Yo.

Been a while lads! I hope you all enjoy this chapter, I made it longer than the other chapters! And make sure to stick around till the end! As it's in the end where something happens!

Just a friendly reminder too, but all characters in this story are considered 18 plus in age, Kiyotaka for example is nineteen, but someone else can be twenty one (even in their first year, as this is a university)

Start:

The walk to Keyaki Mall was one that was utterly depressing.

How could it not be? Considering that the masterpiece of the white room was soon going to wear a "Scandelous bunny suit".

Kiyotaka's footsteps echoed against the polished tiles of the central promenade, each one carrying him closer to a humiliation so absurd, so thoroughly undeserved, that his mind still refused to fully process it.

The paper slip sat folded in his breast pocket, its words burned into his memory.

Task: You are to wear a scandalous bunny suit (including dark pantyhose leggings) and serve as a waiter in the Palette Café for a minimum of three hours while wearing the assigned attire.

Three hours. A bunny suit. In public.

He had survived the White Room. He had endured his father's merciless training. He had faced assassination attempts and worse. And now, after five years of learning kindness and empathy under Matsuo's gentle guidance, the universe had decided that what he truly deserved was to serve coffee in fetish wear.

Kiyotaka did not sigh. He did not curse again. He simply accepted his rotten fate and walked.

The XXX store was tucked discreetly between a bookstore and a electronics shop, its window display tastefully minimal—a single mannequin in elegant lingerie, nothing overtly scandalous. Kiyotaka paused at the entrance, his hand hovering over the handle.

This is a task. Nothing more. Complete it and move on.

He entered.

The interior was warm, softly lit, and mercifully empty. A middle-aged woman behind the counter looked up from her tablet, her professional smile flickering with confusion as she registered the young man in the ANU uniform standing before her.

"Welcome," she said, recovering quickly. "How may I help you?"

Kiyotaka produced the paper slip and placed it on the counter. "I'm here for this."

The woman read the slip, her eyebrows rising incrementally. She glanced at him, then back at the paper, then at him again. Her expression shifted through several stages—surprise, understanding, and finally, something that looked suspiciously like suppressed amusement.

"Ah, the university exam," she said, her tone carefully neutral. "We were informed. One moment, please."

She disappeared into the back. Kiyotaka stood motionless, his gaze fixed on a point on the far wall. He did not think about what was about to happen.

The woman returned with a garment bag. "The suit is complimentary, as per the exam instructions," she said, sliding it across the counter. "There's a changing room at the end of the hall. Take as long as you need."

Kiyotaka took the bag. "Thank you."

He walked to the changing room, closed the door behind him, and hung the garment bag on the hook. For a long moment, he simply stood there, his hand resting on the zipper.

Then he opened it.

The bunny suit was worse than he imagined.

It was black, sleek, and sinfully shiny—a one-piece ensemble that appeared designed to leave absolutely nothing to the imagination. The bodice was cut low, plunging into a deep V that would expose far more chest than he was comfortable with. The attached sleeves were long and elegant, ending in delicate cuffs. Below, the fabric transitioned seamlessly into dark pantyhose leggings that were included separately, sheer and clinging.

And then there was the tail.

A small, fluffy white pompom attached to the back, positioned precisely where a rabbit's tail would be.

Kiyotaka stared at it.

No one has it worse than me.

He began to change.

The suit slid against his skin like a second layer of humiliation, the fabric cool and unforgiving. It hugged every contour of his lean, sculpted physique—the broad shoulders, the narrow waist, the subtle definition of his chest and abdomen. The pantyhose were worse, sheer dark material stretching over his powerful legs, leaving nothing to the imagination.

And then there was the groin area.

Kiyotaka examined himself in the mirror. The suit, true to its "scandalous" designation, did not so much cover as it did suggest. The fabric there was thin, taut, and—he noted with growing alarm—entirely insufficient.

He had always been… aware… of his physical gifts. Five years in the White Room had honed his body to perfection, and certain genetic blessings had nothing to do with training.

If he walked into Palette Café like this, everyone would know too.

And while he had accepted that he would eventually be dragged into the light due to his actions eventually being discovered to lead class D to class A, it didn't mean that he wanted that limelight now.

It wasn't wrong to ask for more time… right?

He looked around the changing room. His eyes landed on a small display of accessories near the mirror—belts, sashes, decorative ribbons.

Thirty seconds of searching produced a wide, black satin sash intended for waist accents. He folded it carefully, positioned it strategically over the offending area, and secured it with the attached clips.

