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Fairy Tail Xmas Carol

“Finally, some peace and quiet,” Natsu declared, flopping onto a tree stump with a grin that was entirely too smug for someone covered head-to-toe in soot. His scarf, singed at the edges, flapped lazily in the winter breeze. “That mission was a piece of cake!”

“I don’t think ‘quiet’ is in your vocabulary,” Gray muttered, shaking snow out of his hair. His shirt had somehow disappeared during the chaos—typical—but at least the cold didn’t seem to bother him.

“You call that cake?” Lucy groaned, dropping her Celestial Keys onto her lap as she collapsed against the trunk of a nearby tree. “I’m going to have bruises for weeks. Not to mention my rent is due soon, and I—”

“Cake? Where’s the cake?!” Happy interrupted, zipping in from overhead. His tiny paws clutched a half-eaten fish that somehow survived whatever madness had just gone down.

“Focus, you guys!” Erza commanded, her stern voice cutting through the post-mission chatter. She stood tall despite the dents in her armor and the smudge of ash streaking her cheek. “We’re not done yet. The reward item is somewhere in this area. If we leave without it, our efforts will be for nothing!”

“Aye, aye, Captain Buzzkill,” Natsu teased, earning himself an icy glare. He chuckled but stood up all the same, clapping his hands together. “All right, let’s find this thing and head home. I’m starving!”

“I think it’s over here!” Lucy called, having stumbled upon a small stone pedestal hidden beneath the snow. Atop it sat an unassuming, leather-bound book, its cover embossed with festive holly leaves and snowflakes. “It doesn’t look dangerous,” she added skeptically.

“Looks can be deceiving,” Erza warned, marching over to inspect the find.

But before anyone could stop him, Natsu darted forward, snatching up the book with a triumphant laugh. “What’s the big deal? It’s just a book!”

“Natsu, wait—!” Lucy started, but the moment Natsu’s fingers brushed the cover, the air around them shimmered like sunlight on freshly fallen snow.

“What the—?!” Natsu yelped as the book sprang open in his hands. Pages flipped furiously, glowing with an eerie golden light. Then, as if possessed, the book snapped shut and vanished in a puff of glittering dust.

Natsu coughed, waving away the sparkles. “What was that all about—”

Suddenly, his entire body stiffened. His eyes widened in horror as his mouth opened of its own accord.

“Oh, the weather outside is frightful...”

The words tumbled out in a cheerful baritone, completely at odds with the panic on Natsu’s face.

“...but the fire is so delightful!”

“What is happening?!” Lucy shrieked.

“Is he singing?” Gray stared, utterly dumbfounded.

“Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!” Natsu belted out, his voice echoing through the forest with shocking precision and harmony. As if things couldn’t get any weirder, his clothes began to shimmer with an eerie festive glow. His usual scarf and open jacket morphed into a dashing Victorian-style red tailcoat trimmed with black velvet and gold accents. A white cravat materialized at his throat, and his trousers transformed into sharp black breeches tucked into polished boots. To top it all off, a jaunty black top hat perched on his head, complete with a crimson band and sprig of holly.

“I—I can’t stop!” Natsu wailed between verses, his voice unnervingly melodic, his feet instinctively falling into a sprightly rhythm.

Happy rolled onto the snow-covered ground, clutching his belly with laughter. “This is the best thing ever! Natsu’s been cursed by the Christmas spirit!”

“I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL!” Erza roared, her voice barely cutting through the cacophony.

“I’m trying to stop!” Natsu wailed again, spinning in place as if drawn by invisible hands. Snowflakes danced around him in perfect sync, sparkling in the fading sunlight.

Lucy frantically flipped through her magic handbook. “This has to be some kind of enchantment! We’ve got to break it before he—”

But before she could finish her thought, Natsu twirled dramatically, his voice soaring into the next verse.

“Dashing through the snow! In a one-horse open sleigh—HEY!”

The team stared, caught between horror and hysterical disbelief.

“I’m going to burn that book to ashes,” Erza muttered, her grip tightening on her sword.

“Too late for that,” Gray smirked despite himself, shaking his head. “Looks like we’re stuck with this until it wears off.”

As Natsu broke into an energetic tap-dance, snow flurries swirled around him like a stage effect, sparkling multicolored lights glowing wherever his feet landed. Lucy groaned, slamming her handbook shut. “This is officially the worst mission ever.”

“Speak for yourself!” Happy grinned, clapping his paws in time with the music. “I’m calling this the best Christmas ever!”

Lucy opened her mouth to retort, but then Wendy stumbled forward, clutching at her throat. Her face was pale with alarm, her eyes wide. “I... I don’t feel so good...”

Lucy gasped. “Oh no—Wendy, don’t sing! Whatever you do, don’t—”

“Deck the halls with boughs of holly! Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!” Wendy’s high, lilting soprano broke through with perfect pitch, her voice carrying an almost magical clarity.

“No!” Lucy shouted, but it was too late. A glowing lyric sheet appeared in Wendy’s trembling hands, and her clothes shimmered with the same festive magic. Her usual outfit dissolved in a cascade of light, reforming into a charming Christmas caroler’s dress. She now wore a deep crimson velvet gown with a white lace collar and cuffs, her hair tied back with a black bonnet trimmed in holly and ribbons. She stumbled back, but her feet fell into a dainty step-hop in rhythm with the music, the bells on her new black boots jingling.

“Erza, it’s spreading!” Lucy cried, panic rising in her voice.

“Stay calm!” Erza barked, though her usual confidence faltered. “We need to—”

A warm glow surrounded Lucy next. She froze in terror, her hands flying to her mouth, but it was useless. The curse gripped her like a gale-force wind, forcing her lips apart.

“God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!” Lucy sang out, her voice ringing clear and vibrant in perfect harmony.

“No, no, no, no—!” Lucy tried to fight it, but the glowing lyric sheet snapped into her hands like it had always been there. Her outfit shimmered and transformed before her horrified eyes. She now wore a flowing green and red tartan skirt paired with a white blouse and a green velvet jacket. Her hair was pinned up under a matching bonnet adorned with holly berries and ribbons, and her stockings were striped red and white like candy canes.

She stared down at herself, her mouth still moving against her will, her feet tapping along to the beat in elegant little steps. Her boots chimed with every move. “This can’t be happening!”

“Oh, it’s happening,” Gray muttered grimly, taking a cautious step back. “We need to go before—”

The cursed Wendy and Lucy stepped forward in perfect unison, their voices harmonizing as they sang the next line of the carol. Snowflakes swirled around them, their festive outfits catching the light as if designed to sparkle on stage. Natsu, still leading the chorus with his booming baritone, twirled into view behind them, tipping his top hat with an exaggerated flourish.

“This is bad,” Erza said, clutching her sword tightly. “If this curse continues to spread…”

But even as she said it, a hauntingly festive glow began to emanate from the snow-dappled trees. From the branches above, softly glowing lyric sheets fluttered down like enchanted leaves, signaling that the curse had only just begun.

“She’s gone too!” Gray shouted.

“RUN!” Erza commanded, grabbing Gray by the arm and shoving him ahead. “We can’t stay here! If we hear too much of their singing, it will affect us too!”

The two bolted, leaving Wendy and Lucy twirling and singing in perfect synchronicity with Natsu, who had transitioned seamlessly into another tune:

“We wish you a Merry Christmas, we wish you a Merry Christmas, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!”

“I can’t stop!” Wendy wailed, though her voice didn’t match her panic—it was too cheerful and sweet, like a Christmas music box coming to life.

“Happy, Carla, don’t get too close!” Erza called as the Exceeds hovered nearby.

“Aye!” Happy saluted. “Don’t worry, we’re immune! But this is hilarious!”

“Gray!” Erza barked as they sprinted through the snowy forest. “We need to warn the others in Magnolia before—”

A blast of jingle bells erupted behind them as Natsu, Lucy, and Wendy skipped merrily into view, their glowing lyric sheets held high.

“You better watch out! You better not cry! You better not pout, I’m telling you why—!”

“It’s spreading faster than I thought!” Erza hissed.

Gray risked a glance back, his eyes widening as the three carolers advanced, their cheerful chorus echoing ominously through the forest. “They’re gaining on us!”

“I said run!” Erza shouted, pulling Gray by the arm.

Happy zoomed overhead, grinning ear to ear. “Don’t worry, we’ll find a cure—after I watch this for a little longer!”

Carla scowled. “Happy, this is serious!”

But Happy only chuckled, clutching his belly as the cursed trio continued their relentless pursuit, their songs spreading holiday cheer—and mounting dread—to all who heard them.

=====

Magnolia’s streets were alive with holiday cheer. Stalls overflowed with garlands and ornaments, the crisp winter air carried the scent of roasted chestnuts, and townsfolk bustled about, arms full of wrapped gifts. Mira and Lisanna weaved through the crowds, their bags stuffed with presents for the guild.

“I think Elfman’s list gets longer every year,” Lisanna sighed, adjusting the weight of a particularly heavy parcel.

“It’s his way of showing enthusiasm,” Mira replied, her usual serene smile in place. “Though I’m not sure what he plans to do with a barrel of protein powder and a woodcarving set.”

Their laughter faded when a strange sound reached their ears—a lilting melody accompanied by the faint jingle of bells.

“Is someone singing?” Lisanna asked, her brow furrowing.

Mira’s steps slowed, her eyes narrowing as the source of the sound came into view. Just down the snowy lane, Natsu, Lucy, and Wendy strolled side by side in perfect synchronization. Their voices blended harmoniously as they belted out:

“Deck the halls with boughs of holly! Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!”

“Oh no...” Mira whispered, taking a step back.

Lisanna’s eyes widened as she noticed the glowing lyric sheets in their hands and the unnaturally festive outfits. “They’re cursed!”

“Stay quiet,” Mira hissed, grabbing Lisanna’s arm. “If we don’t respond, maybe they’ll move on.”

But it was too late. Natsu's sharp eyes caught sight of them. With a dramatic spin, he pointed directly at the sisters.

"Mira! Lisanna!" he called, his voice unnervingly cheerful. "Join us! It's so much fun!"

Lucy and Wendy executed a flawless pirouette in unison before clapping their hands together and pointing toward the sisters. "The more, the merrier!"

"Run!" Mira shouted, pulling Lisanna into a sprint. The bags they carried swung wildly as they ducked through the crowded street, weaving between vendors and shoppers.

"You can't outrun the spirit of Christmas!" Natsu sang, his voice somehow carrying over the commotion.

"Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!" Lucy and Wendy chorused as they followed in perfect lockstep.

Mira risked a glance back just in time to see Lucy toss her lyric sheet into the air. It sparkled like a firework, the shimmering magic fanning out like a net. Before Mira could react, the glow enveloped her and Lisanna.

"No, no!" Mira cried, trying to resist the warmth spreading through her chest.

Beside her, Lisanna froze, clutching her head as the melody began to pour from her lips: "Tis the season to be jolly..."

Mira's own voice betrayed her, joining in despite her best efforts: "Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!"

Their hands snapped open, revealing glowing lyric sheets identical to those held by the cursed group. Worse, their clothes shimmered and changed before their horrified eyes: Mira's outfit transformed into a regal red velvet dress with white fur trim along the collar and cuffs, accented by golden embroidery that sparkled under the enchanted glow. Her hair was tucked neatly into a black bonnet trimmed with holly and crimson ribbons. Meanwhile, Lisanna's attire shifted into a cheerful green and white ensemble, complete with a flowing tartan skirt, a fitted green velvet jacket, and candy-cane striped stockings. A delicate holly crown adorned her head, its berries glinting like tiny rubies.

Without meaning to, they stepped into sync, their movements precise and graceful as they joined the cursed carolers in synchronized singing.

"Don we now our gay apparel!" Wendy sang, spinning in time with Lucy and the sisters.

"Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la!" Mira and Lisanna harmonized perfectly, their voices ringing out over the festive scene.

Deep inside, Mira's mind reeled. This can't be happening! I'm a mage, not a dancer!

Beside her, Lisanna's cheeks burned as she fought the compulsion. "Mira, what do we do?"

Mira's response came not in words but in perfect pitch:
"Troll the ancient Yuletide carol..."

"Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!"

Their synchronized performance continued, drawing the attention of stunned onlookers. From the safety of a nearby alley, Happy and Carla watched in growing disbelief.

"This is bad," Carla muttered. "The curse is spreading too fast."

Happy tilted his head, his ears twitching as he watched Mira and Lisanna execute a flawless twirl. "But they're so good at it!"

"Happy," Carla snapped, "this isn't the time to—"

Her words were drowned out as the cursed group struck a triumphant pose, their voices carrying over the crowd:

"Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la!"

Magnolia's streets erupted in applause, unaware that the spirited performance was anything but voluntary.

=====

Gray bolted through the snow-covered forest, his breath misting in the crisp air. He didn't dare look back—he could still hear Wendy's sweet soprano and Lucy's desperate yet harmonious alto echoing through the trees. "I'll get to the guild," he muttered under his breath, teeth gritted. "I'll warn them. Someone's gotta stay sane in all this—"

A distant "Fa-la-la-la-la!" sent a chill down his spine, and he picked up the pace.

Meanwhile, Erza stood alone in the clearing, fists clenched. Her sharp eyes darted between the cursed group inching closer with synchronized steps and Natsu's booming voice leading their twisted choir.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!" they sang, their glowing lyric sheets rising and falling in unison. Snowflakes danced around them like an enchanted stage effect.

Erza bit her lip. “This is nothing more than a magical compulsion,” she muttered to herself, summoning her resolve. “I’ve resisted far worse. I just need to hold out until Gray warns the others.”

The first wave of the curse washed over her, but she was ready. With a flash of magic, her Heart Kreuz Armor gleamed in defiance. “Requip!” she called out, donning an enchanted helm that muffled the haunting melody. For a moment, it seemed to work; her lips remained tightly sealed, her movements under control.

But the carolers didn’t stop. Their voices grew louder, harmonizing with chilling perfection. Natsu’s grin stretched wide, his scarf fluttering dramatically in the breeze as his boots tapped in perfect rhythm. Lucy and Wendy flanked him, their voices high and pure, their outfits shimmering with holiday cheer. Mira and Lisanna twirled like Victorian ballerinas, their skirts brushing the snow.

Erza staggered back as another wave of the curse crashed into her. The magic clawed at her mind, but she swapped to a new helm, then another, desperately cycling through her armory.

“I won’t yield!” she shouted. “I am Erza Scarlet!”

And then, she saw him.

Jellal stepped into the clearing, his movements unnaturally graceful, his face helplessly serene. His usual attire had been replaced by an elegant, tailored caroler’s outfit—a deep navy velvet jacket with silver buttons, a crisp white scarf draped around his neck, and polished black boots that caught the moonlight. A matching top hat perched at a jaunty angle on his head. His voice rang out with heartbreaking clarity:

“O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant...”

Erza’s heart sank. “Jellal...” she whispered, her grip faltering.

He turned to her, his expression pleading as his voice soared into the next line: “O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem...”

The sight was too much. Erza’s helm fell from her hands, landing with a dull thud in the snow. Her shoulders slumped, the last of her resistance crumbling. “If even Jellal...” she murmured, tears brimming in her eyes.

The curse seized its moment, flooding through her body. A glowing lyric sheet appeared in her hands, and her lips began to move against her will. “Sing, choirs of angels... sing in exultation...”

Her armor shimmered, transforming into a dazzling caroler's outfit. A crimson cloak trimmed with white fur flowed behind her, fastened with a golden clasp. Her dress was a rich burgundy, layered with ruffles and lace, and her boots jingled with tiny bells. A holly wreath crowned her head, sparkling in the moonlight.

As the curse fully took hold, Erza stood tall, her posture regal even in surrender. She turned to Jellal, their voices blending in perfect harmony. The others joined in, their synchronized choreography spinning them into place, encircling the clearing like a living snow globe of holiday cheer.

=====

Gray stumbled through the snow, the Fairy Tail guildhall finally in sight. His chest heaved from exertion, his shirt long gone (thanks to some magically-induced wardrobe malfunction along the way). Beside him, Makarov sat perched on a wooden sled, holding onto a bag of enchanted baubles and humming quietly to himself.

"So, let me get this straight," Makarov said, his tone maddeningly calm. "A cursed book of Christmas carols has turned most of the guild into synchronized singers in festive outfits?"

"YES!" Gray snapped, throwing his hands in the air. "They're singing! Dancing! They're dressed like... like—" He shuddered. "Like they belong in some old-timey Victorian postcard! It's a nightmare!"

Makarov stroked his beard thoughtfully. "And you didn't think to burn the book?"

Gray stared at him. "IT WAS SNOWING FIRE! Natsu was summoning sparkles! There wasn't exactly time to—"

"Relax, boy," Makarov said with a chuckle, hopping off the sled. "I'll take care of it."

The two entered the guildhall, which had been entirely overtaken by the curse. The once-cozy interior had transformed into a caroler's dream: wreaths adorned every wall, garlands draped over beams, and a massive Christmas tree sparkled in the center of the room, its branches laden with ornaments and glowing candles. Snowflakes drifted gently from the ceiling, vanishing just before they touched the floor.

And then, there were the guild members.

"Silent night... holy night..." came the angelic chorus as the cursed carolers swayed in perfect harmony. Natsu and Lucy led the group, their movements smooth and practiced, their glowing lyric sheets held aloft. Mira and Lisanna twirled near the tree, their skirts sweeping the floor as they twinkled like stars. Even Erza stood serenely at the front, her crimson cloak fanned out dramatically, a look of regal contentment on her face. Jellal stood at her side, his top hat tilted just so, his voice blending seamlessly with hers.

Gray groaned. "Oh, come on! Even Erza?"

Makarov raised an eyebrow. "You sound surprised. That girl has the willpower of a titan, but even she has her limits."

At that moment, Happy flew past with a tiny tambourine strapped to his tail, meowing the melody in time with the music. Gray stared in mute horror.

"Let's get this over with," he muttered.

Makarov stepped forward, raising a glowing orb from his bag. The orb pulsed with golden light, casting a warm glow over the guild. As the carol reached its final verse, the magic began to unravel. One by one, the lyric sheets dissolved into glittering motes of light. The Victorian outfits shimmered and faded, replaced by the guild members' normal attire.

Erza blinked, looking down at herself in mild confusion. "... I was singing," she murmured, her cheeks flushing crimson. She glanced at Jellal, who was hastily straightening his scarf, clearly trying to process what had just happened.

Natsu scratched his head, his grin sheepish. "That was... weird."

"You were amazing!" Happy chimed in, still jingling his tambourine.

Lucy groaned, rubbing her temples. "Amazing? Try horrifying. I'm never going to get those songs out of my head."

"Worry not!" Makarov declared, his voice booming with authority. "The curse has been contained. From now on, it will only take effect during Christmas."

The guild let out a collective sigh of relief.

"Wait," Gray said, narrowing his eyes. "Only during Christmas?"

"Yes, yes," Makarov said, waving a hand dismissively. "The magic is tied to the holiday spirit. So long as it's not Christmas, you're safe."

Natsu perked up, his grin returning. "So we're, like, immune now?"

"Of course!" Makarov replied. "For the next eleven months, anyway." His beard twitched suspiciously, but no one seemed to notice.

Erza straightened her posture, her armor gleaming as she composed herself. "Then it's settled. We'll avoid the book next year. And if it shows up again, I'll destroy it myself."

“Sure, sure,” Makarov said, chuckling under his breath as he turned toward the bar. “Destroy it.”

As the guild members began to clean up the decorations and shake off their embarrassment, Makarov slipped the cursed book into his bag. His eyes twinkled with mischief as he poured himself a drink, raising his glass to no one in particular.

“Next year’s going to be very festive,” he muttered, grinning as the snow continued to fall outside.

David's New Year

Another new year upon them. Where had the time gone? David was lying on the roof of his home, staring up at the sky. He reached out to the stars, and closed his hands - came away with empty air, but it felt like he'd grabbed the starlight.

Below him, in the house, he had an awareness of them all. His beautiful blushing brides. Beauties with disparate personalities, and mostly from different worlds. They couldn't be more different in terms of personality, but that's what made them all the more radiant. Shining brightly. Like the moon in the sky, gorgeous, mysterious, alluring -

Unlike the moon, they were his. All his! Well, no, not *all* his. They were each other's as well.

Ami and Penny were most likely playing a game of chess. The two genius girls were always eager to improve their game. Though, it had been Misato's idea to make it *strip* chess, which added a layer of strategy to everything. After all, the more naked you were the more distracted your opponent might be... Especially if, oh dear, Ami was taking a drink of water and happened to spill some of it all. Over. Her. Chest~

Meanwhile, Benten and Cammy were probably getting into an arm wrestling contest, with Nabiki taking odds from anyone that happened to be watching. He could plainly see Ayaka watching them alongside Raven, each of them putting up odds for the pair of them - but also gambling on the game of chess, and another game that was being played not too far away.

Of course, Ishizu and Alexis were all too eager to put their Duel Monster chops in, anytime they could. To keep things interesting, Michiru had volunteered to act as a judge, with the two of them being compelled to swap chores in lieu of Life Points, and Michiru acting as a mediator.

Meanwhile in the kitchen Shinobu and Nodoka were getting on famously. Shinobu was eager to learn from the older woman. While her habits tended towards the spendthrift- not an issue with David's income - they were still useful skills to have. One should not be wasteful, even when times are plenty. Otherwise you breed in bad habits... and that which you once wasted might well prove necessary one day.

It was rather funny, though. Despite their behaviour, Cammy and Misato were proving to be mother figures for the rest of the harem as well. They all fit together like a great big jigsaw puzzle, and -

"Ho, ho, ho!" a sultry voice sang out. Looking around, David sighed in partial irritation at the sight of Anna arriving via mystical umbrella, held over her head. She was wearing a black dress that might as well have been made of springs given how slinky it was. "Happy New Year, David!"

"You've mixed up Mary Poppins and Santa," David said. He averted his gaze, as ever. "Happy New Year!"

She grabbed him in a headlock and - too close to her breasts, too close to her breasts - rubbed her knuckles into the top of his head. Ack! No, stop that!

"You're so precious like always!" she cooed. He finally freed himself, then produced a comb with a flick of his fingers and sorted his hair out. "Too adorable! Well, you probably want to know why I'm here, yes? Pretending that I couldn't come along just to say hello for the holidays?"

"Well, let's be fair," David said. "You do have a history of ulterior motives."

"Guilty, as charged," Anna sniffed, then held out her hands as if expecting handcuffed. Which, weirdly, might make her even more dangerous than if she was free! "Very well then, down to business since you do not seem in the mood to play right now. There's another hunt going on. This time, you'll be teaming up with Tobias."

Tobias...? That meathead? At some level he knew it was coming, but that didn't mitigate the suckage factor in the least! At least this time, he had a bit of warning before -

Loud music pierced the night sky, and the moon began to shine a little brighter.

"Is that... Also Sprach Zarathustra?" David asked. Anna was too busy inspecting her nails to answer.

"Whooooooo!" Tobias called out. It was, of course, Tobias. He'd recognise the sound anywhere. Looking around, he saw a tall, muscular figure walking on the moonlight, as if strolling down from the heaven's above. He had the appearance of a Ligerman, with the stripes of a tiger and the shaggy mane of a lion. On each arm he had a pair of catgirls - one off them, Shampoo, who had the same white hair and purple quiff of her cursed form, alongside Haruka on his other arm, a blonde matt of fur covering her from head to toe. Both girls were naked, but given how much of their bodies were covered, you could *almost* call them decent.

Almost is a strong word.

"Well there, little brother, it's good to see ya today!" Tobias laughed while stepping onto the roof. "I see you got them creature comforts alllll set up down here, brother!"

"So are you meant to be Ric Flair or Hulk Hogan?" David asked. Tobias didn't answer with anything but raucous laughter.

"You see, little ladies?" he asked, slapping them both on the ass and making them coo into him all the more. "This is that wild and wacky sense of humour I was talkin' about! Of course, little David can't hope to match up to the stylin' fightin', moonlight walkin', shit-talkin', girl stealing, dirtiest player in the game! Whooo!"

"I see, so it's both at once," David said. He nodded to himself. "So are you going to squash yourself to make sure everyone knows you're the top dog? Perhaps go to the top rope and get thrown off, then pop to your feet and flex your muscles?"

"Whooo! Brother, I see those jabs of yours, but they are bouncing right off the biggest arms in the world, brother!"

At this point, David was pretty sure Tobias was messing with him. Trying to tease him back could only end in an escalation, so time to demonstrate the better part of valour.

"So what's the hunt today?" he asked. Tobias flashed a big, toothy grin.

"Ever heard of... Overwatch?" Tobias asked.

=====

When traversing the multiverse, it's vital to be prepared for anything. The rules of reality might not be what you're expecting. Now, granted, things like gravity, electrostatic force, basic rules of biology- those all tend to work out fine enough as normal. But other things? Magical systems, intricacies of physics, those things can be pretty different, and you're best suited knowing what's different so you can plan for it accordingly.

David knew very damned little about Overwatch. This was not a good spot for him to be in. Especially since Tobias seemed to know a fair amount about it.

They'd emerged in a futuristic city. That about tracked with the imagery he'd seen of the game. David took in the scene: a sprawling metropolis bathed in a mix of neon lights and twilight gloom. Towering skyscrapers stretched high into the sky, their surfaces gleaming with holographic advertisements that flickered between languages—some familiar, others alien. Smaller buildings leaned together in chaotic clusters, their walls adorned with vibrant murals and, occasionally, angry graffiti. A cable car hummed by overhead, its rails suspended by thin, impossibly sleek supports.

"Well," Tobias said, his voice low but amused as he adjusted the scarf around his neck. "It's not Kansas. Whoo!"

David smirked, his gaze shifting to a nearby alley where a robotic sanitation worker was sweeping the street, its movements precise and mechanical. The smell of spice and fried food wafted from a nearby food stall, mingling with the sharp tang of ozone. The place felt alive, a world balanced precariously between human warmth and technological coldness.

"It's Earth," David said, though the word carried an undertone of skepticism. "Or close enough. But look at this place—tech like this shouldn't be possible here. Not yet."

Tobias shrugged, stepping closer to a weathered poster peeling off a wall. It depicted a group of figures in heroic poses, a cracked Overwatch logo emblazoned behind them. One of the faces—a gorilla in glasses—looked almost comically out of place among the others. Tobias raised an eyebrow.

"When you got a gorilla mad scientist, anything's possible, brother! Whoo!" Tobias whooped. He pulled David into a big headlock and dragged him across the street. "Listen here, I got my dibs on this muscular babe right here! She'll make an *excellent* cougar, don'tcha think?"

He showed David an image of a spunky redhead wearing yellow power armour. Yeah, cute.

"She's a bit too young to be a cougar, though..." David mused aloud. Tobias seemed to take great delight in that idea. "Anyway. I'm more interested in -"

"Tracer, right?" Tobias interrupted. "Always got something for that kinda Brit babe, huh? Not that I blame you! That butt brings out the beast in me, brother! Awoo!"

None of which addressed the core question at play here. How were they gonna get these girls? David had no knowledge of the setting. Tobias was too much of a meathead to have a coherent plan. Which meant it was up to him to find out a few things, like...

This was a game, right? Some sort of multiplayer game... Maybe that was a way in?

The discovery had been serendipitous. David, with his knack for sniffing out the pulse of a world, had found himself in a bustling tech bazaar. Between vendors hawking questionable mods and kiosks showcasing sleek hoverboards, he'd overheard the murmurs of excitement. A grizzled mechanic, half-buried in a tangle of cables, had been regaling an eager crowd about a "match of the century"—a six-on-six contest involving Overwatch agents and challengers brave enough to face them.

David listened closely, piecing together the rules. The contest wasn't just combat—it was a spectacle, blending sport with strategy, tech, and flair. Sponsored by corporate moguls and streamed to millions, these matches were as much about entertainment as they were about skill. And, importantly, they weren't life-or-death battles. For someone looking to make a mark—or meet specific individuals—it was the perfect entry point.

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Lena Oxton, better known as Tracer, bounced lightly on the balls of her feet as they waited in the staging area. Her ever-present grin stretched wide, adrenaline fizzing through her veins. She glanced at her teammates, trying to read the mood.

“Alright, team,” she chirped, clapping her hands together. “Game faces on! This lot looks scrappy, but we’ve taken down Talon ops and Null Sector bots. A family of weirdos? Piece of cake.”

Brigitte, adjusting her shield with practiced ease, gave a friendly chuckle. “Let’s not underestimate them. They signed up to face us, after all.” She rapped her mace against her shield for emphasis. “Besides, a little warm-up’s always good for the muscles.”

“Warm-up? Pfft.” Sombra leaned lazily against the wall, twirling a throwing dagger between her fingers. “If they’re anything like the other challengers, they’ll fall apart in the first five minutes. These contests are all about showing off for the cameras, not skill.” Her voice dripped with playful derision, but her sharp eyes hinted at curiosity.

“Maybe,” Pharah said, her tone measured as always. She was methodically checking her rocket launcher. “But they’ve got some unusual tech—cloaking fields, enchanted gear. They’re not Talon, but they’re not amateurs either.”

Mei, standing nearby with her endothermic blaster cradled in her arms, tilted her head thoughtfully. “They do seem... unusual. Did you see the lineup? One of them has scales!”

“Scales?” D.Va, lounging in the shadow of her mech, perked up. “Wait, we’re fighting an actual lizard person? That’s so cool! I hope my stream’s getting this. My followers are gonna freak out!” She snapped a selfie with her mech for good measure.

Tracer chuckled and placed her hands on her hips. “Well, don’t get too distracted, D.Va. We’ve got a job to do.” She adjusted her pulse pistols, her confidence as infectious as her energy. “Let’s go out there, give the crowd a show, and send these newbies home with a story to tell, yeah?”

The others nodded, their banter subsiding as they filed toward the exit tunnel. The roar of the crowd grew louder with each step, the energy buzzing like static in the air. Tracer loved this moment—the calm before the storm, the anticipation thick enough to taste.

As they stepped into the arena, the battlefield flickered into place—a futuristic urban sprawl complete with holographic billboards and narrow alleyways. The crowd went wild as the Overwatch team emerged, but Tracer barely heard them. Her focus was forward.

The challengers were already there, and “weirdos” didn’t even begin to cover it.

At the forefront stood David, his dark hair slicked back, his eyes glinting with an unsettling mix of amusement and hunger. His tailored coat fluttered dramatically in the wind that wasn’t really there, and when he smiled, his sharp canines caught the light. A vampire. Because of course. And—Tracer noticed with a flicker of annoyance—his gaze was locked squarely on her.

Next to him, Tarek, an ancient Egyptian pharaoh, radiated regality. His gold-and-blue headdress glittered under the lights, and the khopesh blade in his hand looked far more than ceremonial. He carried himself like he'd fought in more wars than Tracer could count.

To his right, Tobias, a werewolf, shifted restlessly. His leather jacket and aviator sunglasses clashed hilariously with his wild energy. He pointed at the Overwatch team, growling theatrically. "Brother!" he howled in a booming voice that echoed through the arena. "Victory shall be ours! Can you dig it?!" Then, abruptly, he flexed, roaring, "I am a god amongst men!"

"Oh no," Tracer muttered under her breath, trying to stifle a laugh. "He's one of those blokes."

The women flanking them were no less intimidating. Nagisa, the snake woman, slithered forward, her lower half coiled like a python. Her sharp yellow eyes flickered toward Tracer briefly, and her forked tongue darted out as if tasting the air.

Next to her was Kimberley, a younger witch whose movements were as quick and nimble as the sparks of green light crackling between her fingers. And finally, there was Anna, the team's elder and clear matriarch. Her crimson robes flowed like liquid fire, and she clutched an ornate staff that radiated raw power. She was calm, almost serene—until she shot Tracer a sly, knowing smile.

Tracer whistled low, spinning one of her pistols idly. "Well, aren't you all a picture of family values. Very... uh, eclectic." Her grin was irrepressible. "What is this, a supernatural reunion tour?"

David stepped forward, his voice smooth and dark. "We prefer the term dynasty." He paused, eyes narrowing slightly as they fixed on her. "And you must be Tracer. The so-called 'face of Overwatch.'"

"Guilty as charged," she said, giving him a cheeky salute. "And you must be the team leader. What was it—David, right?"

He inclined his head, his smile widening. "You're quick."

Tracer grinned. "Quicker than you."

Sombra snickered behind her, muttering, "She's already picking favorites."

David's expression didn't falter. "We'll see." His voice was calm, but Tracer caught the flicker of challenge in his gaze. He clearly intended to make her his primary target. "And by the way, Anna is the head of the team normally. She's just letting me take the lead for once in my life."

Ouch. Sounded like there was a story there. Maybe after the game, she'd drag it out of him over drinks!

The announcer's voice boomed through the arena. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to today's six-on-six match! In the blue corner, we have the legendary heroes of Overwatch! And in the red corner, the mysterious challengers—'David's Dynasty'!"

The crowd erupted, and Tracer gave a little bow, basking in the adoration. But as the countdown timer began to tick down, her focus sharpened. She could feel David's eyes on her, his gaze heavy with unspoken intent.

"Stay sharp," Pharah said over the comms, her voice clipped and steady. "They're an unknown factor."

"Yeah, yeah," Tracer replied, bouncing on her toes. "Just don't let me have all the fun, yeah?"

The timer hit zero, and the battlefield lit up as the match officially began. Tracer blinked forward, her grin widening. "Let's see if you can keep up, vampire boy!"

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The bar was dimly lit, its air thick with a blend of laughter, the clinking of glasses, and the hum of conversations that buzzed in overlapping waves. The wooden booths and worn leather chairs gave the place a cozy, lived-in feel, though tonight's energy was far from subdued. After their hard-fought match, the two teams had gathered here, ostensibly to celebrate, though the atmosphere was more about mutual curiosity and cautious respect.

Tracer leaned against the bar, a pint of amber ale cradled in her hand. She sipped absently, her sharp eyes darting around the room. The match had been closer than she'd expected, and though she hated losing, there was something oddly satisfying about being bested by opponents who clearly knew how to fight. It made the victory earned—and, honestly, the aftermath a lot more fun.

Nearby, Brigitte was deep in discussion with Tobias. The werewolf had an easy grin plastered across his face as he gestured wildly. Tracer caught snippets of the conversation over the din.

"So, it's not just physical strength," Brigitte said, leaning forward, her tone equal parts curiosity and skepticism. "Your senses are heightened too?"

"Absolutely!" Tobias boomed, thumping his chest. "Smell, hearing, taste—you name it. When I'm in my *full* wolf form, I could track someone across miles if I had their scent."

Brigitte raised an eyebrow. "And does that... ever get overwhelming?"

Tobias grinned, flashing teeth that were still a bit too sharp. He leaned in close to Brigitte - and was it her imagination, or did the girl's eyes flutter there for a sec? "Only when someone's wearing bad cologne."

Tracer chuckled into her glass, shaking her head. Typical Tobias—loud, over-the-top, but strangely likable.

Across the room, Mei and Nagisa sat at a corner table, their conversation an animated flurry of gestures. Nagisa's golden eyes glittered as she hissed something, her forked tongue flickering briefly, and Mei responded with wide-eyed enthusiasm. Tracer couldn't hear them over the background noise, but judging by Mei's excited hand movements and the way Nagisa's tail curled and uncurled with interest, they were deep in some kind of scientific discussion.

Kimberley had claimed the seat next to D.Va, and the two of them were engrossed in a different kind of chat. Tracer noted with amusement how D.Va's hands moved as she mimicked some kind of joystick motion, likely explaining one of her many gaming exploits, while Kimberley listened intently, occasionally asking a question or adding her own commentary, before sliding up behind her as if taking the joystick for herself.

Sombra lounged with Anna, the two of them sharing a quiet conversation. Anna's calm, maternal presence seemed to have mellowed Sombra's usual sharp-edged demeanor, and Tracer saw the hacker actually laugh at something Anna said. That alone was a rarity worth noting.

Tarek and Pharah, meanwhile, stood near the far wall, their conversation marked by measured tones and respectful nods. The ancient pharaoh's regal bearing seemed to complement Pharah's disciplined, military precision. It was almost surreal, watching a man clad in gold and blue regalia discuss... Whatever they were talking about, with a woman in a rocket-powered exosuit as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

Tracer let her gaze wander back to David, who was sitting alone at the opposite end of the bar, nursing a glass of red wine. His dark coat hung open, revealing a simple shirt beneath, but his demeanor carried the same polished confidence he'd displayed on the battlefield. His victory had been subtle—calculated moves, not brute force—and Tracer couldn't help but find it fascinating. He seemed utterly at ease, yet his eyes carried a sharpness that suggested he missed nothing.

"So," she said, sliding down the bar to close the gap between them, "what's the secret, then? Fancy vampire tricks, or are you just naturally that good?"

David turned his head slowly, his lips curling into a small smile. "A little of both, perhaps," he said, his voice smooth and measured. "Though I'd say the same about you. Speed like yours isn't just training—it's instinct."

Tracer shrugged, though she felt a small flutter of pride. "Guilty as charged. But I'm still curious—why all this?" She gestured vaguely to the bar, the arena, the spectacle. "A family team of supernatural misfits challenging Overwatch? Not exactly subtle."

David took a sip of his wine, setting the glass down with deliberate precision. "We have our reasons," he said. "Call it... exploration. Seeing what this world has to offer. And, of course," his gaze flicked to hers, "the chance to face worthy opponents is always appealing."

Tracer's grin widened. "Oh, I'm plenty worthy, mate. Just didn't get to show you my best moves."

David chuckled softly, leaning back. "Perhaps next time."

Tracer tilted her head, studying him. There was something about him—an aura of mystery that wasn't just the vampire shtick. He carried himself like someone who'd seen a lot, maybe too much, but still found the world worth engaging with. She wondered briefly what it would take to get him to drop the cool, composed act and show something real.

"Well," she said, lifting her pint, "here's to next time. But don't think I'll go easy on you."

She took a sip of the booze and - Oof! Hell of a kick to it! She felt half drunk already!

"Special brew brought in by Tobias," David said. "Heady stuff. Dosed with his pheromones."

"His what, now?" Tracer asked, though her voice was a fair bit more slurred than she was expecting. She turned back to David, and... Found herself entranced by his gaze. Ooooh, boy! This guy was *super fucking hot* now that she was really looking at him.

