducked behind a machine, and then the transformation took hold. Not *the* transformation she was wanting to engage in, but rather *the* transformation that she really did not want. She'd never get used to the feeling. Her body warping, become a sexualised parody of itself, with enormous breasts, and the glutes becoming ridiculous -

"Like, hey, there's nothing ridick 'bout these glutes~" her bimbo self said, patting herself on the butt. "Now, where's that wand again - Oh yeah! Mercury Power, Bimbo Up!"

That's not the - Before Ami could finish the thought, a surge of power went right through her body. Oh! Ohhh~ What - what was this?! It felt like her entire body was surging with power and - And unashamed lust! Her body was becoming a canvas, upon which a true master was painting - but that master was engaged in only obscene eroticism!

"As opposed to the classical painters, who indulged in the regular sort a *lot*," Sailor Bimbo Mercury tittered. She flicked her hands through her hair and rolled her hips. "Mmmm~ Momma like! Now then! Let's, like, find the bad guy and give him such a spanking, 'kay?"

This was a bad idea wasn't it? She was starting to get that feeling. That this was a really, really bad idea - but at this point there really was no coming back from it. At the very least, she could guide her other self into finding out where the bad guy is - Hey, wait a second here, was that the Mercury Computer?

"Urgh, you have, like, such a bad view of me," Bimbo Mercury rolled her eyes and sat her butt down, crossing her legs and not seeming to particularly care about how short her skirt was.

Then she set the computer on her lap, and started to type away. "I'm, like, totally computer literate, bitches! I know my way around a hard drive, and... I also know that this arcade - "

Doesn't make sense with this architecture unless there's a hidden room behind the machine over there. Of course, Ami herself had already realised it before her other self had started to point it out, but hearing the other version of her was just that far behind her...

It felt like she was a rabbit who looked back to see the tortoise nipping at their heels. She'd do well to remember, though she acted like a total idiot... She very much was not.

"Let's see~" Bimbo Mercury tittered. "Oh, if I go out there, some girls might see me~"

Right, right. They were collaborating for now, so Ami knew exactly what had to be done. Still, the less attention they brought to themselves, the better...

"Huh? Was that a Sailor Scout?"

Boom! She was back in control over herself again, and - And her boobs were still bigger than normal! Her butt too! Not as big as they'd been when her other self was in control, but -

But her other self had activated the transformation this time, hadn't they? Oh no. Hopefully it wasn't permanent!

Hopefully it is! You could do with a little more up top~

Urgh, who needs the back pain? Or the attention! No matter. Ami crept to the console and examined the back of it... Sure enough, there was a passage back here. No sign of the others. They might be looking for her in another part of the arcade - or maybe they were chasing a different lead? It didn't seem likely they'd be down here.

"Shush!" Sailor Mercury said to the girls looking on at her. "Listen, if you see the others, point them in this direction. I'm going on ahead to scout out the area. Stay away from any monsters. Understood?"

"Yes, Sailor Mercury!" the girls said, and then she went inside the tunnel, and the moment she was out of sight she knew it instantly because she wasn't in control anymore. The other her had a different gait.

"By which you mean, I know how to make this look *good*," Bimbo Mercury whispered. At least she was showing some level of opsec. "Says the girl who just got some civvies to send the others this way. Like, getting them involved? Nuh uh, not smart!"

Well, pardon her for not firing on all cylinders, for some reason Ami's had a lot on her mind today.

"You should get laid, it'll really take the edge off."

The urge to slap herself was rising. And that, again, said quite a lot because getting Ami Mizuno angry was not an easy thing to do. Either way! Let's find out what's at the end of this pointlessly long dark electropunk hallway -

"Welcome to my lair!"

There he was. The youma that had been at work here, inside this arcade. Trying to brainwash the masses by way of a dance machine, which was... not the most absurd plan she'd encountered since becoming Sailor Mercury. He was standing there at the head of the room, wearing a dark suit covered with electrical wires which sparkled and glowed. This might be tricky. He probably used electricity and her whole deal is water so -

"Ooooh, you're hawt~"

Great! Her bimbo self was still in control! That's exactly what she - Ooooh, it was a bad sign if Ami Mizuno was indulging in sarcasm! She really was not looking forward to whatever happens now!

=====

It took a moment there for the team to rally. Shaking off mind control tends to take it out of you. It was annoying that they knew that, but at this point they'd encountered *so much of it* that they'd kinda picked up some lessons along the way.

Anyway, Usagi was the first to clear her head. Some might joke that this is because her natural state of being was, shall we say, a little cloudy. Which would be quite mean, so you take that joke back!

"Where's Ami?" Usagi asked. The others looked around, including Mina, who was second to recover. "Did you see where she went, Mina"

"No, sorry!" Minako said. "I should have been watching her more closely - she seemed kinda out of it today, don't you think?"

"Yeah, Usagi was just saying," Makoto groused. "Oof, that was a bad one. Don't know what happened there, but -"

"I'm pretty sure Ami threw it off," Rei muttered. "She must have worked out what was going on, and - "

"Ran off by herself without telling us?" Usagi interrupted. "Does that really sound like Ami?"