The result was… acceptable. The sash created a flat, featureless plane where his anatomy should be clearly visible. From the outside, it looked like he had nothing at all, or was just an average man in that department.

A small mercy.

Kiyotaka gathered his folded uniform, placed it in the garment bag, and stepped out of the changing room. The woman behind the counter looked up.

Her composure cracked.

Her mouth opened. Closed. Opened again. Her eyes traveled from the top of his head to the tips of his heels, taking in the full spectacle of ANU's quietest, most expressionless student dressed as a service bunny.

"Your… your ears," she managed.

Kiyotaka blinked. "My ears?"

She pointed weakly at the garment bag. "The headband. It's in the side pocket."

Of course it was.

He retrieved the headband—a sleek black piece with two long, elegant bunny ears rising from it—and placed it on his head with a stoic look on his face.

The woman made a sound. It might have been a cough. It was definitely a laugh.

"Thank you for your help," Kiyotaka said, and walked out.

The walk from XXX store to Palette Café was approximately four hundred meters.

Kiyotaka counted every single one.

The afternoon sun was merciless, casting the Keyaki Mall promenade in bright, unforgiving light. There was no shadow to hide in, no crowd to disappear into. He was exposed, vivid, utterly conspicuous—a black-clad anomaly.

People noticed.

A group of first-year boys from Class C stopped mid-conversation, their eyes tracking him like a heat-seeking missile. One of them elbowed another. A snicker escaped. Then another. Then a full, unrestrained laugh.

"Dude, is that a guy?!"

"No way—look at those legs—"

"—that's a bunny suit—"

"—what the actual hell—"

Kiyotaka did not turn. He did not acknowledge. He simply walked.

More laughter rippled behind him, spreading like ripples in a pond. A pair of girls from Class B giggled behind their hands, their phones rising in subtle, practiced motions.

Click.

Kiyotaka's ear twitched beneath the headband. His expression remained neutral. His pace did not falter.

Click. Click.

He barely restrained a sigh.

Three hours. I can do this…

The entrance to Palette Café loomed before him, its charming facade a stark contrast to the dread pooling in his stomach. Through the large glass windows, he could see the warm interior…

And the customers.

Dozens of them. Seated at tables, lounging on couches, clustered in groups. Students from every class, sipping coffee and tea and fancy parfaits, chatting and laughing and completely unaware of what was about to walk through their door.

Kiyotaka paused at the entrance. His hand rested on the handle.

This is a task. Complete it and move on.

He opened the door.

The little bell above it chimed cheerfully.

Twenty-seven heads turned simultaneously.

For one suspended second, the café was absolutely silent. No clinking of cups. No murmur of conversation. Even the barista behind the counter froze, a half-poured latte suspended in mid-air.

Every single pair of eyes locked onto Kiyotaka Ayanokōji.

Then the silence shattered.

A boy from Class A choked on his coffee, spraying it across the table. His companion burst into helpless, wheezing laughter, slapping the table with both hands. A group of girls from Class C dissolved into giggles, their faces buried in each other's shoulders. Someone near the window let out a sound that was half-shout, half-wail of pure, disbelieving amusement.

"No way—NO WAY—"

"—who is that guy?!"

"—oh my god, the bunny ears—"

"—look at his legs—"

Click.

Kiyotaka heard it clearly this time. A phone camera, pointed directly at him from a table near the counter. The girl holding it didn't even try to hide it, her grin wide and utterly shameless.

Click. Click. Click.

He walked to the counter.

"I'm here for the exam task," he said, his voice perfectly even. "Three hours of service."

The barista—a young woman with stunned, wide eyes—nodded slowly. "Y-yes. Right. Of course. Um. You'll be handling tables three through seven."

“Got it.” He turned away. And he heard it immediately, that soft snort of laughter and the muffled giggles from the same direction, his heightened senses picking up her concealed amusement even as plenty in the café already laughed, giggled, guffawed, and yelped or talked about him.

Not that it mattered anymore. His dignity had already fled the building, pursued by a pack of camera-wielding students.

He picked up a tray.

He began to serve.

The first thirty minutes were the worst.

Every table he approached erupted in suppressed snickers. Every cup he set down was accompanied by covert phone cameras. Every time he bent slightly to place a plate, he heard the unmistakable sound of fabric stretching and the sharp intake of breath from whoever was watching.

He developed a system. Keep movements minimal. Avoid bending at the waist. Never make eye contact for longer than necessary.

It didn't help much.

