

I woke up a few hours earlier than usual the next morning. As soon as my feet touched the cold floorboards, a frigid chill crept through my body.

"Brr... Maybe I'll just fly down..."

Yawning, I floated downstairs to an empty kitchen. It felt weird not seeing Hatsumi first thing in the morning, since she was always an hour up before me to cook breakfast. I should probably handle that for her today, seeing as I was already up.

Popping open the fridge revealed a bunch of empty shelves that were in desperate need of stocking. The homemade chocolates Mio had made yesterday sat on the topmost shelf, all separated into their own bags to be handed out at school.

With the kitchen to myself so early, I began to whip up some chocolates to hand out and breakfast on the side. We had some chocolate bricks left over from Christmas after making hot chocolate, which I started melting on low heat in a pot.

"Good morning, Saeko—"

"AH?!" I spun around and summoned the Blade of the First Temptress.

Selene stared down the business end of the sword and cleared her throat.

"Selene? Geez... Sorry... I wasn't expecting anyone to be up so early," I hastily apologized, vanishing the sword from my grasp.

"I can say the same of you, my queen. I, on the other hand, have good reason to be up, as coach of the kendo club *and* soon-to-be physical education instructor at Tsukiji High," Selene said, puffing out her chest.

"Really? Congratulations!"

Words could not express how proud I was of Selene to come this far. She really came a long way since being a thorn in my side during Beatrice's attempt to take over Earth.

"Thank you." Selene placed a hand to her chest and bowed slightly. "The principal acknowledged my hard work and tenured me for the next school year. I shall be off. Once school has ended, I will recommence my search for Tamamo."

Selene left to go to school early and was soon replaced by Mio, wobbling into the kitchen, her eyes still closed and scratching her belly.

"I heard you scream... You okay?" Mio asked, planting her chin on my shoulder and yawning next to my ear.

"Here, try this." I lifted a spoonful of melted, silky chocolate up to her mouth.

Like a venus fly trap, Mio clamped her lips down it and snapped awake.

"Chocolate! You making Valentine's chocolate, too?" Mio asked.

"I make chocolate every year! Usually next month on White Day though, since that's when boys return the favor to girls who gave them chocolates on Valentine's Day. This is going to be my first time making chocolate as a girl. Now the question is, who am I making it for... Kana, Koga, Gouda, Sensei, the entire kendo club...?" I continued to list off boys that were any at all deserving.

"Heh. Look at you, domesticated and shit." She teased.

"Don't call me domesticated!"

Kana's vision of me with a baby harness flashed through my mind and still haunted me to this day. To think, he thought as far as our future together. Having a baby, huh. I would like to one day, but what kind of baby would I have? A succubus? A human? Some sort of hybrid?

Shaking those thoughts away, I turned my attention back to the pot of melting chocolate on the stove.

I guess the last one would be Uta, but he was in Takamagahara, and there was no telling what was going on unless we went there. Which would be a problem given who currently runs the place...

Might as well make some for Hatsumi, too, to surprise her when she wakes up. And oh boy, was she surprised.

A few hours later, Hatsumi came downstairs and sat at the table with tears in her eyes.

"*Sniffle*... My little Saeko... All grown up. Cooking breakfast for me already..." Hatsumi wept.

I rolled my eyes.

"Okay, sis. Don't be a drama queen. You know this isn't the first time I made you breakfast, lunch, or dinner."

After breakfast, Mio and I headed to school. The atmosphere, despite the dreary gloom that lingered over the city because of the swirling maelstrom above, didn't diminish the upbeat mood of Valentine's Day.

Gouda was being hounded just past the school gates by a group of girls, as was natural for popular guys, being gifted chocolate and confession letters. They were the envy of all the lonely and desperate boys, like myself when I was one.

And for some reason, Hitomi was facing the same treatment at the shoe lockers.

"Uhh, but I'm not a boy," Hitomi told an underclassman as she was handed a bag of chocolate.

The girl, possibly a first or second year, squealed and ran back to her friends, who patted her on the back for a job well done.

"This happens every year," Hitomi said to me as I entered the building. "I appreciate it. But why?"

"Because they wanna fuck ya," Mio answered before I did.

The student president and I squinted at Mio.

"Right... Anyway, enjoy your Valentine's Day, but keep it in your pants. I already have my hands full with the student council elections." Hitomi sighed.