"His pheromones," David sighed, then nodded over to where Tobias was... necking with Brigitte, whose body was suddenly and spontaneously sprouting a whole lot of fuzz. "He could've made them work only for him, but instead he decided it would be more interesting so that they made people generally horny. As in, *unbearably* horny."

That was probably intended as a pun. Tobias had managed to get his hand on Brigitte's breast, leaving a strange mark on it. But that wasn't all. Her other acquaintances, they were all... Something was happening to them as well!

The patrons had all left. Anna using one hand to direct traffic, guiding them out by a flick of her wand, while the other hand was doing *something* to Sombra's head. Apparently Sombra liked it quite a bit. Her body was slack, and her eyes had rolled up in her head, and -

And Mei had dumped her fur coat to the floor, dancing in front of Nagisa, her eyes replaced with spirals... D.V.A. had some kind of weird looking port attached to her forehead, while Kimberly was tapping away at her laptop. While Pharah had changed out of her armour and into some sort of... Bellydancer's outfit, with loads of golden trim, sitting in Tarek's lap.

"It looks like the others have taken theirs," David sighed. "Meanwhile, Angela's probably got her hooks in... What was her name again? Oh yes. Mercy."

Ohhhh god, she needed sex, needed it now, right now, and David had grabbed her face to look her in the eyes. Tracer took big, sucking breaths, while David looked at her, right in the eyes, and whispered -

"So, it turns out that next time will be in my bed chambers!" David chuckled, while his red eyes seemed to pierce her very soul. In the name of the greatest racer I ever knew," he whispered. "Show me your moves."

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As it turned out Tracer had *plenty* of moves in bed. Girl was a speedster, as he'd learned during the match. High mobility. Super flexible. Riding his dick like she was the world's greatest jockey and he was a horse that she'd raised since birth.

Wait, hold on, that doesn't quite give the imagery properly and has other implications that he did not intend. Oh, fuck it! Never mind! Tracer was an image of beauty, and David dearly wished he'd known more about her and her universe before bringing her to bed with him.

"That's right, stud! Betcha like it like that!" Tracer moaned. Yes, it seemed that part of her delusion right now was that she was in charge around her. "Ohhhhh! Right there, baby! Betcha can't last a second longer with - Ohhhhh!"

She was right about one thing. He couldn't bear it any longer. He sat up, on the spot, grabbed her body and bit her neck without a moment's hesitation. A minute later, and she'd sprouted fangs, her skin was a deathly palour, and her eyes a stark crimson, like the water within had been replaced with blood.

"Welcome to the family," David said. Tenderly embracing her as she trembled and melted into him. "Together, you, me, and the rest of our family will grant your fondest wish! Simply name it, and it shall be yours."

"Uh... A peaceful world, where the Omnic Crisis is over, and everyone can live a just, peaceful life," Tracer answered without a moment's hesitation. "Oh, and maybe you could cure my Chronal Disassociation?"

World peace and a cure for her medical condition that was constrained to the specifics of her setting...? David sighed wearily. He could already tell Anna was going to make him pay through the nose for at least one of those. Then again, with the woman snuggling up against him? Seemed worth it, in his eyes. Anyone that would ask for world peace over curing a terminal sounding condition they were personally suffering was *more* than worthy of joining his family!

Little did David know that Mother Anna had been watching. She smirked when she heard Tracer's wishes and simply waved her hand, putting a secondary enchantment on David's ring that he was putting on Lena's finger to seal her fate as another of his buxom brides. First her

breasts enlarged, then her waist shrank, hips widened and finally her ass ballooned a bit, making it ever more perfect than before. And most importantly, her illness is completely cured.

Anna could say, "Let him think his ring and bite did the trick. He doesn't need to know. He's been such a good boy for mommy lately." Though smiling she then sighs, "Unlike other children who seem to not want to join in a family outing?"

Angela appears with her catch, Mercy and the blonde woman's battery. Though her blonde hair remains the same, her outfit is more of a dark angel look. Her pristine white and gold Valkyrie suit transformed into a palette of blacks, deep reds, and smoky grays.

Angela smiled. "You know I like doing things my own way mother. Not to mention that lunthead brother of mine Toby always grates on my nerves. Davey, Nagisa and Kimmie I can tolerate, but Toby? That wrestler's personality? Bleh. He does know it's fake, right?"

Anna signs and nods that Tobias's personality can be too over the top sometimes. At that moment, Angela spies on Tobias and Bridget. "You may have a point, but still he is family after all. And it isn't fake. Merely choreographed."

Angela rolled her eyes but then asked "What about Tracer's second wish?"

At that, Anna snapped her fingers and Sombra appeared, wearing practically nothing at all, and her body having been for lack of better a term hacked itself handed her some packets of information. "Here is the information you desire, Mistress."

Anna smirks as she sees a list of other Overwatch women who could be useful to that wish. "All in due time..." is all Anna said, at least for now. So many plans to develop... and new worlds to conquer!

Team Love - Geeta

The late afternoon sunlight filtered through the tall windows of Geeta's office, casting long, golden shadows across the pristine marble floor. The room was as elegant and orderly as its occupant—books and files arranged with meticulous care, a single vase of pale orchids adding a touch of life to the austere space. Behind the sleek desk sat Geeta, her hands clasped neatly as she leaned over a report freshly delivered by one of her League aides.

The document bore a simple title: Preliminary Report on Team Love Activities.

Her violet eyes scanned the page with focused intensity, her expression remaining neutral but her sharp mind taking in every word. The report detailed the emergence of a new group calling themselves Team Love—an organization that had appeared seemingly out of nowhere, wearing heart-shaped emblems and spreading messages of “uniting all through love.” On the surface, their actions seemed harmless, even altruistic: hosting gatherings for trainers to bond with their Pokémon, organizing public events promoting kindness and cooperation, and distributing resources to struggling trainers.

But the report went deeper.

Certain accounts raised red flags. Trainers attending Team Love's events reported feeling “entranced” by their speeches, staying long past the gatherings and losing track of time. Wild Pokémon in areas where Team Love operated had been observed behaving strangely—overly aggressive or unnaturally docile. And there were whispers of a strange new energy that accompanied their activities, though none of the Gym Leaders investigating the phenomenon had been able to identify its source.

Geeta set the report down, folding her hands neatly on the desk. Her lips pressed into a thin line as she stared at the papers, her mind calculating the possible implications.

“It's always the innocuous names,” she murmured, her tone quiet but laced with a dry amusement. “Team Love. At least Team Star had the decency to sound rebellious.”

She reached for her tea, a delicate porcelain cup that had grown tepid as the report absorbed her attention. Taking a sip, she allowed herself a moment of reflection. Whatever this group's intentions, they were making waves in her region. That alone warranted scrutiny.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. “Enter,” she called, her voice smooth and authoritative.

Rika, her trusted Elite Four member, stepped inside, her expression a mixture of curiosity and concern. “Got your message, Chairwoman. You wanted to talk about this Team Love?”

Geeta gestured to the chair across from her desk. “Sit. I want your perspective.”

Rika dropped into the seat with her usual relaxed confidence, but there was a sharpness in her gaze as she picked up the report. "Huh. Hearts and happiness, huh? Sounds harmless enough."

"That's precisely why it's troubling," Geeta replied, her tone calm but firm. "Anyone who presents themselves as entirely benevolent is often hiding their true intentions. Especially when their actions begin to affect not just people but the Pokémon around them."

Rika skimmed the report, her brows furrowing as she reached the section on wild Pokémon behavior. "Yeah, this... isn't normal. You think they're using some kind of tech or Pokémon ability to pull this off?"

"Possibly," Geeta said, resting her chin on her interlaced fingers. "But the method isn't my immediate concern. Their influence is growing, and their operations are spreading across Paldea. If left unchecked, this could destabilize the balance we've worked so hard to maintain."

"So, what's the plan?" Rika asked, setting the report back on the desk. "Want me to poke around and see what they're really up to?"

Geeta shook her head. "Not yet. I've already requested more detailed reports from the Gym Leaders closest to their current activities. I want to know their goals before we take any overt action. For now, observe them discreetly. If they're harmless, we risk nothing. But if their motives are less pure..."

Her voice trailed off, but the unspoken conclusion hung heavily in the air.

Rika nodded, a grin tugging at the corner of her lips. "Got it. Guess I'll keep an eye out for anyone tossing out 'love and harmony' like candy."

Geeta allowed herself a faint smile. "Just don't let them catch you underestimating them. If they're bold enough to operate this openly, they're confident in their ability to handle scrutiny. That alone makes them dangerous."

Rika rose from her chair, giving Geeta a casual salute. "Understood, Chairwoman. I'll keep you posted."

As the door closed behind her, Geeta leaned back in her chair, her eyes drifting to the report once more. Team Love. What were they after, truly?

With a quiet sigh, she reached for her pen and began drafting a directive to her League trainers. Whatever their intentions, Team Love would not be allowed to disrupt the harmony of Paldea. Not on her watch.

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The forgotten lecture hall in Naranja-Uva Academy was abuzz with quiet murmurs. The dust motes in the air caught the faint rays of late afternoon sunlight, casting a dreamy haze over the group of some of Paldea's most notable women. The desks were old, the walls covered in chalkboards bearing ghostly remnants of equations. It was an odd setting for a secret meeting, but it suited the air of mystery surrounding the topic.

Nemona, standing at the front with her usual boundless energy, clapped her hands. "Alright, everyone, thanks for coming! I know it's not every day I call an emergency meeting, but trust me, this is important. It's about Team Love."

Rika leaned back in her chair, her usual confident smirk playing on her lips as she pushed her hat up. "Team Love? Aren't they the ones going around throwing parties about, what was it... unity and friendship or something? Sounds harmless to me."

Nemona opened her mouth to respond, but Penny beat her to it. She stepped out of the shadow of the wall she had been leaning against, adjusting her oversized hoodie. "Yeah, it sounds harmless. But I don't think it is." Her tone was sharp, serious, and it made everyone in the room sit up just a little straighter.

Katy, sitting primly near the front, blinked in surprise. "Penny, dear, are you saying they're not what they seem?"

Iono, lounging a few seats over with her usual flair, twirled a lock of pastel hair. "Oh, oh! Wait, wait! Are we saying Team Love is secretly evil? 'Cause if that's true, I'm gonna have to come up with so many hashtags for this." Her grin widened as she pulled out her Rotom Phone. "#BetrayalOfLove? No, wait—#VillainyAndValentines!"

Penny gave Iono a flat look. "Not funny, Iono."

"No, it is funny," Iono countered, still typing furiously. "It's just also kinda creepy."

"That's exactly it." Penny pulled out a slim tablet and tapped it, pulling up a series of graphs and maps. "I've been tracking Team Love's movements. The tech they're using at their events—subtle sound waves, electromagnetic pulses—messes with people's emotions. It's not just inspiring people; it's controlling them. And when I traced the signals back to their source, they led right to League HQ."

The murmurs that followed were a mix of disbelief and concern. Tulip raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow. "League HQ? Are you implying...?"

Penny nodded grimly. "I think Geeta is behind it."

The silence that followed was deafening. Even Mela, who had been slouched in her chair with her arms crossed, sat up straight. "No way," she said, her voice rough and incredulous. "Geeta?"

You're telling me Geeta is behind some creepy mind-control operation? That woman doesn't even flinch when someone tries to mess with her schedule. Why would she need mind control?"

"To control everything," Penny replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "To bring everyone under her vision of harmony."

Katy shook her head, her hands clasped tightly. "That can't be true. She's always been kind, fair. Why would she do something so... so terrible?"

From the back of the room, a quiet voice cut through the tension. "It's not as impossible as it sounds."

All eyes turned to Dot, the shy and reclusive streamer. She hadn't spoken until now, and even now, she avoided meeting anyone's gaze. "I've been noticing weird stuff too," she said, her voice soft but certain. "Some of the tech Team Love uses... it's not stuff you can buy off the shelf. It's custom. Advanced. And it matches some of the equipment the League uses for their events."

Iono perked up, her earlier playfulness dimmed by a new edge of curiosity. "Okay, so this is getting juicy. Are we talking, like, secret labs juicy? Geeta's secret evil lair juicy?"

"Focus," Penny snapped. "If I'm right, we need to protect ourselves. I've developed a countermeasure—a device that should block the signal they're using. I need you all to wear one."

Nemona stepped in, trying to keep the mood light despite the growing unease. "Hey, I know it sounds wild, but Penny's been right about this stuff before. If she says we need these, then we should at least give them a shot."

The group hesitated, exchanging nervous glances. It was Juliana who broke the silence, standing from her chair with quiet determination. "I'll do it," she said simply.

Nemona beamed. "I knew you'd back us up!"

Iono let out a dramatic sigh. "Fine, fine, I'm in too. But if this thing messes with my style, Penny, I'm charging you for my next makeover."

Dot raised a hand timidly. "I'll help too. If it can stop whatever's happening, I'll do it."

One by one, the others began to agree. Katy nodded, her face still troubled but resolute. "If it's for the safety of Paldea, I'll do whatever it takes."

Tulip sighed dramatically. "Well, I can't let you all risk ruining your lives without me. Fine, count me in."

Even Rika finally stood, her usual laid-back demeanor replaced with a rare seriousness. "If there's even a chance Geeta's behind this, we need to know."

Penny handed out the devices, her hands trembling slightly as she watched them attach the small, sleek gadgets to their clothes. For a moment, the room fell silent, save for the faint hum of the devices.

And then, something shifted. The air grew heavy, as if an unseen force had recoiled and pressed back against them. The hum of the devices seemed to grow louder, almost too loud, before it faded into silence again.

That silence hung around the room like a bad odour, before Rika coughed into her hand.

"So... What exactly did that do, anyway?" Mela asked.

"Hrm...? There's a faint ringing in my ears," Katy said. "That's normal, right?"

"Yep, it sure is!" Penny said with great, infectious enthusiasm. "Although, it might still not be enough to resist whatever mind control is in play. For that reason... I'm going to need everyone to wear some special suits under their regular clothes. They will monitor your condition. Make sure that if something unexpected *does* happen, at the very least we'll have a better idea of *how*."

"Which will give us the means to counter it!" Nemona said. "I never liked that about Chess. You gotta sacrifice your pieces to win... It's lousy, it's cowardly, but -"

"What choice do we have?" Dot chirped up.

The power of peer pressure is a powerful thing by itself. What choice did they have, indeed? If any of them came up with some logic to counter it, none immediately came to mind. They were a bit distracted by the ringing in their ears.

As such, when Penny pulled out a strangely familiar sort of... skinsuit, which *should* have set off alarm bells, but didn't. Especially when Penny stood up, grabbed one and said -

"Oh, how sleek!" she gushed. "How stylish!" she swooned. Which again applied peer pressure to the lot of them. "I'm sure we'll all look so *cute* and *lovely* like this!"

"Come on, everyone!" Juliana yelled. "Let's get changed! The sooner Penny gets a look at our normal readings, the better!"

=====

Orion strolled into the classroom, trying to restrain himself from the urge to skip happily inside. As a guy, you shouldn't really skip, per se. It's technically faster and more efficient than running, but it just looks *wrong* for a full grown man to skip along his merry way.

No matter how happy he was.

He pushed open the door, with bated breath. Oh, he wished he could have seen this in person, but alas, he did have *certain things* to take care of behind the scenes. Running a Team isn't all sunshine and roses, you know! There's a lot of work, a lot of admin, a lot of planning and scheming and preparing, and - What did he find inside?

"Greetings, master!"

A whole row of brainwashed Team Love members, including several new recruits all at once! All dressed up in their skintight uniforms, putting their feminine bodies on display for him, and him alone! This was it. Every trainer of note in the region was his to play with as he would!

It was time for the endgame... And he could hardly wait to score his biggest prize yet!

=====

Geeta sat in her expansive office, sunlight streaming through the tall, arched windows, glinting off her impeccably polished desk. Her hands were clasped tightly, her gaze sharp as she studied the folder of notes that Rika had brought with her.

Across from her, Rika leaned back slightly in her chair, one leg crossed casually over the other. She exuded her usual air of laid-back confidence, though there was a flicker of something more focused in her eyes as she prepared to begin her presentation.

"Alright," Geeta began, her voice firm, "let's get straight to it. Team Love. Their activities are spreading across Paldea like wildfire, and we're getting more reports by the day. Recruitment rallies, unauthorized gatherings, and their... unnervingly persuasive slogans."

Rika nodded, flipping open her binder. "Yeah, they're definitely makin' waves. People are talking about 'em everywhere. I even overheard some gym trainers chat about joining up."

Geeta frowned, leaning forward. "That's precisely the problem. Their influence is expanding unchecked. Yet, there's no clear motive or leadership. That kind of grassroots momentum could destabilize the entire League system if we don't get a handle on it."

"Totally get it," Rika said smoothly, gesturing to a chart on her first slide. "Here's the thing though—most of what they're doing looks pretty harmless. Community events, big gatherings to 'spread love and understanding,' that sort of thing. Sure, it's... unorthodox, but it's not like they're vandalizing gym arenas or stealing Pokémon."

“Not yet,” Geeta countered, her tone clipped. “These things always escalate. Cult-like groups have a way of lulling people into a false sense of security before showing their true colors.”

“Maybe,” Rika allowed, shifting to her next slide. The image showed a crowd of smiling people holding bright, colorful banners. “Course, it’s also possible they’re just what they say they are—a buncha idealists trying to bring folks together. I mean, look at these faces.”

Geeta studied the picture, her frown deepening. There was a certain... sincerity in the expressions of the crowd. Bright eyes, broad smiles, arms linked in solidarity.

“It’s suspicious,” Geeta insisted, though there was less bite in her tone. “No one is that happy all the time. It feels... manufactured.”

Rika shrugged, her easygoing demeanor disarming. “Could be. Or maybe they’ve just tapped into something that works. People’ve been through a lot lately—maybe they’re craving connection. A group like Team Love offers ‘em that. Doesn’t have to be nefarious, y’know?”

Geeta opened her mouth to argue but found herself hesitating. She glanced back at the image on the slide. The idea of people craving connection wasn’t unreasonable, especially in a region as vast and diverse as Paldea.

“I suppose it’s possible,” she said finally, her tone cautious.

“Exactly,” Rika said with a grin, flipping to the next slide. This one depicted a series of posters with bright, catchy slogans: “Love Unites Us,” “Together, We Shine,” and “Open Your Heart to the World.”

Geeta’s gaze lingered on the words, her frown softening. The slogans were... oddly compelling.

“Maybe,” Rika continued, her tone conversational, “we don’t need to look at Team Love like they’re a problem to solve. Could be they’re just... different. Not every unconventional group is out to cause trouble, yeah?”

Geeta leaned back in her chair, the rigidity in her posture easing just a fraction. “Perhaps,” she said slowly. “Though we should still remain vigilant. Idealism has a way of blinding people to the potential harm they might cause.”

“Totally agree,” Rika said, though her grin suggested she didn’t agree entirely. “But hey, for now, doesn’t seem like they’re hurting anyone. Maybe we can afford to give ‘em the benefit of the doubt.”

Geeta hesitated, then gave a small nod. “Perhaps.”

Rika smiled, her fingers idly tapping against the table as she moved to her next point. Behind her calm demeanor, there was the faintest flicker of satisfaction in her gaze.

=====

Rika flicked to the next slide, her outward demeanor calm, but beneath her relaxed exterior, her mind hummed with focus. The subliminal cues woven into the presentation were working perfectly so far—every carefully chosen word, every bright, welcoming image, subtly guiding Geeta's thoughts.

It wasn't enough to overpower Geeta's will outright. That wasn't the point. No, this was about leading her to conclusions that felt like her own. A nudge here, a suggestion there—nothing too overt.

The next slide showcased more imagery of Team Love's public activities: smiling members working together to clean up litter in a park, handing out food to the less fortunate, cheering as they released balloons with handwritten notes attached.

Rika gestured to the images, her voice warm and conversational. "See what I mean? It's not just big rallies and chants. They're out here, making a difference, showin' folks how much better life can be when you're part of somethin' bigger."

She glanced at Geeta, who was watching the screen with a contemplative expression. The chairwoman's hands, once clasped firmly together, now rested loosely on the desk.

"They do seem... proactive," Geeta admitted, her tone softer than before.

"Exactly!" Rika said with just the right amount of enthusiasm, flipping to the next slide. This one was a word cloud of Team Love's key messages: Compassion, Unity, Joy, Belonging. Each word radiated in a soothing gradient of colors designed to hold the eye just a bit longer than natural.

"Words are powerful, don'tcha think?" Rika said casually. "The right ones stick with ya. Change how you think about things, even. Kinda genius, really."

Geeta nodded slightly, her gaze lingering on the slide. Her lips moved faintly, as though testing the words to herself.

Rika suppressed a grin. The hooks were sinking deeper. Time to reel in the line.

She advanced to a slide showing a smiling group of Team Love members, each dressed in their distinctive uniforms—white with pastel accents, clean and cheerful, projecting a sense of harmony.

"Y'know," Rika continued, "I was thinkin'. If we really wanna understand what makes Team Love tick, we gotta step into their shoes, right? Kinda... get the full picture."

Geeta blinked, her brows furrowing faintly. "Step into their shoes?"

Rika leaned forward slightly, her expression earnest, as though this were the most natural suggestion in the world. "Yeah. Roleplay a little. It's not like we're joinin' 'em or anything, but wearin' the uniform, talkin' the talk—it'd give us a better sense of how they see the world, yeah?"

Geeta hesitated. She wasn't the sort to entertain frivolous ideas, let alone something as unorthodox as this. Yet, as Rika spoke, her words seemed to take on a peculiar gravity, like water seeping into cracks. The more Geeta thought about it, the less unreasonable it seemed.

"I... suppose there could be merit in that," Geeta said slowly, though her tone carried a faint air of uncertainty.

Rika's grin widened imperceptibly. She reached beneath the table, pulling out a neatly folded stack of uniforms. "I figured you'd see the value. So I came prepared."

She placed the uniforms on the table, each pristine and perfectly tailored. The sight of them made Geeta hesitate again, but only for a moment. Something about the presentation—the repetition of words, the calm cadence of Rika's voice, the images that lingered just a little too long in her mind—left her less inclined to argue.

"Well," Geeta said finally, rising from her chair with measured grace. "If we're going to do this, we might as well commit to the exercise fully."

"Now you're talkin'," Rika said with a satisfied nod, handing her a uniform.

As Geeta took it and stepped away to change, Rika leaned back in her chair, allowing herself a moment to savor her success. The plan was working beautifully. Soon, Geeta wouldn't just understand Team Love.

She'd be part of it.

=====

Rika stood at the door to Geeta's office, her hand resting on the polished handle. Her expression was unreadable, but there was a faint tightness to her posture—a tension that only someone truly observant might notice.

Orion approached with his characteristic calm, Mela and Katy flanking him like shadows. Rika nodded once, a subtle acknowledgment, before pushing the door open and stepping aside to let them enter.

Geeta looked up from her desk, her usual air of authority slightly dulled by the events of the past few days. She was clad in the Team Love uniform now, its pastel hues a stark contrast to the commanding tones she typically favored. The fabric fit her perfectly, but something about it seemed... wrong, like an ill-fitting mask on a queen.

Still, she held herself with grace, and her voice carried a measured sharpness as she addressed her guests. "You must be Orion," she said, her eyes narrowing slightly. "I assume this isn't a social visit."

Orion smiled warmly, stepping into the room with the casual confidence of someone who belonged there. "Geeta," he greeted her, his tone almost affectionate. "I wanted to thank you for the steps you've taken to understand us. To really see what Team Love is about."

Geeta's fingers curled faintly against the edge of her desk. "I've seen enough to know that your methods are dangerous. Manipulative. They undermine the very foundations of trust and freedom that the League was built upon."

Behind Orion, Mela and Katy exchanged subtle glances, their expressions serene but watchful. Rika lingered by the door, her presence quiet but charged, as though she were holding her breath.

"I understand your concerns," Orion said softly, his hands clasped behind his back. "Change is never easy. But tell me, Geeta—have we not brought joy to so many? Have we not shown that unity can make Paldea stronger?"

Geeta's gaze faltered, just slightly. The subliminal messages woven into Rika's earlier presentation had done their work well, softening her edges, dulling her resistance.

"Joy that comes at the cost of free will is no joy at all," she said, though her voice lacked the force it once carried.

"Is it really so different from what the League asks of trainers?" Orion countered gently. "To devote themselves to a path, to strive for a goal greater than themselves? We're merely guiding them to a better way."

Geeta shook her head, though the motion was slow, hesitant. "It's not the same."

"Perhaps," Orion allowed, his tone almost mournful. "But you've seen the good we can do. The lives we can change. Surely that's worth considering?"

Geeta hesitated, her resolve wavering. She opened her mouth to respond, but Orion had already pulled something from his pocket—a Pokéball, gleaming with the signature pastel hues of Team Love.

Her eyes widened. “What are you doing?”

“Securing Paldea’s future,” Orion replied simply, his voice calm as ever. He tossed the ball toward her with practiced ease.

The ball struck Geeta, and in a flash of light, she vanished into its confines. It hit the floor, wobbling once, twice, three times.

Click.

Orion bent down to pick up the ball, cradling it in his hand like a cherished treasure. He pressed a button on the small device he carried, and Geeta’s new information appeared on the screen:

Type: Psychic/Fairy

Level: 75

Moveset:

Charm

Dazzling Gleam

Calm Mind

Hypnosis

A soft chime echoed through the room as the ball released its contents, and Geeta reappeared. Her transformation was striking: the pastel hues of the Team Love uniform seemed to glow with a faint, ethereal light, and her eyes, once sharp and commanding, now held a serene, dreamlike calm.

She knelt before Orion without hesitation, her voice soft and melodic as she said, “How may I serve?”

Orion smiled, turning to Mela and Katy, who both nodded in quiet approval. From her place by the door, Rika’s lips curved into a small, knowing smile. The plan had worked perfectly.

“Paldea is ours now,” Orion said softly, his voice filled with quiet triumph. “And together, we’ll make it a paradise. Ladies, if you would remove your uniforms? Allow me to show you the power of love.”

Persona 5 - Harem Game

Futaba Sakura's room buzzed with its usual chaotic energy, but tonight, it felt electric with excitement. Monitors flickered with lines of code, half-empty snack bags were stacked precariously on every available surface, and a neat pile of VR headsets sat gleaming on her desk. Futaba spun around in her gaming chair, her orange goggles reflecting the glow of her screens as she turned to face her friends.

The room was lively, though not as crowded as she'd hoped. Makoto sat cross-legged on a beanbag, sipping tea as her curious gaze darted from Futaba to the equipment. Haru perched primly on the edge of Futaba's bed, hands folded neatly in her lap but eyes sparkling with anticipation. Akira leaned casually against the wall, his signature quiet confidence unshaken by the clutter.

"Alright, squad!" Futaba declared, practically vibrating with excitement. "Welcome to the debut of Meta-Realm: Phantom Protocol! This is the coolest VR game you're ever gonna play. Guaranteed. Or, like, your nonexistent money back."

Akira raised an eyebrow, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "What's the hook?"

"It's inspired by our Metaverse adventures," Futaba said, wagging a finger for emphasis. "But don't worry—no actual life-or-death stakes or creepy cognitive monsters. It's pure fun. Exploration, puzzles, stealth, combat—all the good stuff, just like the old days."

Makoto tilted her head, her skeptical but intrigued expression unchanged. "So, like a training simulation?"

Futaba gasped dramatically, clutching her chest. "Makoto, c'mon. This is so much cooler than some boring training program. It's immersive, interactive, and full of surprises. Also, everyone's avatars are based on their Metaverse outfits, so you'll be in Phantom Thief mode from the get-go."

"That sounds amazing!" Haru said, smiling warmly. "I've never played a VR game before. Will it be difficult?"

"Nah, you'll be fine. It's intuitive. Just, uh... expect a glitch or two," Futaba said, giving them a sheepish grin. "You're the beta testers, after all. But trust me—it'll be worth it."

"What about Ann?" Makoto asked, glancing around.

"Oh, she had a modeling gig. Big fancy thing. Her loss!" Futaba said, waving her hand dismissively. "Anyway, we've got our squad right here, and that's all we need. Now, gear up! The Meta-Realm awaits!"

The trio grabbed their headsets, examining them curiously. Futaba slid hers on with practiced ease and launched into countdown mode. "Alright, ready? Booting up Meta-Realm: Phantom Protocol in three, two, one... Let's gooo!"

The headsets powered on with a hum, and a burst of vivid light enveloped them. The room faded, replaced by a hauntingly familiar sight: a grandiose, sinister castle rising against a blood-red sky.

"Kamoshida's palace?" Akira asked. "Interesting choice."

"What can I say? I'm a sucker for nostalgia," Futaba said, and the three of them could hear her smirk.

Haru nodded hesitantly. "It feels a little unsettling, to be honest."

"Relax! It's just a game," Futaba said cheerfully. "Besides, it's perfect for testing teamwork and exploring the mechanics. Plus, where's the fun in giving everything away upfront?"

Akira sighed but adjusted his Phantom Thief gloves, his voice calm but resolute. "Alright. Let's see what you've got, Futaba."

"Atta boy, Joker!" Futaba cheered. "Alright, team, your first objective is to find the Treasure Room. There are hidden keys, puzzles to solve, and maybe a booby trap or two. Ready? Go!"

The three exchanged wary but determined glances before setting off, their VR adventure in Kamoshida's palace beginning in earnest. Futaba's amused giggles echoed in their headsets as she watched them navigate her creation, her grin only widening as the game unfolded. This was going to be so worth it.

=====

The trio moved through the dungeon with impressive ease, their experience as Phantom Thieves making short work of the puzzles and traps that Futaba had painstakingly set up. Akira took point, his familiarity with Kamoshida's palace allowing him to guide Makoto and Haru through the eerie corridors with calm efficiency. Even so, the unsettling nature of the replica wasn't lost on them.

Makoto wrinkled her nose as they passed another grotesque golden statue of Kamoshida in an exaggerated pose, his smirk as smug as it was unsettling. "This is the palace you told us about, right? The one with that... horrible coach?"

"Yeah," Akira said simply, his voice steady as he led them around a crumbling pillar. "This is it. Or at least a copy of it."

Makoto frowned, taking in the gaudy decor and twisted architecture. "It's as vile as I imagined. You weren't exaggerating about the narcissism on display."

Haru's grip on her axe tightened as her gaze flicked to the statues. "To think someone's distorted desires could create something like this. It's so... grotesque." She gave a delicate shudder, stepping carefully around the rubble. "And those statues... Did he really see himself that way?"

"Pretty much," Akira replied with a dry edge to his tone. "Futaba nailed the details."

"Thanks!" Futaba's voice piped up cheerfully in their headsets. "I mean, I had some creative freedom, but the creepy vibes? Totally authentic."

Makoto paused, glancing at a particularly grandiose depiction of Kamoshida lounging on a throne. "This is... a lot to take in. I can't believe you all managed to fight through a place like this."

"We didn't exactly have a choice," Akira said, glancing back at her. "But yeah, it wasn't fun."

Haru gave him a sympathetic look before turning to another statue, her unease evident. "To think someone's mind could create something so warped..."

"Aw, you're making me feel bad for how easy you're making this look," Futaba cut in, her tone exaggeratedly pouty. "You're blasting through this dungeon like it's cakewalk city! I didn't spend weeks coding traps and puzzles just for you to breeze past them."

"Futaba, this is just a replica," Makoto said with a slight smirk. "You can't expect us to struggle when we've already dealt with worse."

"Okay, okay, smarty-pants," Futaba retorted, her voice gleeful. "How about I turn up the heat? Get ready for expert mode!"

The room rumbled ominously as the sound of grinding stone echoed around them. Walls rearranged themselves, closing off passages and opening new ones. The air grew tense as traps began to appear—spinning blades, pressure plates glowing faintly, and arrow launchers embedded in the walls. In the distance, a pair of massive glowing doors appeared, flanked by statues that now seemed to leer at them.

Haru took a step back, her eyes wide. "Oh my..."

Makoto let out a quiet breath, her expression hardening as she assessed the new layout. "This looks significantly more challenging."

Akira adjusted his gloves, his usual smirk returning. "We've got this."

“That’s the spirit!” Futaba cheered. “Let’s see how you handle my masterpiece now!”

=====

Futaba leaned back in her gaming chair, a self-satisfied grin plastered across her face. She tapped a few keys on her keyboard, watching her monitors as the game responded to her commands in real-time. Her friends were doing well—too well, actually—but that was about to change.

“Alright, alright, you’re good, I’ll give you that,” she muttered to herself, her fingers flying across the keys. “But let’s see how you handle this curveball.”

With a few deft clicks, she swapped out all the standard enemies she had painstakingly programmed into the dungeon with one of her more... experimental additions. The screen flickered as rows of overly sultry, scantily clad Succubus models appeared in the dungeon corridors. They posed dramatically, their suggestive animations earning a snort of laughter from Futaba.

“Oh, man,” she cackled, slapping her knee. “This is gonna be hilarious. Classic RPG nonsense—‘Why are there always Succubi in these games?’ Because reasons, that’s why!”

She leaned closer to the screen, watching as the trio in-game came face-to-face with their first Succubus encounter. Makoto stopped dead in her tracks, Haru blinked in confusion, and Akira tilted his head slightly as if silently questioning every decision that had led to this moment.

“Uh, Futaba?” Makoto’s voice came through the headset, sharp and full of suspicion. “What... exactly are these?”

“Futaba,” Haru added delicately, “why are they all dressed like that?”

Futaba wheeled her chair around and clasped her hands together, her tone dripping with faux innocence. “Oh, those? Just some harmless NPCs I threw in for flavor! Y’know, spice things up a bit.”

“They’re not harmless,” Akira chimed in dryly, dodging a leaping Succubus wielding a whip. “And they’re definitely spicy.”

Futaba couldn’t contain her laughter as she watched the three engage the new enemies. “Come on, guys, you’ve got this! They’re just like the ones from the Metaverse—no biggie! Except, y’know, they’re way prettier. And have way more personality. You’re welcome.”

Makoto let out a frustrated sigh, her voice laced with annoyance. “Futaba, I’m not sure what you were thinking, but this isn’t exactly helping the immersion.”

“Are they... blowing kisses?” Haru asked, her tone half curious, half scandalized.

“Yup!” Futaba said, positively gleeful. “And they can charm you if you’re not careful. Pro tip: don’t get charmed. Or do—if you wanna see the animation, it’s pretty great.”

“I think I’ll pass,” Akira muttered, countering an attack and dispatching a Succubus with practiced ease.

As Futaba watched them navigate the encounter, she kicked her feet up on her desk, munching on a bag of chips with smug satisfaction. So far, everything was going exactly as planned.

=====

The first thing you have to learn quickly to be a Phantom Thief is how to be quick with your wit, and always have a snarky comeback. The second thing you have to learn is how to be alert within a Palace. These places could be tricky. Enemies could come from anywhere. Traps could emerge from every angle. You’ve got to focus, you’ve got to be sharp as a tack!

However, Akira was noticing something rather peculiar happening. Every battle was a Succubus.

Before, there was a chance of random variety in the encounters. They might stumble upon a Jack-O’-Lantern, a Pixie, or some combination of the weaker Shadows that made the early stages of a Palace bearable. Now? Every single battle was against one to five Succubi.

And every single turn, it was the same thing: they cast the spell *Marin Karin* on a party member.

Akira sighed as he dodged yet another overly dramatic attempt by a Succubus to charm him. The spell shimmered in the air before fizzling out, much to the Shadow’s disappointment. “Really? Again?” he muttered under his breath, taking a quick glance at his team. Though, was it his imagination or did that spiralling effect seem to be getting more intense every time that they did it?

Makoto was furiously swatting at a Succubus with her tonfa, looking thoroughly annoyed. She shook her head, either in annoyance or an attempt to shake off the effects of the spell. “Why is it always this spell? Do they even know anything else?”

Haru, meanwhile, was clutching her axe in both hands, her cheeks pink as she sidestepped yet another blown kiss. “I’d like to remind everyone,” she said in her usual polite tone, “that I’m not used to fighting Shadows like... this.”

“They’re Shadows like any other,” Akira said, swinging his dagger and taking one down. “Just more... persistent.”

"I think persistent is an understatement," Makoto snapped, smacking another Succubus that was trying to wink at her. Again, that spiral effect. "Why are they only using Marin Karin? I thought Futaba said this was randomized!"

"Oh, it's randomized, all right," Futaba's voice chimed in through their headsets, her tone positively gleeful. "RNGesus just really likes these gals, I guess."

Akira let out a quiet sigh, dispatching the last of the group as the battle came to an end. "You mean you programmed this on purpose."

"Maybe," Futaba replied, her voice too innocent to be convincing. "You've gotta admit, it's funny watching you guys dodge love spells. Plus, hey, no one's gotten charmed yet! That's a win in my book."

"It's not funny," Makoto said sternly, though her movement did seem a little more sluggish than usual. "It's repetitive, and it's starting to get old."

Haru nodded, brushing herself off as the battle faded. "I do appreciate the effort you put into this game, Futaba, but could we perhaps have a bit more variety in our opponents? Perhaps some Shadows that are... less flirtatious?"

"Less flirtatious?" Futaba echoed, pretending to mull it over. "Hmm... Nah. Succubi are way more entertaining. Besides, you guys are Phantom Thieves! You're supposed to be adaptable!"

"Adaptable, yes," Akira said, already preparing for the next inevitable battle. "But this is starting to feel less like a test of skill and more like a prank."

"You say prank, I say cutting-edge psychological game design," Futaba shot back, clearly enjoying herself. "Alright, alright, fine. I'll consider mixing it up a little for the next room. But only because you're all being such good sports about it."

Akira exchanged a look with Makoto and Haru. They weren't sure what to expect next, but if Futaba was in this kind of mood, they knew one thing for certain—this dungeon was only going to get weirder.

=====

It was working! Definitely working! Each time the Succubus used that spell, the interface was getting overlaid with spirals, meant to simulate the 'charm' aspect, but in truth they were hiding words embedded in the graphics. Kukuku! She really was a super smart genius, wasn't she?

What were those words? We're getting to it.

"Hey! That's just a Succubus cosplaying as a Pixie!" Makoto protested. "And a Jack-O-Lantern, and a generic Knight - Futaba!"