No. No it did not. Ami would have filled them in on what was going on. Probably initially using words slightly too big for them to understand, then she'd adjust and talk more to their level. Or at least Rei's level. Then Rei would explain it to the rest of them, most likely while they were already enacting whatever plan Ami had come up with.

Still, one must take a moment to appreciate the different kinds of intelligence that exist out there. While Usagi wasn't no good at no book smarts, she was plenty great at people smarts. Reading Ami like this, it was almost as if she was an open book.

That would usually be a good thing. Actually, in this circumstance it was a really, really bad thing. Unimaginably bad, actually.

Anyway, all the civilians were starting to shake off the hypnosis as well. There were still some dead eyed people thereabouts who hadn't realised they'd been drooling quite yet. This seemed like the best chance they'd get to sneak off, find somewhere to hide and transform while nobody was paying attention.

Rei grabbed her arm and led her outside, and from there the four of them found a nearby alley. It stuck in Usagi's craw something fierce, making her feel like they were abandoning Ami - but they had to transform somewhere they wouldn't be noticed. The last thing they needed was drawing attention to themselves!

"Moon Prism! Power up!" Usagi called out, and the others called out their own transformation phrases, quickly going through their sequences in a stunning group shot. You know how it goes by now. The background turns all glittery. Their clothes sparkle as their uniforms transfer onto their bodies, and then the next thing you know they're posing like they're at a magazine shoot.

"Alright, girls! Let's find her - and that youma!" Sailor Moon fistpumped the air. She mimed rolling up her sleeves, and went through that sort of exaggerated walk you sometimes see cartoon characters do, where they swing their arms in front of themselves, all hunched over and indignant. You know, the way you never see anyone actually walk in real life.

"Woah, woah!" Venus said. "If she's changed into Sailor Mercury... Maybe we can *call her* on our communicators before we rush in all half cocked?"

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Okay, so, here's the thing. Bimbo Mercury was totally on board with this whole 'let's beat up the youma' plan. After all, good behaviour would make it more likely that the other her would, you know, stop being such a hostile silly billy and maybe relax a little bit. That girl needed laid soooo bad! Definitely needs to cut loose a bit, you know? Have some fun with a boy, maybe?

"So this is one of the vaunted Sailor Scouts?" the youma asked. Oh my god, he was so hot though. He was way too hot to be real! "To be honest, I expected a more respectable foe, but you seem like a - what is the word?"

"Bimbo," she said. "Um, like, that's super demeaning to women and it is absolutely what you mean, but, like, I don't mind. I don't mind *at all* if you call me that~ Actually, you can call me *whatever you like,* teehee~"

She was ignoring the verbose rantings and ravings going on in her head right now, but she, like, probably should be paying it more mind right? Oh! Right! Of course! She wasn't here to get laid, she was here to kick some butt!

"Very well then!" the youma said. "Let us see how you fare within my lair... A lair! Of dance!"

Without warning, the room lit up with bright rainbow neon. A pulsing dance beat filled the air, probably layered with subliminals and other hypnotic nonsense. Of greater interest to her was the floor. Oh dear. At first she'd thought they were merely tiles, but on closer inspection?

Those were clearly, blatantly giant buttons. To put it another way? This room was one gigantic dance mat, like for a dancing video game.

Can you drop something on the floor to test what happens if you get it wrong? The other her asked. Already on it. She grabbed some kinda remote from a nearby table and tossed it onto the tiles - just as she thought. A great big *zap* followed!

"Do you think you can keep up with me, and fight at the same time?" the enemy youma asked. Suddenly, arrows began to drop from the ceiling. Neon, see through arrows, descending from the ceiling to the floor. "I'd like to see that."

"I bet you would, you perv," Bimbo Mercury sniffed. "A shame for you! A bimbo can be clumsy, or they can be, like, the best dancer around! And it just so happens that -"

She stepped on a tile to the right with perfect timing. As she thought. The idea here was that she had to move in the direction the arrow was pointing. Move forward for up, back for down, etc.

"My other self is the clumsy one~" Bimbo Mercury winked, rolling her shoulders as she picked up the beat, quickly hopping between several buttons one at a time. "It's your bad luck, handsome! I've got the moves that will throw off. Your. Game!"

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Neurobeat was confident in his victory against this ditzy airhead. So confident, that he hadn't even bothered to rig the game - but he would if he started to lose. Wouldn't be hard. A simple

flick of a switch hidden on his sleeves, and hey presto, he's already won! Until such a time he would lull her into a false sense of security, while his subliminals laid into the music, the backlighting - into absolutely everything, would wear down her will and make her surrender her energy and her very will itself to him to do with as he pleased!

That was the plan. It was a very good plan. He was pretty proud of the plan, all truth told. With him constantly moving, she wouldn't be able to tag him with an attack. They'd be too far away for her to do anything in melee, and he was fast enough that he would be able to dodge pretty much anything.

And if she *did* try to hit him with an area attack of some sort? Tsk, tsk! They were in the basement of a busy arcade! Any fool would see that it would - Hang on a second, actually, thinking about this girl now...