"—hey, bunny boy, I asked for extra sugar—"

"—is that tail real? Can I touch it?—"

"—Ayanokōji-kun, you look so cute—" surprisingly enough, someone knew his name, then again, he was the same one who had broken the swimming world record.

But never mind, even more comments came.

The worst part of it all… was that he had to be polite and cordial, to reply and talk to the customers, all who lacked any semblance of mercy in their hearts…

He endured it all with the same expressionless mask he had worn through twenty years of existence. His face betrayed nothing. His voice remained calm and polite. His hands never trembled.

But inside, a small, exhausted voice repeated the same phrase over and over.

No one has it worse than me. No one has it worse than me. No one—

The little bell above the door chimed.

Kiyotaka turned.

Three figures entered, their familiar silhouettes backlit by the afternoon sun. Kei Karuizawa strode in first, her golden hair bouncing with each confident step. Chiaki Matsushita followed and Maya Sato brought up the rear.

The fake gyaru squad…

‘Great’ Kiyotaka barely suppressed a sigh as he moved towards them.

They hadn't noticed him yet. Kei was saying something about her task, gesturing animatedly. Chiaki was nodding, while Maya said something in reply.

Then Kei's gaze swept across the café.

And froze as she spotted the approaching figure.

Chiaki noticed her friend's sudden stillness. "Kei? What's—"

Her eyes followed Kei's gaze.

Her mouth fell open.

Maya looked up from her phone. "Why are you guys just standing there? Did you see some—"

She saw him.

For two full seconds, the Gyaru Gang stood paralyzed in the doorway of Palette Café, their brains collectively failing to process the image before them.

Ayanokōji Kiyotaka. The quietest boy in Class D. The most expressionless student in ANU. The man whose lips had accidentally claimed Kei's first kiss, whose hand had gripped Chiaki's ass with shameful firmness, whose enormous, terrifying arousal had been burned into Maya's memory like a brand.

Dressed as a bunny.

His lean, powerful legs were sheathed in sheer dark pantyhose that clung to every defined muscle. His sculpted torso was hugged by glossy black fabric, the plunging neckline exposing

the elegant lines of his collarbones. His face—that infuriatingly calm, unreadable face—was topped with a sleek headband and two long, flopping bunny ears.

A small white pompom sat perkily above his tailbone.

Then Chiaki made a sound.

A loud, long, very unladylike pig snort.

And that broke the dam.

Kei and Maya immediately burst into laughter, Maya's hand flying to her mouth as she doubled over. Kei followed a heartbeat later, a strangled sound escaping her throat that was half-laugh, half-shriek.

As for Chiaki, she tried to suppress it and failed as she laughed loudly, unabashedly,

And of course, the café, which had calmed down after Kiyotaka had been serving for some time, all of a sudden seemed to have remembered that they had a bunny male student in their midst, the reminder somehow caused everyone inside to dissolve into snickers and guffaws…

This time, Kiyotaka sighed audibly, a sound that was mute amongst the roaring students inside the café, and Kei seemed to have noticed as she shrieked even louder in laughter, laughing so hard that genuine tears of amusement were spilling from her eyes as she doubled over even more intensely, her legs giving out as she sat on the floor and wailed and sobbed in amusement.

"A-Ayanokōji-kun!" Maya squeaked between giggles. "You're—you're wearing—"

"—the ears—" Kei gasped, pointing weakly.

"—and the tail—" Chiaki added, her voice trembling.

"—why—"

"—how—"

"—who did this to you—"

Kiyotaka stood before them, tray in hand, bunny ears flopping gently with his every breath. His expression remained perfectly, absolutely neutral.

Internally, his shame—already a rolling boil—reached a full, rolling inferno.

No one has it worse than me.

"Welcome to Palette Café," he said. "Please sit anywhere you like."

That set them off again.

It took a full minute for the three girls to compose themselves enough to move and for Kei to stand on her feet as she used Chiaki as a support.

And even then, they kept smiling and giggling so bloody much…

Kei wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, still sniffling with residual laughter. Chiaki cheeks flushed with the effort of suppressing her giggles. Maya kept sneaking glances at Kiyotaka, her grin threatening to become wider than humanly possible..

They selected a table near the window,—close enough for convenience, far enough for plausible deniability, Kei slid into the couch seat to the very middle, Chiaki sat beside her, still fighting the occasional snicker. And Maya sat on the other side.

And after handing them a menu. Kiyotaka excused himself, promising to come back soon, and only afterward did they calm down much more…somewhat.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that they're cheeks were hurt from all the laughing and smiling.