Indeed! The Shadows were undeniably Succubi—but they were dressed in bizarrely crude imitations of other common Shadows from Kamoshida's Palace. One wore a tattered orange robe and carried a fake pumpkin head, clearly meant to resemble a Jack-O'-Lantern. Another had awkwardly affixed oversized, glittery wings to its back in an attempt to pass as a Pixie. A third was wielding a cardboard sword, its costume a halfhearted mimicry of a generic knight Shadow.

"Ta-da!" Futaba's voice crackled through their headsets, practically vibrating with glee. "Welcome to Succubus Cosplay Night! I got bored watching the same fights over and over, so I decided to give your opponents a little makeover. Cute, huh?"

Makoto pinched the bridge of her nose. *"Cute isn't the word I'd use."*

"It's definitely something," Akira said, his tone deadpan as he watched the Pixie impersonator awkwardly flap its wings. *"They don't even look convincing."*

"Hey, don't judge!" Futaba protested, mock-offended. "Do you know how much coding went into those costumes? Okay, fine, like, five minutes of coding and two hours of me laughing, but still! I'm a genius, admit it. Besides which!"

The Jack-O-Lantern Succubus leaned forward, exposing her cleavage seductively while waving around its fake pumpkin head. Then, it cast that same spell again! Marin Karin, causing their screens to fill with spiral effects.

"It's really kinda cute seeing them try like that, isn't it?" Futaba asked, pouting to make sure her tone came across the way she wanted it to. "They're kinda adorable, right?"

"Adorable...?" Haru repeated back. *"I mean, I suppose it's a little commendable they're at least trying for something different, but -"*

"But nothing!" Of course Makoto would be a bit harder to convince. Hrmph! Almost had Haru there. Futaba tapped at her keyboards- let's get them focusing on her more. *"They're just showing off for the sake of showing... Uh..."*

She lost track of her line of thinking because all three of them cast the spell at her at once, forcing her to really dodge out of the way. Nyehehehe! The effect was proving subtle, but she was certain it would work eventually. They were as good as hers, even if they didn't know it yet!

=====

As much as Makoto didn't want to admit it, those Succubi were really starting to get to her. At first she'd kind of blown them off, but now...? She kept on catching herself glancing at their exposed thighs. Kept on finding herself fascinated by what sort of bizarre cosplays they'd wear next.

The Succubus portraying Bicorn had gone all-in on its costume... in all the wrong ways. It wore a horse mask with two party hats duct-taped to the forehead to serve as horns. A tattered black cape was draped over its shoulders to resemble the creature's wild mane, but it dragged so much that the Succubus occasionally tripped over it. The pièce de résistance was the tail—a mop head tied to its waist, swinging back and forth with every clumsy step.

For the Incubus, the Succubus chose to go meta. It stuck bat wings to its back with tape, carried a cardboard pitchfork, and wore red devil horns on a headband. Despite already being a Succubus, it dramatically mimicked the Incubus's eerie hovering movements by hopping awkwardly in place. It would occasionally waggle its eyebrows suggestively at the team while casting that same spell yet again -

Marin Karin~

The battles hadn't been difficult, but she felt out of breath by the time they reached the final room. Based on what Akira was saying, they should find Kamoshida's Shadow inside. He was stood there, waiting at the doorway as if something wasn't happening that should be.

"Ah, that's right," he said, voice sounding a bit bleary. "Normally this is where Mona would ask if I was ready. Let's head in and face off against Kamoshida. Queen! Noir!"

Oh, okay! Both of them nodded. The grand, gilded doors of the throne room groaned open, revealing a space that was somehow even more over-the-top than the rest of Kamoshida's Palace. The gaudy excess of the original design had been ramped up to cartoonish levels: velvet drapes embroidered with hearts, chandeliers shaped like wings, and a throne perched atop a dais surrounded by glowing red crystals.

Seated on the throne was a figure who could only be described as the cherry on top of this ridiculous sundae.

"Welcome, interlopers!" the woman on the throne announced, her voice dripping with exaggerated allure. She rose slowly, her figure illuminated by a spotlight that came from nowhere. "You dare to invade the domain of Queen Ann, ruler of the Succubi!"

The trio stood there, taking in the absurd sight. Ann Takamaki—or rather, a ridiculously over-the-top digital caricature of her—was decked out in an elaborate version of her usual Panther outfit, but with the "succubus" aesthetic dialed up to eleven. Her red catsuit shimmered like liquid fire, now adorned with intricate black patterns resembling demonic wings. Her whip

had transformed into a staff topped with a heart-shaped gem, and her usual cat mask had been replaced with a horned headpiece that made her look like a cheesy villain from a B-movie.

"Okay," Akira said flatly, adjusting his glove. "Not the weirdest thing I've seen today."

"This Palace gets more absurd by the minute," Makoto muttered, cracking her knuckles.

Haru tilted her head, taking in the sight with an amused smile. "Well, at least they did a good job rendering her hair. I'm pretty sure her breasts aren't actually that big though..."

"Silence!" Queen Ann bellowed, pointing her staff at them dramatically. "You dare mock your new queen? Insolent fools! I shall punish you for your impudence and then add you to my court as loyal servants!"

Futaba's voice crackled through the headsets, barely able to contain her laughter. "I—I can't believe you guys are actually going to fight her! Isn't she gorgeous, though? I really outdid myself with this one. Look at that shading on her outfit! Isn't she *smoking hot*?"

She was. Actually, she really was. Makoto wet her lips and felt herself squirming in place. This room was way too warm, wasn't it?

"Better watch out though," Futaba teased. "She's got a super special attack that is extra effective on men. It'll turn Akira to her side in a heartbeat if she uses it, and the only possible counter is - if you're sexier than she is!"

Sexier than she is...? That sounded like a reasonable counter. Sharing a look with Haru, they knew what they had to do, in order to protect Akira from falling under Ann's control.

"You'll never take Akira from us!" Haru firmly stated. The two of them holding onto Akira from either side, grasping an arm and holding him *super close* to them.

"Hrm, that might not be enough~" Futaba said. It wasn't...? "Haru, give Akira a bit, sloppy titjob. Makoto, slip him some tongue. It's the only way to be sure!"

That seemed... a little strange... Though Makoto couldn't quite gleam why. Queen Ann continued her performance, ignoring their comments entirely. She twirled her staff and leaned forward, her crimson outfit shimmering under the digital lighting. "I am the epitome of beauty, strength, and elegance!" She took a step forward, striking another pose, this time with one leg extended behind her as if she were on the cover of a magazine. "I am your queen, and you shall know true despair!"

"Sorry," Makoto sniffed, grabbing Akira's head and turning it towards hers, while Haru was already on her knees, tits out and tugging down Akira's trousers. "As you'll soon see, I'm the only Queen around these parts!"

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In the real world, Futaba was masturbating like she was doing it for her country. Pretty sure the Olympic committee wouldn't accept that event though, nyehehe! The three of them had completely devolved into a hot threesome. Every time they seemed about to snap out of it, Queen Ann would strike a new seductive pose and 'charm' them once again, making them redouble their erotic display!

"That's it, just a little more!" Futaba muttered, fingers probing deep into her gushing pussy. She knew that only Akira's cock could truly satisfy her urges, but this was good enough to tide her over for now. "Yes, that's right! Feel the pleasure of being brainwashed! It'll be your kink as well as mine~ Oooh! It's such a fucking shame Ann couldn't be here too, it would be soooo hawt watching her buckle and break!"

"Ahem!" came a voice from the door. Futaba froze. She'd locked that, right? She was sure she'd locked that... Oh crap. Ann was right there! Leaning against the doorway, arms crossed, tapping her foot.

"Ah! Wait! I can explain!" Futaba said, then looked around and realised there really was no possible explanation that could cover both what she was doing plus what was happening on the monitors in front of herself... Rookie move! Positioning the monitors to face the door, with your back turned to the door to boot! Ann stalked into the room, scowling down at her. "You see, I made a new video game, and, uh -"

Ann was standing over her, letting out a weary sigh. Then, she bent down - and smooched Futaba right on the lips. With tongue, to boot! To her tremendous surprise, Futaba... Came? From being smooched? I mean, Ann is stupid hot but to this degree...?

"I already played your stupid game yesterday," Ann said. "You were out with Akira, and I happened to find it. I'm already brainwashed. I'm already super into this polycule idea you've got going. Being all hypnotised and happy and getting so much hot sex! Who wouldn't want that?"

"Guhh...?" Futaba grunted. Then she shook her head to clear out the cobwebs. "Wait, for real?"

"The only thing I want, is for you to not backslide back into bad habits," Ann said, brushing Futaba's cheek. "No more isolation, no more social anxiety. Just good... hard... sex!" Futaba blushed a bit, and - What was she doing? Brainwashing her friends, turning them into Ren's harem and - "Slut your heart!"

Futaba's eyes glazed over instantly, upon hearing those words. As for Ann, she looked towards the monitor, and shifted her attitude considerably.

"It seems as though you have freed your man from my control," she said, adopting a haughtier air than usual. She flipped back her hair. Cocked her hip. "Yes, indeed! Noir and Queen have liberated Joker, but - The only way to overcome me now, is for the three of you to fuck me and my eternal ally, Pharoah Futaba, if you wish to have a chance of claiming the treasure!"

As one, Ren, Makoto and Haru took their VR helmets off. Their eyes alternating between spirals and hearts. The three of them looked towards Ann and Futaba, who were both already removing their clothes, dumping them without ceremony on the floor -

"To the fools who dare challenge the reign of beauty and power," Ann began, while dumping her cutoff jeans on the floor. "Your time has come to kneel before the only ruler worthy of the throne! I am Queen Ann, Mistress of the Succubi, and I demand your undivided adoration."

That's right. She was going to 'calling card' them while giving them an irresistible striptease. She whirled around, playing with the underside of her shirt, showing flashes of her breasts, for she had already visited the bathroom beforehand to take off her bra.

"Prepare to bow before my elegance, succumb to my irresistible allure, and witness the full force of my magnificent domain! I will crush all who oppose me, and make you my most loyal servants."

She turned her back to them and fully lifted her shirt over her head, then bent over, smoothing her hands down the back of her legs before rising again to squeeze her own buttocks.

"Do you dare defy me? If so, know that the consequences will be nothing short of divine despair."

Only now did she whirl around to bare it all too them, flashing them a cocky salute that would normally have her cringing if she were to try it for real, but right now, like the rest of them, her brain had been totally reprogrammed.

"Signed - Your Queen, Ann."

Not that she expected to remain their Queen for long. The true ruler of this court was, in truth, the Joker.

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The battle began in earnest, and Makoto made the first move. She was, after all, the most straightforward girl in the group. She grabbed onto Joker's arm, pulling him towards herself and Haru, lifting her leg so that her inner thigh was rubbing up against his stomach.

"Take it from me," she said, licking Joker's cheek. "You're no Queen. Haru!"

"That's right!" Haru yelled, spinning around stylishly, ending up behind Joker so that she was hugging him from behind. "A true pair of beauties like us will never lose to a slut like you!"

Queen Ann smirked as if aware of something the others weren't. She slunk forward towards them, hand on her hip while rolling it expertly. She stopped, then put her hands on top of her head, squat down, spread her legs, then stood up while trailing her hands from head to ass in a single fluid motion. She made it look so *damned* easy! Makoto couldn't help but pout at the sight.

"Is that so?" Queen Ann asked. "What do you think, Pharoah Futaba?"

"I think you make a far sexier bitch than these two, nyehehehe~" Futaba cackled. "According to my calculations, if you pirouette now, you'll get right by their defenses!"

Sure enough, Ann did just that and managed to wind up directly in front of Joker, where she was able to grind her ass right into his crotch. They'd left him wide open! Before either Makoto or Haru could course correct, Ann was already strolling off, spanking herself, and *fuck* she was way too hot! That's what they get for going up against an analyst like Futaba and a hot piece of ass with model experience like Ann!

"Queen, I don't think we have any choice!" Haru whispered. "We won't win unless we acknowledge it."

"You're right, Noir!" Makoto replied. "Unless we acknowledge how much it turns us on to be brainwashed little sluts for Makoto's dick, we'll never overcome them!"

Haru licked her lips and twirled out, stylish as ever. Makoto grabbed her, dipped her. Stared into her eyes, and - "Not just that," Haru said. "We need to acknowledge that we're attracted to each other. That we want to share Joker."

Share... Joker... "Like some kind of harem?" Harem! The word sent a shiver down Makoto's spine. She could tell it had for Haru as well. "Like a brainwashed bunch of horny harem harlots?"

"Oooh, she pulled out the alliteration~" Pharaoh Futaba teased, while stretching out on the floor like a cat, with her butt up in the air like she was about to pounce. "But I'm sure that handsome hunk can hear hesitation, Haru! Or! Maybe Makoto's magnetic mind can manipulate Mister Main Character magnificently, making him mesmerized by her moral might and motorcycle mastery!"

Ann brought the flat of her hands down, one hand landing on her own ass, the other on Futaba's. Makoto felt a sting of envy. But... She could also sense that they were right on the money! There was only one way they could buy this!

"Joker, order me to do something I never normally would," Makoto asked, biting her lip in sheer anticipation of what he might say.

"Me too!" Haru said. "I need to prove that I'm a brainwashed little slut, a good girl that will do whatever her hunky master will do."

"Ah...?" Joker replied, sounding distant and sleepy. Oh no! The spell of Ann's hot swaying ass was getting to him. "I guess.. You could kiss?"

Both Makoto and Haru pouted, and Makoto bonked him on the head for good measure.

"I said something we *wouldn't* normally do!" Makoto said. "Come on, think of something else."

"Yes, we'll french each other after we win!" Haru cutely balled her fists and punched one into the air. "I'm looking forward to it!"

"In that case," Joker said. "Submit to Queen Ann's will. Right now."

Submit to Ann's will. Yes. That was something they certainly wouldn't normally do. Ann, herself, was now sitting upon Futaba's back with a foot extended, as if waiting for someone to kiss it. Makoto and Haru dashed across the room on all fours, and before long, they were kissing at Ann's foot. Worshipping it like their brand new God. Oh, but of course, they were also careful to raise their hips high into the air so that Joker could get a good look at their butts.

It felt good to be a hypnotised harem slut. Heh! Like this, Makoto was certain that they'd won! Though, perhaps, this was the kind of contest one can only lose by winning...

CG Fae Invasion 4

It was astounding just how quickly Villetta Nu's ambitions and aspirations had gone up in a puff of smoke. One minute, things are looking great, fantastic some might say. Then all of a sudden Clovis dies, which is terrible but gave them an opportunity to fill in the power vacuum by arresting a prominent Honorary Britannian who was clearly the correct suspect -

And then Zero arrived. Zero, Zero, Zero! Took the blame for Clovis' death. Then said something about Orange to Lord Gottwald that she had no idea about, and he claimed not to understand either, and he facilitated their escape right away, no questions asked, even resorting to violence to do it.

After that, the Pureblood faction wasn't worth much of anything. Their influence, their authority, their respect and their future prospects - all gone, in a puff of smoke. Despite that, Villetta had a lead. Now. One might ask why she hadn't turned this over to her superiors. She had. It was rather blatant that nobody took it seriously. Which meant she had to act on her own initiative. On her own, since her allies in the Pureblood faction were either dead, hospitalised, or missing in action.

That's why she was here. That fateful meeting with that boy was the moment it all started to crumble around her. She remembered exiting her Nightmare with her pistol drawn, so she could check his ID, but in the next moment... Both he and her Sutherland were gone. She'd managed to work out which school he attended based on the uniform. It was the Ashford Academy boy's uniform, which -

She wasn't seeing anywhere, while parked outside the school. Only girls. Weird. But no matter. She wasn't here to look at the girls. She was here for a very different purpose.

"Excuse me!" she said to a pair of girls who happened to be going by, just as she was exiting the car. The two of them turned towards her. A redhead with a swimmer's physique, and a girl whose movements reminded Villetta of a cat, for some reason. She showed them a picture of the boy she'd met. "Do you know who this boy is?"

The two girls looked at one another. The redhead seemed confused, like she was digging deep into her memory, finding something, picking it up, then dropping it over and over again. The other girl seemed a little more... concerned. Oho? Villetta was about to point out that hiding him could be seen as a form of treason, when -

"Nya, I think he looks familiar... Shirley, you head on without me for a bit, nya!"

"Are you sure?" the other girl, Shirley, asked. "Musubi, you know how annoyed Hanabi gets when you're late!"

"It'll be fine!" Musubi waved it off. Then the strange girl with the bizarre speech tic and even stranger body language leaned against Villetta's car, coolly inspecting her nails. "So what do you want with him anyway, nya?"

"That's my business," Villetta replied. "What's his name?"

"Dunno, never met him," Musubi said. "Bu~ut! I think Hanabi might know him. Why don'tcha come along tomorrow? I'm pretty sure he's not here today, but she'll be meeting him tomorrow, nya!"

Tomorrow? Villetta didn't like that. It sounded like an excuse. She opened her mouth to protest, when suddenly... her gaze caught Musubi's. Her eyes seemed to almost flicker and dance. Shifting colours. While she was making a gentle purr that was so low it tickled Villetta's brain.

"Tomorrow will be fine, nya," Villetta wobbled in her seat. "I shall return tomorrow, nya, and not tell anyone about this."

"Good!" Musubi said, patting Villetta on the head, then stroking her hair like she was a cat. It felt nice. "Gives us some time to work out what to do with you, nya~ See you tomorrow... Villetta, wasn't it?"

Indeed it was. Though it was only later on that Villetta wondered when exactly she'd said her name to the strange girl. Oh well. It must have slipped her mind, surely...

=====

The next day, Villetta found herself sitting in the Student Council office, sitting opposite the mysterious and enigmatic Hanabi. Not quite what she'd imagined of the council president. The tails were rather... voluminous. As in, they felt like they were taking up space not only in reality, but in Villetta's *mind* as well. They were quite distracting.

"Goodness gracious, that is quite astonishing!" Hanabi gasped, while sitting legs crossed at the edge of the desk in front of Villetta, swinging her legs back and forth like she was trying to outdo every pendulum in history. "The possibility that a student of ours is responsible, nay, even potentially associated with a *criminal organisation*! It's too much for the reputation of our humble academy to bear!"

"Hanabi!" another girl said, poking her head in through the door. "I've brought the redesign for the uniforms for the Bla-"

"Later, later!" Hanabi said, shooing the other girl away. "This is much more important. Now! Miss Nu, wasn't it? I've got a splendid idea! Let's set you up undercover! We're in need of a new gym teacher, and who better to whip our students into shape than someone from the military?"

Really now? An undercover operation? That was a little overboard, wasn't it? After all, the only thing Villetta needed was to... Was to... Those tails were really distracting. It felt like two of them had drifted across the room and were wiggling inside her ear canal, piercing harmlessly through her ear drum and reaching into the pleasure centres of her brain. She wiggled in place, her objections being sapped out of her a little at a time until -

"When do I start?"

Hanabi replied by holding out a pair of bloomers and a white shirt. Villetta stared at it blankly. Oh, right now? She grabbed the clothes and studied them. This wasn't what a teacher wore, was it? This was more like a student's attire.

"Does it fit?" Hanabi sweetly asked. Ah. Good question. Actually, Villetta wasn't sure. It *looked* like it would fit, but - "Why don't you try it on, right here and now?"

Huh? Well, it would be a bit strange to change clothes in an office like this where there wasn't a lock on the door and anyone could come in - But then again, it was just girls around here, so who cared? Hanabi took the clothes back, then, for some reason, set the bloomers in one corner of the room, and the shirt in one that was directly opposite that one.

"Take off your clothes here," Hanabi instructed, putting Villetta in another corner of the room. "Then hang your clothes up there!" she pointed at the last corner of the room. "Then, and only then, I want you to walk into the middle of the room, grab your bloomers, grab your shirt, and then return to where you started and put your new clothes on."

That all sounded... reasonable. It did mean that Villetta would, basically, be wandering around the room in the nude for as long as possible if she followed those instructions. But she did it anyway. Making sure to add a little strut, and only bending at the waist to retrieve her new attire.

Though she had to admit that the reason why she did that was currently eluding her. Oh well. It probably didn't matter much.

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It didn't take long to find the field, though once again, Villetta couldn't shake the idea that she looked like an adult pretending to be a student much more than she looked like a student. Urgh! She shook the feeling off and went out to the field, where she found that girl Shirley waving at her.

"Yoo hoo! Miss Nu!" Shirley called out, then bounded off towards Villetta... wearing the same kind of white shirt and snug blue bloomer that Villetta herself was wearing. Yep, just like a student. "Hanabi already told me, I'm supposed to help you out today since you're new!"

"That would be appreciated," Villetta said. Yes, military exercises would be a little intense for

students. She'd have to, at least, ease them into it, and she didn't intend to be here that long anyway. A clipboard was thrust into her hands, and she stared down at it. A list of instructions...? Ah, well, she couldn't say they weren't making this difficult for her, could she?

She looked out over the class... and saw only girls. Well, that was normal. For gym purposes it was normal to split up boys and girls. She stood at ease in front of the lot of them and yelled at the top of her lungs:

"Alright girls, listen up!" she said. "I'm your new gym teacher, Miss Nu! Right now, I want you all to warm up with some jumping jacks! Shirley, if you wouldn't mind?"

"Of course!" Shirley beamed, skipping out in front of the class to lead them. "But teacher, you have to do the exercises too~"

Ah, did she... Looking down at the clipboard, yes, Villetta could plainly see that those were the instructions. Not too much of an annoyance, obviously she could outpace anyone here. She nodded, then bounced in place, spreading her legs wide and clapping her hands in the air -

And with each jump, her breasts went up a size. Ignoring gravity, as if the entire idea was optional, they began to bounce and jiggle underneath her shirt, which stayed the same size but did not rip or tear, nor show any signs that it would. Instead, all that happened was that more and more of her tummy was exposed, little by little, until -

"Alright that's enough," Villetta said. Then, checking her list... "Squats next!"

Without a moment's hesitation, she began to squat down. Lowering her hips, bending her knees, while in front of her, Shirley performed a truly excellent example -

Butt. Oh! Oh goodness. Villetta hadn't been looking, because why should she look at a girl's hind quarters, but now from this position all she could see was a bloomer clad full moon. It was enormous! How did she miss this? Villetta rose to her full height, eyes affixed to that behind as it rippled and jiggled from the motions of the squatting.

Up and down Villetta went, to lead by example, her eyes never wandering from Shirley's glutes, even as her own grew and grew, inexplicably swelling up to match her in size and girth. Her bloomers stayed the same size, snug and secure, and yet, they too showed no sign whatsoever of threatening to snap or break or tear in any way shape or form.

"And that's us done with warming up," Shirley said, wiping at her brow - and not a single bead of sweat came away. "What's next, coach!"

What's next...? Oh, well, of course. The next thing they were doing was a simple jog. "Follow after me!" Villetta called, jogging by, seeming totally unaware of how her cheeks and tits were clapping as she went.

Villetta finished the track in no time at all, which was hardly a surprise - She was military trained a mere jog like this was nothing. The students trailed behind her at a respectable rate - for civilians. Though she had to wonder why they were watching the ground so much, as their eyes were all cast downwards. How peculiar.

"What's next, coach?" one of the students asked and quite without warning Villetta felt something strange. A thrill shot down her spine, like nothing else she'd experienced before. How odd. How peculiar! But never mind that. She checked her list.

"A relay race," she announced. Where were the batons... Ah! Here we go, left in a box that had a rather peculiar spelling for the word. D-I-L-D-O. Villetta handed them out to the class immediately. "Remember, you have to hold them between your breasts while you're running," she said.

"Teacher!" one of the students raised their hand. Aha. This one had a rather flat chest. "Um, I've not received my tits yet! What should I do?"

"Put it in your pussy," Villetta ordered after thinking it over for a moment. Yes, that was the logical thing to do. Obviously, they couldn't hold them in their hands. That would be *ridiculous*.

Before too long, the day came to an end. Villetta set about clearing things up, making sure everything was back in its proper place. She'd... enjoyed herself. More than she'd expected to. While locking up, she turned around and found herself face to face with -

"Did you find that boy?" Hanabi asked, perched on a fence, playing with her tails.

"Not yet," Villetta said. "He's oddly elusive... But maybe I'll have better luck tomorrow."

"Hrm, that's fine," Hanabi said. "The students seemed to like you, so you can stay as long as you need to."

That was good. Villetta didn't expect she'd need long to find this boy, but there was a chance that there might be another lead here at Ashford Academy. For the time being, the best thing for her to do was go home and rest. While she was healthier than any of these students were likely to be, by far...

Have you ever tried holding a tin of beans? It's easy, right? You can do it as long as you need to. Now hold onto that tin of beans in the same hand for ten minutes straight. Don't move your arm. Keep it still. You'll find that it feels heavier and heavier the more time passes. Teaching a gym class was sort of like that. While her stamina was pretty good, those students needed a lot of attention and a lot of work... But hey, it was still fun at the end of the day.

"I'll see you tomorrow then," Villetta said, wandering off grounds while still wearing her t-shirt and bloomers. Thinking nothing at all of it as she got into her car and went home for the day.

=====

Apparently today was swimming. Villetta didn't have any issue with that - she was an excellent swimmer as well. Still, something about the swimsuit they gave her was a little weird... though she felt a bit better about it when she caught sight of Shirley's bright smiling face by the pool. The orange haired girl waved at her, quickly approaching in her peculiar monokini.

"Hey coach!" Shirley said, and Villetta squirmed, smiling slightly as Shirley hurried - but did not run, pool safety is a must - towards her. "Wow, I like the way that looks on you!"

It was the same kind of monokini Shirley herself was wearing. Looking at the girl, Villetta could sort of see a fox head in the reverse space. That is, where there was skin showing. The main difference was that Shirley's was orange to match her hair - while Villetta's was silver to match hers. She'd thought it was a little strange, until she'd seen Shirley just now. Obviously this was completely normal.

"You're assisting me again today?" Villetta asked, and Shirley enthusiastically nodded.

"You bet!" she said, giving Villetta a big thumbs up. "By the way, does it fit alright? We had to guess your sizes a bit, so -"

You know, it was strange she mentioned that. When Villetta first put this costume on, she would have *sworn* that it was a bit too big for her. But now? Now it felt rather perfectly sized to her figure. Of course, she hadn't realised that her breasts were now another size up, nor had she noticed that her posterior had gained a considerable amount of heft and wobble. She could use either her chest or her posterior as floatation devices, if the need arose.

As the class began, she stepped forward blowing into her whistle, oblivious to the fact that the merest act of taking a single breath, or a step for that matter, or standing in the path of someone breathing five feet away was causing her newfound curves to bounce, jiggle and wobble around without any seeming sense of control or propriety. Yet despite that, no matter what they did, no matter how they might move and shake, they never once slipped out of her swimwear, nor even hinted at a wardrobe malfunction. It was as though the material itself was alive, clinging on to her body the way a rock climber might a sheer cliff face. Desperation! Total and complete desperation!

"Alright everyone!" Villetta clapped. "Let's start with the breast stroke, shall we?"

Dutifully, every student in class lined up and began to stroke their breasts. Cute, but Villetta shot them a Look that got them all to giggle, line up *properly* at the side of the pool and bend over.

"When I spank your fine hot ass, dive in and swim to the other end and back again," Villetta commanded. The pool was a decent size. Comparable to the one she had to train with. Maybe a

little larger. She walked the line, and gave a nice hard *smack* to every bottom lined up for her, and watched as they dove in and went straight for the other end.

"Alright, ladies, I don't want to see any sloppy strokes today," she barked, pacing along the edge of the pool. "Focus on your technique. Form is everything if you want to swim efficiently." Despite her strict tone, she kept her demeanor measured—just enough to maintain discipline without drawing undue suspicion. After all, she was here to blend in, not to make waves.

As the students swam thorough the pristine water, Villetta monitored their progress with a keen eye, occasionally kneeling to offer pointers. "Shirley, don't flail your arms like that—extend them fully with each stroke!" she called out, her voice cutting through the splashing. Beneath her stern exterior, a flicker of satisfaction crossed her face; she had always been one for precision, whether it was in the cockpit of a Nightmare Frame or supervising something as mundane as a swim class. For now, her role as an ordinary gym teacher at Ashford was holding, and every normal day like this brought her closer to uncovering the secrets hidden in this seemingly idyllic academy.

"Hey, hey!" a student bounded into the room upon their enormous nutsack, wearing a monokini much like Villetta's - except that the negative space in her swimsuit was, in fact, a raccoon. "Everyone clear some room! Cannonball!"

"Yamato, no!" Villetta yelled, already hearing the response before it was even said.

"Yamato, yes!" Yamato yelled in mid-air. A tremendous splash erupted from the center of the pool, sending water arcing high into the air and drenching several students near the edge. Gasps and shrieks of protest rippled through the group as a soaking wet Villetta Nu stormed to the edge, droplets running down her already taut expression of simmering fury.

"Yamato!" she bellowed, pointing an accusatory finger at the grinning culprit who bobbed cheerfully in the water. "What did I just say about taking this class seriously?!"

Yamato, who was absolutely not human and definitely a tanuki having far too much fun in its disguise, blinked innocently and rubbed the back of its head. "Aww, come on, Miss Villetta! It's just a bit of fun, ya know? Everyone's laughing!" A few of the other students snickered behind their hands, quickly silencing themselves when Villetta shot them a glare sharp enough to cut glass.

Shirley Fenette, dripping and clearly unimpressed, stepped in as Villetta's unofficial deputy. "Yamato, seriously! This is a swimming class, not a splash zone!" she scolded, her hands on her hips. "You're supposed to practice your technique, not act like a little kid!"

"Yeah, Yamato," Villetta added, her tone icy. "You'll sit out for the rest of the session if you pull another stunt like that. And clean up the mess afterward!"

Yamato crossed their arms with a cheeky pout, but a faint shimmer in their eyes betrayed the cunning tanuki amusement bubbling beneath the surface. "Alright, alright, geez... no need to get your swimsuits in a twist," they muttered, paddling away to the side with exaggerated nonchalance. But as Villetta turned to deal with another student's question, Yamato's grin widened. For the tanuki, the fun was just beginning. Because neither teacher nor any of the students had noticed, that entire time, that during their lecture and for a minute afterwards, Villetta had been rubbing her big booty up against Shirley's. Squishing them together. Almost like she was **asserting** dominance over her student, trying to take the lead on the admonishment.

"Don't worry, coach!" Yamato bounced off her enormous engorged nutsack, and allowed her shaft to escape her swimsuit so she could reassuringly use it to pat Villetta on the head. The little purr of pleasure that escaped her lips was met with a cocky smirk from Yamato. "Nothing bad is gonna happen to me, or the students. Not while I'm here. And not while you're here either... Coach Villetta! Shall we get back to training?"

"Y-Yes, let's!" Villetta chirped out, blushing like mad. Kukuku, progressing well indeed. The end results should be *most* enjoyable!

=====

The end of the day came again, and Villetta found herself strolling out towards the entrance of the school. Yes, there was definitely some progress made there, today. Some of those girls definitely needed a few pointers, and -

"Ah, there you are!" Hanabi said, strolling casually into view. "Did you find what you were looking for, today?"

Looking for...? Villetta frowned. Was she looking for something? No, hold on. There was something, now that she mentioned it. What was that again...? She frowned and tried to concentrate, but Hanabi's tails kept on distracting her. They were so pretty and fluffy!

"A boy!" she suddenly realised. "I was looking for a boy, because... Um?"

"Don't strain yourself," Hanabi cautioned. "It'll come to you in time, I'm sure. But, one thing? Please do change out of your swimsuit before you go home."

Oh! She'd almost walked out in public wearing this silly, skimpy thing. How ridiculous. Villetta immediately returned to the locker room and pulled out her proper clothes. A snug t-shirt, and snuggler bloomers. Much better! Even if, technically, she was showing off even more skin like this than she was with the swimsuit...

=====

It was already her third day here, and Villetta was strolling down this hallway like she owned it. Hips swaying, students saying 'hi coach', which made her feel *fucking fantastic*, thanks for asking, and everywhere she went she was getting a thunderous applause. It followed her around, as if it was right behind her at all times.

She'd already worked out how to ignore her enormous bouncing boobies. Best to let them get on with what they were doing, which was defying the laws of physics. Biology, too! They were now completely and totally devoted to porn logic above all else. Like a badly programmed computer game with sloppily implemented jiggle physics.

"Good morning, Coach!" Hanabi said while passing her by. "Do you think you'll find him today?"

"Find who?" Villetta immediately replied. Then, her eyes glazed over, and she smiled at the council president. "Oh, good morning Hanabi. How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm doing absolutely wonderful," Hanabi said, tilting her head and leaning in close, as if to whisper in her ear. "You're as finished baking as the cakes my darling Lulu made for me last night... Coach."

She almost melted right there in the corridor. If not for Hanabi spanking her fine ass, she might well have, but luckily that gave her the shot in the arm she needed to remember that she had a job to do! Regardless of how absolutely thorough her brainwashing might be!

=====

Today was volleyball. The rhythmic sound of sneakers squeaking on the gym floor mixed with the sharp thwacks of the volleyball being spiked over the net. Villetta Nu stood at the sidelines, clipboard in hand, her sharp eyes tracking the players' movements. Her students had potential, she noted—some more than others—but overall, they played with enthusiasm, even if their coordination needed work. "Keep your formations tight!" she called, her authoritative voice cutting through the echoing gymnasium. "And for goodness' sake, communicate! A good spike is nothing if the rest of the team isn't ready to back you up."

As she turned to make a note on her clipboard, a casual, cheerful voice interrupted her focus. "Miss Villetta, you've got that serious face again! You're scaring them, ya know!"

Villetta blinked, looking up to see Musubi standing beside her, hands behind her back, a cheeky grin spread across her face. In her neat gym uniform and perfectly maintained ponytail, she looked every bit the ideal, carefree student—though Villetta's first instinct was to scowl. Musubi was a troublemaker, always skating just on the edge of what was acceptable. Still, Villetta couldn't help but relax slightly under the student's disarming, almost conspiratorial energy.

"Musubi," Villetta said curtly, narrowing her eyes. "Shouldn't you be on the court practicing with the others? Or are you trying to dodge drills again?"

Musubi giggled, waving her hand dismissively. "Nah, I just needed a little breather. Plus, watching you get all serious is kinda fun!" She tilted her head, her grin widening. "But for real, Miss Villetta... why are you so into this gym teacher stuff anyway? You've been at Ashford for, like, forever now. Don't you ever wonder why?"

Villetta stiffened slightly, her grip on the clipboard tightening. "I'm here because—" The words faltered in her throat. Why was she here? For a moment, an image of Lelouch Lamperouge flickered in her mind, hazy and indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream.

Musubi took a casual step closer, her tone softening, her playful grin shifting into something strangely... knowing. "I mean, it's kinda nice here, right? You've got a good thing going. Cool job, great students, easy life." Her voice lowered, almost a whisper. "Nothing to stress about, right? No big, messy stuff to deal with?"

Villetta's thoughts wavered, a fog creeping over her mind. The clipboard in her hand felt heavier, as though it didn't quite belong. Her mission, her goals—what had they been again? Why had she ever thought her life here wasn't enough? A faint smile tugged at her lips as her grip slackened.

"You're right," Villetta murmured, her voice distant. "It's... nice here."

Musubi's grin returned, sharper now, her dark eyes glinting with triumph. "See? I knew you'd get it." She clapped Villetta lightly on the shoulder, her tone cheerful again, as though nothing unusual had transpired. "What were you before you were a coach, anyways?"

"Nothing," Villetta said, a far off look in her eyes. "I've always been a gym teacher."

"Whatever you say, Coach Nugravity!" Musubi chuckled. Satisfied that there was no turning back now. Beneath the cheerful façade, the tanuki's work was done. Villetta was hers to toy with now. Villetta, upon hearing her trigger word, came right there and then. Musubi waited for her to finish, then helped her back to her feet before pointing out - "Oh, look! I'm sure she could have had that one!"

"Keep your knees bent! You can't react fast enough if you're standing around like statues!" she yelled.

"Yes coach!" came the reply, and she came right away, driving her onto her hands and knees, though honestly she could have kept herself up using just her enormous, still bouncing breasts.

She lifted her head and yelled again: "Don't just lob the ball over—aim for the open space on their side!"

"Yes coach!" Another reply, another climax! But Villetta would not let her own intense pleasure distract from her duties!

"Shirley, that's not a spike, that's a tap! Put some power into it!"

"Yes coach! Yes coach! Yes! Coach!" Shirley replied, and that time Villetta went cross-eyed, convulsing and incoherent. A chain of climaxes ripping through her body. As for Musubi, she reached into her shorts and pulled out a photograph, holding it aloft right before her eyes.

It showed... a boy. Handsome, though not quite her type. Tark hair, violet eyes... And Villetta felt nothing. Was she supposed to know who that was? Musubi, for her part, smirked and ripped it up, blowing into her hand to make the pieces scatter into the wind.

Then bounced back onto the pitch, while Villetta had no reaction at all to the photograph. She had much more important things on her mind. Like coaching (nngh~) these young sluts into the best athletes they could possibly be!

One Piece- Captain Charisma

What is it about pirates that we like to romanticise? We make them the heroes and the government villains, when in reality? Pirates were really nasty pieces of work. Yet there we are, building them up, calling them cool rebels when the only thing on their minds are pieces of eight and hey, maybe let's kill that guy? Granted, let's be fair, some people couldn't quite help it. If you get on the wrong side of the person in charge, any manner of label might stick to you, no matter your intentions...

Nami was under no illusions about pirates. How could she be, when her home was - Well, that's *another* story, one that she didn't like to dwell on. Yet she did. Every waking moment. Today she was far away from there. As far as she could get, for the sake of her reputation. It would sting less if it was strangers, you see. People who wouldn't know the truth about who she was and what she'd done. The people she'd betrayed, and -

"Did you hear, there's a new Pirate Captain!"

And the people she betrayed most often were pirate scum. Her ears strained to pick up the juicy gossip. Rumours about her brand new *mark*.

"Aye, I've heard," said the hushed whisper. "Crew full of women. They fawn over him like pigeons over crumbs."

"Hrm? Really now?" said the first voice. "Haha! You don't suppose he's eaten a Devil Fruit, do you? Some kind of *power* over women?"