"By the way, if you're not careful with your attacks you could very well bring the entire building down on top of us, and the civilians in the arcade," he warned while hopping right, back, right, left, left, back, forward. Moving and grooving like the professional grade dance that he really was!

"Oh, yeah, obviously!" the girl giggled, keeping up so far. Even going so far as to clap her hands every second move. "Um, like, I thought that went without saying? It's totes obvious!"

Her footwork was quite good, actually. Though the rest of her dancing was... surprisingly dorky? In between steps she was rolling her arms around each other in front of her chest, and rolling her shoulders back and forth and back and forth and -

Jiggle, jiggle~

Suddenly, he found himself being shocked. He'd actually missed a step there. Something had thrown him off rhythm, but he quickly got back onto it. That girl. She was shifting her dancing style now, fistpumping the air in time with the song and causing her breasts to go bounce and jiggle and sway and - zap!

"Is something wrong?" the ditz asked. "You, like, seem to be having trouble keeping in time~"

"Not a problem at -" Neurobeat began, but then she spanked herself. Zap! "Cut that out?"

"Cut what out?" the airheaded ditz licked her lips and made a provocative hip thrust right before her next step.

Tsk! He shouldn't underestimate this one! That much was clear to him now! Her strategy was now crystal clear to him. Force him into a situation where he either watched her carefully out of the corner of his eye - or looked away. Both of them carried great risks. For him. It seemed that he would have to make use of his cheating mode after all!

"No matter," he said, discretely flicking the switch on his arm. "Now, let's see how you -"

"Mercury Bubble Blast!"

What?! Without warning, she shot out a series of bubbles! A fine mist rose up to fill the room. These weren't bubbles! What the hell was going on -

And then, he was filled with a sudden mortal dread. He couldn't see the arrows. His vision was totally and completely obscured, he couldn't see them at all!

"You know, if you hadn't been such a meany? I'd have given you a nice long fuck," the girl's voice was suddenly in his ear, alongside an airy titter. Which shouldn't be possible. She should still be on the other side of the room. She shouldn't be able to get behind him!

Zap! Zap! Zap! In short order he was being shocked on each and every step. He listened out through the room for a sign of her being shocked as well, but - No? What was going on here?! He'd activated his cheat mode! She should be the one getting shocked, not him!

And yet, there it went again and again. Zap, zap, zap! But only under his feet! Why not her! Why was she not getting zapped?! What the hell was going on here, and for that matter, why couldn't he hear her footsteps anymore?!

"Um, that cheating system you set up, that's really fucking smart too~" his opponent said. "Let me guess. Tee hee~ It's meant to, like, show me the wrong arrows or something, right? I mean, it's super obvious if you think about it."

Impossible. That idiot had seen through it? No, surely not. It would have to mean that the stupidity was all an act!

"Bu~ut, here's the thing about tha~at!" she continued. "We were, like, facing each other. The left and right arrows? If they were, like, showing the same thing to both sides? That, like, wouldn't make *any* sense! Which means that one half of the room sees something different from the other - which you can totally control if it looks like you're gonna lose!"

"Where the hell are you?!" he yelled, whirling around, getting shocked again and again no matter where he stepped, and then...?

He found his head surrounded by a thick pair of legs, and then he was flipped over, slammed to the floor, and - Ohhhh these were her thighs and they were soooo soft~

"I'd decoded the pattern to the song, stupid," she stuck out her tongue at him. "Then, I jumped *forward* to the back of the room, right past you in the fog." He made a surprised sound into her thighs, but she stuck her finger in front of her lips. "We, like, jumped to the moon once. Getting

to the back of the room where your equipment was? Not even kinda a problem. No squares back there, you see?"

This girl... She was really scary! It's one of those funny things really. Within the series, how often does Sailor Mercury *really* get to show off her intelligence? I mean, properly outsmarting someone. Not some lazy writer's idea of outsmarting someone, but actually factually outwitting a person in a battle of wits?

You'd see her win chess games, but not really how. She'd do analysis, or maybe a simple trivia check. It's unfortunate really. Sailor Moon is still a shoujo series with cosmic horror mixed in. What, it's there if you're paying attention. Usagi herself has been described as Azatoth in a miniskirt. This is a setting where the power of love makes the worst horrors in the cosmos bend the knee, where reality can go take a powder if it means Usagi's gonna cry about it.

"I am so tempted to fuck you right here," Bimbo Mercury giggled. "But, alas, I'm trying to stay on the side of my goody two shoes other self so she lets me out to play more~ And besides which, I can hear familiar footsteps rapidly approaching!"

Neurobeat could hear them too, several footsteps rapidly approaching. No doubt the other Sailors coming to the aide of their friend. Part of him wished that he could see them. If they were half as hot as this one was, then he could at least die happy.

Alas, it seemed he was already passing out. It seemed as though instead of smothering him with her hot creamy thighs, she was using them to pinch his arteries, turning it into a blood choke. Gosh, she really was dangerous, wasn't she? Applying that intelligence like this...

=====

Of all the things that Sailor Moon had expected to find upon rushing into the bad guy's lair, expecting to find Sailor Mercury captured or in trouble, finding her dusting herself off while standing up, while the youma was passed out on the floor? Not on her bingo card. That might seem a little bit mean to Ami, but she wasn't exactly the fighter of the group. Normally she didn't fare that well on her own, you know?