And though they weren't laughing no more, that didn't stop them from excitedly whispering and talking about the matter, the topic of their conversation obvious as they watched Kiyotaka like a hawk, watching as he served another table.

As he turned around and walked away, they caught sight of his backside and that adorable rabbit tail and maya snickered, bursting the dam once more as Kei and Chiaki, giggled and tried to suppress it only for them both to fail.

Hearing their amusement, Kiyotaka pushed down the swell of irritation, wondering how long they were going to keep laughing as he approached their table.

"Can I take your order?"

Kei leaned forward, her elbows on the table, her chin resting on her intertwined fingers. Her smile was razor-sharp, even as the occasional giggle escaped her, not that her friends were much better. "So. This is your task, huh?"

"Yes." He replied flatly. “Why else would I wear this ridiculous custom?”

Chiaki tried and failed to muffle a laugh as she doubled over.

Kiyotaka sent a flat stare to the brunette, and catching his eyes, Chiaki hid behind her menu as she snickered.

He shifted his gaze to the other two and seeing them just giggling and giggling and giggling some more, he came to one realization. And that was… he was just wasting time. Until those three get used to his…predicament, and that needed a bit of time, he may as well go serve other customers.

Preferably ones who had been inside for a while, as at least had gotten used to him. sort of.

“When you three are done laughing at me, let me know and I will come serve.” He walked away, annoyed with them even if he couldn’t physically show it too much.

And true to his thoughts, five minutes later, he returned to them after Chiaki had called them and they were finally calm now, no giggles.

Finally.

Oddly enough, Maya was staring intently at his groin area, her expression shifting through confusion, disappointment, and something that looked almost offended.

She had seen it. That day in the hallway, face-to-face with the most terrifying evidence of his anatomy. She knew what was supposed to be there.

And now there was… nothing.

A flat, smooth expanse of satin. A strategic fold. A complete, utter absence of any indication that Ayanokōji Kiyotaka was, in fact, extraordinarily well-endowed.

Maya's lips pursed. She looked betrayed.

"Ayanokōji-kun," she said, her voice slightly strained. "Why are you wearing that sash?"

Kei choked. Chiaki's eyes widened. Even Kiyotaka was taken aback.

A moment of awkward silence conveyed in the table, and Maya flushed as she realised what she just said, and that silenced deepened before Kiyotaka replied evenly. "You know precisely why."

At that, Maya’s face immediately turned even more crimson, as did Chiaki and Kei, with Chiaki looking away while Kei stared down on the table. All three of them had seen the towering might of Kiyotaka junior after he had stood up on that day.

Just because Maya Sato had her face planted in his crotch that day, did not mean the other two didn’t see it.

They saw it. All three of them did. And it left a very strong lasting impression, along with the accident itself.

Wanting to get rid of the awkwardness, Kiyotaka murmured. “Let's not think about that. What would you all like by the way? Personally, I’m a fan of the chocolate brownie cake.”

That helped massively with the mood and Kei immediately scanned the menu before pointing specifically to a certain text. "I'll have the strawberry cream parfait and an iced caramel latte."

"Same for me," Chiaki said.

"M-matcha latte and the seasonal fruit tart," Maya declared.

Kiyotaka nodded and wrote down their orders with precise, efficient strokes. His handwriting remained perfectly legible. His hand did not shake. “I’ll be back with your orders shortly.”

"Ayanokōji-kun," Kei said as he turned to leave.

He paused.

Her smile had softened, the sharp edge of teasing replaced by something more genuine. "You look… I mean, for what it's worth…" She gestured vaguely at his entire ensemble. "You pull it off. Kinda."

Chiaki nodded, her expression sincere. "The legs especially. You have really nice legs."

Maya said nothing. She was still staring at the sash.

Kiyotaka inclined his head slightly. "Thank you."

He walked away.

Behind him, he heard the unmistakable sound of a phone camera shutter.

Click.

He turned.

Chiaki was holding her phone at table height, her expression the picture of innocence. Kei was suddenly very interested in the ceiling. Maya was studying her fingernails with intense concentration.

Chiaki met his gaze. Her lips curved into a slow, teasing smile. Her fingers waggled in a tiny, deliberate wave.

Bye-bye.

Kiyotaka looked at her. Looked at the phone. Looked back at her.

He nodded once.

Then he turned and continued to the counter to place their order.

What was one more picture at this point? His humiliation was already being broadcast across half the campus. Every phone in the café seemed to have captured his image from at least three angles. The bunny ears. The tail. The legs, even his chest area.

His dignity was a memory.