"Hah! As if such a Devil Fruit exists!" chuckled the second. "I'd be out of here in a heartbeat. Perhaps it be called the Booty Booty fruit? Har, har!"

Hrm...? Interesting. Some guy that had a pirate crew as a harem? In that case, he must be a sucker for a pretty face. Lucky, that! Nami had a rather pretty face too! A stellar body as well. Her short orange hair, cutesy face made her seem completely innocent. Combine that with a slim body, large breasts, and a nicely shaped butt... Let's see, today she was wearing her white shirt with blue stripes and her short orange skirt. Perfect. She looked completely normal, totally ordinary - and the perfect bait for the hook.

Now, Nami wasn't *stupid*. She knew it was a risk, she knew it was a gamble, she knew full well that if she wasn't careful then *anything* could happen to her... But don't underestimate her. She's perfectly capable of defending herself. As long as the other guy is not a fishman who can break solid brick walls with a single punch or something like that.

Don't ask her about that specific example. The answer wouldn't bring you joy.

Anyway, it didn't take her long to figure out who the guy was. It was almost comedically easy. She'd strolled out into the street, wondering about those rumours and how to track down the source of them... when he came stumbling down the street. Big guy. With muscles like cannons. Each around the waist of a woman who seemed about as smart as the tree Nami was currently hiding behind. Oh, and did she forget to mention the guy was wearing a black hat on his head with a skull on it?

"Oh, Captain!" one of the floozies swooned into his chest. "You're such a hunk!"

"I know babe, I know!" the Captain chuckled. Hehehe, looks like she found her mark. Didn't seem the bright sort either. She'd have him wrapped around her finger in no time flat, and absolutely nothing could -

"Pardon me, madame!" said a perfectly normal guy wearing a slightly too large shirt, a pair of cutoff jeans, and holding a - "I think you dropped this."

He was holding a weapon. Not in a threatening way, more like he was offering it to her. It wasn't hers. Looked like some sort of stick...? Not a walking stick, more like the sort you'd wack someone over the head with. Maybe with a hidden blade in the bottom of it?

"Here, take it," the man said, and Nami did just that. She took it. Whatever. Then he looked her up and down, and smiled. "You're really pretty."

"Thanks," she said, and blew him a kiss before turning to head off after that pirate. "Sorry, gotta go! Thanks for the... thing!"

"Ah, but that guy- " he said, but by the time he'd finished his sentence she was already out of earshot. Nami had a pirate to rob blind! Alright then. Let's see, shall we...? Time to eavesdrop a little more on this creep to see what she could find out about him.

"Say, Captain!" one of his floozies swooned. "Don't we need a new navigator?"

"Aye, that we do," the Captain said. "Our last one was a real lily-livered swine! No guts to him, a yellow streak down his back a mile long! Arr! I'd rather have another beauty like you aboard my crew..."

Jackpot. Nami swanned out, trying to act like she'd just been passing by. She couldn't have asked for a better setup than that!

"Ah? Did someone say... they needed a navigator?" she asked. All innocence and smiles. She flexed a muscle and grinned broadly. "I'm a pretty awesome navigator! How about you let me join your crew?"

The Captain and his girls looked her over, and it was obvious they liked what they were seeing. Well, why wouldn't they? Nami was really proud of her looks, after all!

"Ar, that would be sublime," the Captain said. "Come aboard, me hearty! Come aboard, and let's check your credentials!"

Nami casually strolled aboard, staff in hand, ready to clobber this creep the second he let his guard down - Only to find herself getting her arms twisted behind her back and then bound together by a pair of handcuffs. Huh? What the hell?! Where did she come from?!

"Arr, so you be Nami, are you?" the Captain chuckled. Ohhh, crap. He knew her name. That was not a good sign, since she'd not said it yet! "I hear tell ye be a talented navigator indeed! Right girls!"

The three girls were all mooning over him, completely starstruck. Gah! Stupid! She all but walked into this with both eyes open, and now...? They were actually *holding* her eyes open! Making her look directly at this creep, while he pulled out a coin on a string.

"It's a bit old fashioned, but as you can see from my girls, it's effective nonetheless," the Captain said. "Don't fight it. Relax. You'll have much more fun that way! Har, har, har!"

He began to swing it right in front of her. The situation felt hopeless, she couldn't move an inch, couldn't even close her eyes. Ah, one of them was dropping water in her eyes from the side to keep her eyes from drying out. All she could do was watch the coin swing back... and forth... and back... and forth...

"You see? You're relaxing already!" the Captain chuckled. "You might as well give in now, lass. As I said before! You'll have more fun when you succumb! Har har har - "

"Pardon me," a familiar sounding voice said, off from the side of the room. "Let her go."

At the same time that the Captain blustered and started to demand "who the hell be you?!" Nami felt the hands holding her down loosen, just a little bit. The intruder must have caught them off guard and - And this was her chance! Nami rolled backwards, tucked her arms under her legs and then kicked off the wall, bolting for the door! That guy from earlier was there, holding onto her staff. The Captain had already grabbed him, holding him up by the scruff of his neck. Obviously, that guy didn't have any fighting talent. Wannabe hero, huh? Well, then. Her saviour!

She grabbed her discarded staff and brought it right up between the creep's legs, dropping him like a sack of potatoes! But the girls didn't seem happy, so she grabbed her would be saviour and dragged him off the ship.

"This is my way of saying thanks, by the way!" she yelled back at him. He seemed to be reeling a bit, and must have been shaken up by the Captain.

"After them!" the Captain roared and the sound of girlish violence followed after. Oh hell! "And the scurvy swap that distracted me as well! I'll keelhaul him- after making him watch as we break her in!"

Yeah, not sticking around for that, thanks for the offer! Now she felt a freaking *obligation* to keep this guy under wraps as well. Exactly what she didn't need. Hiding herself was one thing, she was quite adept at that. Hiding this guy while she was at it...? Urgh, just what she didn't need!

"In that alley!" he suddenly commanded, and Nami's legs automatically turned in that direction. The power of suggestion, huh? Maybe she was a little woozy from the hypnosis trick? In which case, she couldn't trust her judgement right now. The two of them waited in the alley with bated breath while the girls ran by, checking every nook and cranny- "We're not in here..." the guy whispered, and Nami felt... really groggy there for a moment. Like, obviously they were in here, but at the same time *every cell in her being was telling her they weren't*. It was giving her a splitting headache, and the only way she could think of to resolve it was to step right out, into the open where she could be seen -

"You were amazing," he said. "Absolutely stunning. I thought that guy was going to kill me, but you got us both out of there, and all I had to do was distract him!"

"A distraction's all we needed," Nami said. She couldn't take it anymore. She stepped out of the alley - and the headache went away. "Wow, that guy must've done a number on me already."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, he was trying to brainwash me, probably did the same thing to those other girls," Nami said. He nodded, though he was scowling. "If you hadn't come along, I'd be right where they were!"

"No, you wouldn't be," he said. "You're much more special than that. I can tell from a glance. You're a diamond in the rough. A true talent, waiting to reach her full potential."

Oh gosh, what a charmer! She was almost blushing. You know, looking at him, this guy... He was actually kinda handsome. He wasn't showing off like that other creep. He obviously kept himself fit, made sure to take good care of himself, but didn't go out of his way to make a big deal of it or anything. Actually, if Nami was being perfectly honest, she found that more attractive than -

"Hey, come back to my ship!" he said. "Meet my crew! We need a navigator as well, and I heard you tell them that you were one!"

"Sure, okay!" Nami said before she had time to even process the question. Huh? Oh, she'd agreed to go with him to the ship. Where she'd meet his crew... who needed a navigator. "Ah... Are you a pirate as well, then?"

"Yes, that's right!" he said. "But I don't go in for that whole yar har har bit. The name's Charisma, by the way. Captain Charisma. My ship's this way. You'll love the crew, and I'm sure they'll love you too!"

Ah, okay. So that put a different spin on things. This guy must have been scouting her. That must be why he'd given her this weird stick, and - Why he'd gone out of his way to rescue her as well. Really? When he couldn't even *fight* worth a damn? Something about this whole setup rubbed Nami the wrong way. She ought to decline, tell him that she'd had a traumatic experience today and had changed her mind about joining a crew, then scamper off and find someone else to fleece -

Except she didn't do that. She followed after him. Caught herself checking out his butt a couple times. It was weird, it was like she *had* to see his ship, *had* to meet his crew, and she somehow already knew in the pit of her stomach that she'd adore them, and they'd adore her right back!

Soon enough, the ship came into sight. It was a pretty modest boat. Looked fairly sturdy, well maintained if she was any judge. They probably had a pretty penny to spend, if that was the case. Looking up, Nami saw a woman standing at the top of the gangplank. She was a full head taller than the guy. Bigger muscles, but her breasts were even bigger still. Real pretty face, that was set in an intimidating scowl -

Which turned into a lovesick swoon the second she laid eyes on Charisma.

"Captain~" the woman sighed happily. "Oh, I was soooo upset that you'd gone for a walk without telling us again, but now that you're back I can't even imagine being angry at you~"

"It's your job to be angry at me if I do something daft," Charisma said. Huh! Isn't it interesting how quickly your first impression of someone can shatter like glass? Here Nami was thinking this woman was a super tough brute. The sort who could bend a man over her knee, fold him in half like laundry, then dust off her hands and resume her business like nothing had even happened. "Nami, this is Seraphene Rivere, my first mate."

"Eeeeh~" Seraphene squealed, and delivered a pristine flying glomp around Charisma's neck. "Say the word again! Say the M word, Captain! You know how I love to hear it!"

"I'll say it as many times as you want, later," Charisma said. He brushed his hand through Seraphene's hair, and Nami felt a twinge of... jealousy? Yeah, it was definitely jealousy. What the hell was going on, here? "For now, can you please introduce Nami to everyone? I'm super excited to show off our new navigator! She's so cute I'm sure you'll all love her."

Seraphene turned her attention to Nami and strode right on forward. She towered over Nami. Leaned down. Looked her over carefully. Assessed her carefully, rubbing her chin as she did so. Then stuck her hand on top of Nami's head, and it felt like the woman could, should the mood arise, crush Nami's skull. Crush it like a balloon. Gulp!

"Yeah, you're the most precious thing in the whole wide world," she said. Then dipped down, and... Kissed Nami on the lips?! What the hell?! Why was she - Wait a second here, why was she *kissing back*?! After a moment Seraphene pulled away and guided Nami onto the ship. "Welcome to the Rizzed Up. Are you really a good navigator?"

"Huh? Oh! Yeah, I am!" Nami replied. Seraphene gave her the stinkeye. "No, really, I'm pretty great at it! Promise!"

"Even if you ain't, you'll develop the talent inside a week," Seraphene sighed. "Come on. Meet the rest of the crew, not that it's a *finished* crew, mind. It's just two others you gotta meet for now."

Just two other crew members? Well, that wasn't too unusual. If they were recruiting a navigator at this point they were probably still pretty new... Emphasis on the 'pretty'! She could see the other two crewmembers now, and - Wow! Being compared to those two was pretty incredible.

First up, there was a woman wearing an apron, who Seraphene pointed out. She was a bit of a shortstack, with bright blonde hair tied up in a ponytail that trailed down her back. Near as Nami could tell, she was wearing an apron and not a lick else.

"How many times do I have to tell you?" the chef demanded, wielding a ladle at the other crew member. A woman wearing a black bikini, sunning herself on the deck. "You're a Doctor, aint'cha?! You should know better! Eat your greens! Especially since we'll be at sea soon, and we don't know when we'll have access to them!"

The sunbathing woman didn't seem to care. She had silver hair in a bowl cut, and... was that a stethoscope hanging from her neck? She adjusted her dark sunglasses and rolled over, not seeming to care one whit about the hen pecking she was receiving even at that moment.

"That's our cook, Maribel Fontaine," Seraphine said. "Short temper, bit of a mother hen. She'd been on her way to join the navy when she ran into the Captain, and wound up joining his crew instead."

Huh. Okay, that was rather strange. On her way to join the navy, but got persuaded to join a pirate crew instead? Talk about a career switch.

"And the emotionless robot trying to show off her tanned body is our ship's Doctor, Lyra Vallow," Seraphel continued. "She's the only one here that actually wanted to join a pirate crew originally, but she's never said why."

"The only one...?" Nami wondered aloud. That was a strange way to say it. "Wait, what about you?"

"Ex-pirate hunter," Seraphal sighed. "Pirates killed my entire family, so I despise them with every fibre of my fucking being. I loathe pirates. I'd do anything to rid the world of them. They are vermin, scum, and I instantly signed up to join this crew as first mate once he asked me."

Hold on. Hold on here! There's a big contradiction going on here! Why did all these extremely hot women throw in with a pirate crew if that wasn't what they wanted? It didn't make any -

"Hey there ladies!" the Captain said, with his shirt off. Nami sank to her knees and started to drool. "Say hello to Nami, our brand new crew member and navigator!"

"Hi, Nami~" the other girls all said. Actually, wait. Nami said it too. Why did she say hello to herself? Ooh, no matter, there were more important things to worry about. Like that butt retreating down below decks. Yummie!

"Mmm, no chance the treasure at the end of the Grand Line is worth more than dat butt," Lyra hissed like a snake. "So. You're our navigator are you? Lucky girl. You're about ten minutes away from the best sex of your life."

"Lyra!" Maribel bonked her on the head with a ladle. "Five minutes tops. A girl that cute, he won't be able to keep his hands to himself."

... "Uh... Is this some kind of sex cult?" Nami asked. She backed off towards the gangplank. All casual, like. You'd think that would be tricky, but she's made more than her fair share of emergency exits now and then. "Not judging, just curious."

"No, dear, it's not a sex cult," Seraphine sighed. "It's - Well, look. You seriously haven't noticed yet?"

"Noticed what?" Nami asked. She reached the gangplank, set foot on it, bolted -

And found herself running back onto the ship. The other girls hadn't even moved to stop her. She screeched to a halt, looked around in confusion, and then tried to dive off the side of the ship before... stumbling, landing on her butt, and staring around in total confusion.

"Far as I can tell, it works like this," Lyra said. "Hot women cannot say no to him. The hotter you are, the more potent the effect. The more he wants to ride your ass, the harder it is for you to do deny him anything."

Nami blinked rapidly, trying to process that. It was... by all accounts... the stupidest thing she'd ever heard.

"What is that, some sort of Devil Fruit power?" she demanded. Shrugs followed.

"I've seen him swim," Seraphine said. "Not a Devil Fruit. Maybe Haki? Not the sort I've ever seen out there..."

Alright, this was getting stupid. Come on, for real? They were kidding her, surely! Nami slapped her cheeks and shook her head. There had to be more to this, she couldn't simply believe that some random guy had a superpower like that.

"Can't fight worth a damn," Seraphine continued. "Can't hold a sword properly, can't shoot a bow - heck, I even tried getting him to use a slingshot and he missed the mark by a mile. Looked cool as fuck doing it, but he still couldn't hit the broad side of a - Wait, where are you going?"

"I'm going to talk to him!" Nami said. She was storming off "I don't buy for a second that he has that kind of superpower! I'll prove that I can deny him something, just you watch."

As she descended, she heard Lyra whistle and say "lucky girl," right before being bonked on the head with a ladle again.

Anyway. Let's see... Nami found the bathroom, the kitchen, storage for food, storage for... everything else... There was only one more door here and - She frowned while reaching for the handle. Wait a minute. She'd seen the ship from outside. Based on its size, there couldn't be more than a single room here. Did they all... sleep in the same room here?! It was a crazy sex cult!

"Come in!" his voice drifted from inside the room, and Nami pulled the door open immediately. "Oh! I thought you might want to talk with them a little longer."

Nami stepped inside the room, and it was just like she'd feared. There was but a single room in here, and... One enormous bed. Several hammocks as well, but one big bed too. Nami gulped. He was standing at the foot of the bed, shirt off, staring a hole into her, and - And she felt *hot* all of a sudden. Unbearably, unbelievably warm.

"The bed is for fun," he said. "The hammocks are for sleep." He paused for a moment. It felt like an eternity. "Wanna have some fun, Nami?"

"Sure!" she agreed right away. Knowing full well what he meant by it. Her skirt hit the floor at what felt like lightspeed, and her shirt followed suit. There was a part of her that was wondering what the hell she was doing, but it only spoke up until he dropped his own trousers, letting her have a good look at the penis she was about to have sex with.

Ah, right. That's what she was doing. About to have sex with a guy... B-because she wanted to make him drop his guard! That's right, of course. That was the perfect justification for it. Never mind that she was already wet. Drooling from both lips.

That's right. She kept telling herself that. Despite the fact that she was the one crawling towards him on her hands and knees, while he lay down on the bed. Despite the fact that she was lowering herself onto him, gasping at the sensation of the head of his cock pressing up against her, she was still telling herself, over and over, that she was simply using her body to get what she wanted from him. Yes. she was simply getting what she wanted out of him.

Trouble was, by the time she had brought her entire body down and gobbled up his shaft all the way into her greedy, sloppy pussy, if you asked Nami what she wanted out of him the answer had changed from gold to sex.

"Ohhhh yes!" she wailed, and then wailed louder still, louder than she could remember being in her entire life when his hands started to roam her body. She was like an open book to him. It was as though he knew exactly where to touch... Or as if her body was, somehow, adopting itself so that no matter where he touched it was the exact right place, the exact right pressure, the exact right time!

"See? Five minutes!" came a voice from top deck. There was a sound that Nami recognised well, the sound of coin passing from one hand to another, and then her entire focus went right onto the man she was fucking. It almost didn't feel fair. No way did he feel even half as good as she did. No way, no way, no way! If he did then he'd have surely lost his mind by now.

"First time, huh?" Charisma asked. "Not to worry, the other girls will teach you what I like. You seem like a fast learner anyway, so... Yeah."

Yep, that's right, she was a fast learner. She always was, always had been, it was the only way she could survive. All of a sudden, he sat up and held her close, which wasn't even fair, how was she supposed to take control if he was -

"I can sense you're tense," he whispered. His breath blew right through her ear and tickled her brain. Guuuuh, she was turning to mush here, can you hold it back at least a little please?! "How about you tell me all about your tragic backstory, so I know whose ass I gotta kick?"

=====

Up top, on deck, you'd assume there was a sea of jealousy brewing among the girls setting about their business up there. But no. If anything, the three of them were happy for Nami.

"One more babe to keep that idiot distracted," Maribel grumbled. "You remember the time he found out about bunny girls when we were trying to pick out a flag? If we hadn't taken turns riding him, we'd be flying the Jolly Bunny right about now!"

Indeed, that was the problem the three of them faced. They knew full well that their Captain was trouble. They knew and understood full well that his power over hot women was... Unlike anything else the world had ever seen. They also knew that he got crazy ideas into that head of his, and he hardly seemed aware of what his powers could really do!

"If we leave him be, he's gonna wind up trying to NTR some hotshot super pirate with a bullshit Logia Devil Fruit and a crew full of psychos," Lyra said, and the whole lot of them agreed with it. "We've got to be more careful. Can't let him ask us to stay on the ship while he scouts out the area again. This time he brought back -"

"Yes!" Nami's voice echoed out from below decks. It's not like that's a feat or anything, I mean, the below decks weren't *that* far down, and they only really had wood between them. It's not like there was anything much blocking it. "Yes! More! Deeper, give me more!"

"A hot piece of ass that, apparently, was in *desperate* need of a deep dicking," Lyra coolly finished, shaking her head. The others all winced a bit. She'd just finished telling her backstory, and they'd all heard it. "Next time he might bring back -"

"An angry mob trying to hang him for banging the mayor's wife, daughter, or both at once," Seraphin finished, sounding quite grim given what she'd said. "Nami's gonna be a help, but I don't think the four of us are gonna be enough. We need to find more crew to keep an eye on him - before things get dicey!"

"Question!" Maribel sang, sounding almost sarcastic. "What if he winds up with a whole *fleet* of large breasted cute babes from Pirate crews, the navy, and civilians all across the Grand Line - and it's still not enough to keep him in line?"

"Then we hope and pray the World Government ignores him," Seraphin said. Then, cocking her head a little. "Ah. She's finished up for now. Get ready, girls! Once our new navigator's gotten off her cock shock, we're setting sail for a new island! Unless the Captain casually and accidentally orders us into an orgy."

There was silence above decks, as all three of them privately and silently concluded that the orgy sounded like a really good idea.

Asuka's Ass

Have you ever had one of those weeks where you're completely distracted, but don't know why? Ritsuko Akagi was sitting at her desk, idly swinging her pen back and forth, feeling rather odd. Her brain felt fuzzy. Couldn't quite concentrate on her work as much as she'd like. Was she burning the midnight oil at both ends? It wasn't the kind of job where she could easily sleep, but-

"Here you go senpai," Maya sweetly said, setting down a cup right next to her. A better **assistant**, she couldn't **ass** for. Ritsuko turned to give her a polite smile and nod - and then she **disass**ociated for a second. Maya was standin there in a peculiar pose, half twisted around, her enormous round butt all but up in Ritsuko's face, and -

***Ass, ass, ass, ass~** a chorus of women cried out in pleasure, lined up in a row wearing nothing but tight spandex, which perfectly framed their enormous, round -*

"How is it, senpai?" Maya asked. Ritsuko took a sip of her coffee. There it was again. That weird feeling. She kept on getting distracted. "It's not too hot, is it?"

"Oh no, I like it hot," Ritsuko said, eyes glued to those glutes. It made her wonder, had Maya always been like that? So... round cheeked. It was a wonder that snug skirt fit her with mounds that large. Surely the fabric should rip and tear. "It's quite delicious."

"Glad to hear it," Maya said, and shifted her weight, cocking her hip to the other side, and -

***Holy ass, divine ass, wonderful ass ass ass ass ~** They were at a swimming pool now, with women using their butts as floatation devices, chanting and cheering and booty popping on the surface of the water, swimming in synchronised perfection as the water made the light bounce of their -*

Oof, she felt really giddy that time! Where did that come from? Must be the coffee. It probably has a heck of a kick to it!

"I've been working on making it to your taste," Maya said while gently, sweetly, wiggling her butt from side to side. "Stirring it up just the right amount. Making it strong. And full. And too... too... sweet! My senpai deserves nothing less than perfection!"

"Well, keep it up," Ritsuko said. "It's just the way I like it."

She drank some more of it while May swanned off, practically skipping like a schoolgirl... Which, for some reason, brought the image unbound of the cute, mousy girl wearing a teeny, tiny, blue frilly skirt and thigh high socks, and for some reason she couldn't quite picture the rest of the costume because she was so focused on imagining the lower half of it.

And then, she blinked. Noticed that five minutes had passed since Maya left. So she resolved herself to resuming her work. No more distractions. Her work was super important, after all! She could brook no further distractions, and -

Crash! A loud sound dragged her attention across the room, towards Hitomi, who had tripped once again. She'd always been a bit clumsy, but of late she'd been getting worse and -

Wiggle wiggle.

"Oops, sorry, clumsy me!" Hitomi sang, while still struggling to get to her feet and -

Wiggle wiggle.

Somehow Ritsuko managed to completely blank on when Hitomi got back onto her feet. Nonetheless, her fellow scientist was now standing in front of her, smiling down at her with that forceful personality of hers, and -

"A healthy body is vital for a healthy mind," Hitomi said. A sensible aphorism. "You look so tired these days, it cannot be good for your quality of work."

"Is it really that obvious?" Ritsuko asked. She wiped at her eyes, rubbed at them, but every time she closed them it felt like she was seeing -

Fields of ass, glorious ass, worshipful ass, ass, ass ~ Joggers going by on a street, all wearing snug hotpants. You could barely see anything though because of the sheer mass contained within their enormous round -

"A few of us are putting together a fitness club," Hitomi said. She flexed a muscle as if showing it off. "I think you would fit in well! You'll be able to sleep better at night, and come back to work all that much more refreshed! Much better than you breaking down after pushing yourself too much!"

"Ah, is that what you've been getting up to after hours...?" Ritsuko pondered. "I had noticed a few women in staff were staying in after shift. And there was me thinking that they were taking from my example."

It was intended as a joke, but Hitomi pouted. Regardless, Ritsuko waved it off.

"Terribly sorry, but I'm not interested right now," Ritsuko said. "I'm simply far too busy lately. If I change my mind, I'll let you know."

"You sure I can't change your mind?" Hitomi asked while turning around, all but sticking her rump right in Ritsuko's face. "We'll all be there. In skintight leotards. Stretching, squatting,

performing all manner of aerobics... and we start off with a simple warm up... Touching... Our... Toes!"

She began to demonstrate that very thing, leaning down, down and down some more. Her butt was growing closer, closer, and closer to Ritsuko's face - but like the tortoise and the arrow in one of Zeno's paradoxes, it was never... quite... reaching her...

"Ahem!"

Hitomi was quite suddenly pulled away, and her booty was replaced with a stern, serious pale face framed by blue hair. It was, of course, Rei Ayanami. Who had a strangely intense expression upon her normally stoic face.

"Doctor Akagi, there is something I must show you," Rei said. She grabbed Ritsuko's arm and hauled her to her feet, barelling right by Hitomi in the process.

"Oh, shouldn't I come -" Hitomi began, but Rei shot her a Withering Look that immediately shut her up. Not that Ritsuko saw it. But when Hitomi turned paler than Rei and fell on her *big round butt*, it wasn't hard to imagine what she'd seen.

"What's the hurry, Pilot?" Ritsuko asked. She knew full well that Rei was not human, but this was quite a human response. Almost like panic, if she didn't know any better. How peculiar. It was almost as though she wasn't trying to drag Ritsuko to anyplace in particular, more like she was looking for a place to hide. "What could possibly be so important - "

They entered a storage room. Nothing in it but boxes of plugsuits. Rei's, specifically, with the white colouration and black markings around the hips and thighs.

"I am taking control," Rei quietly said. Huh? "It is in the best interests of everyone. I will operate only in the best interests of all mankind, with a dispassionate -"

"Would have been better if you'd said, **assuming** control," said another voice. This one coming from Asuka, who stood up from one of the boxes wearing one of Rei's plugsuits. "What do you think? White makes you look larger, but what do you think...? Herr Doctor? Puppen"

Oh, now she was getting it. This was a game being played between the two girls. How cute. How quaint. Perhaps some form of hide and seek...? Rei was backing away slowly, as if about to break into a run - but then Asuka hip checked the box next to her, which caused a rapid but also quite fascinating chain of events that rube goldberged a broom that landed perfectly in the handle.

Rei tried to release it, but that delayed her just enough for Asuka to pull her into a hug from behind. "Verstanden?" Asuka asked. "So leicht kannst du mir nicht entkommen."

"Doctor Akagi, do not look at her - " Rei tried to warn, but then... Asuka bent over while also forcing Rei to do the same. Do you know, it was a funny thing. Comparing and contrasting the two. A pair of twin moons were in front of her, but it was like comparing Ganymede to Deimos. The largest moon in the solar system, versus the smallest.

Wiggle wiggle, it was rather cute watching the two pilots play like this, wiggle wiggle. It made Ritsuko feel rather jealous for her own lost childhood, wiggle wiggle.

=====

"So close, silly doll!" Asuka teased, though the verb was redundant. All she did was tease these days, through one form or another. At this very moment in time, she was sitting on top of Misato's back, cross legged, using Mari as a footrest while Maya and Hitomi were grabbing onto Rei's arms, holding her down. "Did you really think I wouldn't notice?"

Rei glowered at her. At this point, there were no words that she could say that would mean anything. Instead, her mind was seeking an escape. Which would be difficult, because Asuka was watching her like a hawk.

"You've had enough stories where you corrupt everyone using your kuudere cuteness and body warping powers," Asuka sighed, swinging her leg to and fro. "But, bitch, the tsundere reigns supreme for a reason, and I?"

She climbed off her seat, turned around and leaned on the poor brainwashed Misato. She was wearing one of Rei's personal plugsuits, though most likely adjusted to suit her... physique. Under normal conditions there was absolutely no way, at all, that one of Rei's plugsuits should fit those round pale cheeks. They were huge! Enormous! Far too large to fit inside the material!

And yet, they did. No doubt Hitomi's work. Possibly with Mari's help. Everyone in the room stared at the butt. Rei tried to look away. Her gaze was brought back to it, no matter what. Like it had its own centre of gravity.

"It's my turn, dummy!" Asuka sniffed. "But it's not like I *want you* to stare at my ass, committing to memory every. Single. Curve and contour of its *sheer perfection*. The size, the jiggle, the heft, the sheer *weight* of it settling down upon your brain. Weighing your thoughts, making you slow and stupid and *compliant*, turning a doll-like girl into a tried and true *puppet*."

"What did you do with Doctor Akagi?" Rei managed to demand. Asuka stopped wiggling her rump for a moment, and turned around in something approximating surprise.

"Do?" Asuka gasped. "Why, not much. I've simply been having my minions here induce a series of micro-illusions. Subliminal conditioning, making her come to worship *ass*!"

"Ass!" every girl in the room cried out at once. To Rei's surprise, and mild horror, she said it as well. That was not a good sign. It meant that she, too, was being corrupted. Hypnotised in the most embarrassing way possible - under the weight of *sheer perfection*.

"As for you, my little kuudere doll~" Asuka sweetly, oh so sweetly whispered. "I have a different approach in mind for you. I'm going to beat your brain down with my butt until you're moulded, like clay, into the image I want. Make it clear to you that this time, this time I will be the one in charge! Corrupting and swaying, booty breaking in all the brains that I can find, until at last... You're all *mine* to command!"

Rei struggled and tried to free herself, but to no avail. Asuka was squatting back, deeper and deeper, her butt getting closer, closer, far too close! There was nothing Rei could do! She tried to stand up, but Maya and Hitomi were... using their cheeks to pin her legs in place! Pinching her thighs between those glutes, giving her nowhere to move! As for her arms, they were similarly pinned down by Misato and Mari, leaving her surrounded on all sides by ass!

It was like watching a planet ending meteorite come down towards the planet, when standing right at the crash point. Knowing it was futile. Knowing there was nothing you could do but sit there and -

"Rei Ayanami! Wake up!"

A ruler hit the desk next to her head. Rei's head popped up, and... And she'd been having a strange erotic dream. Her head had been down on her desk at school, and all the students were giving her funny looks. She blushed a bit - had she been talking in her sleep? Oh no. The teacher was standing over her as well, scowling deeply.

"For sleeping in class, detention!" Miss Sohryu said, then wandered off back to the head of the classroom, her tiny pencil skirt framing her butt magnificently. Rei tried not to stare at it, but... It really was *perfection* incarnate. Was it any wonder she dreamed of it? "Oops!" Miss Sohryu gasped, the ruler slipping from her fingertips and - Mmmph! That was going in the bank for sure!

Time skipped, and it was the end of the school day. It was only her and Miss Sohryu in detention. The other students had all left, skipping gaily out of the room, patting each other on the butts, giving each other sloppy french kisses like horny girls like to do, but then...?

"Get up to the blackboard," Miss Sohryu said, slapping the ruler in her hand. She handed Rei a piece of chalk. "You know what I want you to write. Do it one hundred times."

Actually, Rei did not know what she was meant to write. So she stood there mutely until her hand started to write on its own. "I love Asuka's Ass!"

When she finished the sentence she felt the flat end of the ruler collide with her inexplicably bare ass! But it didn't hurt! Instead it felt good! What was more, Rei's butt got bigger following the strike!

"That's one!" Miss Sohryu whispered. Her hand reached out and cradled Rei's butt, groping and squeezing it lovingly. "Ninety nine more to go!"

Ninety nine more! Rei took a deep breath and wrote it a second time. "I love Asuka's Ass!" Another strike, then a grope while she was told how many she'd written. They counted up like that for what felt like hours, Rei's butt soon feeling completely numbed by the experience, but - Every time the ruler landed, it felt better than the last and Rei's butt got bigger, jigglier, rounder, more massive more splendid and just plain *more*. Every time she wrote it, she believed it a bit more than the last! She loved Asuka's perfect-

Are you really going to give in that easily?

She was standing in a train, staring at herself. Another her with a lewd grin on her pretty face. Rei blinked slowly. Taking it in, and then -

Come on, you're the one everyone drools over, the other her whispered in Rei's mind. Shouldn't this be all about how hot your butt is instead?

Rei blinked, and suddenly found herself standing in her apartment, surrounded by women of the Geofront. They were all wearing white plugsuits with black stripes around the hips. Looking down, Rei found her body ludicrously curvy. Huge boobs, thunderous thighs and an ass like a wrecking ball.

On her knees, at Rei's feet, was Asuka. The new pilot. That's right! Yes, of course! She remembered now! Rei squat over, putting her hands on her hips and very lightly tapping her side, making her booty jiggle and shake. But not much! A mere taste of what it was capable of!

"You see?" Rei asked, her voice cold and clinical. "Does this not make more sense?" She then performed a thrust squat, on the spot, then stepped back and touched her toes! Legs straight, ass up in the air, jiggling her booty like she just doesn't care! "It makes more sense for me, the one that is not human, to use sex to dominate all of mankind!"

"Assssss..." Asuka drooled incoherently. "Asssss~"

Ah! Rei felt a pang of something shoot through her. Asuka was smitten. Absolutely devoted to booty! Her cheeks filled the redhead's brilliant brain, pushing out all other thoughts but mindless adherence!

"It feels good, doesn't it?" Mari whispered in her ear, suddenly slamming her hips into Rei's. "Using ass to dominate others."

Misato suddenly pinned her down on the other side of her body. Trapping Rei's hips in between the two of them. "Using your butt to break the brains of beauties around you!"

"Go ahead, admit it," Maya added, slamming her butt right into the back of Asuka's head, and in the process leaving it trapped in between the cheeks of Rei herself and Maya's own. "This feels fucking *amazing*!"

Rei bit her lip. It did feel rather intoxicating! More to the point, it felt *right*. Of course she should be the one in charge around here! Why shouldn't she be? This was the obvious, natural role. Asuka's intellect was too tempered by her arrogance and pride to even consider such a ridiculous action. Asuka was not the true idol of this world! It was Rei! It was always Rei! Nobody else should pervert the world through sheer sex appeal but her, and her alone!

The very idea made her tongue hang out. Oooh, yes~ That was exactly what she needed~ More than anything else in the world, the very idea of that made her feel so *good* inside that it felt like she was melting~

And then, as if to make it all that much better, something big, round, red and *perfect* appeared within her vision. It engulfed her view completely. A blood red sight that made her feel more alive than any other time she could remember.

"Then coming to our fitness club would be a wunderbar idea, ja?" a familiar voice said, right before Rei found herself burying her face in ass. Mm, yes, there was a logic to that. "You can show up. Show *her* up. Take control over your story again! And then corrupt this world with sex, just like the way it should be!"

Yes, yes! That was it, that was exactly what she was missing out on! It was the perfect opportunity, dropped right into her lap! Pretend to play along with Asuka, then let her own pride consume her!

"And then show off the superiority of your kuudere attitude~" the voice continued.

Of course. The kuudere was cuter than the tsundere. It was a universal truth that a kuudere would make for a better partner. So much less... emotionally volatile and -

The scene shifted. They were sitting in Misato's apartment. Her and Asuka. Her, being her usual smug bitch of a self. Rei sitting opposite her in her uniform. Both of them with their *normal sized butts*. That is to say, around twice the size of their own heads.

"You know," Asuka began, breaking the silence with her characteristic smugness, "it's pretty obvious that tsunderes are the superior type. We've got depth, passion, and real personality. People actually have to work to understand us."

Rei tilted her head slightly, her crimson eyes meeting Asuka's without a flicker of emotion. "Your argument assumes that emotional volatility equates to superiority."

Asuka nearly choked on her soda. "E-emotional volatility? Are you calling me unstable?!"

"I did not say that," Rei replied calmly. "However, the tsundere archetype is characterized by a tendency to oscillate between hostility and affection. It can be... exhausting."

"Exhausting?" Asuka leaned forward, her voice rising. "You think being a kuudere is better? All you do is sit there with that blank look on your face. It's like talking to a wall!"

"A wall is stable," Rei said simply, her tone devoid of malice. "It provides support without demanding attention. Kuuderes offer consistency and tranquility, which can be more appealing to some."

"Tranquility?!" Asuka threw her hands up. "That's just another word for boring! You can't just coast through life being all... cold and detached. People need to know you actually care about things."

Rei blinked slowly. "I care."

Asuka scoffed, folding her arms. "Sure doesn't look like it. At least with me, you know where you stand. I'm honest about how I feel!"

Rei regarded her for a moment before replying. "Your honesty is commendable. However, it often manifests as aggression. Some might find that intimidating."

"Oh, give me a break!" Asuka groaned, slumping back on the couch. "You're impossible to talk to, you know that? No wonder people prefer tsunderes. We're exciting! We keep things interesting."

"Interesting," Rei repeated, as if testing the word. "Perhaps. But unpredictability can lead to misunderstanding. Kuuderes allow for introspection and quiet connection. We do not need to demand attention to be understood."

Asuka bristled. "So now I'm demanding attention?!"

Rei didn't answer immediately. Instead, she tilted her head again, her tone as neutral as ever. "Your presence is... unmistakable."

For a brief moment, Asuka stared at her, unsure whether to take that as a compliment or an insult. "Tch. Whatever. I'm done arguing with you. Like you'd even understand what makes tsunderes great."

What made Tsunderes *great*? She'd never even considered such a thing. *What makes tsunderes great*? The scene shifted, and she was back between those big red cushions, surrounded by the hot asses of the other women~

"Butt!" the voice interrupted. "If you beat her at her own game, if you acted like a tsundere, showed her up in front of everyone... Wouldn't that be so poetic?"

Act like a tsundere...? She hadn't even considered it. However, this too had a ring of truth to it. Rei lifted her face to take a big gasp of air - then dove right back in between these comfy cushions, licking and slurping. Oh? In the brief instant she'd pulled up they had changed colour. From blood red with black bits, to a healthy fleshy pink. This was nicer. It was warmer like this.

"Become a tsundere booty bitch!" the voice continued, and the cushions started to move back and forth. Rei felt her hips moving in line with them, instead of her face. "Become a tsundere booty bitch! The more you deny, the more you love! That's the way it always works out!"

=====

Everything was going perfectly. Asuka was sitting in Ritsuko's office, in the corner, filing her nails while wearing jean shorts, a tube top, some sandals and a smile. Not a single thing else. Her plans were progressing apace, but of course, because how else might they progress?