"Oh, hello there!" Sailor Mercury said. "Um, I was able to knock him out. Sailor Moon, could you please purify him before he recovers?"

Sailor Moon stared intensely at her. Something felt different here, but - Whatever. She pulled out her wand, the others cleared some room, and then - Boom, one moon healing escalation later, and there was a kinda cute janitor lying there out cold.

"Th-Thighs~" the janitor mumbled. Ew, he was having a weird dream!

"Mind filling us in?" Sailor Mars asked. "It's not like you to run off half cocked."

Mercury jumped a bit. "S-Sorry," she said. "Um, I got separated from you guys in the crowd, and while looking for a place to transform, I stumbled onto this guy's hideout."

"You should have called us," Venus said. "I mean, there was plenty of room in that hallway, right? We do have our communicators, right?"

"S-sorry," Mercury said. "I think he had some kind of dampening field over the room that blocked the signal. Everything should be off now."

Is that so...? How convenient. This wasn't making Sailor Moon feel any better about things. Mercury was taking out the Mercury Computer, and - was it her imagination, or...?

"Say, Venus?" Moon whispered. "You've got a better eye for this than me. Is it my imagination, or...?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, now that you mention it," Venus whispered back. "I thought it was because she was in a fight but something does seem different about Sailor Mercury. Pretty sure she wasn't that stacked, and those thighs - You could use those thighs to smother someone."

It wasn't just her, then? How strange. Mars and Jupiter were wandering over after Mercury, but Moon and Venus hung back a bit to watch how the conversation progressed.

"Soooo~?" Jupiter asked playfully. "Are you looking for something in particular, or just scanning for the hell of it?"

"I wanted to get a better read of his equipment," Sailor Mercury said. "I'm pretty sure he was using subliminals and some other really potent hypnotic tech. It would be good for us to get a better read on how it works just in case. You know. Develop countermeasures and so on."

"Oh, potent hypnosis technology...?" Sailor Mars asked. "I suppose that might explain a few things."

It might explain her behaviour today, but not her behaviour before she got here. Even someone as ditzy and scatterbrained as Sailor Moon could see that much plainly!

"Yes, I got rather carried away up there," Mercury said. "Sorry about hip-checking you, Sailor Venus. Um, it was pretty embarrassing, but it was the only way I could think of to -"

"Nah, you're cool!" Venus said. "Say, by any chance, is there any possibility this stuff could, I dunno, have more effects on a person's *body*, or what they're wearing...?"

"No, I don't see how it would do that," Mercury muttered. "Um, it could drain energy away from anyone that was dancing. That's about all it could do physically to people. If I'm understanding

the magical system correctly, it's something that has been modified from something more modular so that - "

She stopped cold then let loose a weary sigh.

"Of course," she said. "It's never just the one, is it? This is clearly signs of a new group of youma. Most likely with some form of mind controlling theme. They probably operate by corrupting someone with access to a system that a lot of people are exposed to regularly, and then use that to brainwash them and drain their energy."

What was funny about that was, Sailor Mercury would usually be a little excited or afraid about solving a puzzle like that. Not so much today. Instead, it sounded almost like she was... Fed up about the whole thing. As if this was one more problem on top of something else, and it was something she really, really did not want to deal with.

Looking around at the others, it was clear they all felt the same way that Sailor Moon did. Something weird was up with their friend, and it was even weirder still that she wasn't telling them. They nodded to each other while Mercury continued her scan of the equipment, clearly engrossed in figuring out how it worked.

This was going to be another example of the power of their friendship. Together, they would figure out what was going on with Sailor Mercury, their shy cute genius. Come hell or high water, not even her shyness or social awkwardness or her genius would keep them from finding out what it was - and giving her all the help that she could get!

But this was the one and only time where such a determined thought process would only make things worse rather than better...

Danganronpa - The Ultimate Playboy

Those who knew Maki Harukawa tended to know her as the Ultimate Child Caregiver. A pretty lame title, and not one that she was proud of. Those that knew her *even better* knew her as the Ultimate Assassin... an even lamer title, and one that she was even less proud of.

It wasn't as if she wanted that title. Far from it. Actually, if it was possible for her to ditch it and run, run away as far as possible, she'd have done so years ago. But she couldn't. That group wanted her under their thumb for the rest of her life, and being scouted by Hope's Peak gave them... rare opportunities. It gave them potential contacts. Leads. Future clients - and it let her have an even better *cover* story. It would mean a respite from assassinations for a while. Not totally, not completely, but there would be *less* missions.

What neither she nor the organisation had reckoned with was how thorough Hope's Peak was in their research. Somehow, they knew about her true Ultimate already - and they were willing to encourage it. No doubt towards their own ends. Allow her own organisation to infiltrate them, so they in turn can infiltrate right back.

Maki had no problem with that. Go ahead. Let them eat each other alive. As far as she was concerned, none of that really mattered. The only thing that did was... Whoever won, they would have the funding required to keep that orphanage kicking.