He placed the order. He delivered the drinks and desserts. He endured another round of gentle teasing from Kei, Chiaki, and maya, their comments growing progressively more creative.

Then eventually, after twenty or thirty minutes, they left.

If one included the time from when he had first stepped into the café, then about two hours and forty-five minutes had passed in total.

A blur of coffee cups and camera shutters, and laughter at his account.

He lost count of how many pictures were taken. Dozens, certainly. Maybe hundreds. Every table he approached, every customer he served—phones rose like a flock of mechanical birds, their lenses tracking his every movement.

Click. Click. Click-click-click.

And of course, Snicker. Snicker. Snicker-snicker-snicker…

Worst of all was all the remarks and comments. Kiyotaka received all sorts of them. From the flirty obnoxious ones to the arrogant ones, the teasing one, the harassing ones, there was no end to.

Just clicks, giggles, and comments of all kinds.

He developed a theory. The more he ignored them, the less satisfying it was. Eventually, they'd get bored.

They did not get bored.

But something strange happened around the two-hour mark.

He stopped caring.

Not completely—the shame still simmered beneath his calm exterior, a low, constant hum of humiliation. But the edge of it dulled. The acute agony of each camera shutter or sounds of

laughter or teasing remarks faded into background noise. His movements became smoother, more practiced. His responses to customers became almost natural.

I'm getting used to this, he realized with distant horror.

The thought was almost worse than the suit itself.

Fifteen minutes left.

The little bell above the door chimed.

Kiyotaka turned, tray in hand, and his carefully maintained composure flickered.

Ichinose Honami stood in the doorway.

Her strawberry-blonde hair was slightly disheveled, as if she'd been rushing. Her cheeks were flushed pink, whether from exertion or something else, he couldn't tell. Her bright blue eyes swept across the café—and then they landed on him.

She froze.

Her mouth opened. Closed. Opened again.

Her gaze traveled upward—over the glossy black fabric hugging his torso, over his bare collarbones, over his expressionless face crowned with flopping bunny ears.

Then it traveled downward.

Past the narrow waist. Past the strategic satin sash. Down the sheer dark pantyhose clinging to his powerful legs.

Her eyes stopped.

They lingered.

For one brief, unmistakable moment—no more than a fraction of a second—Ichinose Honami's gaze fixed on his groin area. Her expression shifted.

Disappointment.

Then her brain caught up with her eyes and her entire face turned crimson..

It was a blush that was nuclear in its intensity, spreading from her hairline to the collar of her blouse in less than a second. Her hands flew up to cover her cheeks. Her head shook left and right in rapid, desperate denial.

Over what? Kiyotaka did not know as he watched her with inward confusion. She looked at the sash and she was disappointed.

Why would she be disappointed? Did it concern his balls and Kiyotaka junior? Is that why she looked? Or was he just being arrogant?

He filed the questions away for later analysis.

"Ichinose," he greeted as he approached her, not minding the attention on him, or her for that matter.

She peeked through her fingers. Her face was still the color of a ripe strawberry.

"Your task," he continued. "Is it café-related?"

Honami lowered her hands slowly, looking away shyly, heart still beating from the unintended stimulus of finding out she was a perverted woman… but just as that thought appeared, she dispelled it away with furious embarrassment. No… no-no! She was not a perverted woman! She just… had a momentarily lapse in control! That was all.

And she was also worried about him! what if he became a target of bullying if people found out about his…size. it was only natural that she would care about the wellbeing of her friend and his reputation.

All these thoughts filtered through within a split second inside, and satisfied, Honami's blush mostly dispelled away as she replied. "N-no. I just finished mine. I came here to… rest. For a bit." Her eyes darted to his outfit, then away, then back again. "Ayanokōji-kun, what… why…"

"Exam task," he said simply.

"This is your task?"

"Yes. For three hours, I should be a server in this café with this outfit."

"For three hours?"

"Yes."

She stared at him. Her expression shifted through several stages—shock, sympathy, reluctant admiration, and something else. Something softer.

"That's…" She struggled for words. "That's really unfair."

"I know.."

"But still." Her brow furrowed with genuine indignation. "They shouldn't make students do things like this. It's embarrassing. It's demeaning. It's—" She caught herself, her cheeks flushing anew. "Not that you don't look—I mean, the outfit itself is—objectively—"

She gave up and buried her face in her hands.

Kiyotaka felt something shift in his chest. Warmth… "Thank you," he said quietly. "For the concern."

Honami lowered her hands. Her blush had faded to a soft, manageable pink. She offered him a small, sincere smile.