Rei and Ritsuko were two of her biggest remaining obstacles. At least, where the fairer sex came along! Kukuku! Look there. Ritsuko was off in another micro-illusion, bewitched by Mari's butt. The cheeky pink yandere had but bent down for a mere second to pick up a dropped pen - and my, weren't people being careless with pens of late - and Ritsuko's eyes glazed over on the spot, seeing God only know what.

Oh, wait. Asuka knew! Ritsuko was seeing herself performing experiments involving ass. Determining the perfect size and shape for the perfect amount of jiggle - and coming to the conclusion that Asuka's booty was the best for the purpose.

How had she put it again? God only knows? Well, since she was the only one that knew, because even Ritsuko would have forgotten by now, did that make her God? Not yet, but give her time. All it takes to become a God is to be worshipped enough - and by the time she was done everyone on Earth would worship her, both for saving them and for having the most sublime, divine keister upon creation.

"Oh dear, I'm getting a big head to match my huge ass," Asuka chuckled, then rolled over on the desk to give herself a grope. "Oooh~ I'd better be careful around mirrors, I might even hypnotise myself if I'm not careful..."

Verdammit, had she tempted Murphy? Was that how she was doomed to go out? Submerged in obsession over her own firm cheeks? Oooh, then again maybe she wouldn't need a mirror,

playing with her own cheeks like this... The flesh was so soft, so perfect! A light spank to herself, and she could almost feel it! The modern day Narcissus, doomed to obsession over her own beauty!

Except, unlike Narcissus, she had enough intelligence about her to escape... and set her eyes on her new prize. Ritsuko Akagi!

"Guten tag, Doctor!" Asuka called out. Actually, she'd been in the room for quite literally hours now, but every time the good Doctor might have noticed her, one of Asuka's booty sluts had just so happened to distract her. Now though, she was going to have some *fun*. "So I had something of a disturbing thought that I wanted to share with you, ja?"

"Hrm? Oh, yes?" Ritsuko asked. "What is it, Pilot?"

Merely a pilot, was she? Don't worry, Doctor. Soon enough this pretty redhead would be piloting your *brain* using only the power of her cheeks.

"Well, you see," Asuka began, leaning in close, all conspiratorial. "Angels have weird powers, ja? Well, what if they... let's say... brainwashed someone to work on their behalf. How would we know if someone was brainwashed?"

"Oh, don't worry," her future booty slave laughed it off. "For one thing, it's not that simple to control the human ass. I mean... Human mind. Hypnosis doesn't quite work like that in the real world."

"Oh?" Asuka fluttered her eyes seductively at Ritsuko, not that the scientist noticed. "Then how *does* it work?"

"It works by suggestion," Ritsuko said. "So you cannot really make someone do something they don't want to -"

"Look, an emotionally vulnerable boy that is easy to bully and psychologically torment by playing with his heart and loins!"

"Where?!" Asuka jumped off her desk and looked around the room, but alas, to no avail. Behind her, she heard the sound of feet, and the slamming of a door. But then, she sighed, turned around and cocked her hip quite happily. "So, our little doll made another rescue attempt, did she?" Asuka shrugged as if it was no big deal. "That is fine. She must learn the inevitability of my genius sooner or later."

=====

Rei was confident in her ass. She was fully assured that she could drop Asuka in a heartbeat when it came to their final confrontation. However, Ritsuko Akagi's presence was a great risk. A potential distraction. An element that Asuka could use against her. Therefore -

"We are under attack by an Angel," Rei advised, rushing through the corridor as fast as her jiggling round rump would allow. Which was surprisingly quick, though it did leave in its wake the sound of thunderous applause. "It is warping our minds subtly and slowly. You must retreat while I confront it, alongside Pilot Sohryu."

"An Angel?" Ritsuko asked. She seemed confused. Which is normal. Given the exposure she had to huge round rumps, it was a wonder that she was capable of walking a straight line. "Are you sure about that Rei, I - Woah!"

While turning a corner, something remarkable happened. Namely - a dragging effect. Caused by an extra weight, an imbalance that neither of them were quite fully used to. The huge melons, the total dumptrucks that the two of them were carrying after them caused them both to topple over, barely able to right themselves before they continued on their way to the nearest elevator to the surface -

Which was, as it turned out, out of order. And standing in front of that elevator was none other than Mari herself, wearing her pink plugsuit. The girl's hands roamed down her back, and she turned back to them.

"Run," she said, drool spilling from her mouth. "I can't fight it for long, but - Run! Get out of here before it takes control and - " Her hand reached her ass, and she squeezed it quite violently, which she apparently enjoyed tremendously... and Rei had no intention of remaining to see what came next.

They ran. They ran, and there was nothing in the world that would make Rei stop - except for suspiciously large bootied women performing maintenance in certain hallways. A different direction was required. Fortunately, she knew the routes through this building better than most. Thus the two of them continued to run at full pelt, though in truth neither of them were truly aware of the effects their gigantic jiggling heinies were having. Their wobbling posteriors should have, by right, slowed them down considerably - but of this, there was no sign. It was as though they had already long since adjusted to having such massive gravity warping rumps.

Though the thought did cross both of their minds that something was off back there. They just could not put their finger on it for the life of them.

"Rei, I need a bit more informa - Woah!" Ritsuko gasped, as the two of them stepped upon a wet patch of floor, right as they were turning another corner, and this time neither of them were able to counter the counterbalance of their own huge butts, the momentum of which carried them all the way into -

"Oh hey girls, you made it!" Hitomi said, waving at them as they entered the room. Stumbling in like drunken idiots, sliding on on a damp floor. There were several other women in here. Maya was here, as was Misato, Satsuki... others as well that she didn't know, all of them wearing thong leotards of various colours, and matching thigh high socks. "Come on in, Asuka should be here soon to kick things off!"

"I see, so this is the gymnastics club is it?" Ritsuko mused, having clearly forgotten about the Angel warning Rei had given her. She stepped forward, taking off her labcoat, hanging it on a coat hook and... Revealing that she was wearing a black thong leotard with a very low cut neckline underneath. Had she always been wearing that? "Alright, fine. I suppose joining for one session couldn't hurt."

"What about you, Rei?" Misato asked. "Are you going to... join us?"

Rei scowled, then reached up to unzip her uniform... revealing a thong leotard of her own underneath. One that looked like it had been cut from one of her plugsuits. The same gleaming white, with black marks around the hips and breasts. She strode confidently into the room, rolling her hips and looking around at all the brainwashed women, noting those that *should* be under her power.

"We'll be using my new VR equipment to facilitate things," Hitomi said.

"And my LCL treatment to really make our bodies perfect!" Satsuki chirped, producing bottles of the thick orange liquid. Rei nodded in comprehension. So. This was Asuka's plan, was it? In that case, she would delight in putting a cold stop to it now by showing her how a *proper* sexual corruption went, while also beating her in the tsundere department!

Though really, if she was firing on as many cylinders as she was thinking... Rei should have asked herself how long, exactly, she had been wearing this leotard underneath her plugsuit.

Persona 5 - Shadow of Cheer

Reina Tachibana sat alone on the darkened bleachers of Shujin Academy's gym, her legs drawn to her chest and her hands gripping the fabric of her skirt. The air was heavy, suffocating, filled with the lingering memories of Kamoshida's reign over the school. For weeks, she'd managed to stay under his radar, watching others crumble under his abuse, but that fear had left a scar deep in her chest. Now, she could feel the weight of it growing heavier, like something had to snap.

Her phone buzzed faintly in her hand, the screen flickering with static. She frowned, swiping at it, only for the static to spread, swallowing the screen whole. A faint noise—like distant cheers—echoed in her ears, growing louder until it consumed her senses.

The world tilted.

When Reina opened her eyes, the gym was gone. In its place stood a massive, surreal stadium. Glittering lights painted everything in shades of gold and crimson, and banners bearing her face hung from towering walls. The stadium was empty save for a single figure standing in the center of the field.

It was her—or at least something like her. The figure wore a dazzling cheerleader's uniform, complete with a skirt that shimmered like diamonds and pom-poms that sparked with static electricity. Her face was painted with an unsettling, too-wide grin, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Welcome, Reina," the Shadow said, her voice honeyed and sweet but carrying an unmistakable edge. "I've been waiting for you."

Reina staggered back, her heart pounding. "What... is this? Who are you?"

The Shadow tilted her head, her grin never wavering. "I'm you, silly. The you that knows what you really want. Kamoshida's reign is crumbling, but it won't collapse on its own. You're scared he'll come for you next, aren't you?"

"I'm not scared of him," Reina snapped, though her voice shook.

"Then prove it," the Shadow teased. "Right now, you're just another face in the crowd. But you could be so much more. A star, shining above them all. You could take control before anyone else gets the chance."

Reina hesitated, her chest tight. "I don't... I don't want to be like him."

"Oh, darling, you won't be," the Shadow cooed. "Kamoshida ruled through fear. You'll rule through admiration. You don't need to hurt people—they'll cheer for you because they want to."

Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. “But first, you need to bring him down. I can help with that. All you have to do is trust me.”

Reina swallowed hard. The stadium was spinning now, the roar of invisible applause growing louder and louder, filling her ears with the sound of adoration.

“What do I have to do?” Reina asked.

The Shadow’s grin widened, and she extended a hand. “Just take the baton.”

=====

The air outside Shujin Academy buzzed with chaos as reporters crowded near the school gates. A squad car was parked at the curb, its flashing lights illuminating the crowd as Suguru Kamoshida was escorted out, handcuffed and scowling.

“Mr. Kamoshida, do you have any comment on the allegations?” a reporter shouted, her voice cutting through the noise.

“Is it true the school tried to cover for you?”

“Were other staff members complicit?”

Kamoshida ignored them, his face twisted with frustration as the officers pushed him forward. The cameras flashed like strobe lights, capturing every second of the spectacle.

Inside the school, Reina stood by an upstairs window, watching the scene unfold with quiet satisfaction. She fiddled with her phone, which now bore the mysterious app with its gleaming pom-pom and baton icon. Her reflection in the glass flickered faintly, a brief flash of the Shadow’s grin overlaid on her own before it disappeared.

Her fingers danced across her phone’s screen, scrolling through the messages she’d sent and the evidence she’d carefully compiled. It had been surprisingly easy—anonymous tips to a journalist, photos and documents she’d found buried in the school’s records. All it had taken was a little push in the right places, just as the Shadow had promised.

A voice crackled from a nearby TV in the hallway, where a group of students had gathered to watch the live broadcast.

“...the arrest of Suguru Kamoshida marks a shocking turn for Shujin Academy. Multiple students have come forward with testimony, corroborated by evidence suggesting a pattern of abuse, with reports indicating the school administration attempted to suppress the allegations...”

Reina's lips curled into a faint smirk. The halls were alive with murmurs—confusion, relief, anger. The social order Kamoshida had imposed was crumbling, his iron grip on the school reduced to ashes.

But where others saw chaos, Reina saw opportunity.

Her phone buzzed again, the app glowing faintly. She tapped it once, and for a brief moment, the colors outside her window deepened, the world taking on a surreal, dreamlike hue. She looked out at the crowd below, the students milling about in uncertainty.

Nature abhors a vacuum.

If no one else was going to take control, then she would.

Reina slipped her phone back into her pocket and turned away from the window, her smirk widening. She had a cheer squad to shape—and a school to lead.

=====

The afternoon sun poured through the windows of Shujin Academy's cafeteria, casting long shadows across the tables as Ann Takamaki sat with her friends, casually picking at a tray of fries. The hum of chatter filled the air, mingling with the occasional clatter of trays and laughter from a nearby table.

Ann's friend, Shiho Suzui, leaned in, her voice low. "So, have you seen the cheer squad lately? They're... kind of everywhere now."

Ann shrugged, brushing a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "Yeah, I guess. They're getting a ton of attention. I don't get why, though."

Shiho scoffed, swirling a straw in her drink. "Probably because they're prancing around in those uniforms like they own the place. Did you hear they got the school to let them wear them every day? Uniform rules don't even apply to them anymore."

Ann blinked, a frown forming on her lips. "Wait, seriously? How'd they manage that?"

"Reina Tachibana, that's how," Shiho replied, rolling her eyes. "She's been pulling all sorts of strings since Kamoshida got the boot. Guess someone had to step up, but... I don't trust her."

Ann glanced out the window, where the cheer squad was unmistakable, striding across the courtyard like they were on a runway. Reina led the trio, her perfectly tailored uniform glittering in the sunlight, her baton twirling in one hand. Following her were Chi Moriyama, with her bright and bubbly energy, and Mayu Arisawa, who hung back slightly, her eyes scanning the crowd like a hawk.

As they passed, a few students turned to watch, whispering and pointing. Reina seemed to bask in the attention, her confident smile never wavering.

"I don't know," Ann said, tapping her fork against the table. "I mean, it's kind of cool that someone's stepping up after everything that happened with Kamoshida. Maybe it's not so bad."

Shiho leaned back, folding her arms. "Cool or not, I don't like how they're acting like they run the school now. What's next? Mandatory pep rallies every morning?"

Ann laughed, shaking her head. "Yeah, I can't really see myself cheering anyone on at seven in the morning."

As if on cue, the cafeteria doors swung open, and the trio strode in, their polished sneakers clicking against the floor. Conversations faltered as heads turned, the air seeming to shift with their presence. Reina's gaze swept the room, zeroing in on Ann and her table like a predator spotting prey.

"Uh-oh," Shiho muttered under her breath. "Here comes trouble."

Reina approached, her smile dazzling yet unsettling, like it had been crafted in front of a mirror. "Ann Takamaki," she said, her voice warm and inviting. "I was hoping to run into you."

Ann raised an eyebrow. "Me? What for?"

Reina gestured to the table, her baton gleaming under the fluorescent lights. "Mind if I join you for a second?"

Ann exchanged a glance with Shiho, who gave a subtle shrug. "Uh, sure?"

Reina slid into the seat across from Ann, Chi and Mayu flanking her like a well-rehearsed formation. "I'll get straight to the point," Reina began, leaning in slightly. "You're popular, Ann. Everyone knows who you are—half the school looks up to you. And with everything changing around here, I think you'd be perfect for my squad."

Ann blinked, caught off guard. "Your... cheer squad?"

"Exactly!" Reina's eyes sparkled with excitement. "We're growing fast, and I want to build a team that represents the new Shujin Academy. Strong, united, and admired. You'd fit right in."

Ann hesitated, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of her tray. "Uh, I appreciate the offer, but... I don't think cheerleading is really my thing."

Shiho chimed in, her tone sharp. "Yeah, Ann's not the type to follow someone else's routine."

Reina's smile faltered for a fraction of a second before returning, wider than ever. "That's okay! You don't have to decide right now. But think about it—we're making waves. This is your chance to be part of something big."

"I'll think about it," Ann said, though her tone made it clear she was just trying to end the conversation.

Reina stood, brushing invisible dust from her skirt. "Take your time, but don't wait too long. The spotlight doesn't stay in one place forever." She turned on her heel, her squad following her as they left the cafeteria.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Shiho leaned closer to Ann, her voice a whisper. "Wow, that was... intense. Are you actually considering it?"

Ann shook her head. "Not really. Something about her just feels... off. Like she's trying too hard to sell it, you know?"

"Yeah," Shiho muttered, her gaze following Reina's retreating figure. "Something tells me this whole cheerleader thing isn't just about cheering."

=====

The fading sunlight bathed Shujin Academy in a warm orange glow as students filtered out of the gates, their chatter filling the air. Shiho Murata adjusted her bag strap as she walked, her thoughts drifting back to the cafeteria conversation. Reina's invitation—and the strange intensity behind it—left a sour taste in her mouth.

She sighed, taking a shortcut through the quieter side streets. "Cheerleading. Seriously? Ann doesn't need that kind of nonsense."

A rhythmic click of polished sneakers on pavement caught her attention. Shiho turned, her steps faltering as she spotted Reina and her squad striding toward her, their cheerleading uniforms pristine even in the dusty alley.

"Murata!" Reina called, her voice syrupy sweet.

Shiho frowned, her shoulders tensing. "What do you want?"

Reina stopped a few feet away, her ever-present smile gleaming in the dimming light. Chi and Mayu flanked her like silent sentinels, their gazes locked on Shiho.

"I wanted to follow up on our little chat earlier," Reina said smoothly. "It's about Ann. She's such a bright star, don't you think? She belongs with us, shining at the center of it all."

Shiho crossed her arms, scowling. "I already told you—Ann's not interested. And honestly, I don't think she needs your 'team.'"

Reina's smile didn't waver, but her eyes darkened, a glint of something dangerous flickering behind them. "I think she just needs a little push. You're her friend, right? You can help her see the opportunity she's missing."

"Yeah, no," Shiho shot back. "Not my problem, and it's not yours either." She turned to leave, but Chi stepped into her path, her cheery grin unnervingly rigid.

"Reina wasn't asking," Chi said, her tone oddly light.

Shiho stiffened, her heart pounding as the alley seemed to grow darker. "What the hell is wrong with you guys?"

Reina's baton tapped against her palm, the sound echoing unnaturally. "You're stubborn, Shiho. I like that. But I think it's time you learn what's really holding you back."

The world around Shiho twisted, the alley stretching and warping as the colors bled away. Her bag slipped from her shoulder as her knees buckled, the ground tilting beneath her feet. A strange energy crackled in the air, and when she looked up, the cheer squad's faces were distorted—smiling, but impossibly wide, their eyes glowing with an unnatural light.

Shiho screamed as everything went black.

When she opened her eyes, she was standing in a twisted version of Shujin Academy. The building was wrapped in layers of black-and-white streamers, banners proclaiming "Mandatory Positivity!" and "No Dissent Allowed!" flapping in an invisible breeze. Gigantic pom-poms lined the courtyard, bouncing rhythmically like beating hearts.

"What the..." Shiho whispered, spinning around.

Reina appeared behind her, though she looked... different. Her cheerleading uniform had transformed, glittering ominously with gold accents, and her eyes burned with a fierce, otherworldly light.

"Welcome to your palace, Shiho," Reina said, her voice echoing through the bizarre landscape. "This is where your true feelings live—your fear, your disdain, your rejection of cheerleading. It's all here, in black and white."

"My... palace?" Shiho's fists clenched. "You're insane."

Reina ignored the insult, gesturing toward the towering school building. "Come on. Let's see what you're so afraid of."

Chi and Mayu appeared at Reina's sides, similarly transformed, their uniforms more elaborate, their smiles sharper. Together, they flanked Shiho, corralling her toward the entrance of the distorted school.

"No way. I'm not going in there," Shiho said, backing away.

"Oh, but you are," Reina replied, her baton spinning effortlessly in her hand. "You're going to face what's inside, whether you like it or not."

The ground beneath Shiho's feet shifted, forcing her toward the school. The doors opened with a menacing creak, revealing a long hallway filled with mirrors. Each one reflected a warped version of Shiho, dressed in a ragged cheerleading uniform, her face twisted into a miserable scowl.

"This isn't real," Shiho muttered, her breath quickening.

Reina's laughter echoed behind her. "It's as real as you make it. Let's see what's at the heart of your little anti-cheerleading rebellion, shall we?"

Shiho gritted her teeth, her fear giving way to anger. "You think you can just mess with my head? Drag me into this freaky place and scare me into joining your stupid squad? You've got another thing coming!"

Reina's grin widened. "Oh, I'm not here to scare you, Shiho. I'm here to fix you."

The hallway shifted, the mirrors rippling as monstrous figures began to emerge from them. Shadowy, cheerleader-shaped entities with glowing pom-poms and twisted grins advanced on Shiho, their laughter echoing through the space.

Shiho clenched her fists, her pulse racing. "What the hell is this?"

Reina's voice rang out, triumphant. "It's time to face the truth, Shiho. Why do you hate cheerleading so much? What are you so afraid of?"

Shiho stood at the center of the bizarre, cheer-themed Metaverse world, surrounded by the distorted cheerleaders. Reina, still glowing with that unsettling aura of confidence, circled her like a predator sizing up its prey.

Shiho glared at her, forcing herself to stand tall despite the surreal landscape. "Alright, you dragged me into this freak show. Now what? You gonna try and scare me into joining your stupid cheer squad?"

Reina smirked, twirling her baton lazily. "Scare you? Oh no, Shiho, I don't need to scare you. I just need to show you the truth." She gestured to the warped hallway of mirrors behind her, each one reflecting a version of Shiho.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Shiho snapped, her fists clenching.

Reina stopped, her eyes locking onto Shiho's. "It means you've been lying to yourself. Hiding behind that tough-girl act, pretending you're above it all. But deep down, you're just scared. Scared of failing. Scared of being seen for who you really are."

"That's not true!" Shiho shot back, her voice shaking.

"Isn't it?" Reina said, stepping closer. She tilted her head toward one of the mirrors. "Take a look."

Shiho hesitated but turned toward the nearest mirror. Her reflection showed a younger version of herself, standing awkwardly on a cheerleading stage. Her hands were trembling, her face flushed with embarrassment as she fumbled through a routine. The laughter of an unseen crowd echoed faintly around her.

"No," Shiho whispered, stepping back.

"You've been running from this moment ever since, haven't you?" Reina said softly, her tone almost sympathetic. "Telling yourself that cheerleading is stupid, that you're too good for it. But that's not the truth, is it? The truth is, you were hurt. And instead of facing it, you let that pain define you."

The mirror shifted, showing a different version of Shiho—confident, poised, leading a cheer routine in front of an adoring crowd. She was smiling, radiating joy and pride.

"This is who you could be," Reina said, her voice taking on a hypnotic edge. "Strong. Respected. Loved. All you have to do is let go of your fear."

Shiho shook her head, trying to resist. "You're just messing with my head. This isn't real!"

Reina laughed, a sharp, melodic sound. "Reality is what you make of it, Shiho. You can cling to your bitterness, or you can step into the spotlight and finally take control of your life."

The shadowy cheerleaders closed in around Shiho, their voices chanting softly: "Join us... join us... join us..."

The sound was almost musical, weaving its way into Shiho's mind. She stumbled, clutching her head as the images in the mirrors flashed faster and faster—the younger, frightened Shiho, the confident cheerleader, the laughter, the applause.

Reina extended a hand, her smile gleaming. "Come on, Shiho. Don't you want to feel good about yourself again? Don't you want to show everyone what you're capable of?"

Shiho stared at the hand, her vision swimming. She wanted to resist. She wanted to hold on to her anger, her independence. But the temptation was too strong. The warmth in Reina's voice, the promise of something better—it was like a rope being thrown to her in the middle of a storm.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Shiho reached out and took Reina's hand.

"Good girl," Reina said, pulling Shiho close. The world around them shimmered, the shadows fading as Shiho's uniform transformed into the bright colors of Reina's squad.

Shiho blinked, dazed but smiling. "I... I get it now. You're right. I've been holding myself back. But not anymore."

Reina grinned, triumphant. "Welcome to the team."

The two walked out of the palace together, flanked by the other cheerleaders. Shiho's transformation was complete, her resistance snuffed out like a candle in the wind.

=====

The late morning sunlight cast a warm glow over Shujin Academy's courtyard as Ann Takamaki walked to her usual spot by the benches. She spotted Shiho leaning against a tree, waiting for her. But something was off—Shiho wasn't wearing her school uniform. Instead, she was dressed in a bright cheerleader uniform, its vibrant colors practically glowing in the sunlight.

Ann blinked in surprise, stopping in her tracks. "Shiho? What are you wearing?"

Shiho grinned, striking a mock pose. "What do you think? Pretty snazzy, huh?" She did a little spin, the pleated skirt flaring out around her. "I'm part of Reina's squad now!"

"You... joined them?" Ann asked, her brows knitting together.

"Yup!" Shiho leaned forward conspiratorially. "I know, I know—yesterday, I wasn't exactly their biggest fan. But I had a bit of a change of heart." She winked. "Or maybe it's more like my heart was changed. It's kind of hard to explain."

Ann folded her arms, suspicion creeping into her expression. "You're really okay with this? I thought you said you didn't trust Reina."

Shiho waved a hand dismissively. "Eh, I might've been a little harsh. She's actually pretty amazing once you get to know her. I mean, she's got this vision for the school, and it's... inspiring. I get it now."

Before Ann could respond, a voice rang out across the courtyard. "Shiho! Let's go!"

Reina was standing near the entrance to the gym, flanked by Chi and Mayu. Like Shiho, they were all dressed in their cheer uniforms, exuding an aura of confidence and control.

"Coming!" Shiho called back before turning to Ann. "Think about it, okay? You'd be perfect for the squad. Just give Reina a chance." She gave Ann a cheerful wave and jogged off to join the others.

Ann watched as the cheerleaders disappeared into the gym, her unease growing. She couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

"Hey."

Ann turned to see Ryuji Sakamoto walking up to her, his hands shoved in his pockets. He glanced toward the gym, his expression grim. "That was your friend, right? The one you were with yesterday?"

"Yeah," Ann said cautiously. "Why?"

Ryuji scratched the back of his neck, looking uncomfortable. "I saw somethin' weird last night. Those cheerleaders? They were with your friend, and I swear it looked like they dragged her somewhere. But it wasn't, like... here. It was somewhere else."

"What do you mean, 'somewhere else'?" Ann asked, her skepticism clear.

"I dunno," Ryuji admitted, his frustration evident. "It was dark, and everything looked... warped. I probably sound crazy, but it was like they brainwashed her or somethin'. And now she's wearin' that uniform and actin' all buddy-buddy with Reina? C'mon, you gotta admit that's weird."

Ann hesitated, glancing back toward the gym. "It's... definitely strange. But brainwashing? That sounds a little far-fetched."

"Yeah, well, nobody believes me anyway," Ryuji muttered. "Just... watch your back, alright? Something's off about those girls."

Before Ann could respond, Ryuji turned and walked off, his shoulders slumped in frustration.

=====

From a second-floor window overlooking the courtyard, Makoto Niiijima watched the scene unfold. She had seen Shiho's transformation over the past day, and it didn't sit right with her.

The cheerleaders were gaining influence fast, reshaping the school's social dynamics in ways Makoto couldn't ignore. As the student council president, it was her responsibility to maintain order and ensure the students' well-being. But Reina's growing power was... troubling.

Makoto bit her lip, her brow furrowing. What's really going on here?

She turned away from the window, the cheerleaders' laughter echoing faintly in her ears. Whatever was happening at Shujin Academy, it was her duty to get to the bottom of it—even if it meant stepping out of the boundaries she had always followed.

CG - Dreamscape 2

Lelouch sat up in bed, inhaling harshly and sweating profusely. His chest rose and fell in uneven gasps as he struggled to ground himself in the reality of his dimly lit quarters. The faint glow of the city beyond the windows cast shifting shadows on the walls, a quiet reassurance that he was indeed awake. Yet, the images from his dream lingered, fragmented and unnerving.

He brushed his damp hair back from his forehead, his fingers trembling slightly. As had become a habit of late, he was sleeping on the floor in a makeshift bed of blankets and cushions, because someone had parked their pizza-laden behind on his proper mattress. He glanced over, and sure enough, C.C. was sprawled across the bed, a half-eaten pizza box perched precariously on the edge of the nightstand. Her green hair gleamed faintly in the dim light, her serene expression entirely at odds with the chaos Lelouch had just escaped in his sleep.

The dream. Flashes of it still swirled in his mind, like static on an untuned screen. Ashford Academy, but twisted—filled with faces that shouldn't be there, saying things they never would. Then the Black Knights' base, dark and suffocating, where allies blurred into enemies. And finally, a Britannian palace, grand and oppressive, the air thick with something he couldn't name. Each scene had felt real, too real, as if the dream had torn him through time and space without consent or mercy.

He pressed a hand to his temple, closing his eyes in an attempt to steady himself. What had it meant? Was it just his subconscious dredging up the weight of his dual lives, or was it something more sinister? A warning, perhaps. Or a sign he was losing control. Lelouch hated uncertainty almost as much as he hated Britannia.

"Bad dream?" came C.C.'s voice, languid and unbothered, breaking the fragile silence.

Lelouch's eyes snapped open. "What are you doing awake?"

"I wasn't asleep," she said simply, sitting up and stretching like a cat. "You were thrashing around so much it was hard not to notice."

He scowled, pulling the blanket tighter around his shoulders. "It's none of your concern."

"Everything is my concern when it affects my partner," she countered, smirking. "You're sweating enough to fill a bucket. Care to share what's haunting that genius mind of yours?"

"It was just a dream," Lelouch said sharply, though the edge in his tone betrayed the truth: it wasn't just a dream. "Nothing worth discussing."

C.C. tilted her head, studying him. "You're a terrible liar when it comes to things like this."

He opened his mouth to retort, but a knock at the door interrupted. Lelouch froze, the tension in his body returning as the dream's echoes whispered in the back of his mind. Who would be knocking at this hour? And why did it send a shiver down his spine?

C.C. raised an eyebrow. "Expecting company?"

"Hardly," Lelouch muttered, his voice low as he reached for his robe. Whatever awaited him beyond that door, he couldn't shake the feeling it was somehow tied to the chaos his dream had left behind.

Regardless, he had no other option but to open it. Zugzwang, if you would. The compulsion to move. Either he opened it, or the person on the other side did. And so, Lelouch pulled it open to find himself face to face with Sayoko, the maid taking care of them.

Except... Something was amiss, here. Sayoko's uniform didn't show off that much cleavage, did it? Then again, it was hard to imagine that it didn't, given the sheer size of her bust. In point of fact, her curves were extraordinary - as was the extremely obvious penis that was sticking out from the front of her uniform.

"Good morning, Mistress Lelouch," Sayoko curtsied in front of him. "It is time for you to dress for school like the slutty femboy you are."

Of course. Sayoko's penis handed over the boy's uniform. Lelouch stared at it... This didn't feel like it quite fit properly. Regardless, he pulled the trousers on, and - Indeed they were snug. Tight. Especially around the butt. It felt like Lelouch's ass was spilling out the back of them.

In much the same way, his breasts were threatening to split this top. Rip through it like a wet piece of tissue paper. Regardless! Lelouch was adamant, resolute, determined to ensure that he dressed for school in time. After all, today was a very special day.

It was special because... Uh... Because?

Lelouch blinked and found himself in class as the very front. That's right. Today, he was being punished for being a *bad boy*, and he had to stand at the front of the class and answer *every single question* that the teacher asked. Looking out though, Lelouch saw an array of girls... all of them wearing shorter skirts than usual, and using their penises to take notes while they slowly stroked themselves off.

Something was off here, but - Oh! C.C. was also sitting in class! How did she beat him here...?

"Alright everyone!" said the teacher, no less than... Villetta Nu? Wasn't she an officer in the - No, of course not, that had merely been the dream last night. This was reality. This was real. That's all there was to it, this was real it was real it was real and it was *so hot* seeing her *firm ass* and

long leg standing at the front of the room wearing those *tight shorts*. "Lelouch here has volunteered to put on a show for us. Isn't that right, Lelouch?"

"That's right, Miss Villetta!" Lelouch said. "What would you like me to do?"

Villetta sauntered around him, rolling her hips seductively while the girls all tittered. Was it his imagination or did it all have a bizarre, twisted dreamlike air to it all? Most likely, it was his imagination. What, was he still fast asleep? Still having a dream?

"I would like you to write on the blackboard," Villetta whispered. "And I want you to write out 'I am a cock-hungry slut over and over again until I tell you to stop~'"

Lelouch looked at the full length of the blackboard, and estimated that it must surely be a mile wide. And so, he began to engage in the task at hand, while Villetta tugged his trousers down and stuck her tongue in his butt. Her tanned hands reaching around his waist to tug upon his cock, mercilessly stroking and teasing it, which of course Lelouch deserved as punishment for his crime of -

Something or other. Focus on the task.

Which, of course, is exactly what Lelouch did. Wrote upon the blackboard in a gaze, while behind him the class full of girls tittered away at... something or other. Hard to tell. Harder still to concentrate. Every single time that he wrote the word 'slut', Miss Villetta's tongue reached into his butt a little bit deeper, and each time she wrote the word cock her grip upon his shaft became more tight and comfortable.

By the time he'd written out half a mile's worth of that same phrase over and over again, Lelouch was left panting, wheezing, unable to think, unable to concentrate, which was a truly bizarre situation to be in for a genius like him! Yet still, his will was as iron, and he persevered, eventually managing the whole mile in what felt like an eternity.

"Pardon me!" Shirley chirped, hand raised in the air. "Lulu, you've been a naughty slut haven't you?"

"I have?" Lelouch replied. "Whatever do you -"

She replied by pointing back down the board, revealing to him that... Oh dear. It seemed that in his haste to get the task over with, or perhaps in a lust covered haze from the teacher's ministrations, he had forgotten to factor in the size of his absolutely enormous chest.

Yes, that's right. Lelouch's watermelon sized chest had erased all of his hard work. Scrubbing off the words, until they were smeared across his black uniform, in clear chalk. Backwards and reversed as well somehow, so that when he looked down at his uniform he plainly saw those words staring back up.

I am a cock-hungry slut.

Without warning, Lelouch came while the class chanted "Gotta do it aga~ain!" in that way that classes do when something amuses them. Despite that, Lelouch knew that they were correct. He returned to the very end of the blackboard in the blink of an eye, as if carried there by some external force, and began to write again.

I am a cock-hungry slut.

Smack! That was Kallen, bringing the flat of her hand down upon Lelouch's butt. With his free hand, Lelouch did all that he could to keep himself from collapsing against the blackboard. He didn't want to erase his hard work this time.

"You're so cock-hungry it makes you stupid," Kallen said. "You'd rather have cock than smarts."

"What are you -" Lelouch attempted to protest, only for Nina to appear on the other side and *mmph*, give him a nice hard smack on the other side.

"There's nothing wrong with being a cock-hungry slut," Nina said, getting a good grope in. Lelouch had to strain himself. If he let these two and Villetta push him in any closer, then he'd wind up erasing what he had written again!

"We can feel your hesitation," Kallen whispered in his ear.

"When you write the words, you have to believe them," Nina whispered again. The two of them licked Lelouch's ears, each girl on one side of his head or the other. It felt like he was going loopy here!

"If we feel you don't believe them, you get another -"

Smack! His arm buckled a bit, but he pulled himself back as best he could. He would not yield! He would not break! However... glancing down the rest of the board, their relentless smacks, while Villetta's tongue continued to find new depths to plumb, and his cheeks felt like they were burning already...

I am a cock-hungry slut

Smack! This time, Lelouch felt himself buckle and, to his annoyance, his bosom rubbed up against the blackboard, smearing off that which he had just this moment written! How irksome.

"What are you?" Nina asked.

"A cock-hungry slut," Lelouch said.

"With conviction!" Kallen insisted.

"I am a cock-hungry- " he was interrupted by a smack to his rear that made him squirm his hips. He came close to cumming, but managed to hold off. The girls seemed happy with that. So he resumed writing.

I am a cock-hungry slut. I am a cock-hungry slut. Over and over again. The task felt Sisyphean. One lapse and he'd have to do it all over again. The two of them were relentless. It was as if they were human lie detectors, capable of detecting whether or not Lelouch truly inherently believed that he was a *cock-hungry slut*.

He licked his lips. Mmm~ Sucking on some dick sure did sound nice right about now~

Smack! He came back to reality. Ah! He'd been so caught up in fantasies about sucking all the dick that came his way that he'd stopped writing for a whole half minute! How shameless of him. Obviously, he could not allow himself to rest so easily. Thus, Lelouch pushed himself onwards. Determined! Resolute! He would reach the end of this task, and he would leave the truth bare for all to see upon this board -

There! Finished. As a reward, Villetta allowed Lelouch to climax, leaving his knees buckling and his vision blurry, while the rest of the class went on by without him taking in probably around half of it.

The lunch bell rang, and like the cock-sucking addict that he was, Lelouch rose to his feet and found himself playing with his breasts. This was fine. It was, in fact, totally normal. And so was the fact that all of the girl in the classroom had fucking vanished into the ether as if they hadn't been there.

For a fleeting moment he pondered to himself: Had he fallen asleep again? But then, he caught the sniff of *cock*, and stumbled out of the room, eager to get ahold of it as soon as humanly possible.

He soon found his way to the swim team's locker room, where he found Miss Villetta wearing a truly scandalous string bikini that put her body on full display. It was ridiculously curvaceous. Overtly sexualised. There was no other way to think of it but truly scandalous. Delicious, but scandalous all the same!

Especially when he saw the Cock slip out from behind it. Huge! Erect! It was almost slapping Villetta's chin, and when you consider how tall she is? Wow! It's the only way to put it! Wow, that was a big hard dick!

Shirley was in the room as well. On her knees, mesmerised by the cock that was, at present, patting it on her head.

"That's right Miss Fenette," Villetta said. Her cock patted Shirley on the head, and rubbed up against her cheeks as though it was an affectionate cat. "You're a good slut, aren't you?"

"Such a good slut~" Shirley sang back, and kissed the cock on the head. Lucky bitch. "Only girls can be good sluts."

Only girls can be good sluts~

Lelouch blinked slowly, suddenly feeling quite heady. Well, of course. Boys can't be sluts. They're clearly playboys, not sluts. Only girls can be sluts. The logic around it was sound, inescapable. Though it did make him question why he had a cock if he was a girl.

The answer of course came in the form of Villetta herself. Aha! Yes, of course. She was most certainly a woman, and she still had an absolutely enormous, heaving cock. That made sense. It made a tremendous amount of sense! In fact, the logic felt inescapable, impeccable, and every bit as flawless as the cock being stuffed into Shirley's face!

So big, so veiny, so hard and strong. It probably tasted really nice as well. Lelouch absently stroked off, never minding that she shouldn't be able to see so easily into the locker room like this without being noticed. Heck, why had she even decided to come here in the first place?

Because you are a cock-hungry slut!

Right, of course! Just like that, Kallen appeared next to her again, this time accompanied by C.C. instead of Nina. They got on their knees, like good little girls, and began to kiss his turgid erection.

"Good slut," Kallen whispered, her tongue coiling around Lelouch's shaft even as her lips roughly ran the distance from head to base.

"Such a good slut!" C.C. encouraged, her own lips and mouth contorting around, making motions that should not be possible while talking, especially when Kallen's own tongue was coiling around Lelouch's cock like a spring.