Ultimate Child Caregiver. Ultimate Assassin. If you asked her, the only Ultimate title she wanted was "Ultimate Ordinary Girl". Strip away the Ultimate title, thanks. Leave her be.

Anyway, today she had a mission of sorts. Not to kill as would be her normal task, but rather to protect. That wasn't as strange for her as one might think. Actually, quite often assassins wind up being hired as bodyguards precisely because of their expertise. It's sort of like how... Hackers often get hired for computer security. It was the same principle. Today? She was protecting the Ultimate Lucky Student - Makoto Naegi.

Makoto didn’t know she was watching him. That was the point. He walked like someone who’d never had to check over his shoulder. Like someone who believed in luck, in people, in the idea that things might just work out. Maki hated that. Not him, just the softness of it. The softness she used to have. Before they took it away, and -

God he has such a nice butt. As in, it's ridiculous how well formed it was. She wouldn't have noticed normally, but she had to keep her eye on him, and -

And she should be keeping her eye on the surrounding area. She had to be discrete about this. Don't watch him all the time, watch his surroundings. Watch the people around him, and -

"Oops, dropped my pen!"

For a moment there Maki stopped thinking. As did several of the other girls in the hallway at the time. Including a few faculty members, who were not exactly as discrete as they could be in checking out that butt.

It was surprising, really. Makoto Naegi didn't look like he had the physique, but then again... Those clothes he was wearing. They were sufficiently baggy enough that he could be hiding the body of a modern day Adonis under there.

Suddenly, she was getting a sense for why the other boys in his class might not feel too kindly disposed to him. It made her bite on her thumbnail. No, not the image she's put on her video as a means to entice people to view it. The actual nail on her thumb.

She kept her distance. Lurked in the shadows, anonymously and discretely. She followed Makoto without making it seem like she was following him. Where possible she wasn't in the same hallway with him at all, but rather moving on a parallel route. It's a rooky mistake, you know. Following people directly like that. She'd heard one story of a rookie detective who tailed someone too perfectly in a car, and wound up being led directly into the parking lot of a police station.

It didn't take too long for her to catch sight of something. Some rough and tough gang member with stupid looking hair. Honestly, who even wears their hair in a pompadour anymore?

No, Maki does not have any familiarity with Jojo's Bizarre Adventure, and no, it's not terribly likely that she'd give a fuck if you tried to tell her about Josuke and his hair thing. Nor would she care that Mondo's name is a reference to 'Diamond', as in, Diamond is Unbreakable.

There's probably at least one person out there going 'ohhhh, that's what the reference is', but it's hard to imagine that many Danganronpa fans no knowing it already, so let's move on.

Maki was, at present, outside the building. She pulled a stethoscope out of her supplies, and quickly pressed the end to the window so she could listen to the other side. Of course, she was also keeping an eye on her surroundings, so...

"Well, well! If it isn't Makoto!" the gang member said. "Ahahaha! How have you been today, huh? You doing okay there, man?"

"I'm doing fine, Mondo!" Makoto said. She could practically hear the smile oozing off him. "How about you? Has Byakuya been spreading any more silly rumours about me?"

"Silly rumours, huh?" Mondo said. "Like you being all chummy with all the girls? Got 'em all tripping up all over ya? Huh? Come on, man. We're all Ultimates here - but none of the girls are giving the rest of us guys the time of day! I can understand fatso and the dumbass with the afro! Hell, maybe I can even understand Chihiru!"

"Chihiru is cute for a boy," Makoto laughed. "But I don't think he gets on as well with the girls as it might seem, you know? I'm pretty sure he's not *actually* transgender, just... You know, crossdressing to mask layers of insecurity about his general size and personality, and -"

"Shut the hell up!" Mondo interrupted. "Ah! Look. I didn't mean to get angry, but - You know, seeing you around all those girls all the time, it makes me wonder if maybe you're engaged in two timing."

"Two timing?" Makoto gasped. "What does that mean?"

"You know, going behind their backs," Mondo said. "Cheating on 'em. You know? That's the impression you're giving off. You don't wanna give off the impression that you're some kinda cheating bastard, do ya? I'm not here to threaten you or nothing - I'm just here to warn you about how you come off. Man to man! You get me?"

"I get you, Mondo!" Makoto said. "Sorry, it's just - It's sorta like the opposite of Chihiru with me. I don't get on with other boys that well, but... I get on with girls pretty great. Except Junko. Something feels kinda off about her, don't you think?"

"Huh? Junko?" Mondo grunted. "Uh... Yeah, I guess you ain't spent any time with her -"

"Nor Mukuro, nor Sakura, nor Toko," Makoto finished for him. "You see? It's just Byakuya stirring up jealousy because he's used to being top dog. He probably expected all the girls to fawn after his wealth, right? Thing is, we're all Hope's Peak students! All we have to do is graduate and we're set for life. Why would that much money and influence matter, when we can be content with wherever we wind up?"

"Don't give me that crap, Naegi!" Mondo snarled, and this was where Maki knew she would have to discretely step in. She could feel his killing intent spike. It probably didn't mean too much. This sort of guy got angry really easily - but then again, one day he'd wind up getting the wrong button pressed, at just the wrong moment and then he'd do something stupid.