"Oh, how's that going? It's got to be getting really busy for you and Rika, right?" I asked.

Hitomi took one look at me and lost the shine in her eyes.

"Is... Is it something I said?"

"Word on the street is Hana's planning to run for student council president. Good chance of winning, too. Being a succubus and a popular cat at school," Mio said.

"What...?" I gaped at them, and Hitomi merely nodded silently to confirm it.

"Like I said," Hitomi began, slowly and more deliberately. "I refuse to allow *her* to be my legacy after I've graduated. I'm going to pull out all the stops to sabotage her campaign. If it's the last thing I do..."

Leaving us with that cryptic vow, Hitomi left to get to work.

Hana as next year's student council president. That sounded like a disaster. Good thing I wouldn't be around anymore.

Mio and I went upstairs to our class when we spotted our boyfriend dragging his feet down the hall.

"Kana!" I shouted, stopping him in the middle of the hall.

"Oh... hey, guys. Can we dial down the volume this morning? I kind of have a massive headache..." Kana groaned and pressed the ointment patch harder to his head.

We winced. That was definitely our fault from yesterday.

"Well, chin up! It's Valentine's Day! Special day in this world, right?" Mio dangled a baggie of chocolate in front of him.

"Here's mine, too... It's... kind of embarrassing, since I'm a girl this year, but... Happy Valentine's Day..." I mumbled, handing him a bag, too.

Immediately, Kana's face filled with some color.

"Aww. Thanks, you two. These are definitely homemade, huh... I can tell by Mio's vulgar penis and boobs-shaped chocolates..." Kana chuckled, lifting both bags to his eyes.

"Try 'em! I worked with Hacchan all week to perfect it. Also added a special ingredient that's unique to me." Mio fist-thumped her chest proudly.

"You did? Like an ingredient from your world?" I asked.

Kana and I opened the chocolate Mio gifted us, then popped one into our mouths. It was good. Definitely screamed *amateur*, because she was still new at it.

"Mm... I like it. Chewy and with a nice gooey center," Kana reviewed it in real time like we were on a cooking show. "Actually, what *is* the special ingredient?"

"Heh. I used my breast milk!" Mio declared out loud.

Both of us spat the chocolate out.

"You what?!" we cried.

Kana lightly backhanded my shoulder. "Why are you surprised?"

"What do you mean, why am I surprised? I'm only just learning about this now! I thought she would at least make it normally with Hacchan around!" I retorted.

"Hey, what gives? I put my liquified love nectar into those sweet suckers," Mio said.

"Mio... You can't just give people chocolate with your breast milk in them. That's grounds for sexual harassment and it's plain weird." Kana sighed.

I plucked another chocolate out of the bag to lick.

"Oi. You're going to encourage her..." He scolded.

"I can't help it. My succubus senses also makes me extra sensitive to... these kinds of flavors," I replied, clearing my throat.

"See, she likes it. I bet the whole school wants some, too." Mio cupped both hands over her mouth. "Who wants Valentine's chocolate made with my tiddy milk in them? Come and get it!"

"MIO, NO!" we yelled.

It was too late.

"BREAST MILK FROM A SUCCUBUS?"

"ME!"

"ME, TOO!"

"CAN I HAVE EXTRA?"

The stampede was coming. Kana and I were mobbed by a group of horny and lonely boys, desperate for any sort of affection on a lonesome Valentine's Day, rushing in to get some of Mio's super special chocolates.

I managed to drag Kana out and into our classroom.

"I saw my life flash before my eyes..." Kana gasped for air.

Within the safety of our classroom, girls were in the process of handing chocolates out. A microclimate of what was going on in the rest of the school. Even our sensei had a small stack on his desk.

"Saeko, I made you chocolate!" Rika beamed, holding out a pretty plastic bag containing what looked like homemade chocolates.

"Wait, for me?" I stared at her confused.

"I couldn't help it. When I was making chocolate yesterday, you were one of the first that came to mind. I guess a part of me still thinks of you as a boy." She scratched her nose out of embarrassment.

"Aww. Thanks, Rika—"

"Saeko!" Kaede came skidding to a stop in front of the classroom.

"Let me guess: chocolate?" I asked.

"How did you know?" Kaede gasped. "Is it your succubus powers?"