It felt like the two of them were jerking Lelouch off right there in the doorway. Yet Lelouch couldn't take eyes off Shirley going deep on that dick, grabbing Villetta's ass for leverage and humming like she was getting ready for an upcoming opera performance. Her enormous, heaving boobs reached up around that tanned shaft, absolutely smothering it. Her head bobbed back and forth like a piston, hammering down on that cock until, relentlessly, at last!

Lelouch came. She came like the good little slut she was. Her knees buckled. She stumbled down the hallway feeling giddy, not sure of where she was going or what the fuck she was doing.

Everything was a blur. Dream logic had an iron grip on her mind. There were inconsistencies in space, time and logic that she started to notice, but every time she did she'd see something lewd. Girls tripping and stumbling, flashing their panties. Girls making out. Girls playing with their breasts. Girls, girls, faceless girls with ten out of ten bodies that made supermodels seem downright slovenly by comparison.

And every time they did, despite how twisted up the logic seemed to be, they distracted Lelouch from whatever she'd been thinking about. So damned horny! A slutty girl like here was far too horny for her own damned good!

That image of Shirley sucking off Villetta, as well. It lingered in Lelouch's mind. It was joined by more powerful, more vivid images as well. She could swear that she could see them, up by that wall over there, with Villetta groping Shirley's huge boobs from behind while Shirley's head was ensconced firmly between Villetta's own bosom. The contrast between their skin tones making it all the more apparent, and feeling all the more lewd!

Or perhaps over there, where Villetta had Shirley laid over her cock while she was standing, the penis erect and powerful and big enough to support her full weight while Villetta used the flat of her ruler to spank Shirley's taut ass, paddling it over and over again.

Or over there, where Villetta was carrying Shirley through the corridor, sitting on her shoulders, eating her out while swaggering down the hallway -

Or over there, where Villetta was sitting atop Shirley's back, the two of them nude. Or over there, where Shirley was giving Villetta a backrub. Or over there, where she was using her boobs to rub Villetta's feet. It felt as though Lelouch couldn't even close her eyes without imagining them in some other lewd position, some more erotic than others - and yet, the different levels, theming and sheer contrast between them made them all come together to paint a beautiful erotic mosaic for her eyes only!

"Well, well! Look who just stumbled into my office~"

Lelouch opened her eyes and looked up at the majestic form of Milly Ashford. Her *senior* in more ways than one. This was a true beauty. A radiant smile that could brighten the dimmest of hearts. A pretty face that made all naturally jealous. Eyes that were as insightful as they were mischievous.

And that body... The legs especially, but that may be because she was sitting perched on the edge of a desk while wearing a very short skirt. They really and truly were wondrous legs. Gifted to her by the Gods, no doubt.

Then again, the rest of her body was absolutely gifted as well. While not as large or as imposing, nor as mighty as Villetta's, nor as cuddly as Shirley's, nor powerful and confident as

Kallen's, Millicent Ashford was possessed of tits that made you feel comforted, safe, and yet at the same time made you feel like a dirty little bitch whenever you checked them out.

Which, it must be said, you would be doing quite a bit. Because she would all but drag your gaze to it via her body language and words.

For now though, she seemed to be content in letting her leg swing over the edge of the table. Like a pendulum swinging back and forth.

"So, Lelouch," she said in her typical teasing manner. "I hear that you're a cock loving slut."

"Indeed, I have only made this revelation about myself this morning," Lelouch said. She snuck a peek. Alas, no cock to be found here. "What of it?"

"Well, I was wondering you were also..." Milly teased, leaning forward and pulling apart her blouse, letting her tits fall out. Before Lelouch's eyes, they seemed to almost double in size right there on the spot. "A tit loving slut, too?"

"No, I don't believe that I am," Lelouch said, though her mouth was starting to water.

"Then as your senior, it is my responsibility to teach you," Milly said. She crooked her finger, and Lelouch's feet moved on their own, like a puppet on a string, drawn inexorably and irresistibly forward, compelled to face fate.

Her mouth opened and latched upon a nipple, while Milly stroked her hair.

"That's a good slut," Milly cooed. "You're just my junior, so stop thinking and let me take the lead from now on, okay?"

Lelouch burbled around that, but her eyes grew bleary. It certainly did feel quite nice here. The milk tasted great too! Her mind raced. *She's toying with me. Just like always. But here, I'm powerless to retaliate... How irritating.*

"Tell me, Lelouch-kun," she continued, her tone light but probing while she stroked Lelouch's hair. "Why did you join the Student Council? Was it to be closer to me?"

"Of course not, Senpai!" Lelouch blurted out, her voice a little too sharp. "I simply wanted to... expand my horizons."

"Expand your horizons?" Milly laughed, her voice like a bell. She uncrossed, then crossed her legs, then guided Lelouch's lips to her other nipple, which he supped upon greedily. "You're so formal! But don't worry, Lelouch-kun, I'll guide you."

Before Lelouch could react, she reached out and ruffled his hair, the casual affection of the gesture completely at odds with his usual self-image. Lelouch stepped back, glaring, but her flustered expression only made Milly laugh harder.

Later, with seemingly no time at all passing, they found themselves on a student council field trip to a hot spring resort. The air buzzed with energy as Milly orchestrated another of her infamous bonding games. This time, it was a trust exercise. Let's not pay any attention to the fact it was just the two of them here, dream logic rules after all.

"Alright, Lelouch-kun," she said, her voice carrying easily over the murmurs of the group. "As your senpai, it's my responsibility to make sure you loosen up. We're playing a trust game!"

Lelouch raised an eyebrow, immediately suspicious. "A trust game?"

Milly grinned, holding up a blindfold. "Of course! I'll blindfold you, and you'll let me guide you through an obstacle course."

Milly burst into laughter at Lelouch's expression—equal parts incredulous and resigned. Milly stepped closer, holding up the blindfold with a flourish. "Don't worry. I'll take good care of you, Lelouch-kun."

Lelouch sighed, muttering under her breath. "This is absurd."

Once blindfolded, she was at Milly's mercy. Milly's voice was the only guide, her instructions half-serious and half-designed to fluster him. "Careful, there's a rock... Oh no, not that way! Watch out, you're about to—oops, too late!"

Lelouch stumbled, muttering curses under his breath. At one point, she nearly slipped into the edge of the hot spring, only saved by her quick (and overly dramatic) tug on his arm, which, once again, brought Lelouch into Milly's tender bosom. Each stumble and near-miss was met with her laughter, warm and unrestrained. And the comfort that only her cleavage could provide.

When the game finally ended, Lelouch yanked off the blindfold, glaring at Milly. She only smiled, utterly unrepentant. "See? That wasn't so bad. You should trust me more, Lelouch-kun. I am your senpai, after all."

Lelouch opened her mouth to retort, but her expression caught her off guard. The setting sun framed her in golden light, and for a moment, her teasing grin softened into something almost fond.

"You're so serious all the time," she said. "You need to relax more. Maybe next time, I'll teach you how to have fun properly."

Next time... Lelouch's eyes slipped, as she slipped into a different, new dream. One that promised to be somehow even more erotic than this one!

RWBY - Got the T-Shirt

In the shadowed recesses of the world, where light dared not tread and hope lay smothered beneath the weight of eternity, there reigned a figure of unmatched terror.

Salem.

The Dark Queen. The Immortal Witch. The Weaver of Chaos.

For centuries untold, her name had been whispered in fear, her presence an unending blight on the fabric of existence. Her pale skin, like the smooth surface of bone, betrayed no humanity. Her crimson eyes burned with the wrath of eons, each glint in their depths a reminder of the kingdoms she had razed, the lives she had extinguished, and the unrelenting torment she had endured.

She was the harbinger of despair, a being forged in tragedy and vengeance. Betrayed by love. Cursed by the gods. Her very existence was a monument to defiance, a curse on creation itself. Her voice could shatter the resolve of armies, her touch could drain the life from the strongest of warriors. To face her was to know the futility of resistance, the inevitability of annihilation.

For all her power, Salem's heart was a cauldron of hatred, her soul an abyss of unfulfilled purpose. The world had defied her for far too long. The Huntsmen and Huntresses who opposed her were gnats, buzzing incessantly around her grand designs. And yet... there was something about this particular group that had become a thorn in her side.

Ruby Rose. Weiss Schnee. Blake Belladonna. Yang Xiao Long.

Team RWBY.

They were not just defiant. They were... insufferable. Somehow, they had eluded her machinations time and again, their victories like grains of sand slipping through her iron grasp. They represented everything she despised: youth, hope, and an unyielding belief in the goodness of the world.

And so, in her throne room—a vast, cavernous space lit by the flickering light of infernal braziers—Salem brooded. Her loyal followers stood at attention, none daring to interrupt her thoughts. Tyrian's manic energy simmered under the surface, Hazel's stoic presence loomed in the background, and Cinder's fiery arrogance flared just out of view.

But none spoke. None moved. The queen was devising a plan.

Her voice, when it came, was a low, venomous hiss.

"I have tried strength. I have tried cunning. I have tried patience. But no more."

She rose, her imposing figure casting a shadow that seemed to writhe with malevolent intent.

"If the sword will not break them," she declared, "then I will turn their own hearts against them. I will corrupt their souls, twist their desires, and drown them in ecstasy so profound, they will beg to serve me."

The room grew colder, her words reverberating like the tolling of a funeral bell.

"And I," Salem said, a wicked smile curling on her lips, "will watch them fall."

Tyrian, ever the sycophant, clapped his clawed hands together, his laughter a shrill echo. "A brilliant plan, my queen! None can resist your allure!"

Salem turned her gaze to the mirror on the far wall, her reflection staring back with cruel intent. Yes, this plan would succeed where all others had failed. It had to.

But deep in her immortal heart, in a place she would never admit existed, she felt something unfamiliar. A twinge of... doubt. No. She crushed it beneath her heel. There was no room for failure. Not this time.

And thus, the stage was set. The Dark Queen, harbinger of doom and mistress of manipulation, was about to embark on her most audacious gambit yet.

To tempt Team RWBY...
With the power of unimaginable pleasure.

Sexual pleasure, to be more specific.

... What, she's not gotten laid in, like, a really long time. Can you possibly begrudge her the urge to tap herself some hot booty when it comes knocking?

=====

There really was nothing like a hard day's training.

The sun hung low over Beacon Academy, its amber rays spilling through the arched windows of the training hall and casting long shadows across the polished floors. Outside, the sky blazed in hues of orange and violet, the encroaching twilight signaling the end of yet another grueling day.

Team RWBY trudged back to their dorm, a symphony of exhaustion. Ruby, always the first to bolt ahead on the battlefield, now lagged behind, dragging her scythe with one hand as though it weighed a thousand pounds. Her red cloak, once fluttering heroically in the breeze, now trailed on the ground, smeared with dirt and frayed at the edges.

“Ugh,” she groaned, her voice muffled as she let her head loll backward. “Whoever invented cardio... I hope they step on a LEGO the size of Forever Fall.”

Yang laughed, her voice bright and warm despite the fatigue in her lilac eyes. The golden strands of her hair, usually wild and untamed, clung to her face in damp tangles. She slung one arm over Ruby’s shoulders, her signature Ember Celica gauntlets clinking softly as they dangled from her other hand. “Cardio’s not that bad, sis. Admit it—you’re just mad because you tripped over your own cape during sparring.”

“It was an intentional dive!” Ruby snapped, though her flushed cheeks betrayed her embarrassment.

Weiss Schnee, ever immaculate even in the aftermath of battle, sighed in exasperation as she brushed invisible dust from her pristine combat skirt. Her porcelain complexion glowed faintly from exertion, but her icy blue eyes remained sharp as ever. “Regardless of Ruby’s... antics, we’ve all earned a moment to recuperate. Especially me, since I carried the team.”

Blake Belladonna, who had been walking quietly at the rear, glanced up from beneath her black bow with a raised eyebrow. Her amber eyes glimmered with quiet amusement. “Pretty sure you got pinned by a Beowolf simulation twice.”

Weiss froze mid-step, her gloved hand clenched over the zipper of her combat jacket. “It was a distraction technique!”

Blake smirked and said nothing, her feline grace evident even in her exhaustion as she adjusted the straps of her weapon, Gambol Shroud.

Yang chuckled, pulling ahead. “Well, distraction or not, I call first dibs on the shower. Try not to fight over who goes second, okay?”

“You’re seriously gonna hog all the hot water, aren’t you?” Ruby called after her.

Yang didn’t look back. “I don’t try to. It just happens.”

Inside their dorm, the atmosphere shifted to one of cozy familiarity. The small room was cluttered with the trappings of their shared lives—discarded training manuals, a pile of mismatched socks in the corner, and Ruby’s precious Crescent Rose leaning precariously against her bed. The evening sunlight filtered through the windows, painting the room in soft golden hues.

Ruby flopped onto her bed, face first, and groaned. “I’m fine... just gonna lay here and absorb victory into my soul.”

Weiss wrinkled her nose. “Victory smells like wet dog?”

Ruby shot an arm into the air, waving dismissively. “Whatever. I earned this.”

Blake perched on the edge of her bed, her hands deftly untying her boots. The motion was mechanical, her sharp ears twitching slightly as though tuned to sounds beyond the room. She paused suddenly, her gaze flicking to the window.

“Did anyone else feel that?”

Weiss frowned. “Feel what?”

Blake’s voice dropped, her usually calm tone tinged with unease. “The air. It just... shifted.”

The words hung in the air like a storm cloud. A chill crept into the room, subtle at first but quickly growing undeniable. The soft hum of the evening quiet was replaced by a low, resonant vibration, as though the world itself was holding its breath.

Ruby sat up, her silver eyes wide with alarm. “Oh no. Is it a Grimm? Or worse—a surprise quiz?!”

A swirl of darkness erupted in the center of the room. The shadows writhed and twisted, forming a churning void that swallowed the light around it. From the depths stepped Salem, her form impossibly graceful as though she were floating on air.

Her pallid skin seemed to absorb the dim light, and her crimson eyes burned with an intensity that demanded reverence. Her gown of flowing black and violet rippled like liquid shadow, and an aura of suffocating malice accompanied her every step.

The team stared, frozen in a tableau of disbelief.

Yang peeked out from the bathroom, shampoo suds still clinging to her hair. “What the heck is she doing here?”

Salem spread her arms wide, her voice a velvet whisper laced with menace. “Team RWBY... I have come to offer you solace. A reprieve from your endless struggle.”

The room was silent for a beat.

“Solace?” Blake finally asked, her tone flat.

“Indeed,” Salem purred, her crimson eyes sweeping across the team. “After such a taxing day, your bodies ache, your spirits waver. I can offer relief. Comfort. A... renewal of strength, if you will.”

Weiss crossed her arms, her brow furrowing. "And in return, you want... what, exactly?"

"Only your loyalty," Salem replied, her smile widening. "A small price for the gifts I can bestow."

Ruby squinted. "So you're just here to... help us relax? Out of the kindness of your heart?"

"Precisely," Salem said, her voice dripping with sincerity.

The team exchanged incredulous glances.

"Yeah, no," Yang said, disappearing back into the bathroom.

"What?" Salem's voice cracked slightly, her calm demeanor faltering.

Ruby yawned dramatically, flopping back onto her bed. "Not interested. Try Beacon's self-help group if you want to workshop this pitch."

Salem's shadowy aura flared, her form flickering with frustration. "You... you mock me?!"

"Kind of, yeah," Blake said, turning back to her book.

Salem glared, her voice rising. "I am the Dark Queen! You dare dismiss me as though I were some common peddler?"

"Yep," Weiss said curtly, pulling a hairbrush from her desk.

Fuming, Salem vanished into the void, leaving behind only the faint echo of her indignation.

"Alright!" Ruby sighed. "Weiss, wanna fuck?"

Weiss, meanwhile, was already taking off her clothes and dumping them on the bed. Blake and Yang, meanwhile, were already jockeying for top position in their 69. As it turned out, the team already had a pretty solid means to work out their tension.

=====

Alright, I'll be the first to admit that it feels like we kind of missed something there. So, let's go back in time a bit—to the training session earlier in the day—to catch up on what exactly is really going on here.

The training hall was a sprawling marvel of engineering, its walls lined with shimmering holographic panels that shifted to simulate various combat environments. One moment it was a dense, humid jungle; the next, a desolate wasteland beneath a blood-red sky. The air hummed with energy, the scent of ozone mingling with the faint tang of sweat and burnt metal.

Ruby zipped across the battlefield, Crescent Rose gleaming as it arced through the air in a series of whirring slashes. She was a blur of motion, her silver eyes sparkling with determination. “Take that! And that! And—ow, my knee!”

Weiss darted past her, Myrtenaster spinning like a silver whirlwind. Her every move was calculated, precise, and—if you asked her—flawless. “Do try to focus, Ruby. Perhaps then you wouldn’t be so... accident-prone.”

“Accident-prone?” Ruby huffed, rubbing her knee as she stood. “I’m dynamic!”

“Sure you are,” Weiss replied dryly, leaping gracefully to evade a simulated Beowolf’s snapping jaws.

Meanwhile, Blake moved like a shadow through the chaos, Gambol Shroud slashing in a flurry of strikes. Her golden eyes tracked every movement with the intensity of a hunter, though her expression remained calm, almost detached.

Yang, on the other hand, reveled in the fray. She launched herself at a holographic Ursa with a wild laugh, her gauntleted fists glowing as she slammed them into its chest. “Boom, baby!” she shouted as the creature shattered into pixels.

The holograms reset, and the AI announcer’s voice chimed in, its tone unnervingly cheerful. “Wave three commencing. Difficulty: Elevated.”

“Oh, good,” Weiss muttered, adjusting her stance. “Because that’s what we needed—more difficulty.”

The new wave of enemies materialized, larger and more aggressive than the last. The team tightened their formation, their movements a seamless blend of instinct and strategy. Despite the mounting pressure, they fought with the confidence of those who had faced far worse.

But something else was happening—something they didn’t notice in the heat of battle. At least until it was already over.

It began with Ruby. She’d been watching the surrounding area, waiting for the attack to come - and then? There was a strange shimmer in the air, as though the light had bent awkwardly for just a moment. A beam of flickering energy shot out of nowhere, hitting Ruby square in the chest.

“What the—?!” Ruby yelped, staggering backward. She dropped Crescent Rose, clutching at her middle.

“Ruby!” Blake called, rushing over. “Are you okay?”

"I'm fine!" Ruby replied. Her hand grasped out for Crescent Rose, only... she overreached, for some reason. Her body felt really top heavy. "Why does my armour feel so - Oh!"

Looking down, she could scarcely believe it! Her breasts! What had happened to her breasts?! They'd gotten bigger, that's what! Now, it didn't take a tactical genius to work out what was responsible. She looked up again, directly at the glitch, and it fired out another beam of light - but this time, Yang saw the attack coming and put herself in the way.

"Gah!" Yang yelled. Ruby's eyes shot down to her chest. She frowned. No effect...? "Oy! What're you staring at - Yipe?"

Yang staggered and stumbled in a way that was quite unlike her, and after a moment Ruby saw why. Her butt was bigger. Each cheek the size of a melon, threatening to make the fabric of her shorts split - no, wait never mind, they were splitting already.

"The heck is this?" Yang complained, contorting her spine in a way Ruby didn't know she could manage to look at herself. Ruby looked away, blushing. "What kind of attack was that?"

"I don't know!" Ruby yelled back. Her mind was racing. This was strange, wasn't it? Hold on. Wait. "I get it! Nobody look at it! That glitch fires only when someone looks at - " Too late, she realised the problem. Telling people to not look at something instinctively makes them want to look around. Ever try telling someone to not look behind them? Ever had someone say it to you? The impulse is a strong one, isn't it? Survival instinct. If someone is saying not to look, it tells you there's something there you would consider a threat, and if it's a threat, knowing the appropriate response is absolutely vital to survival - at least, within nature.

Thus, Blake and Weiss were soon hit with beams of their own. Beams which granted Weiss enormous creamy thighs, and Blake a stomach that surely had no room at all for internal organs and an overall perfect hourglass figure.

"Who is responsible for this?!" Weiss yelled.

Ruby, trying valiantly to keep a straight face, failed miserably. "Weiss, are you okay?!" she asked between giggles, doubling over as tears streamed from her eyes. Oh, she shouldn't find this funny, but the face Weiss was making -

Weiss turned on her with a glare so sharp it could have shattered glass. "Do I look okay to you, Ruby Rose?! My legs look like they belong to a shaved gymnasium gorilla!"

Blake, meanwhile glanced down at herself again as if she didn't quite believe what she'd seen the first time—her outfit clinging tighter in all the wrong places. "I... I didn't ask for this!" she hissed, hands unconsciously going to her now-wider hips as she tried to adjust.

Ruby gasped. "Blake, you look like you just walked out of a fashion magazine!"

Blake shot Ruby a sharp glare, taking a cautious step backward, her new curves causing her to sway just a bit more dramatically than usual. "I don't need this kind of attention," she muttered, clearly uncomfortable.

But the thing was... The thing that was really kinda getting to her here was that they were all so hot. Ruby licked her lips, and took her arms away from her breasts. They bounced underneath her clothes, defying any attempt by common sense or reason to keep them from jiggling, and then -

"Well, these are certainly going to get me a lot of attention, right?" Ruby asked, all but shoving them right in Blake's face. Her heart felt like it was pounding a mile a minute. She bit her bottom lip. Blake did the same. Then the two of them leaned in, prepared to give each other a big ol' smooch on the lips -

"Red card!" Yang interrupted. "Ruby! Blake! You were about to succumb to The Porn again!"

The Porn! Of course. The two of them pulled away from each other. Duh! Obviously! They shook their heads and tried not to look at each other... And Ruby barely managed to keep herself from looking right at that glitch again.

The simulation shimmered again, and this time, a very guilty-looking Nora Valkyrie materialized in the center of the forest. She was holding a holographic control panel that sparked and fizzled ominously.

"Heyyyyy, Team RWBY!" Nora said, her voice unnaturally chipper. "What's up? Fancy seeing you here!"

"Nora!" Weiss shrieked, pointing an accusing finger at her. "What have you done?!"

"I didn't do anything!" Nora said, holding her hands up in mock innocence. Behind her, the holographic panel fizzled again, and a cartoonish rendering of a flexing bicep briefly appeared on the screen. "Okay, well... maybe I was just tweaking the training program a teensy bit."

"You call this teensy?!" Yang yelled, pointing directly at her own butt. She smacked it for good measure.

"Yang, The Porn," Ruby reminded her. "Nora. What did you do?"

Nora threw her hands up defensively, her wide-eyed expression unconvincing. "I was trying to add a power-up system!" She paused, clearly thinking it over. "You know, like in those video games where you pick up a glowing orb and bam—instant muscle mode!"

She glanced at the others, taking in the chaotic state of things, and winced. "Alright, maybe The Porn got into my head and made me do something stupid, but can you blame me? Last week Blake found that enchanted catnip—"

Blake's face flushed deep red. "I didn't! That was Weiss, and she pinned the blame on me for it!"

"Oh, don't start that again," Weiss grumbled, rubbing her temples. She then turned to the rest of the group. "Even so, Nora has a point. The Porn does seem to impair our judgment and compel us to do bizarre things. This isn't normal."

Ruby, ever the optimist, shot up from her spot on the bed and fist-pumped the air. "Right! If it wasn't for our teamwork, we never would've figured out what The Bliss was doing to us all! This provides us with another datapoint to analyze!"

Yang laughed and slapped Ruby on the back. "Yeah, good thing we're such a closely-knit team, huh? If we weren't, we might never have worked it out!"

Blake, still a little unnerved by the chaos of her earlier transformation, shot Ruby a side glance. "You're taking data from this mess?"

Ruby beamed, oblivious to Blake's sarcasm. "Of course! You never know what we'll uncover next—teamwork is the real key to figuring it all out!"

Weiss raised an eyebrow, her voice cutting through the chatter. "By the way, Nora, how exactly do we cure ourselves of these... modifications?"

Everyone turned to Nora, who had been busy tapping away at her pad. There was an expectant silence as the group crowded around her, eager for any solution.

"You're gonna have to have an orgy," Nora concluded. Team RWBY drew their weapons and prepared to pounce on the troublemaker right there and then.

"Weapons up!" Yang yelled, immediately getting into battle stance, cracking her knuckles and grinning. "Let's show her what happens when you mess with Team RWBY!"

"Hey, what's that over there!" Nora yelled, pointing in a random direction and then rushing off with her tail between her legs. While the entirety of Team RWBY found themselves staring right... at the very glitch that got them into this mess in the first place. A quartet of zaps flew out, warping their bodies even further, swelling up Ruby's thighs, Weiss's breasts, Blake's butt and Yang's entire body became more hourglass like than it already was, but none of the girls seemed happier with their new, sexier figures.

"I am going to sit on her face until she passes out," Yang threatened, cocking her fist like a shotgun and then smacking herself on the ass.

"She shall know marshmallow hell the likes of which has never been seen before on this planet," Weiss further threatened.

"I think we're being influenced by The Porn," Blake said.

"Agreed!" Ruby said, as quickly as she could. "In that case, let's get back to our quarters, try to pretend it was a nice, ordinary day of training, then fuck each other unconscious. Again."

Yes, again. For this was far from the first time these girls had to endure this fate... And their team wasn't the only one either. What a truly terrifying enemy it was that they were facing, and it would be only the next morning when any of them came to a shocking realisation.

Didn't this mean that Salem didn't know anything about any of this?

=====

Salem sat in the dimly lit chamber of her lair, the only light coming from the flickering torches lining the stone walls. She paced back and forth, her thoughts swirling as she mulled over her latest failure—Team RWBY's unshakable resolve.

"They're clever... too clever," Salem muttered to herself, tapping her fingers against her lips. "But this time, I'll be ready. I'll break them down. All of them." She chuckled darkly, her eyes glinting with malicious satisfaction.

Behind her, her trusted servants—Cinder, Emerald, and Mercury—stood silently, waiting for their orders. But they, too, noticed something strange in Salem's demeanor. Her normally calculated and composed self was... off.

"I need a plan," Salem continued, speaking more to herself than to anyone in particular. "A plan that will lure them in... break them piece by piece."

She paused, furrowing her brow. "Hmm. What was that last time? Ah yes, corruption—turn them against each other, make them doubt themselves, and... tempt them with... pleasure?"

There was a strange emphasis in her voice as if the word "pleasure" didn't quite fit, even though it was exactly what she had in mind. Her gaze flickered for a moment, a strange kind of satisfaction overtaking her features.

Cinder, ever the perceptive one, raised an eyebrow. "Salem, are you... sure about this? Last time, it didn't exactly go as planned, and you didn't really—"

"I'll do it differently this time," Salem interrupted, her voice sharp and decisive. "Yes, I'll be more... subtle." She turned, pacing again with renewed vigor, a devilish grin spreading across

her face. "I'll find their weaknesses. I'll turn their most intimate desires against them. They'll never see it coming."

The words left her mouth with an intensity that made the air in the room feel heavier. The servants exchanged uneasy glances, but they remained silent, knowing better than to interrupt their mistress when she was on a roll.

Salem's thoughts grew more erratic, almost as if her mind was being tugged by some invisible force. "Pleasure," she whispered again, her eyes narrowing. "I'll give them a taste of their own desires... I'll—"

Suddenly, a voice, almost a whisper, crept into her mind. "Pleasure... the power of it..."

Salem froze mid-pace, her eyes narrowing. What was that? she thought to herself. It's just the wind, nothing more. Just the wind...

But the voice persisted, almost seductive in its tone. "Indulge in it. Break them down with pleasure. It will make them weaker. Let them come to you willingly."

Salem blinked, a sudden sense of unease creeping into her. She shook her head, trying to push the voice away.

"I'll break them," she muttered. "I'll break them all." Her voice was a little more strained than before.

Behind her, Emerald whispered to Mercury. "Is she okay? She's not making sense."

"I don't know," Mercury replied, eyes narrowed in concern. "But maybe whatever is messing with them is messing with her too. She's been acting... weird lately."

Cinder folded her arms. "She's always been... dramatic. I'm sure it's nothing."

But even Cinder couldn't help but notice how Salem's thoughts seemed to waver. For a moment, it almost looked as though she were listening to something... or someone.

"Alright, enough!" Salem snapped, slamming her fist down onto the stone table in front of her. Her eyes, fierce and wild, flicked toward the servants. "I will use pleasure to corrupt them. This will be the moment. They'll be weak. I will be the one to... tempt them."

"Sure," Emerald said, voice dripping with sarcasm. "You know, 'tempting' them worked so well for you before."

Salem ignored her, continuing with a twisted smile. "They won't be able to resist me. I will be their undoing. No one can resist me." She laughed softly to herself. "I'll give them everything they never knew they wanted..."

Cinder exchanged another worried glance with Mercury. Something wasn't right. Even Salem's sinister chuckles felt a little too... hollow. But what did it mean? What should she make of it? Whatever it was that's going on here, she was determined to get to the bottom of it!

Maybe not actually confront Salem over it, per se, but at least have a good idea of what was really happening here.

Croce di Eros

It's not the fall that kills you. It's the landing. Why do people think there's wisdom in that statement? It's pretty obvious, right? I mean, the person falling a large distance is screaming for a reason. They're anticipating the landing. They know full well that they are fine for right now, but if they hit dirt they're dead.

Fortunately for Touma they'd had the good sense to foolproof this parachute. Unfortunately for him, they hadn't given him any training or expectation for this little event, which meant he was currently hurtling towards terra firma while screaming his fool head off, and by the way, this parachute may be foolproof but it was not *weather* proof, and an errant gust of wind had wound up blowing him right towards a river.

"Hang on!" a girl's voice called out. A hand reached out to him while he sputtered and splashed, trying desperately to not get tangled up in this stupid chord! If he got out of this, he would punch that idiot in the face! Probably more than once! He grasped the girl's hand and found himself pulled out -

Landing on top of her. Only now recognising who his saviour was.

"Itsuwa, wasn't it?" he asked. The girl blushed like mad and tried to look absolutely anywhere but directly at him. Realising their position, Touma quickly pulled himself away, and joined her in a game of 'eye contact avoidance'. "Ahem!" he coughed. "You're from the Amakusa, right? What are you doing wearing something like -"

"It's not like I want to!" Itsuwa interrupted. If embarrassment and humiliation had human form, this would likely be it. Or perhaps even that embodiment would look at her and cringe on her behalf. The girl was wearing jeans which were pretty snug, but rather normal. What was *less* normal was her top. "For some reason Kanzaki insisted I wear this and who would I be to deny a Saint?"

Aha, well, when you put it like that, she was wearing rather less a revealing outfit than he'd often seen that particular Saint wearing. Itsuwa was wearing a green and white striped shirt which had been tied off between the bottom of her breasts and her navel. It was pretty showy. Much more so than the girl felt comfortable with.

"It must be some sort of training," Itsuwa said to herself. "There's no other reason a Saint would make me wear something like this. Yes, that must be it... Training!"

Yep, indeed, it must be training. And certainly nothing to do with the fact that, for example, a certain Saint had been within a certain city at the same time that a certain enterprising pervert had lit up the sky under his own calculations, making everyone within slowly convert to a brand new religion that originated from the very depths of his colon. I'm saying he pulled it from his ass. You get me?

Well, these two wouldn't have understood it. Nor would Kanzaki, as it happens.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Itsuwa asked, leaning down and cradling her knees to her chest. A blatant attempt to cover herself up, but Touma was fine with that. He could look at her without feeling awkward.

"Ah, apparently I've been recruited to deal with something," he said. "You're probably here investigating something to do with it. Uh... What were you here for, anyway?"

"Investigating the laylines around France," Itsuwa said. "We suspect it's something to do with all the unnatural behaviour. There are too many riots around the topic of... *your home*. It feels like it must be magically induced, so..."

Touma nodded. "I think I heard something about... The Document of Constantine?" he said. She perked up a bit at that. "Listen, I think you should take me to whoever is in charge around here so we can -"

"I am in charge around here," Itsuwa pouted. Not exactly seeming like leadership material, there! "Anyway. What I'm *specifically* looking into is the connection between the Palace of Popes here in Avignon, and the Vatican. There's a leyline here, so -"

"Hey! Everyone!" a random rather angry looking person said. "That jerk over there parachuted in using something that looked like *advanced technology*!"

"Uh, no, not really?" Touma scratched his head. "The parachute has been around since 1783. Um, I'm pretty sure it was invented here in France, so -"

"Also, he's Japanese! He must be from that city!"

Oh good racism to boot, how wonderful! Not just luddites but racists as well! Alarmingly, there were quite a few strangers gathering around them. Not especially happy looking strangers either. They didn't seem the sort to view tourists kindly, and... Frankly? Touma would much rather be fighting a mage right now than a group of ordinary people. A mage will make use of some kind of gimmicky spell or other that he could figure out a way to counter either using Imagine Breaker, or something else in the surroundings.

Ordinary people? No telling what they might do. They could kick, punch, bite, or use any manner of ordinary weapon that his right hand couldn't block. The only magic around was whatever was influencing their behaviour, and *at best* he might be able to *temporarily* take that spell off one of them. This many at once? Not a chance.

He had to think of a distraction, and for some reason the only thing coming to mind was -

"Hey, isn't that a bus full of genetically engineered catgirls, bred entirely for domestic ownership?" Touma yelled, pointing in a random direction. To his partial annoyance, Itsuwa also turned to look in that direction, even as he dragged her butt away.

"Abominations!" came the cry. "Freaks of nature, toying in God's rightful domain!"

"They put themselves above God! Tinkering with his creation!"

"I mean, that does sound awful but let's own one for a while to see exactly *how* awful..." one voice muttered. Touma kind of wished he hadn't heard that one, as it did bring to mind exactly what that person might do with such a being... Bah, the distraction had worked and the two of them were able to hightail it out of here.

Still, he had a bad feeling about all of this. If not for the fact he was trying to avoid drawing attention to them, he'd be calling out his catchphrase right about now. Since he couldn't do that, he'd think it instead: Such misfortune!

=====

Alright! So! Index was determined to reach Touma by any means necessary, and to that end she was praying to her new Goddess, Eros, for guidance. She was kind of lucky in that respect. Most Gods and Goddesses usually hear a prayer and go 'ah, such adulation! Hear how they call out for me' and then, if the prayer is lucky, they shall be given the strength to endure their current trials - but no guidance, no happenstance, no unicorn appearing at the end of the bed for you to call your pet from this day forth.

Eros wasn't that kind of deity. Eros cares for her worshippers. Largely because Eros is a giant pervert who wants to see her flock get it on at every opportunity, and Index, without meaning to, had opened up a *fascinating* opportunity for the fledgling Goddess.

Thus, Index felt inspired to make a few creative turns here and there. A right here. A left there. Go straight across this intersection. Wait patiently at the red light until it is safe to cross, because being horny is no excuse for ignoring your personal safety.

And then... There we go. Guided by the hand of Eros, she was now sitting in the back of... What was this, anyway? It looked like some sort of transportation? It was pretty advanced looking. Um! For some reason people were generally ignoring her, which was a little weird because she really stood out here, and -

In that moment, Index learned a vital lesson on something called 'G-Forces'. No, not like the g-spot. That was something she'd rather enjoy in her new state of mind. For you see, Eros had, in her infinite wisdom as Goddess of Horniness/Lewdness/Getting your freak on, guided Index into sitting in the back of a jet that was on the fast track to Avignon. Then, at the same time, 'distracted' every single security guard that was at risk of noticing her.

Such things are possible when you have a Goddess actually looking out for you and not, for example, making a wager over you with the literal actual Devil. Or a Greek God, but that would involve some really freaky shit, and not a whole lot of consent. Oh, and jealous spouses who might do just about anything to you for daring to be involved, consent or no...

You know, when you put it like that, Eros does seem like a much better religion overall, doesn't it? Generally helpful to worshippers, and at the very least isn't gonna cross a line when it comes to her main gimmick. Sure, she might casually mind control you just a little bit to make you unbearably aroused, but the sex you're getting out of it would make it one hundred percent worth it.

=====

One thing Touma had learned quite rapidly is that they really, really needed to stay away from crowded places. Apparently, everyone could somehow smell that he was from Academy City somehow. Was it his body odor? His nationality? Could they somehow sense that he'd been through the Esper creation program, even though he was still a Level 0?

It hardly mattered. Anyone that saw him wanted to rip his balls off and force feed them to him. Such misfortune! Was there a wanted poster with his face on it, or something like that?! Had he been shown on the news? It was resulting quickly in a game of cat and mouse. The two of them versus the residents of Avignon. Which, apparently, had a population of approximately 90,000 to 95,000 people. Which is a *lot* of people to try and play hide and seek with!

The most annoying part of the whole thing, though? He'd seen a cardboard box lying out in the middle of the street.

Do it, his instincts had whispered, while the theme of a certain video game played in his mind.
Do it, do it, do it!

No no, no! That would be a bad idea. You can experiment like that in a video game because it is not your life on the line. In real life, you only get one chance at such a thing.

Do it anyway, how often would you get the chance?

Given the way his life was going right now? He'd probably get a lot more opportunity than he ought. Such was the nature of his ill fortune, or if you prefer the shorter version, **such misfortune!**

"It's no good!" Itsuwa whispered to him as they hid inside an alley. "Every route to the Palace is blocked off!"

"They're being herded like sheep..." Touma whispered back. "I see, so that's why they call it a flock - ow!"

"Hrmph! It's shots like *that* which make us faithful not like you arrogant Academy City folk!" Itsuwa grumbled. "Um, anyway. I think you're generally right though. They probably are specifically being manipulated to act as a defense. Keep anyone from getting near them."

"Or, Avignon is a pretty populated place and they're milling about like normal people do," Touma offered. Though... he squinted a bit to take a closer look. "They do seem a lot more mob-like than your typical random civilian going about their business."

"Ah, well, yes," Itsuwa whispered. "You've not been in France before, probably, so you may not be aware that it is not normal for French people to go about carrying pitchforks and torches." She stopped to consider for a bit. "Though they will have a good riot at the drop of a hat."

It felt like the 'drop of a hat' line could almost lead into a guillotine joke but it felt in bad taste.

"So, what do we do instead?" he asked. "Any other ideas?"