One might imagine that she would do something big and dramatic. Burst through the window. Tackle Mondo to the floor and make it clear that he was to back off. However, that was not her normal style. There was a time and a place for such moves, and this was neither the right time nor the right place.

It was the sort of move that would make things worse. Much, much worse for Makoto. If another pretty girl showed up behaving protectively around him, it would stir things up even more - and would make Mondo dislike him too. Instead...

Maki opened the window a crack and pulled out a collapsible blowgun. She had various darts that she could use, tipped with some poison or other to eliminate a target, but that wasn't her

aim. Not right now. Instead, she was aiming for the enormous chandelier hanging over the two boys.

She locked eyes with Makoto, while Mondo had grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Then she fired straight upwards and pulled away. If she'd judged that boy right, then...

The chandelier dropped. Makoto's reaction time was exactly what she was hoping for. He pulled Mondo away, right as it clattered to the floor, scaring the living hell out of everyone in the hallway. Perfectly done.

"You okay?" Makoto asked, while Mondo stared at the chandelier, pale as a sheet. "Um, maybe when you pushed me up against that wall, it knocked something loose...?"

"Tsk!" Mondo scoffed, letting Makoto go. "Is that your Ultimate Luck at work, huh? Feh. Don't think that gets you into my good books. I've got my eye on you, Naegi."

Somehow, Maki doubted it would be just that guy. Thinking about it some more, he felt like the bruiser. The big obvious idiot sent out there on a scouting mission, with no idea what he was really doing. He was the one trying to get attention, while someone else - someone *smarter* was keeping an eye on things longer term.

Her eyes scanned the area. You couldn't see that conversation easily through the windows, unless you were up close like she was. There was a gleam from an upper window on the building opposite - there we go. Just as she thought. Far enough away that by the time she got there, they'd be long gone. Right? She'd have to go all the way up the stairs to get up there, and they'd simply be able to slip into the crowd. Right?

Wrong. Maki rushed towards the building and jumped up quickly, using the outside windowsills to kick off. A few of them had been sabotaged, with watery patches, or the infrastructure had been cracked so it couldn't support the weight of a person, but they were underestimating the Ultimate Assassin. What was that? A tripwire? Clever, but not clever enough. She had a concealed knife that she used to cut clean through that cable, and before she knew it she was up top, at the window where the binoculars were -

And found that they were attached to a straw doll, dressed up to look like a Hope's Peak student.

"I see, a multilayered trap then," she mused. Maki stayed back, not touching it, nor entering the room. Instead, she backflipped out, and carefully, quickly, made her way back down. This was an attempt to separate her from her target. A very, very well thought through attempt at that.

However, they had still underestimated Maki's abilities as the Ultimate Assassin. She hadn't earned this title by chance. It wasn't her strength, nor her skill, not her ability to use anything she

got her hands on as a weapon. Any of those things would have been enough by themselves to make her a *great* assassin, but certainly not the best of her generation.

Instead, it was her ability - learned through longer than she'd like to admit - of the best ways to end a life, and the preparation he was able to put in to make it happen.

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Whew, good thing Maki was there, he honestly wasn't sure how to handle a guy like Mondo. Makoto knew he was lucky, he knew he could talk a girl into bed at the drop of a hat, but some rough and tough guy like Mondo? With those enormous biceps, and that huge size advantage? It's really hard to state how much bigger that guy was than Makoto, it was genuinely ridiculous.

Bringing her on as his bodyguard might be one of the smartest moves that he and the girls had made yet. She'd put an end to that little confrontation faster than he'd thought possible, and did it without laying a finger on the guy.

"Makoto Naegi!"

Ah, and now here's Kiyotaka Ishimaru standing in the middle of the hallway, staring at him indignantly. Makoto gave him a big wave and a friendly smile, which accidentally caused a girl further down the hallway to trip and stumble. Oops. Gotta watch that.

"Hey that, Taka!" Makoto said. "Is something wrong?"

"Is something wrong, he says?" Taka stared right past him, at the chandelier on the floor. "You will need to come with me to explain why that chandelier is on the floor! Do you know how much it costs?"

"Uh... ¥300,000?" Makoto offered. Taka stared at him, gritting his teeth and clenching his fist.

"How did you...? No, don't tell me. It was a lucky guess?"

Makoto scratched the back of his neck. “I mean… it looked expensive, but not Byakuya expensive.”
Taka’s eyes narrowed. “So you do understand the gravity of the situation! That chandelier is a symbol of institutional excellence! It represents the shining ideals of Hope’s Peak Academy!”

Makoto glanced at the shattered glass. “Now it represents… gravity.”

Taka gasped. “Naegi! This is no time for puns! You'll need to explain this in the teacher's lounge, right this moment!”

"And what about Mondo?" a familiar voice said. Aha...? What was this now? Another pair of students were approaching them. Makoto didn't recognise them. One of them was wearing a baseball cap, worn low to clever his eyes. The other was a bright eyed girl with blonde hair and... were those musical notes all over her uniform? The girl had spoken up, quite forward. "That was a pretty clear case of bullying. If the chandelier hadn't fallen, Shuichi and I would have had to step in and -" She flexed a muscle. "Hrmph! Why aren't you worried about that?"