"Of course. That's what friends are for, right?"

Friends.

"Yes," he said. "That's what friends are for."

A beat of comfortable silence passed between them.

"So," Honami said, her voice brightening with cheerfulness. "How much longer do you have to wear this?"

"About fifteen minutes are left, after that, I just need to retrieve the footage as proof."

"Oh! That's not too bad." She glanced around the café, at the lingering customers still sneaking glances at Kiyotaka's ensemble. "Do you mind if I wait? I could use a drink anyway."

"Please. Sit anywhere you like."

She chose a small table near the counter, close enough to talk but far enough to avoid the main flow of traffic. Kiyotaka brought her a menu and a glass of water.

And they talked for a bit before he excused himself to attend to other customers momentarily, promising to return.

Honami didn’t mind and wished him luck with a gorgeous smile, one that made Kiyotaka’s heart go doki-doki, and returned back to her around two-three minutes later. With the pair conversing lightly. And just as Honami was about to order, the little bell above the door chimed.

Kiyotaka turned.

Haruki Yamauchi stood in the entrance, Hondō beside him. His gaze swept across the café with his usual blend of arrogance—and then it landed on Kiyotaka.

His eyes widened.

His jaw dropped.

His face contorted through several expressions—disbelief, confusion, and then, slowly, a grin of pure, unadulterated glee.

"OH MY GOD!" Yamauchi roared. "AYANOKŌJI! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WEARING?!"

His laughter exploded across the café, loud and unrestrained and utterly shameless. Hondō joined in a beat later, his giggles high-pitched and wheezing.

Kiyotaka did not move. His expression did not change.

But somewhere deep inside, something ancient and patient and utterly exhausted whispered:

I hate this man so much.

Why? Why did he spend his money on this guy? Was it too late to take it back now? Kiyotaka exhaled softly, and Honami immediately sensed the shift in mood as she alternated her gaze between her bunny waiter and said bunny waiter’s classmate.

Yamauchi strode toward them, still howling with laughter. His eyes swept over Kiyotaka's ensemble with undisguised glee—the ears, the tail, the legs, the legs—

"Oh man, oh man, this is the best day of my life!" He wiped a mock tear from his eye. "Mr. Perfect, Mr. I-Stole-Kushida-Chan, dressed like a bunny rabbit! Wait until everyone hears about this!"

"They already have," Kiyotaka said evenly. "Approximately two hundred pictures have been taken in the last three hours."

Probably more.

At this point, Kiyotaka would even bet that he was the most popular person on campus.

Yamauchi's triumphant grin faltered slightly. "Oh. Well. Still!" He puffed out his chest. "At least I'm not the one prancing around in a fetish costume!"

Kiyotaka said nothing.

And it turned out that Yamauchi wasn’t entirely without talent as he somehow sensed the bunny waiter’s annoyance. “Now now, you shouldn’t be so displeased over something small like this. Patience is necessary in this line of work, Ayanokouji!”

“Hmm..” Kiyotaka hummed, not bothering with words.

Annoyed, Yamauchi was about to say something only to catch something from the corner of his eyes, something strawberry blonde in color. His gaze shifted.

And it landed on Ichinose Honami.

His eyes widened. His posture straightened. His grin transformed from mocking to ingratiating in the span of a heartbeat. "Oh! Ichinose-san! I didn't see you there!" He stepped forward, his hand extended. "I'm Yamauchi Haruki, Class 1-D. Huge fan of your work with Class B!"

Honami blinked, startled by the sudden attention. She recovered quickly, offering a polite smile as she shook his hand before letting go. "O-oh, thank you, Yamauchi-kun. That's very kind."

"Kindness is my middle name," Yamauchi said smoothly, completely ignoring Hondō's snort behind him. His eyes traveled over Honami's figure with poorly concealed appreciation.

Kiyotaka noticed. So did Honami, if the slight stiffening of her shoulders was any indication.

Her university uniform, simple and modest, did little to conceal the breathtaking generosity of her figure. Her blouse strained valiantly against the enormous, soft swell of her breasts, the fabric pulled taut across their magnificent curve.

Yamauchi was staring.

"So," he said, his voice dropping to what he clearly believed was a suave register, "I was wondering if maybe, when you have some free time, you'd like to… I don't know, grab a coffee? Walk around campus? Get to know each other better?"

Honami's smile didn't waver, but it gained a subtle edge of discomfort. "Oh, um… I appreciate the offer, Yamauchi-kun. I'm just very busy with class responsibilities right now. But if I ever have free time, I don't mind spending some of it with you."