"Hold on!" Itsuwa reached into her cleavage and pulled out a folded out map. That was a sight he could have certainly enjoyed more, even if Itsuwa herself didn't seem too enamoured of it. "If we cannot reach the Palace itself... We could always investigate a different part of the layline which might not be as guarded. There's a small museum over here, which is part of the leyline... So if we go there and you use that hand of yours we could interrupt the magic!"

"Putting a stop to the mass-brainwashing!" Touma concluded.

"Well, no, it won't stop it," Itsuwa corrected. "But it would interrupt it long enough that we can figure out who is responsible and put a stop to them before they can -"

Over the course of many battles, Touma's instincts had been honed to the point that they were almost prescient. Someone with keen enough observation skills might feel that he could see a few seconds into the future, owing to how capable he was at avoiding attacks. That's not quite true. Actually, he'd been in so many difficult fights against enemies that should have, by right, squashed him flat like a bug that he'd developed a battle sense which was *just that keen*.

Thus, he tackled Itsuwa to the ground a second before an ethereal seeming blade sliced through the wall they were standing by, barely missing them both. He, ahem, tried to ignore the sensation of her breasts pressing into his body given the mortal peril they were in right, now, instead turning his head to look upon the hole that had formed in the wall.

As the rubble settled, Touma and Itsuwa got their first clear look at their attacker. The man who emerged from the destruction was tall and gaunt, his frame hidden beneath a flowing robe that seemed to shift and ripple unnaturally, as though defying the laws of physics. His pale complexion gave him an almost spectral quality, and his sunken eyes, sharp and calculating, gleamed with a detached malevolence. What's more, the blade he'd been wielding. It had

seemed ethereal in the moment, but on closer inspection it was not a solid blade at all, but more like... an assorted cloud gathered into the shape, giving it that impression. It was mostly just air, or something transparent.

"Kamijou Touma," the man's voice came out, sounding almost uninterested in him. "So, you're the man that breaks miracles? I wonder, then, how long that Imagine Breaker can go... before it breaks you."

His instincts were to step in front of Itsuwa to protect her, but then she pulled out a fairly large spear from seemingly nowhere. Ah. Right. She might seem like a normal, easily embarrassed girl, but she was still a warrior at heart. The stranger didn't seem especially impressed.

"I am Terra of the Left," he announced, making it seem like he was doing so purely from the formality of it. "From God's Right Seat." When he spoke, his voice was calm and smooth, but there was an undercurrent of disdain that made every word feel like a judgment. If condescension was a magic spell, then he was surely casting it right now.

"So you're involved in these riots, are you?" Touma asked. His eyes were locked onto this man like a laser beam. What was this guy's gimmick, then? These mages always had a gimmick. Some spell they like to use in some creative way or other. What was that blade made of? Dust? Flour, maybe? Hard to tell with the way he kept on swinging it around -

"What if I am?" Terra asked. He reached into a bag tucked under his arm, and tossed flour into the air, letting it billow out towards them. "Precedence: Human Flesh - Lower, Flour - Higher."

Touma pulled Itsuwa back and held out his hand on sheer instinct to try to block the flour, but... he still felt his cheeks get scratched up, despite holding his hand out in front of him. He'd tried to move it quickly to block the effect, but couldn't quite get *all* of it. Interestingly, there was flour staining the front of his shirt, but... He'd only been cut where it had directly hit his skin?

This was how fast his mind had to work in battle. Constant analysis. The higher level Espers were like this too, in a way, except they focused that high brainpower on constant calculation instead. After all, that is how their powers operate - applied mathematics, warping the world around them through complicated and involved calculus, applied physics that would make Newton and Einstein drop their quills or pens and sit up on the spot.

As soon as it fell to the ground, the flour began to rise up into the air, reforming into a blade in the mage's hand. "Oh, so you can block even the Precedence, But that is certainly not enough to achieve victory against me. If this is all, then your victory against Vento was truly only due to that strange false god of your little city." He spoke with an air of arrogance. "How disappointing."

"Be careful," Touma whispered to Itsuwa. He rubbed at the scratch on his cheek. "That's not normal flour."

"Yes, I gathered," Itsuwa said. Then she dug her spear into the ground at their feet and flicked a cobblestone at him, with surprising force.

"Precedence: Stone - Lower, Flour - Higher!" Terra said, and sliced the cobblestone in half with his freaky blade. But Touma was already moving forward, fist balled up and ready to - Duck back when Terra suddenly swung that blade back in his direction! "You actually thought it would be that easy, didn't you? Tsk, tsk. You really are disgustingly simple minded, you heathen. Now I shall educate you on your heretical - "

He was interrupted by the sound of planes overheads. Jets coming in very fast. Those were... Definitely from Academy City! And they were dropping something on the protestors. Some sort of dispersal gas...?

Terra sighed, his tone calm and almost bored as he lowered his blade slightly. "How inconvenient," he muttered, still keeping the shimmering weapon poised in a casual, threatening arc. "It seems other matters demand my attention for now. Dealing with you is proving to be a more time-consuming chore than expected. We'll finish this another time."

With that, Terra tossed more flour at the ground beneath his feet, kicking up an enormous fog that Touma stuck out his hand to block - but by the time he'd dispersed it, the creep was gone.

That felt like a close call. Though Touma was certain they'd meet up again, and probably sooner than he'd like. That guy was such a creep! Just like Vento... Was he like that in a deliberate attempt to throw them off, or was he simply like that? Ah, this was starting to get on his nerves! That guy was definitely a mystery, and he wasn't sure how to unravel it! If only he knew a bit more about magic, maybe he could -

"Touma! I'm hungry!"

Hrm? What was that? Surely that wasn't - It couldn't be. He'd left her back in Academy City. Touma looked around. Apparently Itsuwa had heard it as well.

Then, the two of them looked up and saw a parachuting nun pointing insistently at her mouth. She slowly but surely landed - and promptly began to chew on Touma's head.

"Trying to go on an adventure without me again!" Index said between angry nom noms. "Touma! Don't you leave me out of things! I'm useful as well!"

"Eek!" Itsuwa gasped, then looked around nervously. "Is that - Is that *Index*? Wh-Wh-What is she doing here?! That girl is - She's an absolutely - If she falls into the wrong hands, then - Waaaaah!"

Panic was clearly setting in for the poor girl, as she'd suddenly found herself in over her head. She'd be panicking even more if she had caught sight of the hungry look in Index's eyes as she

took in the pretty young thing's body. Especially if she knew what Index had planned for her... and what Index's new Goddess had planned for the immediate future!

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Oooh, yes! Index likes! When looking at this girl, it was hard to stay mad at Touma. That was Itsuwa, and wasn't she dressing bold today? Not that Index was complaining. In her memory (which was perfect, mind), Itsuwa was rather a plain girl who dressed conservatively. Boringly. She was also gentle, polite, and *quiet girls often fuck like tigers when let loose*.

This made Index's new goal clear - Corrupt Itsuwa as soon as possible, to add her to Touma's harem! The more the merrier, after all! And the most effective way to do that is to *act normally for now. Support Touma. Offer advice. Then strike at the right moment*.

"It's nice to meet you!" Index said, offering her hand to her soon to be harem sister. She took the girl's hand and - Ooh! Soft~ "Let's work together to save the day! Could someone please catch me up on what's going on? And tell me why we're in Avignon?"

=====

Her name was Kanzaki Kaori, and she was a literal modern day Saint; A person who possesses physical attributes associated with God. It comes with many advantages. Superior physical abilities, a greater aptitude for magic, and the only downsides were that you had a weakness to things that were associated with the crucifixion of Jesus. Which is a very, very specific weakness to have, and not an easy thing for most to exploit.

As Saints go, Kanzaki was rather weak. That still placed her higher than many others. She's a talented mage, but an even better fighter, and like many mages she had an innate resistance to mind control that amounted to taking your ball and going home. Shutting off the mind, going completely unconscious, to protect it from manipulation from the moment it's detected.

And yet... There was a vulnerability in such a method. To strike not the mind, but the very soul with a continuous, unrelenting blow that persists even after the mind has fallen unconscious.

Kanzaki knew that her arousal was not natural. Knew it in her bones. Had tried to fight it. Failed. Masturbated herself asleep last night. Dreamed of praying and worshipping... Something. A powerful something. Potent. Relentless. Hungry, and growing hungrier. She could feel its whispers in her ears, bypassing her mental defenses, compelling her into silence - and guiding her actions for motives that she could not hope to comprehend, because any time she made headway -

Man, that guy had such a cute butt. What was she thinking about again...?

"It seems as though Academy City has made their move," Stiyl said. "Some sort of knockout gas, targeted at the protestors. Are you alright, Kanzaki? You seem distracted today."

"I'm fine," she lied. "Have you heard anything from Itsuwa yet?"

"About the laylines...?" Stiyl replied. "No. She will have been attempting to avoid getting caught up in the protests- which I suspect the enemy is taking advantage of. Now, she should be able to approach, but... She may need backup."

Yes, indeed, she most likely will need some backup. Probably needed a good hard dick as well. She shook her head. For some reason that thought felt both right and wrong at the same time, but -

It's fine... that voice whispered in her ear, setting her mind at ease. Soon, Itsuwa shall understand... as shall all who follow Christ's example!

"We need to find out more about the Document," she firmly stated. On the other hand, they couldn't spare anyone else. They were stretched thin as it was, and the wrong little spark could lead to all out war against Academy City. Then again, their own actions now might well have prompted that very event! She turned her attention to Stiyl, hoping he might have some sarcastic barb to draw her focus back onto what needed to be done instead of *letting her body be defiled by cock, sucking it, fucking it, taking it up the ass!* "Containment is no longer possible," she concluded. "Now that Academy City is taking direct action against those protestors..."

"You want me to support Itsuwa?" Stiyl asked.

"No," Kanzaki said. "I want you to make it seem like our attention is elsewhere. I shall head to Avignon personally to attend to matters."

That was the best thing to do. Stiyl should not go. Stiyl would mess things up. He *wasn't in Academy City at the time* like she was. He'd *left after the Croce incident, and so he had not been exposed*. Since she was there during the cleanup, she'd *born witness to the creation of a brand new Goddess, one who would unite the entire world!*

Even so. Kanzaki Kaori was still, at least, subconsciously fighting it with all of her heart. Eros did not want her to go to Avignon either, as she had her own plans in place... Plans which a Saint might well put paid to, if she was not careful.

Ai Kora - Double Collage

"It's not easy being perfect from head to toe," Ayame Yatsunashi mused as she sauntered through the school courtyard, every step calculated yet appearing effortlessly graceful. It was her domain, her kingdom, and she ruled it with a dazzling smile and an impeccable sense of style. Boys practically stumbled over themselves to catch a glimpse of her, while girls whispered in admiration (or envy, which she counted as just another flavor of praise). Between her status, her looks, and her more than comfortable bank account, Ayame was the undisputed queen of everything that mattered. She reveled in their adoration, letting it buoy her as she prepared to face another day of being... well, perfect.

And then she saw him.

At first, she barely noticed him—just another student in the bustling crowd—until it became painfully obvious that he wasn't looking at her. Hachibei Maeda shuffled by, hands in his pockets, his attention focused somewhere in the middle distance, completely unaware of her existence.

Ayame blinked. Surely this was some mistake. Maybe he was nearsighted? She adjusted her posture slightly to catch his eye, her hair catching the sunlight at just the right angle. Nothing.

As the peculiar boy wandered away without so much as a glance, Ayame felt a pang of disbelief, followed by something she hadn't experienced in years: annoyance. Who does he think he is? Her flawless façade cracked for a moment as she stared after him, utterly dumbfounded.

The nerve! Of all the outrageous things that could happen in her perfect world, this was an affront too ridiculous to ignore. Just who is this guy? Who does he think he is, ignoring her like that? He should be spellbound by her merest presence!

Ayame fumed internally, her perfectly manicured nails digging slightly into her palms. This had to be some sort of aberration in the natural order of things. People didn't just ignore Ayame Yatsunashi; they rearranged their entire day around basking in her radiance.

She decided to double-check the functionality of her charm, just to be safe. Spinning on her heel, she spotted a random boy lingering nearby—a second-year with a face she vaguely recognized but had never deemed important enough to remember. Fixing him with her trademark dazzling smile, she glided up to him.

"Excuse me," she said sweetly, batting her eyelashes. "Could you help me carry these books to the library?"

The boy, who wasn't even holding books until she casually handed him some from a nearby pile, turned an alarming shade of crimson and immediately straightened up like a soldier. "O-Of course, Yatsunashi-sama!"

Ayame allowed herself a moment of smug satisfaction as she watched him scurry off like an obedient puppy. Her charm was clearly in perfect working order. That boy would probably crawl through broken glass if she asked him to.

And yet...

Her eyes darted back to Hachibei, who was now sitting on a bench, completely oblivious to her existence as he fiddled with a keychain. Her brow twitched. Not for long, she decided.

Striding toward him, Ayame cleared her throat delicately. No response. She tried again, louder this time, with a hint of dramatic flair. Nothing.

Fine. Time to deploy Phase Two.

"Excuse me," she said in her most honeyed tone, tilting her head just enough to make the sunlight glint off her hair. "You dropped something earlier, didn't you? I'm sure I saw it."

Hachibei glanced up briefly, blinked, then muttered, "Nope, don't think so," before going back to his keychain.

Ayame's jaw tightened, her perfect smile slipping for a fraction of a second. How dare he give me less attention than a piece of plastic!

She leaned in closer, now blatantly invading his personal space. "Are you sure? Maybe you didn't notice." Her voice was almost a purr, designed to melt hearts and bend wills.

"Pretty sure," he replied, scooting a half-inch away without even looking up.

Her frustration mounting, Ayame decided to crank the dial to eleven.

"So..." she began, letting her fingers trail lightly along the edge of the bench. "You seem interesting. Maybe we could hang out sometime?"

This finally got Hachibei to pause, and Ayame felt a flicker of triumph—until he turned to her with a blank expression and said, "Thanks, but I'm busy."

Ayame's mouth opened, closed, and then opened again, utterly dumbfounded. Busy? BUSY?! What could possibly be more interesting than her? She was *perfection* incarnate!

"Busy with what?" she asked, her voice rising in pitch.

Hachibei held up the keychain. "Fixing this. It's tricky."

Ayame felt her composure slipping as her frustration boiled over. She dropped onto the bench beside him, ignoring the scandalized gasps of her onlookers. She wasn't just annoyed anymore—this had become a challenge, and Ayame Yatsunashi never backed down from a challenge.

"Fine!" she declared, crossing her arms. "If you won't notice me, I'll just have to stay here until you do!"

Hachibei shrugged, completely unfazed. "Suit yourself."

And so began the most bizarre standoff of Ayame Yatsunashi's life: perfection incarnate versus one indifferent, keychain-obsessed boy.

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Hachibei Maeda was no stranger to being stared at, though usually it was for reasons he couldn't care less about. People tended to react oddly to his particular interests, but that didn't bother him. As long as he could pursue his dream of finding the ultimate body parts, the rest of the world could do what it wanted.

Currently, he was sitting on a bench in the courtyard, tuning out some random girl. She had come over a minute ago, standing way too close and yammering about... something. He wasn't really listening. Why would he? She didn't have any of the features he cared about. Her legs were fine, he supposed, but they lacked the perfectly straight build he adored. Her arms? Forgettable. Her hands? Too manicured. Not even her face, framed by that silky hair, did anything for him. Nope, she was just some girl, and the time he'd wasted glancing at her features was already more than she deserved.

His eyes scanned the courtyard. Surely there was someone around with something interesting. No shapely thighs. No elegant hands. He sighed in disappointment, letting his gaze wander further.

And then—finally—something caught his attention. A glint in the sunlight. Two glints, actually. He squinted, and there they were: a pair of sparkling, almond-shaped eyes filled with fire and intelligence.

His heart skipped a beat. Sakurako Tenmaku.

She was crossing the courtyard with her usual energy, exuding confidence and purpose. Her eyes, always lively and filled with curiosity, practically glowed as they locked onto him. Hachibei

leaned forward, captivated by their expressive quality, completely forgetting the girl still standing next to him.

"Hachibei!" Sakurako called out, breaking into a jog as she approached.

"Ah, Sakurako-san," he murmured, barely registering her words. His mind was entirely consumed with marveling at her eyes. The way they widened when she was excited, narrowed when she was determined—it was art in motion.

Sakurako came to a stop in front of him, planting her hands on her hips. "What are you doing over here with her?"

"Her?" Hachibei blinked, briefly glancing at the girl Sakurako was pointing at. Oh, it was that random girl again. Weird that she was still here. She didn't even seem to be saying anything now, just glaring at Sakurako like the two of them were in some kind of duel.

"Never mind her," Sakurako said, leaning in to block his view. "What are you staring at me like that for?"

Hachibei tilted his head. "Your eyes."

"My... my eyes?!" Sakurako's face turned red, though whether it was from embarrassment or indignation, Hachibei couldn't quite tell. "Wha-what about them?!"

"They're fascinating," he said plainly, his tone completely serious. "The depth, the vibrancy, the way they catch the light... They're captivating."

Sakurako spluttered, her composure slipping entirely. Meanwhile, the other girl—what was her name? It didn't matter—it looked like she was about to explode, alternating between glaring at Sakurako and Hachibei like they'd just committed a grave insult.

Sakurako stomped her foot, her flustered expression hardening into determination. "You're hopeless, Hachibei!" she snapped, grabbing his wrist. "Come on, you're coming with me."

"Okay," Hachibei said, unbothered, though he tilted his head slightly to keep her eyes in his field of vision as she dragged him away.

The other girl called after them, something about "being ignored" and "not being finished," but Hachibei didn't catch it. Why would he? Her voice was nowhere near as interesting as Sakurako's eyes.

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Honestly, what was with this boy? He had ordinary looks, but he was attracting girls like flies to honey! Now, she wasn't exactly in a place to complain herself given *her* lustful, perverse intentions towards him, but seriously now?! How was he setting off the kinks of so many pretty girls?!

That one in particular would be annoying to deal with. Ayame was... Kinda delusional, but also kinda not? She was regarded as the prettiest girl in school, and she was also, by a *lot*, the richest. Both qualities which let her get away with things she should not... but she seemed to be under the delusion that it was due to how pretty she was.

Anyway, she had to get this boy away from that control freak no matter what.

"Ah, Hachibei-kun~, " Ayame purred, leaning against a tree nearby as if she'd been there all along. Her perfect hair caught the sunlight just so, and she tilted her head at an angle that, by most standards, should have been irresistibly cute. "What a coincidence! I was just thinking about how charming you've been lately."

Sakurako froze. There it was. The voice. That sugary, faux-innocent tone Ayame used when she was in full-on hunting mode. "Oh, great," she muttered under her breath. "Here we go. How did you get ahead of us, anyway?"

"I have no idea," Ayame said, reaching into the tree to pull down a chart. One which showed the bench that they had departed from, the straight line in which Sakurako and Hachibei had travelled, and the tree which Ayame was leaning against at the other end of that line. "By all accounts it doesn't make sense."

Hachibei, meanwhile, barely looked up from the notebook he was sketching in. Ayame's attempt to dominate the scene fell flat as he scribbled, muttering something about symmetry ratios.

Ayame blinked, momentarily thrown off by his lack of reaction. She quickly recovered, stepping closer. "What are you working on, Hachibei-kun?" she asked sweetly, peeking over his shoulder.

Without even glancing at her, Hachibei replied, "Sketching a foot. But yours wouldn't work for this."

For a second, silence hung in the air as the words registered.

"What?" Ayame's smile twitched. "What's wrong with my feet?"

"They're fine," he said absently, still focused on his notebook. "Just not what I'm looking for."

Sakurako nearly choked trying not to laugh. Was he serious? He rejected her feet?!

"Well, excuse me," Ayame huffed, flipping her hair with a dramatic flair. "If that's how you feel, maybe you'd prefer talking to someone with a little more... elegance."

Hachibei finally looked up, his brow furrowing. "Who?"

"Me," Ayame said with an exaggerated smile, as if the answer was obvious.

"Oh," Hachibei replied flatly, and went right back to his notebook. He might as well have flipped her the bird.

Sakurako couldn't help but snicker. "What's wrong, Ayame? Not used to someone being unimpressed by your charms?"

Ayame glared daggers at her. "And what about you, Sakurako? Afraid I'll show him what a real woman looks like?"

Sakurako stiffened, her cheeks reddening. "Like you'd know what he likes! Maybe he's into someone with a little more... fire!"

"Fire?" Ayame said, hands on her hips. "Please. That's just another word for overbearing."

The two girls locked eyes, sparks practically flying between them. Two of the prettiest girls in school, getting deadlocked over the same boy! A fairly average looking boy with very particular perverted tastes, at that!

"Excuse me," Hachibei interrupted, his tone utterly calm.

Both girls turned to him in unison, prepared to launch into more arguments.

"Could you two move? You're blocking my light," he said, completely oblivious to their brewing rivalry.

Sakurako felt her eyebrow twitch. "Move?"

"Blocking?" Ayame echoed, her voice a little too high-pitched.

Hachibei, still unimpressed by either of them, simply leaned a bit to the left to continue his work.

"That's it!" Sakurako growled, stomping her foot. "Hachibei, you're coming with me!"

"No, he's not!" Ayame declared, grabbing his other arm.

Hachibei sighed. It was going to be a long day. He'd much rather spend it staring into Sakurako's eyes than engaging with this competitive nonsense...

At least, that was how he felt until one particular tug left them all sprawled in a chaotic heap. Hachibei landed on top of Ayame, his cheek inexplicably pressed against her stomach.

Huh? Wh-what was this sensation?

It was impossible, unthinkable even, yet unmistakable! Could it be... had he stumbled upon another Perfect Part?

Before reason could intervene, his hands instinctively shot to her waist.

He had!

A waistline like a porcelain vase, curved with exquisite precision! The shape, the feel, the texture—it was sublime! It was perfection! And to think he had discovered it by sheer chance!

“Ohhhh!” Hachibei’s voice rose in a crescendo of unbridled delight. “It’s perfect! The shape, the feel, the texture! My perfect tummy has arrived!”

“HEY!”

Two voices rang out simultaneously—Ayame’s sharp bark of indignation and Sakurako’s more exasperated shout. However, their follow-ups were markedly different.

“Did I give you permission to touch me there?!” Ayame snarled, her eyes blazing with righteous fury as she tried to shove him off.

“Let go of her waist!” Sakurako yelled, lunging to intervene.

But neither of them had the upper hand—because Hachibei was in the throes of his discovery, clutching Ayame’s waist as if it were a holy relic.

“It’s... so... perfect!” he gasped, his voice trembling with awe, utterly impervious to the storm of rage brewing above him.

Unfortunately for Hachibei, divine revelations had consequences. Both girls raised their fists in perfect synchronicity and brought them down hard on his head with the force of twin meteors.

“WHAM!”

The self-proclaimed part-connoisseur crumpled to the floor like a sack of potatoes, his discovery temporarily halted by a resounding headache.

Ayame sat up, still fuming as she dusted herself off. She turned to Sakurako, her glare sharp enough to cut glass. "Explain. Now!"

Sakurako winced, rubbing the back of her neck. She could feel Ayame's frustration radiating like heat from an open oven.

"I mean it!" Ayame continued, pointing an accusatory finger at the still-unconscious Hachibei. "If you don't provide me with a suitable explanation for this idiot's bizarre behavior, I'll have him expelled by the end of the day. It won't even be hard. Touching me like that without permission?! Do you think I'm going to let that slide?"

Sakurako faltered. "Well, um... he's kind of a special case... He's been granted permission to stay at our dormitory."

"A special case?" Ayame snapped. "Oh, yes. Very funny! A boy, living in a girls' dorm. Surely you don't expect me to believe—"

"Actually, Miss Tsubame approved it," Sakurako interrupted nervously, throwing her hands up in defense.

Ayame froze, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. "Miss... Tsubame? As in your dorm supervisor?"

Sakurako nodded sheepishly.

"Why in the world would she approve something so preposterous?" Ayame demanded, the tips of her ears burning red from sheer indignation.

"Well, uh, it's a bit complicated," Sakurako muttered, shooting a helpless glance at the unconscious Hachibei. Honestly, she didn't quite grasp it herself... But Ayame merely squinted, and then, mercifully, backed the fuck off rather than escalating further. Phew!

=====

Ayame strode purposefully into the common area, her irritation still simmering. She needed answers, and someone here had to know what made Hachibei tick.

She paused at the doorway when she spotted Yukari sitting at the table, lunch tray in front of her. The girl was engaged in an awkward battle with her meal. Every time she leaned forward to take a bite, her ample chest bumped into the edge of the table, causing her to shift uncomfortably and readjust.

“Ugh, this is so annoying,” Yukari muttered under her breath, glaring at her sandwich like it had personally offended her. She attempted to lift it higher, but her balance wavered as she overcompensated.

Ayame crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. “What are you doing?”

Yukari jumped slightly, clutching the sandwich like a lifeline. “Oh! Ayame, hi! I was just, um... having lunch.”

“It looks more like the table is winning,” Ayame remarked, her tone dry.

Yukari gave a nervous laugh, setting the sandwich down. “It’s not my fault! This table is way too high—or maybe the chairs are too low? Either way, it’s definitely not me!” She pouted, crossing her arms, which only emphasized the problem.

Ayame sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Never mind that. I need to talk to you about Hachibei.”

Yukari perked up instantly, her eyes lighting up. “Hachibei? What about him?”

“Why is he so weird?” Ayame demanded. “He grabbed my waist out of nowhere and started rambling about how perfect it was! Does he always act like that, or has he completely lost his mind?”

Yukari tilted her head thoughtfully. “Well... he’s always been kind of eccentric,” she said, a small smile tugging at her lips. “But isn’t that part of his charm?”

“Charm?” Ayame repeated, incredulous. “The boy’s a walking disaster zone!”

Yukari giggled. “Oh, he’s not that bad. Sure, he gets a little carried away sometimes, but that just shows how passionate he is.”

“Passionate?” Ayame’s eyebrow twitched. “That’s what you’re going with?”

“Well, yeah! He’s really unique, don’t you think? I mean, it’s not every day you meet someone so... attentive.” Yukari picked up her sandwich again, managing a small, dreamy smile as she added, “He notices things about people that most guys would overlook.”

Ayame blinked, taken aback. “You actually like him,” she said, her voice flat.

Yukari nearly choked on her bite, her cheeks turning crimson. “W-what?! No, I don’t! I mean, he’s nice, but that’s all! And he’s so considerate, and, um... he has really great taste in things...”

Ayame leaned on the table, leveling a skeptical stare. “You’re crushing on him hard.”

"I'm not!" Yukari protested, her voice going high-pitched. She tried to wave it off, but her flustered movements sent her sandwich tumbling off the tray and onto her chest.

"Oh no!" Yukari scrambled to clean the mess, her face redder than ever.

Ayame watched the scene unfold with a mix of disbelief and mild exasperation. "Right. Not crushing on him at all," she muttered, turning to leave.

Behind her, Yukari's muffled voice called out, "I-I'm not, really!"

"Sure you're not," Ayame replied dryly, shaking her head as she moved on.

=====

Ayame stomped through the dorm halls, her temper still bubbling as she sought her next source of answers. The sound of laughter and low conversation drew her to an open door. Peeking inside, she found Kirino and Miss Tsubame chatting at the teacher's desk.

Kirino was balancing a shuriken on her finger, spinning it absentmindedly while Tsubame, legs crossed, sipped from a steaming mug. Ayame stepped in, her presence pulling both pairs of eyes to her.

"Ah, Ayame," Tsubame greeted warmly, setting her mug down. "To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"I've got questions," Ayame declared, crossing her arms. "About him." She practically spat the word. "Why, in all that is sensible, is Hachibei being allowed to dorm here? With three girls, no less!"

Tsubame blinked, her calm demeanor unwavering. "Because he hasn't done anything wrong."

"'Hasn't done anything wrong'?!" Ayame threw up her hands. "He grabbed my waist and declared it the eighth wonder of the world! That doesn't raise any red flags for you?"

"From what I've seen, he's harmless," Tsubame replied with a shrug. "He has... unique interests, certainly, but he's respectful of boundaries."

Ayame scoffed. "Yeah, right. And I'm the Queen of England."

Kirino, who had been quietly spinning her shuriken like a fidget spinner, chimed in. "You know, I think his presence here is actually good for us."

Ayame snapped her head toward her. “Good for us? How could having a weirdo like him under the same roof be anything but a disaster?”

“Well...” Kirino glanced at Tsubame for a moment before holding the shuriken up to inspect its gleam. “It’s great training!”

“Training?” Ayame repeated, narrowing her eyes.

“Uh-huh!” Kirino said with sudden enthusiasm. “Mental training, of course. Learning to stay calm and collected no matter what situation you’re in.” She nodded vigorously, her ponytail bouncing.

Ayame’s skepticism deepened as Kirino twirled the shuriken between her fingers. “And you’re sure this has nothing to do with... kunoichi training?”

Kirino froze, her eyes darting toward the shuriken like it had betrayed her. “Wh-what? No, of course not! I’m not a kunoichi!” Her denial came so fast and so loud it practically echoed. She quickly stashed the shuriken in her sleeve, attempting to look nonchalant. “It’s just, um... life skills. Yeah! That’s more believable—uh, I mean, accurate!”

Ayame sighed, rubbing her temples. “You’re hopeless,” she muttered. “And you—” she pointed at Tsubame. “You’re supposed to be the adult here. You’re really fine with this arrangement?”

Tsubame tilted her head, her expression serene. “Hachibei is... peculiar, yes, but he’s never been inappropriate. Besides,” she added, stretching her legs slightly, “the girls don’t seem to mind him too much.”

It was then that Ayame’s gaze fell to Tsubame’s legs—long, shapely, and smooth, like they’d been sculpted from marble. They were oddly captivating, and she couldn’t help but notice how they perfectly complemented the teacher’s calm elegance.

“Her legs are unusually pretty...” Ayame thought to herself. Then her mind flashed back to earlier: Hachibei’s obsession with her waist, his focus on Sakurako’s eyes... and now this.

She squinted suspiciously. “What about the other girls?” she asked, voice tight. “How has he behaved around them?”

“Well,” Tsubame said, tapping her chin thoughtfully, “he’s shown a great appreciation for Sakurako’s eyes—”

“Like, just her eyes,” Kirino interrupted with a giggle.

“And Yukari’s... uh, general demeanor,” Tsubame continued diplomatically, though she smirked as Kirino tried and failed to stifle another laugh. “But nothing inappropriate.”

Ayame's brain churned through the evidence. The eyes. Her waist. And now, legs. Pieces clicked into place like a jigsaw puzzle she hadn't realized she was assembling.

"I see," she said. "Thank you very much! This has been... quite enlightening!"

Ohohoho... Ohohoho! Of course, that's it, isn't it? Yes, yes...! That boy, that foolish boy Hachibei! She was onto him now. Her quick and keen mind had latched onto the truth, his actual real nature! He was... a parts fetishist!

"Kukuku~" she laughed to herself. "Excellent. Wonderful! Now, then. Now... I shall place that Sakurako right where she belongs! Beneath my heels! All at this school should bow before me - and now that I understand his fetish, I shall be able to dominate her through him! A two for one deal!"

Please ignore the fact that she was drooling heavily, as such a thing would be *quite* unladylike.

Haruhi Mirror Mansion

How annoying. As much as she wanted to step out there and go 'hey, I'm you from the future, let's do this sequence of extremely lewd things', there was still a little bit of programming in the back of her head saying that was a bad idea. It wasn't even true, actually. She was not Mikuru Asahina's future self. She was, instead, a magically created copy of her that had the soul of a total boy hungry pervert, who was quite eager to get laid, but also... Bunny's whole deal seemed like a good idea as well.

This creates a dilemma. If she walks up to her and says that she is the girl's future self, it could trip alarms in the future. Heck, her own internal programming that keeps her from spilling confidential and classified information about the future might kick in, prompting her to contact said future - and there goes the neighborhood!

So what's a boy crazed slut to do at a time like this? Why, the answer to that should be obvious! She waited around the corner... Spied her prey... and then jumped out!

"Hello, Agent Asahina!" she said giving the girl a big salute. The girl had a quite natural response, jumping like trying to escape her own skin. Look at her! So precious! Of course she would react that way, the timid little thing! After all, a buxom woman wearing a white shirt and pencil skirt and - oh, can't forget this - a cute and adorable kitty mask just jumped out of nowhere and saluted her! "I am your superior! It is a pleasure to meet you face to face this one time!"

"Ehhhh~" Mikuru gasped. She looked around nervously, but of course, there wasn't anyone else around. This moment had been specifically selected for that very reason. "Wh-Why are you meeting me in person like this! Normally you - you send the orders by **classified information!**"

"Indeed, that is how we would normally send orders," was the answer. Or rather, the start to the answer. Let's not get pedantic here! "However... we have reason to believe that an enemy temporal agency is hijacking our internal communications for their own end! That's why I have to meet you like this."

"Ah... I should verify with - "

"And warn our enemy that we're onto them?" A quick little finger wag. "If you want a little reassurance that I'm on the level, then how about this? You have a birth mark on your chest, right around -"

"Eek!" So cute, too cute, oh, she'd be such a wonderful nymphomaniac by the time she'd finished corrupting her! "Ah, ah, I believe you, I believe you, don't finish that sentence!"

Kukuku, her reconnaissance was bang on the money! She looked around sheepishly, then quickly grabbed her by the arm and hauled her into a more secluded spot. My goodness, being dragged into a side alley for a serious chat? Why, that almost seemed like the set up to a cheap porno thriller! Toss in the sci-fi element, the time travel et al, and some cheap porn studio would be salivating. Not because of the script, mind. The script never matters. The bodies of this mother and daughter seeming pair, though...? Drool city.

"Is this - Is this connected to the copy of Haruhi Suzumiya?" Mikuru asked in a hushed tone. You could almost sense the attempt at professionalism here. "W-We're trying to deal with that, b-but it's proving difficult! Um! You're not her in disguise, are you?"

"If I was her in disguise, what would you be doing right now?" she asked, suspecting that it would probably be something like 'wearing a really sexy bikini' or something like that. Which was probably Mikuru's guess as well, since she seemed quite, how to put it, embarrassed right about then. Eyes downcast, cheeks flush, but little did she know that whatever she'd just imagined it would soon enough be nothing to her at all! "We are still investigating that possibility. It is entirely possible that such a being could have visited the future and established this enemy agency for her own lewd, perverted ends! We must be cautious, Agent. I shall need your complete and total trust!"

"Y-Yes! Whatever it takes!" Asahina said. She even cutely pumped her fists. Perfection!

"Very well then! In that case... Let's get back to your place, for we have a lot of work to do!"

=====

She could hardly believe it. Her own superior had appeared out of nowhere to give her guidance! She'd mentioned the codeword, so it had to be genuine. She supposed. Mikuru wasn't sure, maybe Bunny had mind reading abilities? She wasn't sure about why she was wearing a mask, but there was probably a good reason for it.

Maybe it was someone she knew, or someone that she'd meet in the future...? That seemed to be the most likely reason. Looking at her, she seemed like such a strong and confident person. Looking at that body, too... She couldn't help but feel a little envious at how mature it was. So confident, being able to go out wearing something like that, it completely made her look both professional and stunning at the same time!

Naturally, she was oblivious to the fact that she was being jealous of her own future self, but that's the nature of time travel for you.

In any event. They soon reached her home. Actually, she was rather glad that she had someone she could trust here. Being alone when there was someone capable of warping reality like Bunny out there. It was a little scary! Being accompanied by a much more experienced agent was also extremely comforting. Oh, she hoped that she could be as confident and professional

as this future agent was! She didn't view her own prospects very well at all right now though - she was sure she'd made so many mistakes that could have easily cost reality if not for her intense training ensuring she kept things secret!

Anyway! The two of them were soon in her current residence, duly paid for by her employers.

"Alright, good, we have plenty of space here," her supervisor said. Yes, that was most certainly right, this must be her supervisor. She did a little cutesy fist pump, and pulled out a little device. Mikuru had never seen anything quite like it before. "Alright! Let's see what you make of this!"

It was a little handheld gizmo that seemed to be entirely composed of a button and a handle. There was writing on the side of it in English, but her supervisor's hand was covering it up so she couldn't quite read it. What was that...? Eh?! H-hold on here! The device was suddenly growing and expanding and -

"Ehhhhh!" Mikuru gasped. "B-But that's not - "

"Not available to the public yet," her Supervisor said. "We call it a Capsule. It can be used to store all manner of things."

Mikuru had not read Dragonball, it must be noted. Not really her type of show. Therefore, she didn't recognise the obvious reference that Bunny had conjured up for her Kitten to exploit. What had appeared out of the Capsule, you ask? Why, what else? A wardrobe. Full of clothes.

"Um...?" Mikuru cutely muttered (though really, was the adverb truly necessary when everything she did was cute?) "Wh-What is this for?"

"This?" her Supervisor said, right before hip checking the wardrobe and making its door open a crack right before Mikuru's eyes. "This is our period piece disguise for the locations we're going to be visiting! Now. I'm going to need you to try these on to make sure they fit and are comfortable. If it makes you feel better, I shall also change uniforms as well into something that matches."

Oh, of course. That made sense... If they appeared in a location and didn't look like they should fit in, then it would draw a lot more attention to themselves than a time traveller ought. Alright, in that case Mikuru reached into the wardrobe and - oof, this door was sticky. She could get her arm in but that was just about it... Let's see, what do we have here?

A maid uniform emerged. Eh?! A maid uniform! Oh, it was a proper black and white type, not the same kind of bluish one that Suzumiya had her regularly wear in the clubroom. It was a full proper apron and everything. She could but sigh, then turn around to see her supervisor... producing another capsule and using it to give herself a wardrobe and a private changing space. Oh, alright then. If she must...

=====

When corrupting someone, you have to start small. You don't go for the big deal right away. The Devil doesn't whisper in your ear begging for your soul in exchange for something small and insignificant, no, no. He works up to it. He chips away, a little at a time. Hey, do this small thing for this big thing, I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine! It's a reasonable deal, a fair price, just go along to get along.

You boil the frog. You do it slowly, slowly, turning up the heat a little at a time, and if you do it just right the frog doesn't even jump out of the - Actually, in reality it does jump out but the metaphor is a pretty popular one. You get the idea right?