"Grk!" Kiyotaka grunted. "W-Well, he'll be spoken to separately, of course, but -"

"Shouldn't you be speaking to him first?" Shuichi, apparently, quickly added. "If he's that hotheaded that he'll confront another student in the hallway, that speaks to his state of mind. If Makoto here used his talent to knock down the chandelier - then that could only be called *self defense*. Shouldn't the school be more interested in a student bullying case, rather than accidental destruction of property?"

"Especially if that destruction was probably caused by the other student to start with!" the blonde said.

Interesting. Very interesting. As Makoto stared at the two of them, he was noticing some very, very interesting tells here. Firstly - Kaede Akamatsu. Somehow, just looking at her he could tell that was her name. The Ultimate Pianist.

And she liked Shuichi. She liked him a <u>lot</u>. Thing is, Kaede was also very, very cute, and her personality was... intense, but generally considerate of others. She'd do pretty much anything to protect her friends, and -

Oh, sneaky. Very sneaky. Maki had recruited her friends to help keep him safe.

"Unless, of course, there was some other reason that you wanted Makoto brought to the teacher's lounge," Shuichi said. "In which case - we'll have to insist that we go."

"And while we're at it, we'll have to bring some of our other friends along as well!" Kaede said. "Who, you might ask? Oh, just the Ultimate Robot, the Ultimate Astronaut, and..." She sighed wearily, seeming to be unable to believe what she was saying. "The Ultimate Supreme Leader..."

"Gah!" Taka gasped. "Th-Those three?! No, I don't think it would be a very good idea to bring those three to the teacher's lounge together at the same time...! Kokichi Ouma in particular! Ack! And to think, he'd be cooperating with Kaito Momoda on something - on anything at all! According to the reports I'd read, those two despise each other!"

"Turns out they hate bullying and authority figures misusing their powers even more," Kaede chirped. "So? How about you talk to Mondo about why the chandelier broke, not Makoto. Then maybe you'll get somewhere, okay?"

And off Taka went with his tail between his legs. Phew! Incredible! These two made *that guy* back down? Makoto chuckled a bit under his breath and turned towards his saviours with a big grin.

"Thanks a bunch," he said, nervously rubbing the back of his head. "Ah, sorry about this. Maki put you up to it, right? The boys in my class have been getting a bit jealous that I've been getting on with some of the girls a bit better than they were expecting. I hate to say it, but I think they're a little jealous... It probably doesn't help that I knew Sayaka before we even attended Hope's Peak."

"Ah, yes," Shuichi said. "Sayaka Maizono, the Ultimate Pop Idol. Did I get that right?"

"You sly dog you~" Kaede nudged him with her elbow. "That's a really cute girlfriend! I have all her albums~ From one musical Ultimate to another, I always wanted to perform with her, and - Sorry, I'm babbling!"

Ah, and here comes Maki now. Getting a good look at her, she's really cute as well. That face was naturally intense, but of course, he knew at a glance why that was. Her life was not an easy one. She'd never really had the chance to know of love or affection, not really. It was all an artifice. People trying to use her for their own ends, and -

Hrm? What's this? Well now, that was interesting. It seemed like... Much like Kaede, Maki had someone she liked already as well...?

This was quite novel for him. Normally, Makoto would take one look at a girl and know how to rock her world six ways from Sunday, but something about these two felt different. It took him a bit to figure it out, but - Interesting. Was his Talent developing, somehow? He still felt pretty sure he could lure them into a hot threesome if he had, say, about fifteen minutes of uninterrupted time with both of them. For a one on one, it would take about five, and that was if he was unlucky which - Hah, you do know what his other talent is, right?

But this is the whole point of Hope's Peak, isn't it? To develop the natural talents of their Ultimates. To bring them to still greater heights, to unleash their full potential so that they could bring hope to the entire world! Makoto might well be the Ultimate Playboy, but who is to say that's the limit of his ability? Maybe he could be the Ultimate Matchmaker as well...?

Which offered greater strategic potential than simply banging them and getting two allies on board. This way, he could get four, right? Set up those lucky guys with a pair of really hot ladies, and - There you go, they'd be so grateful that they'd do absolutely anything, anything at all, to help him put a stop to Junko Enoshima, and -

And Maki just grabbed his arm, hauling him down the corridor irresistably. H-Huh? Hey, what gives?!

"We're getting you out of here," Maki said. "They're putting *a lot* of prep work into this."

"Huh?" Makoto gasped. She pushed him into a seemingly ordinary closet, then she, Kaede and Shuichi followed afterwards, then she tilted a broom up against the door in this tight space, frowned, tapped part of a wall... and then the *back* of the storage closet opened wide, revealing a big gleaming chequered room. Now, you're probably thinking that the walls, ceiling and floor were all made up of alternating black squares, right? Right! But it was more than that. Each square had a random dice face showing on it - so you'd have three diagonal dots, four dots making up a square, you get the idea.

And in the middle of that room was a boy sitting on a chair with his back turned to them, while another boy was leaning against a wall in the corner of the room looking absolutely, thoroughly *bored* out of his mind.