Yamauchi's chest swelled visibly. His grin widened. He shot Kiyotaka a look of pure, triumphant smugness.

"See that, Ayanokōji?" He winked. "That's how you talk to women. Maybe you'll learn something."

Kiyotaka's eyelid twitched. Barely.

"What's your task, Yamauchi?" he asked, politely. Somehow.

Yamauchi's grin became insufferable. "Oh, this is the best part." He produced his paper slip with a flourish. "My task is to get food at Palette Café with a friend and enjoy myself. And since it’s an exam task, that means that we don’t have to pay for whatever we choose, we just need the receipt for proof."

He paused, letting the words sink in.

"So basically," he continued, savoring every syllable, "while you're running around in a bunny suit humiliating yourself, my job is to sit here, eat delicious food, and laugh at you."

He and Hondō burst into laughter again.

Kiyotaka nearly rolled his eyes. “I hope you’ll enjoy your meal," he said.

"Oh, I will." Yamauchi clapped him on the shoulder, with more strength than necessary. "Keep up the good work, bunny boy. You're doing great."

He and Hondō sauntered to a nearby table, still chuckling. Yamauchi raised his hand in a lazy wave.

"We'll take two of whatever's most expensive!”

“Alright.” Kiyotaka wrote something on his notepad.

Honami watched the exchange with a troubled expression. When Yamauchi's attention was away, she leaned toward Kiyotaka.

"That was…" She hesitated. "He's not very nice to you."

“Unfortunately, he’s just one of many eccentric personalities within class D.” the bunny waiter commented dryly. “But never mind that, what would you like me to get you?

Honami ignored his question as she eyed him. "Do you want me to serve them?" Her offer was genuine, her concern evident. "I could help. Just until your task is done."

Kiyotaka shook his head. "Thank you, but I'll manage."

"Then I'll wait for you." Her smile was soft, determined. "it’s just a few more minutes, right?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll wait. I’ll have a strawberry flavored sundae in the meantime."

He nodded once and turned to Yamauchi's table.

The next few minutes, the last of them, were the longest of his life.

Having to bring food and serve Yamauchi…Yamauchi of all people.

Just how fucking rotten was his luck? As expected, when he had delivered food to them, Yamauchi had been smug and condescending, his buddy Hondo was similarly annoying with the unflattering and annoying remarks.

They truly did not know how lucky they were that Matsuo had raised Kiyotaka with kindness.

The clock struck three hours.

Kiyotaka set down his tray, and walked to the back without a word, picking up his shopping bag which contained his university uniform. The barista, who had been watching his ordeal with a mixture of sympathy and barely suppressed amusement, waved him toward the employee exit.

"Changing room's through there. You earned it."

He nodded once.

The moment the door closed behind him, he stripped off the bunny suit as he quickly as he could. The headband. The tail. The pantyhose. The suit itself. Each item was folded and placed in the garment bag.

Then he dressed himself and half a minute later, stood in his normal clothes—his own clothes—and breathed.

The changing room was small and quiet. No cameras shutters. No laughter. No derogatory remarks by everyone, and no Yamauchi.

He allowed himself exactly thirty seconds of peace.

Then he picked up the garment bag and walked out.

Honami was waiting by the exit, surprisingly enough, considering this was a section of the café inaccessible to the students. It begged the question of how exactly did she come here? ‘she was probably let in by the manager for some reason.’ He mused.

Ichinose’s expression brightened the moment she saw him. Her gaze swept over his normal uniform with undisguised relief.

"You're done!"

"Yes."

"And you changed back!"

‘Thank you for stating the obvious.’ He thought sarcastically, though externally, his expression was still neutral. "I did so Immediately."

"Good." She nodded firmly. "That's good. You look…" She caught herself, her cheeks flushing pink. "You look nice. In normal clothes, I mean. Not that you didn't look—the bunny suit was—objectively—" "Don’ worry, I understand what you’re trying to say. Thank you.” He interrupted and thanked politely.

She sent him a gorgeous smile in response, and from there, they walked out of Palette Café together, heading to the main education building, the conversation easy.

When they arrived, they parted ways briefly to their respective homerooms to draw their second task.

Kiyotaka’s slip read: Assist in the university library with re-shelving books for one hour. Report to Head Librarian. In the case that there is no need for re-shelving, consider the task completed.

He met Honami outside her classroom. Her face was lit up with excitement. "What did you get?" she asked.

"Library duty. Re-shelving books for one hour."