Kaede wasn't the only one. Before the bell rang for school to begin, more female students stopped by my class to give me chocolate.

Before I realized it, my desk was stacked with a pyramid of homemade and store-bought chocolates from girls who I knew, were barely friends with, and many of which were strangers that I didn't know existed until now. The pile was so high that I couldn't see the board at the front of class.

"The last thing I expected coming to school with chocolate... was that I'd end up going home with more chocolate... How did this happen?" I groaned.

"Aha... Maybe a lot of girls still think the same way as I do?" Rika wondered aloud.

"Nah," Mio chimed in, plucking a random baggie of chocolate from my pile to eat. "Betcha some of 'em just wanna fuck ya."

Rika and I narrowed our eyes on her.

"Why is that always your first answer? Unlike you, not everyone always has sex on their minds," I scolded her.

"We can prove that! I dive into a random dude's mind right now, what do you think they're thinking? Like that guy right there!" Mio pointed at a male classmate, startling him from his quick breakfast and making him choke.

"Uh, n-no! I'm not..." His stammering was cut off by the bell.

Sensei entered class, shouting for everyone to get into their seats and those who didn't belong to hurry to their own class.

A strange, gremlin-like man clung to sensei's back and gnawed on his head. My eyes must be deceiving me. I rubbed them and shook my head. The monster was gone when I opened my eyes.

I thought to ask Mio, but she was distracted chatting up another student. Maybe it was nothing.

Later, when lunch began, I got up to go to the girl's bathroom but felt a strange chill the moment I stepped in.

"Saeko, were you thinking about using that bathroom?" Hitomi asked, coming up from behind.

"Yeah, why?" I returned the question.

"Lately, we've received reports from female students about this bathroom being haunted. Quite frankly, I initially passed it off as one of Hana's pranks, but she vehemently denied any wrongdoings this time. It's gotten to the point where girls are avoiding this bathroom completely and going to the others," she explained.

Hana would have been my first guess for anything suspicious, too. Though according to Hitomi, that pink-haired helion had nothing to do with it this time.

"Well, it's just a bathroom, right? I'm... I'm going to go in," I said, taking a step further.

"I'll be here. I've been meaning to investigate it myself but haven't had the time. Could have just been a prank from another student," Hitomi said.

So Hitomi says, but it was as though I had walked into another world entirely. The atmosphere had become slightly suffocating. But so far so good.

I took the first stall to relieve myself in. As I finished and pulled my underwear back up, glad that there was nothing out of the ordinary, I found that the stall lock wouldn't budge.

"Eh?" I twisted harder.

My succubus strength should have broken it at this point.

"Hitomi, are you still there?" I shouted.

No answer. But she should have been right by the door. Unless she was messing with me?

The toilet behind me suddenly flushed on its own. Goosebumps formed all over my body. It wouldn't stop flushing. Water just continued draining and draining.

Slowly, I glanced over my shoulder— and was met with a pale face, eyeless sockets, and a gaping mouth of darkness.

"G-G-Ghost?!" I cried, pressing my back to the door.

It was a short girl with a drenched black bob, dressed in a white shirt and red skirt with suspenders.

All my bravery went down the toilet. I threw my shoulder against the door to break out, but it still wouldn't budge. The girl took a step forward, croaking and with a hand extended towards me.

"No, don't touch me!" I yelled, constricting my aura around it as a last resort.

"Iiiee!"

The ghost keeled over. She was red in the face, both hands between her thighs squeezed shut, and shuddering all over.

"Did... Did I just make a ghost horny? Wait a minute..." I quietly asked myself.

"Saeko?"

I turned around just as Hitomi opened the stall door. Glancing back into the toilet, the ghost girl was gone.

"What happened?" Hitomi asked with worry.

"I... This is going to sound weird, but I just saw a ghost. I-It had to have been Hanako, the toilet ghost!" I explained.

She furrowed her brows, seemingly unconvinced.

"Succubi are one thing, but ghosts? Come on now. Someone must have put something into your Valentine's chocolate," Hitomi insisted.

"But—"

"Lunch is almost over. Hurry back to class," she said, leaving the bathroom.

Strange things were happening at school. No, maybe not just at school. But it was where I started noticing it. I knew for sure I saw a ghost. Spirit? Yokai? Whatever it was, none of it was normal, and I had a feeling it's got something to do with Tamamo.