"Well, well, well! Makoto Naegi!" said the boy in the chair. He swung it around dramatically, and -

Makoto could not read boys nearly as well as he could read girls, but this one? This one was instantly, almost instinctively, detestable. A gremlin in human form. Smaller than him, wiry, with a fox-bright glint in his eyes. There was something about the way that he moved which seemed... rehearsed, unnatural, as if his very existence was some kind of elaborate lie.

The boy’s grin widened. “Kokichi Oma, supreme leader of D.I.C.E., at your service!” He spread his arms as if expecting applause, the chair creaking beneath him. The glittering dice-patterned floor reflected his violet scarf like an oil slick.

From the corner, the second boy gave a long, theatrical sigh. “Do you *have* to do this every time someone new shows up?” he muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. “They’re gonna think you’re actually serious.”

Kokichi swiveled his chair back toward him, pouting exaggeratedly. “Aw, Kaito, don’t be such a killjoy! You’ll ruin my big entrance.”

"I really regret letting you talk us into letting you help us out," Maki muttered darkly under her breath.

"Right?!" Kokichi asked, pumping his fists while his eyes were shining like stars. "I mean, it's not really like you had a choice in the matter, did you? After all, since I overheard everything you were doing, if I went to the teachers and told them that the Ultimate Assassin had taken up a job..."

She moved so quickly that Makoto only barely kept up with it... and that, he was pretty sure, was only because she was a hot girl. Maki's hand was on Kokichi's throat in just that much time.

"Maki roll..." Kaito warned. She released him. "Anyway! Nice to meet you Makoto! I'm Kaito Momota, Luminary of the Stars, and the Ultimate Astronaut!"

"... Don't you have to be a university graduate to be an astronaut?" Makoto asked.

"Trust me, you're better off not asking, he'll talk your ears off about the exam he snuck into," Kaede said. "Anyway! Since your friend hired Maki to protect you, you're also getting the rest of us as a package deal!"

Great! Three guys and two cute girls... With the two cute girls being really into two of the guys. That worked! Yeah, that worked for him, he really needed all the allies he could get here!

"Hooray! We've protected the Ultimate Play - I mean, Ultimate Lucky Student!" Kokichi cheered. "How wonderful! It feels really amazing to do something *good* for a change." he paused for effect. "And now he can get back to his cute girlfriend. Which was it again? The idol, the detective, the swimmer or the gambler...? Oh, but all four are superb choices... *Right?*"

Huh! How interesting! Not too long ago, Makoto had been at the mercy of a guy much, much bigger than him, who could have folded him in half without a second thought. However, this Kokichi guy was terrifying the shit out of him in a way he'd never been scared of before?

How much did he know...?

"Nehehe~" Kokichi chirped, sticking his hands behind his head and letting out a smile that, under other context, might have even been cute. "Never mind me, you guys! Say, how about us guys go on a little scouting mission? Huh? Me, Kaito and Shuichi, heading out into the school and trying to figure out why, oh why, those boys hate him so much... And how best to resolve it!"

Kaito responded by flicking Kokichi on the side of the head.

"Since when are you calling the shots around here?" Kaito grunted. "Listen, Makoto. You don't have to worry about anything anymore. The five of us, we'll sort out any attempt at harassment those boys try throwing at you."

"Actually, that's part of the reason I'm here," Maki said. "They put some real thought into it. Not only did they set up a trap to try to lure me away, but they even made the way up and down the side of the building difficult. They'd set up something multilayered and tricky. As much as I hate to say it, we might need someone like Kokichi to think through their likely next move - and how best to counter it."

"But Maki-roll!" Kaito said.

"It's fine Kaito, really!" Kaede said. "From the sound of it, Maki's probably been spotted by the enemy, and I've been out there too... Shuichi might be able to get away with it, though, if he takes his hat off."

"My hat...?" Shuichi asked. "I mean, I guess so."

"Someone's got to keep you two from tearing strips out of each other," Maki sighed. "It'll be fine. Besides which... My original brief was to keep Makoto out of the loop. Given how the situation has advanced, it's clear that we need more information about what's going on."

"If anything weird happens out there you come and let us know right away!" Kaede said.

"Urgh... Fine! Come on, you guys can be my assistants..." Kaito muttered.

"Yay! I'm Kaito's assistant! Oh, the things he'll push off onto me and pretend he did!" Kokichi happily sang. "See you kids later~ And... don't do anything that I wouldn't do~"

Shuichi didn't say anything. He slunk off after them as though the leash called responsibility was dragging him along.

Which, in turn, left him completely alone in an isolated room with two very, very cute girls. Makoto took a deep breath. He rolled on his heels as he turned towards them, and then - The two of them started to circle around him, looking him up and down, before Maki strolled off towards Kokichi's chair and sat down in it, crossing her legs and then smoothing down her skirt.

"So," she said. "Is this the part where you seduce us?"

"Or would you rather fill us in on what you have against Junko Enoshima?" Kaede asked.

Already, Makoto was feeling regret that he'd decided *not* to add these babes to his harem. Because cornering him like this? It was really working for him.