Her eyes widened. "No way! Mine is to help compile a bibliography for the history department... in the library! We can do them together!" She beamed, clapping her hands together softly. "See? Pairing up was a great idea!"

Kiyotaka felt a rare sense of straightforward good fortune. After the bunny suit catastrophe, a quiet, straightforward task in the library with a pleasant companion felt like winning the lottery. "It seems it was," he agreed, as they turned together and headed towards the one place on campus he truly felt at ease.

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Now… one would think that after what he had experienced, that the rest of the day might have at least turned out better.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, Kiyotaka would soon find out that was not the case as he and Honami walked to the library, chatting about something mundane and normal. Lost in conversation, and also a bit in thought, he didn't see it.

His shoe came down on something soft, slick, and yellow. A banana peel.

His foot shot forward violently and the ceiling rushed toward him. His back, shoulders, and even the rear of his skull hit the floor with a sharp thud, the breath driven from his lungs. Stars scattered across his vision.

"Ayanokōji-kun!!" Honami's voice pitched high with alarm. "Are you okay?!”

She bent down, her delicate hands reaching for his head, where the back of it had impacted with the floor. “I'll help yo—eeep!!"

Somehow, through the will of the universe, an ugly rat came from out of nowhere, running next to Honami’s shoe and having her stand straight in fright and cry out from distress, she took a panicked step away, not paying attention to where she planted her heel.

And as it turned out, there was a second banana peel, one that her heel came down.

"Eep—!"

Honami pitched forward violently, in such a fashion that she somehow faced ahead and was on the process of fully falling on him. Kiyotaka, still dazed, had exactly half a second to register her trajectory before the world went dark.

Something extremely heavy, yet very soft pressed down on him, so wide that it pushed down on his even his shoulders, pinning him deeply against the floor,

His entire face and head felt like it was embraced by two of the softest marshmallows, but the very front of his face brushed against some sort of fabric. And rationality instantly caught up with Kiyotaka as he realised he was pinned down by Ichinose sitting on his face.

and it wasn’t an exaggeration to say that her ass swallowed him whole.

His jaw. His mouth. His entire face, his ears, his entire head, his neck. Even the top part of his shoulders, all of it was held down in place and hidden from the world thanks to the pinkette-blonde’s fat rump..

Her massive cheeks compressed around his skull, molding to the contours of his head like fresh mochi around a filling. Every breath he attempted drew in the warm, faintly sweet scent of her skin.

He could not move. He could not speak. He could only feel—the impossible softness, the heavy, pillowy weight, the subtle tremor of her flesh with each panicked breath she took.

"Mmmph—" His protest was swallowed entirely by the plush walls of her ass.

Honami's brain had ceased to function.

She was aware, distantly, of several facts:

One: She was on top of Ayanokōji-kun.

Two: Her skirt was around her waist.

Three: Her butt was on his face.

Four: His entire head was inside her butt.

Five: She is sitting on his face.

Six: Her massive rear, those two enormous cheeks she had always been self-conscious about, were currently performing the function of a very warm, very soft, very humiliating helmet.

Seven: she is sitting on his face.

…

Her brain suddenly restarted, operating at ten percent efficiency. "A-A-A-A—" she stammered, her voice a broken squeak. "Ayanokōji-kun—I—your face—my—there—"

She tried to rise. Her palms slipped on the polished stone. Her massive cheeks clenched reflexively—squeezed—and Kiyotaka's head was subjected to a brief, intense compression between two vast walls of plush, thicc flesh. The pressure was immense, total, a moment of complete, even more intense, sensory deprivation before her panic won out and the clench released.

And extremely embarrassed and panicked, Honami tried again to steady herself, planting her hands firmly on the ground while her thighs, thick and soft, braced against the floor. She heaved. Her enormous rear lifted from his face with a slow, obscene suction sound

Air rushed into Kiyotaka's lungs. Sweet, blessed, untainted air.

Honami scrambled off him entirely, pressing herself against the nearby wall with her hands over her burning face. Her skirt had fallen back into place, but the damage was done.

Kiyotaka lay on the stone path, staring at the sky.

His face was flushed deep crimson. His hair was disheveled, flattened in places, standing up in others. His expression was perfectly, absolutely neutral except for the faint, glazed quality of his eyes.

And Kiyotaka junior rose against his will, declaring his presence to the world.

End.

Poor guy, falling on the floor like that due to a banana peel.

And poor ichinose too…

Look forward to the next chapter as we'll see what happens from there!

And take care!

Peace.