As Mio and I were flying home to drop off our stuff to begin our search again, we bumped into a familiar aura.

"Look! Who's that tall dommy mommy that Yumi's with?" Mio asked, pointing to a tall woman dressed in a white dress and white hat.

"That... it couldn't be..." I muttered.

We flew down to confront them, but an existential dread filled my being as I landed and stood underneath the eight-foot tall woman.

"Po..."

"IT REALLY IS HACHISHAKU?!" I cried and nearly fainted.

"Holy shit, step on me, mommy." Mio gasped.

"Ara, Saeko? Are you also acquainted with her?" Yumi asked.

"More like what are *you* doing with this ghost?" I fired back.

Hachishaku's demeanor softened, and the ghost brushed her hair back to reveal a pretty woman with a normal face, unlike the one back at school.

"I couldn't rightly explain even if I tried. However, I came across Yumi here when I was stalking the most adorable little boy and we quickly became friends," Hachishaku said.

"Eh...?"

To the yokai's side, Yumi nodded.

My mind was about to explode. I was actually conversing with a malevolent ghost.

"Ufufu~ We bonded over our... shared interests. Care to join us, Saeko? We're going to have a sleepover with a boy named Takuo. I assure you he will not be harmed while I'm there," Yumi assured me with a salacious smile.

"Well, we shouldn't keep Takuo waiting. I'm **dying** to meet him. Ufufu~" Hachishaku flashed a wide and terrifying smile, all the while breathing heavily like a bitch in heat.

Like two peas in a pod, both Hachishaku and Yumi pressed a hand to their mouths, laughing as they continued bonding on their way to the boy named Takuo.

Rather, it was less about the kid's physical safety I was worried about and more for his innocence. As they left, I saluted in the direction they were headed and prayed for Takuo's survival.

"Still..." I whispered to myself. "Yokai are becoming more of a common sight lately. This can't be good."

We got home at last and found Hatsumi outside the house.

"Closer, closer!" Hatsumi was guiding and beckoning a semi-truck through the narrow street.

"What's going on?" I asked as we flew in.

"Oh, Saeko! You're home already?" My sister panicked, swapping glances between me and the truck.

"Whaddya mean already? It's like four in the afternoon," Mio retorted.

The truck pulled to a stop just slightly ahead of the house, and two drivers exited to throw open the back hatch.

"Where do you want your chocolate?" a gruff driver asked.

"Chocolate?" I raised an eyebrow.

We watched as the second driver entered the back, then carted out a gigantic chocolate heart.

"Uhm... Happy Valentine's Day!" Hatsumi exclaimed.

"Sis, this won't even fit through the door!" I gaped at the eight-foot tall chocolate sculpture.

She pressed her index fingers together.

"But I wanted to get you something cute..."

"Holy shit," Mio muttered. "Look at this thing! There's even a hole in the back. Were you planning to stuff things into it? Or maybe yourself? Kahaha!"

I turned to Hatsumi, and she looked the other way to avoid eye-contact with me. Only as I put both hands on my hips did she finally fess up.

"I-I was going to surprise you when you came home... but the order had traffic delays." Hatsumi sighed.

"Well, it certainly is still a surprise. I guess if you—"

The words caught in my throat.

If someone wanted to stay hidden, then in a place where no one would expect would be their best bet. Like a shrine.

"Tamamo," I told Mio, grabbing her by the shoulder.

"What?" Mio blinked and clearly wasn't following.

"Tamamo must be hiding in a shrine. There's no other explanation as to why we can't find her!"

"Be careful!" Hatsumi warned us.

Wasting no time, Mio and I flew straight to Kon's shrine. In the meantime, Mio made calls to redirect succubi efforts into searching for shrines instead. But there had to be hundreds, small and large, across a region like this. Tamamo could be anywhere. One place we could go to, however, was Takamagahara and ask the kami for help there.

"Kon, open up! I know you're in there!" I called, knocking on the shrine doors as soon as I landed.

No answer. There better not be a ghost or haunting like in the school bathroom again...

"Yo. I think something's wrong. The door's already open." Mio hooked her fingers through a small gap in the door and threw it open.

There, lying unconscious and weakly in the middle of his chamber, was Kon in his kitsune form.