Anyway, that's the reason they were starting with something simple. The humble maid uniform. Oh, what a delightful manner of dress it was. The frills, the elegance, the cute and adorable subservience that must naturally follow! Of course, she was going to wear one as well, to help ease her in - but this little piece of fetish fuel was only the start. It was, by far, the most normal thing that they would be wearing today, that much was certain!

She stepped out from behind her screen, and the mask almost fell from her face. Look at her there! Mikuru was fidgeting with her apron so adorably! Like a little bunny rabbit playing with its paws, about to wash its face! No, no, don't get entranced here, you're the one that needs to be doing the *entrancing*, not her!

"We need you to be able to act the part as well," she said to Mikuru, circling around her, inspecting her. "Alright! Pretend that you've come out of the kitchen carrying a tray full of drinks. Serve them, and call them Master!"

"Y-yes!" Mikuru said. She took a deep breath. Then held up her hand as if holding a tray. She stepped forward, once, twice, and then... stumbled over her own feet and fell to the floor. "Uwaaah!"

Oh dear. Never mind corrupting her, to start with this might well be seen as a form of training. All she could do was sigh wearily, help the girl to her feet, dry her cutesy tears and help her with her poise.

"Come along now, while clumsy moe exists we cannot rely on it here," she said. "Otherwise we draw attention to ourselves that we don't want, understand?"

Good! Alright then! This was a perfect teaching opportunity, and - And... A perfect chance to lewd her up a little at the same time. Let's see. What will happen if we take *this* approach...?

"Watch how I walk," she commanded. And then? She went for it. She practically oozed her way around the room, dripping sex appeal wherever she went - or maybe that was her own delusion. In reality, she was simply making her hips work for it. One hand cocked on a hip, the other

holding up an invisible tray. Then she went *oomph* with those hips, and the uniform did the rest. Lightly striking her feminine figure before her next movement made the cloth sway the other way and *oomph* there you go right there.

"Woaaaaah! So elegant!" Mikuru gasped. "I wanna be like you when I'm older!"

"With a little practise, you can be," she replied, spinning around to offer her hand. "Now. Your turn."

Mikuru nodded, then rose to her feet and gave it a try all by herself. She lasted a whole five steps this time before going ass over tea kettle and trying to stop herself from bawling her eyes out.

Oh dear. This was going to be more difficult than she'd thought.

...

An hour later, that thought came back to haunt her. Turns out this version of her was every bit as clumsy as she was adorable, and nothing seemed to erase that fact. What the hell was it? She'd kept on demonstrating it to her. She'd even tried that trick some parents do, where she guided Mikuru with her hands, then gently pulled away while pretending that she was still right there holding on -

And then the girl instantly dropped like a sack of potatoes. The moment that she let go.

"Okay, time for drastic measures!" she clapped her hands together. "We're going to indulge in a little hypnosis! Here, watch this!"

"Ah, okay!" Mikuru said. "I was hypnotised for my training, so - So this should be fine!"

Right, of course. This was an act of sheer desperation. She didn't expect it to work. Even so, she held out a coin on a string in front of Mikuru's face, hoping that, at the very least, she could make the girl relax... And then she instantly dropped under. Snoring gently. Head completely down.

"Alright then..." she said. "Hop on one leg. Without falling over."

Mikuru hopped on one leg. Good! Hrm. Maybe she could take a shortcut here...?

"Masturbate," she commanded, and Mikuru instantly popped up.

"Uwah!" Mikuru gasped. "Um! Did I drop off - "

And then she went down again the moment she saw the swinging coin. Alright. Okay. It was *that* kind of hypnosis, where she couldn't order Mikuru to do something that she would never ever normally do. Like, say, masturbate in front of her superior. Well, that could change, given a little time...

For now though she'd settle for getting this girl walking like a sexy maid!

"Walk like a maid the way that I did," she commanded. And then, Mikuru did just that! That's right! Oooh, like at her wiggling that cute butt of hers! While her breasts were amazing, and her face was divinely cute, one cannot deny dat ass either! "Alright, great! From now on, when you're wearing a maid's uniform, this is the way you shall walk. You cannot walk any other way, while you are dressed like a maid! When I snap my fingers, wake up!"

Snap! And Mikuru continued walking like that. Like a sexy, confident, beautiful maid. Perfect! Sheer, total perfection.

"Eh?" Mikuru gasped, looking down at herself in surprise. "I'm... I'm doing it! I'm actually doing it!"

Yes, she was. Alright. That was a start, at least. Now, let's get her into something a little less covering, shall we...?

=====

Mikuru was feeling very excited about this mission now. It was quite different from the usual, and seemed like it would be more typical of a time travelling mission. Oh, what would be next for them? Apparently they would be visiting a few different locations, and so -

She found herself looking at a cute bikini. White with red frills. High on the waist, the top was rather round as well, and when she looked in the mirror all she could do was blush like a maniac. Wouldn't this draw attention to them? That was what they were trying to avoid, wasn't it?

"Ta-da!" her Supervisor stepped out, still wearing a cat mask but also wearing a bikini that looked a lot like her own. "Tee hee! You like? I'm pretty sure the boys will love it~"

Mikuru blushed. She still didn't like male attention on her, but - Wait a minute. That's really strange, isn't it...?

"Huh," Mikuru tilted her head, pointing at her Supervisor's chest. "That's strange. I have a birthmark just like that."

She was pointing at a star-shaped mole on her Supervisor's right breast. Hrm? Mikuru did have something like that, but it was on her left breast instead. It was funny. She'd never noticed it, but Kyon had. Which meant he'd been looking at her which made her feel -

Weird. Ooh~ That's so strange, but she'd been feeling kind of weird ever since this training for the mission started. Lightheaded for some reason, and butterflies in the pit of her stomach. She'd put it down to nerves, but - Was it more than that?

"Um, this is a bit more revealing than I like," Mikuru said. She squirmed in place, trying to cover herself up despite the fact that it was only the two of them. "Won't this, um, draw m-more attention to us?"

"Hrm? It would be strange if a pair of beauties like us were out there in something that didn't show off our bodies," her Supervisor said, even going so far as to strike a pose. "Honestly now, you'll draw more attention to yourself if you don't carry yourself with confidence."

"B-But boys will hit on us!" Mikuru protested.

"No, they won't!" her Supervisor said. "You're too pretty to be hit on! Everyone will assume you have a boyfriend already, and besides which, if I'm with you they'll be even more intimidated. Would you hit on a hot stud if her older brother was around?"

Thinking about it, Mikuru frowned and shook her head. No, she wouldn't. To be more accurate, she wouldn't hit on a 'hot stud' either way, but -

"This is too embarrassing!" she complained. "Um! Can you please hypnotise me again? I need a confidence boost!"

Her Supervisor pulled out the string with a coin from in between her cleavage... and then dropped it there. The other end of the string was tied to her bikini top. Meaning that it was now swinging down right in front of her navel. Ah, look at that waist! She could have any guy she wanted, a pretty woman like this. So confident and in charge, the men can't keep their hands off...

"Be more confident in your appearance," her Supervisor commanded. "You are a young, beautiful, confident woman. Repeat that back to me."

"You are a young, beautiful, confident woman," Mikuru said. Which was true. Her supervisor was indeed all of those things.

"No, I meant -" her Supervisor stumbled a little bit, seeming suddenly embarrassed. "How amusing. It's normally tenses related to time that are trouble for a time traveller, not interpersonal tenses... Let's try this again. Mikuru Asahina is a young, beautiful, confident woman. Repeat that."

"Mikuru Asahina is a young, beautiful, confident woman," Mikuru repeated. Then, she was ordered to repeat it a few more times until the notion really stuck. For some reason, her Supervisor was starting to sound frustrated. As if it was taking longer than expected for something to sink in. Like, trying to teach a ten year old that $1+1=2$, when they should already be long since aware of that.

"Alright, I'm going to use a futuristic disguise kit to look like your older sister," her Supervisor said. "That's right. I'm not you from the future, and I'm definitely not a slutty copy of your future self either. I'm your Supervisor pretending to be your big sister."

"You're my Supervisor, pretending to be my slutty big sister..." Mikuru repeated.

"Eh, good enough," her Supervisor shrugged, and removed her mask, revealing a face that did look a lot like Mikuru's, if you added about ten years. Gosh, she really was pretty, wasn't she? "Alright then! Tee hee! When you wear a bikini, you don't mind if boys take a look. Do you?"

"Yes, I do," Mikuru replied. "It feels like I'm a sheep being looked at by wolves."

"Oh! In that case, you should be the anglerfish acting as bait!" her Supervisor said. "Yes, that's right. You're not the prey. Never the prey. You're the predator luring them in with your body, so you can gobble them up?"

Huh... She was the predator, and the boys were the prey...? She'd never thought of it like that before. It still sounded a little scary, but -

"Flaunt that body," her Supervisor said, making a cutesy pose, cocking her hip and leaning forward with one hand on that hip, and the other flashing a V salute in front of her eyes. Mikuru, naturally, mirrored that pose. "Flaunt that body for the boys!" Next, she leaned forward, pinching her breasts in between her upper arms.

Hehehe... This was fun!

=====

Mikuru Asahina (future) was not happy with her current situation, and the company she currently had did not make her feel any better. Haruhi Suzumiya. Or rather, her reflection from the cursed mirror, calling herself Bunny.

"How long do you intend to keep me here?" Mikuru asked. She tried to sound professional. Tried to sound like she wasn't scared. However, this being as a manifestation of all their worst fears. Haruhi Suzumiya, in complete awareness of what she could do. Anyone should be scared in the presence of such a being.

"Does time really mean that much to a time traveller?" Bunny asked back, giving her a quick shrug and a giggle. She gestured, and pulled a tea set out of nowhere. British tea, that is. Not Japanese. "Thirsty? I believe in your time, they use that word for -"

"Aroused, yes," Mikuru replied. "So are you reading my mind, or have you actually visited the future?"

"Oooh, I've not tried time travelling yet!" Bunny had stars in her eyes at the very idea. That wasn't a metaphor, she quite literally had what looked like a pair of small stars right where her pupils should be. She crossed, then uncrossed her legs. "Is it worth going? Do you have flying cars in the future?"

"No, they're quite impractical," Mikuru replied, and took a sip of tea. "Furthermore, would you really trust a member of the general public with something that can move that fast *and* is flying? As it is, you can barely trust someone with a driver's license to not have an accident, give them three dimensional space to move in -"

"While it takes experts to move in the fourth dimension," Bunny interrupted. "Listen, this banter is cute and all, but let's get down to business. You're hot. I'm perpetually horny and very bisexual. How about you give me some sugar and agree not to interfere in my evil, sexy plans?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that," Mikuru firmly said. "Your existence is an anomaly. It should not be present within the current timeframe. Furthermore, I do not have any intention to - "

She stopped mid-sentence and slowly blinked. Her breath caught in her throat. You know, those fishnets over Bunny's legs really made them pop. That cute face, smirking so confidently. Those bare shoulders, the hint of cleavage provided by the bunny costume she was wearing - and the high heels really added a lot of oomph to it all as well.

"W-Wait a minute, something is wrong here," Mikuru said. She grabbed for her head, suddenly feeling hot all over. "Did you put something in that tea...?"

"Pft, drug you? That's so dull, so trite, so predictable!" Bunny laughed. "No, I just put something in your timestream, that's all!"

W-Wait, her timestream?! She'd done something to Mikuru's past self hadn't she - Deep breath now. Deep breath. Timeline changes should not be possible given how time travel worked - but given Bunny's godlike power, she might well have changed that little fact. If it was something obvious, something that Haruhi herself would notice, it would be one thing.

"How did you change it?" Mikuru demanded. "What are the new rules you put in place, you sexy *beast!*"

"Hrm? Oh, really simple stuff," Bunny shrugged. "You see, if your past changes, then you only remember the changes after they've happened. So, if you go off into the future, then you'll remember all the changes you -"

Drool! Mikuru was drooling over Bunny's body all of a sudden. Why? What was the reason for that? Think, think - There! In her memories, she remembered meeting... Her own future self! Wearing a kitten mask. Except, the mole on her breast was on the wrong one! It was her own mirror self!

And.... she'd let that mirror self use hypnosis on her! That was bad. In fact, it was very, very bad! Since Mikuru herself had undergone specific conditioning from the Agency, it meant that she was even more susceptible to hypnosis than most people! The only things that she couldn't be ordered to do were anything that undid the agency's own -

She found herself adjusting her own shirt to show off more cleavage. Unbuttoning more of the buttons, putting as much of herself on display as possible. Ohhh~ She really wanted to be leered at by some hunky boy~

Her eyes shot across at Bunny, who was smirking to herself. "Want to wear something like this?" she asked, teasing her. Mikuru shook her head. No. She wasn't that far gone. Not yet... But if her past self kept letting herself be hypnotised by that mirror reflection then - Then it was only a matter of time!

Shimoneta Twin Snow

The muffled sound of grumbling rose from beneath the maintenance van parked inconspicuously over a patch of disturbed soil in the school courtyard. The area was deserted, the last of the students long gone for the day. Ayame Kajou crouched near the edge of the van's shadow, a flashlight in one hand, her other resting on her hip as she shone the beam downward into the pit. Beside her, Anna Nishikinomiya loomed like a storm cloud, arms crossed tightly, foot tapping the ground in growing impatience.

"Well, well," Ayame called down, her voice dripping with mockery. "If it isn't the illustrious Blue Snow! Or should I say... the discount version? Honestly, it's kind of sad."

A figure shifted below, her makeshift "Blue Snow" costume—a hastily assembled outfit of blue fabric and a crude scarf—crinkling as she moved. The girl looked up, her face faintly illuminated by the flashlight. It was Toshiko Kanimi, her usual cold, calculating demeanor replaced with something far less reserved.

"If I'm a discount, you must be an expired product," Toshiko shot back, grinning wickedly. "Still, I'll admit it's fun to be Blue Snow for a change. Maybe Tanukichi would like this version better, huh?"

Ayame snorted, unimpressed, while Anna stiffened at the mention of Tanukichi.

"What did you just say?" Anna growled, her hands balling into fists.

"I said," Toshiko replied, her voice deliberately lilting with teasing bravado, "that maybe he'd prefer me. I could show him a good time, you know. He might even forget about you two."

Ayame glanced over at Anna, whose face had turned a shade of red somewhere between fury and embarrassment. Deciding to take advantage of the situation, Ayame straightened up, dusting her hands theatrically.

"Well, Anna," Ayame said casually, "I think we know how to handle this kind of rebellion."

Anna narrowed her eyes. "Agreed."

Without another word, Ayame reached into a small bucket they had stashed nearby. From it, she retrieved a handful of spoiled fruit—mushy apples, overripe bananas, and what might have once been a tomato—and promptly dumped them into the pit.

"Hey, hey, hey!" Toshiko protested, swatting ineffectively at the flying garbage. "What is this? A punishment? I thought you prudes were above this sort of thing!"

"Consider it a cleansing ritual," Ayame quipped, grinning.

Anna stepped forward, her voice cold. "Maybe this will remind you not to drag innocent people like Tanukichi into your disgusting games."

Toshiko, wiping mashed banana from her scarf, paused. Her grin faltered, and for a moment, her expression seemed... off. Then, as suddenly as the teasing confidence had appeared, it melted away.

"I—" Toshiko stammered, clutching at her head. "I... What am I doing here? Why am I dressed like this? What is—" She looked up at the two girls with wide, frightened eyes. "Please, get me out of here!"

Ayame's playful smirk vanished. She knelt down, shining the flashlight more closely on Toshiko's face. "Wait a second... She's actually serious."

Anna stepped forward, leaning over the edge of the pit. Her expression shifted to one of wary suspicion. "What's going on? This doesn't make any sense."

Ayame frowned, sitting back on her heels. "You're telling me. She was all 'ha-ha, I'm gonna steal Tanukichi,' two seconds ago. Now she looks like she doesn't even know how she got here."

Anna straightened, her eyes narrowing. "Something's wrong. We need to get her out."

With surprising speed, the two girls worked together to pull Toshiko out of the pit. As soon as she was back on solid ground, Toshiko collapsed to her knees, trembling. She looked down at the makeshift costume she was wearing, as though seeing it for the first time.

"This... isn't me," she muttered. "I would never... I would never do this!"

Ayame exchanged a sharp glance with Anna. "Looks like someone's been messing with her head."

Anna's jaw tightened. "Or her Peacemaker."

Ayame smirked grimly, though her usual confidence was tinged with unease. "Well, that's just great. Who the hell could hack into something like that?"

Anna didn't answer. Instead, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

"Who are you calling?" Ayame asked.

"Hyouka," Anna replied curtly. "If anyone can figure this out, it's her. And if this is happening to Toshiko, we need to know if Tanukichi is safe."

The mention of Tanukichi silenced Ayame's next remark. Both girls stared down at Toshiko, who remained on her knees, visibly shaken and muttering under her breath. Whatever had just happened, it was bigger than the antics of one misfit girl playing dress-up.

And whoever was behind it wasn't done yet.

=====

Tanukichi slumped in his chair in the nurse's station, massaging his temples as he replayed the chain of events that had landed him here. He'd been chasing after Ayame and Anna in the hallway, trying to keep up with whatever mess they'd dived headlong into, when Hyouka had appeared seemingly out of nowhere. Without a word, she'd grabbed him by the collar and dragged him off to an empty classroom, her eyes alight with that peculiar mix of curiosity and intensity he had fast come to associate with trouble.

"Test subject acquired," Hyouka said, grabbing him and pulling him into the laboratory before he could object.

He should have known better. Should have run. But instead, he'd stammered out something about being in a hurry, and Hyouka had silenced him with a glint in her eyes that screamed science waits for no one.

The "experiment" had turned out to be a series of dirty phrases that he had to read out in a soundproofed room. Some of which he didn't even want to repeat in his head. When he'd protested, she'd waved off his concerns, insisting it was a necessary step to determine the "cultural and psychological factors that render certain words taboo." Or something like that.

The intensity of her focus had been unnerving, and as she bombarded him with question after question, he noticed her excitement rising. Her voice quickened, her movements became more erratic, and her scribbles on the notepad grew nearly illegible.

Then, mid-sentence, she'd stopped. Her eyes widened, and she collapsed like a marionette with its strings cut.

Which brought him to the present moment, sitting awkwardly next to her unconscious form in the nurse's station, wondering if Ayame and Anna had noticed his sudden disappearance.

As if on cue, the door burst open, and Ayame stormed in, Anna trailing close behind.

"There you are!" Ayame shouted, her eyes darting between Tanukichi and Hyouka. "What happened? One second you're chasing us, the next you're gone! We were this close to catching the fake Blue Snow, and—wait, why is she unconscious?"

Anna stepped forward, her eyes narrowing at Hyouka. "Did she harm you, Tanukichi? Did she violate your purity?"

"Purity?!" Tanukichi sputtered, waving his hands. "No, no, it's nothing like that! She just... got a little too into her experiments and passed out."

"Experiments?" Ayame's lips curled into a smirk. "Oh, this I've got to hear."

Tanukichi groaned, rubbing the back of his neck. "She was... trying to figure out why certain phrases are considered dirty. She wanted my 'expert opinion.'"

Ayame's smirk widened. "Your expertise, huh? Looks like someone appreciates your, let's call it, unique skill set."

"Don't make it weird!" he snapped, his face burning. "She was completely clinical about it! Too clinical, honestly. I think she worked herself into exhaustion."

Anna's expression darkened as she glared at the unconscious Hyouka. "If her so-called experiments are this dangerous, she should be stopped. Tanukichi, you should have refused."

"Oh, sure, because refusing Hyouka ever works," he muttered under his breath.

Hyouka stirred then, her eyelids fluttering open as she let out a soft groan. She adjusted her glasses, squinting at the three of them.

"...Data incomplete," she mumbled.

Ayame burst out laughing. "Data incomplete? You're lucky you didn't fry your brain, you lunatic!"

Hyouka sat up slowly, ignoring Ayame's laughter and Anna's glare. Her eyes locked onto Tanukichi. "Your responses were informative. We must resume later."

"No, we will not resume later," he said firmly. "You need to learn to pace yourself before you keel over again."

Hyouka tilted her head, as if considering his words. "Perhaps. But your cooperation remains essential for comprehensive results."

Tanukichi groaned. "Why me?"

"Because you're a pervert," Ayame said with a grin, clapping him on the back. Was she trying to get him arrested here?! Saying that in front of pure, sweet, innocent and beautiful Anna...

"I'm not—"

Anna cut him off, stepping between him and Hyouka. "If she ever tries to exploit your kindness again, Tanukichi, I'll intervene. You're too pure-hearted to be used like this."

Tanukichi buried his face in his hands. "Can we just focus on the fake Blue Snow? Please?"

Ayame sighed dramatically. "Fine, fine. But you're explaining all this to me in detail later."

As the group left the nurse's station, Tanukichi couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't the last time Hyouka's "academic curiosity" would get him into trouble.

=====

Alright then. This put a big old wrench into their planning and schemings. To think, they would have to contend with something like this. A strange enemy had appeared out of nowhere, and tried to usurp everything they had struggled towards.

"I can't believe Hyouka tried to snipe us like that," Anna whispered to Ayame while they trailed behind Tanukichi, eyes glued to his butt. "I should suplex her from the roof! Muscle buster style!"

"Please don't, we still need her," Ayame whispered back. "Besides which, she'll be joining in our little funtime later on anyway, so what's the harm?"

"What's the harm, plus an e!" Anna chirped, putting a little extra sway in her step. She bit her lip while drinking in the tall... Actually, average sized drink of sexy that was the boy in front of them. "Can we bring him in yet? Please? I really want to show off for him, if you catch me."

"Not yet," Ayame whispered back. "He's not ready. I think he's still trying to fight against his own instincts. We need to help him overcome that compulsion, help him realise that he must fight against peer pressure, that tyranny over what we can say and think is anathema to the human experience."

"But I wanna get I-pai~aid!" Anna whined. Looking down, Ayame could see that her friend was doing that kinda twisty thing she did when she was really, really horny. Oh boy. It was a bad one this time by the looks of it. Yet all she could do was sigh and shrug.

"Yeah, fine, we'll sort that out soon enough," Ayame sighed. Actually, she was starting to have an idea about that... Interesting. Very, very interesting! A devilish grin crept up her face. Oh yes, this was perfect. Absolutely perfect!

=====

"Huh?!" Tanukichi gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. "You want me to *what*?"

"Go on a date with Anna!" Ayame said, giving him a big thumbs up. "Think about it! This Blue Snow was clearly a fake. Someone hacked the poor girl's Peace Maker and made her think she was Blue Snow, via unknown methods! If it becomes publicly known that you're going on a date with Anna Nishikinomiya, there's no chance that Blue Snow - fake or real - will be able to pass it up!"

"Wait, hold on," Tanukichi frowned. "That doesn't quite make sense. How do you know that the person behind Blue Snow isn't using this hacking method to make girls dress up and act like that, so they can create an invincible alibi?"

Both Ayame and Anna sweat a little at that. Oops! That was a classic mistake, like the sort a detective would use in a mystery story to corner the criminal!

"I guess... You guys have been hunting the real one for so long that you know exactly what the real Blue Snow would be like, huh?" Tanukichi said. "I bet there's some super secret info that hasn't been released to the public that lets you tell if someone is a copycat or the real deal!"

"Yes!" Anna said, squirming in her seat, while Ayame twirled her thumbs. "That is... Exactly correct! Very good, Tanukichi. Obviously, we cannot tell you what that is until you've been investigating with us for a while, as that information is on a need to know basis, and you don't need to know yet!"

"But have no fear!" Ayame said, seeing the chance and unable to resist it. "We'll bare *absolutely everything* to you in no time at all."

"Yes, absolutely everything," Anna sighed happily. "Anyway, this date idea should work as an ideal trap to lure her out. Of course, I am not certain what a date entails, and so will be entirely at your mercy to tell. But have no worries! I completely trust you, and therefore you may do whatever you like with me, mind, body and soul!"

She was really pumped up about that. Steam was shooting out of her nose. Her eyes were doing that freaky heart thing again. Oh, girl, whatever you're dreaming of, there's no way Tanukichi -

"Ah, please don't say that to a boy," Tanukichi said, dabbing at his bleeding nose. "It can put ideas in his head. Ideas that are not appropriate for a Peace Maker. Right?"

"If you say so!" Anna sighed, blushing and putting her hand to her cheek. "The main obstacle is my mother. She can be a little overprotective." A little? Girl, she set up a tyrannical prudish police state which exists for the sole purpose of making sure you don't ever punch your V card! "While I can understand how this plan would assist us in capturing the ero-terrorist besmirching Blue Snow's good - I mean, lewd name, my mother might object to me going on a date with a boy."

Ladies and gentlemen, the understatement of the century, and possibly the two runners up, all contained within a handful of sentences spoken by the same girl.

=====

Sophia Nishikinomiya sat behind her meticulously ordered desk, scanning reports on her tablet. A subordinate approached, clipboard in hand, their nervousness palpable.

"Madam Sophia," the subordinate began hesitantly, "I bring news concerning President Anna Nishikinomiya."

Sophia's head snapped up, her piercing gaze locking onto the subordinate. "What about my darling Anna?"

"Well... she's going on a... date."

The word hung in the air like a thunderclap. Sophia froze, her expression unreadable.

"A date," she repeated slowly, the syllables dripping with disbelief. "With whom?"

"A student named Tanukichi Okuma," the subordinate stammered. "It seems to be part of an operation—an effort to apprehend an ero-terrorist posing as Blue Snow."

Sophia leaned back in her chair, her fingers steepled. "An operation to apprehend a deviant. That's commendable. But why, pray tell, does this operation necessitate my daughter going on a date?"

The subordinate faltered. "I-I believe the intention is to use the date as a lure, ma'am."

Sophia's eyes narrowed. She leaned forward slightly, her voice dropping to a near growl. "And this boy, this... Okuma. What do we know of his character? His intentions?"

"Well, he's... an exemplary student?" the subordinate offered weakly. That was good. "But he's also the son of Zenjuro Okuma. Noted captured and convicted ero-terrorist."

Sophia's mind raced, painting a vivid, horrifying picture of what this boy might be planning.. The boy's filthy schemes might involve pinning her down and having his wicked way with her! Stripping off all her clothes and using them to tie her hands behind her back! Or perhaps he might steal her underwear and... sniff it! The deviant! Oh! Or perhaps he might lick her chest all over, squeeze her potent backside, and - All manner of unspeakable things!

Let's ignore for now that the above, and everything else that Sophia was imagining right now was, in fact, a decent list of all the things Anna wanted to do to Tanukichi, or for Tanukichi to do to her.

Her fingers tightened on the desk. "This cannot stand."

Her gaze shifted to the photograph of Anna on her desk, her radiant smile captured perfectly. She felt a pang of guilt at the thought of denying her beloved daughter's request.

Then, to her astonishment, the photograph seemed to shimmer and come to life in her mind's eye.

"Mother," the imaginary Anna pleaded, her voice soft and imploring. "Please, let me go on this date. It's important. I'm not a child anymore!"

Sophia's lips pressed into a thin line. "But Anna, you don't know what boys are capable of. Their base desires. Their wicked, vile intentions!"

"Mother, you always protect me," the imaginary Anna continued, her eyes in the photo welling up with imaginary tears. "But you can trust me to protect myself. Please, just this once?"

Sophia's heart wavered, her resolve weakening under the imagined weight of her daughter's plea. She let out a resigned sigh.

"Fine," she muttered to herself. "Anna, you shall have your date."

The subordinate's relief was visible. "Thank you, ma'am. I'll inform—"

"Wait." Sophia's voice was sharp, cutting through the subordinate's words like a knife. "You think I'm leaving this to chance? No. Dispatch a covert team to monitor the situation. This Okuma boy will not so much as glance at Anna inappropriately without consequences. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"And ensure that any... untoward moments are promptly disrupted. Subtly. Anna must not suspect a thing."

=====

Meanwhile, Toshiko Kanimi was keeping her head down. Bowed, embarrassed, humiliated. Returned to her normal school uniform, though a little dishevelled, she nervously entered the girl's bathroom, closed the door and locked it. Following this, she quickly checked the stalls - all open.

The perfectly normal girl nodded, seeming satisfied with this. Then, she sat down upon the edge of the sink, dumped her skirt to the floor - And started masturbating like she was doing it for her country. Which, in a sense, she sort of was.

"Ooooh, fuck!" she moaned. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! I think I fooled them, fuck! Ohhhh, fuck!"

That was a lot of profanity coming from someone who lived in a dirty world where jokes could not exist. This seemingly ordinary girl threw her head back after a moment and allowed herself to cum, hard -

And then she took in a big gulp of air, and smirked triumphantly to herself. Reached into her bag, pulled out a towel and mopped her forehead. Washed her hands and checked her Peace Maker around her neck.

Then, seeming satisfied with this, she pulled out a small device from her bag with a cable and small clips attached. With practised precision, she carefully, carefully attached them to the accursed device that monitored everything they did and said - Then looked upon the monitor.

"Hrm~" she mused. Seeming satisfied with what she was seeing, she tucked the device away again. "Still giving false positives. Perfect. I can do whatever the fuck I want and nobody will be able to do fucking anything about it."

She giggled to herself about the implications of it. Those two bitches, Ayame and Anna! Oh, they thought they were hot shit, did they? Not half as hot as her! Blue Snow? More like Clue Slow! Um, wait, that would work better as Slow Clue?

Oh, whatever! Her programming genius had been able to subvert the very chains that kept them bound! All she had to do now was load this virus, and those with the courage to rebel against the system would find themselves safe - at least, until the authorities caught wind of it and worked out a countermeasure.

Which would inevitably lead them back to Patient Zero: Her. Except, of course, for the fact that she had brilliantly subverted *that* lead in the investigation by making herself seem like a victim of it. A test subject, a lab rat, hard proof on the record thanks to no less than the daughter of this prudish dystopia that the virus *induced* lewd behaviour.

Why, it didn't just get her off (not in *that* way, at least not directly) but it would also get off anyone else that was caught *misbehaving* by means other than the Peace Maker. Kukuku! Oh, but it got better. There were other effects to be had as well, at least to her hypothesis. Firstly, it would give people a taste of real, genuine freedom. The epiphany that the system as it was could not be seen positively. Secondly, it would force those authoritarian dipshits to try to squeeze their hands tighter around the throats of the public... and when those two factors come together, there were only two possible outcomes.

In the first, the public rebelled. In the second, the public rolled over and played dead. In the case of the second, there really was no hope to start with. In the case of the first...? That's the first

step, isn't it? To overthrowing a dictatorship and installing something better? It's only possible if the people *want it* in the first place.

Blue Snow's approach was, in her mind, far too passive. Hot as fuck, but that's all it really was. She wasn't making any real arguments for people to join her side, merely trying to make people more aware of forbidden knowledge. Put simply: It wasn't extreme enough. Further and greater measures were required to liberate the people.

"Hrm... I wonder if it's possible that I *could* develop a virus which compelled people to behave lewdly through their Peace Makers...?" Toshiko muttered to herself. "Maybe make them obviously spank butts or flip skirts, or sneak a grope here and there?" She shuddered. "Or show off their sexy bodies to anyone that could see~ Ooooh~"

That wasn't too likely, but if you think about it a bit, there was probably something to that. The Peace Maker can tell not only what you say, but also what your hand motions are to tell if you're doing something lewd. It must be detecting nerve impulses somehow, to a remarkable degree, but - If it's *that* sensitive, then maybe it could send some sort of impulse into the nervous system, and -

Epiphany struck. She had her gadget back out and hooked onto her Peace Maker in no time flat. She tapped away at her gizmo with wide eyes, scarcely blinking. Soon she was pacing the floor, breathing heavily. No way, no way, no way! It wouldn't hypnotise anyone, per se, but it might do something almost as fun!

When she was finished, she immediately took off her skirt and panties, putting them in her bag, and retreated to a stall, sitting upon the toilet just to be on the safe side. Then, she slowly, tentatively tapped a button -

And came. You wouldn't think she had at first, as all that seemed to happen was a smile slowly spreading across her face, while her eyes just as gradually crossed. After about a minute of this, her body began to convulse to quite dangerous degrees. She was, indeed, experiencing a climax, but a slow rolling one. It was sort of like a tidal wave. At a distance it looks fairly slow, but the closer it gets the faster it seems to become, until all of a sudden you and everything around you has been washed aside in an irresistible torrent that leaves you gasping for air, if you're lucky enough to survive.

Needless to say but she made quite the mess of herself. Had to use the walls of the stall to keep herself from toppling over.

"Oh, that's dangerous," she concluded. "Ohhhh~ Super dangerous! I've turned our chains into a sex weapon! Weak willed people might even get addicted to this~"

Which made her all the more determined to spread this virus around as fast as possible. Maybe... She'd even start with Anna. Make her cum herself into addiction during a public assembly, humiliate the leading party.

LS Kallen

To call the situation infuriating did Lelouch little credit. He had spent his formative years plotting, planning and scheming how best to bring down an Empire that was in control of perhaps half of the planet. Now, he found himself arrayed against a being that described itself as a Lesbian Goddess. A being hell bent on turning men into women, and women gay. A being that had possessed no less than Kallen.

Lelouch risked a glance at her, and acknowledged that it would have been hard to pick someone finer for the task. Kallen was a *fine* woman even before she was possessed. A pretty face, stellar athletic body, enormous breasts, a butt to die for, and -

And he was letting himself get distracted. Let's take stock, here. The penis had failed. It had been a logical idea, but in the end, it made sense that it would fail. After all, one of the many tricks this Goddess had up her sleeve was turning men into women. Granting Euphemia a penis had seemed like it might work - but alas, the juxtaposition between her stellar feminine body and the big swinging dick between her legs was not sufficient to overcome the strength of this Goddess.

Worse still was the stress it was causing Kallen herself. This was a strong woman before him, a girl who had spent probably years opposing Britannia in any way she could. Learning on her own how to pilot a Glasgow, and developing considerable skill at it. Working within her brother's resistance cell, seeing people she knew and cared for - her brother included - die at Britannia's hands. Staying undercover at her Britannian family's estate. Attending a Britannian school. Never knowing, always fearing, that today someone might point at her and say 'that girl, arrest her right now'.

And having lived all of that life, for as long as she had, Lelouch had the impression that she was closer to the breaking point *now* than she had been when opposing the seeming invincible might of the Britannian military. It wasn't hard to see why she might feel that way. They were an enormous threat, with superior military strategy, numbers, technology, but they were *still human*. You could beat another *human* army if you were strong enough, smart enough, determined enough to try.

How do you even begin to oppose a Goddess...?

There's a way. There's always a way. The fact that she hadn't already turned everyone on the planet into a Lesbian was proof enough of this. She had limits to her powers. Limits meant that there must be weaknesses to exploit. Be they psychological or physical, they would find them. They would locate them. And they would exploit them at every turn.

"The shrine is right ahead," C.C. announced. Excellent. There weren't many people who visit such shrines now. It was honestly astonishing that the Empire had kept it around. Most likely it

was a request from one of the families that was assisting Britannia in running Area Eleven's finances. "Let's get her out of here and try an exorcism."

"You think an exorcism will stop me?!" the Goddess in Kallen yowled impotently. Lelouch silenced it by smacking her fine, fine ass. Really dug his fingers in. Yes... his. The Geass to compel himself to recall his true gender at all times was quite effective, as it turns out. "Yow! Oooh! I'll find a way around that Geass of yours, and then - "

Euphemia smacked her other cheek, and the two of them guided Kallen outside, into the shrine.

"Guuhhhh~" Kallen burbled. Not the Goddess, this was Kallen herself. "Shit! She made my butt super sensitive! Do you have to do it like this?"

"Yes, we do!" Euphemia insisted. Quite so. If they guided her in by the arms, there was a chance she might have enough sense about her to seduce them, or warp their minds in some way the Geass could not protect them from. "A butt like that shouldn't go unspanked!"

Or, as she now thought she was a man owing to the Geass placed upon her and the twisted impact the Goddess had already imparted upon her mind, Euphemia was now a raging pervert. The contrast with her usual gentle personality threatened to give Lelouch a headache.

In any event, they began to ascend the stairs. The afternoon sun bathed the Kururugi Shrine in golden light, casting long, soft shadows that danced across the ancient stone steps. The air was heavy with the scent of pine and the faint trace of incense, a sacred atmosphere that seemed to hang untouched by the chaos outside. The group ascended the steps with purpose, but Lelouch had to wonder... Why did there have to be so many steps?

Kallen was in the center of the group, flanked on either side by Euphemia and Lelouch, both gripping her arms tightly as they half-carried, half-guided her up the steps. Kallen's movements were unsteady, her body shuddering with each step as the Goddess within her struggled against her iron will. Her eyes flickered, the natural blue-green hue battling the gold and crimson glow of divine possession.

"Keep it together, Kallen," Lelouch urged, her voice sharp but tinged with exhaustion. Though still disoriented by the reality of this altered form, Lelouch was resolute, the Geass-fueled memories driving him forward.

Euphemia, her posture rigid and uncharacteristically commanding, tightened her grip on Kallen's arm. Her voice, though deeper and more confident than usual, betrayed a tinge of strain. "We're almost there. Just a few more steps. Focus."

Kallen gritted her teeth, her breathing labored as she leaned more heavily against them. "I'm... trying," she rasped, her voice uneven. Her head dipped, and for a moment, the golden glow in

her eyes flared ominously. "She's... unfathomably horny! I don't know how much longer I can hold her back!"

Even so, they continued their climb... Until Lelouch couldn't take it anymore. Lelouch faltered, legs buckling slightly under the strain of supporting Kallen's weight. "Damn it," he muttered, his tone betraying both frustration and fatigue. "C.C., Sayoko—switch with us!"

Without hesitation, Sayoko moved to Kallen's side, smoothly sliding under her arm to take Lelouch's place. C.C. stepped forward as well, her green eyes meeting Lelouch's for a fleeting moment of understanding before she positioned herself on Kallen's other side.

"You're more fragile like this than I thought," C.C. remarked dryly to Lelouch, though her tone carried an undercurrent of concern. Her hand also dipped down to grab Kallen's fine ass, guiding her up the stairs at the perfect eye level for Euphemia and Lelouch to gaze upon its sheer glory with...

Lelouch shook his head panting slightly, glared at C.C. but didn't respond. Euphemia gave her sister a worried glance, but her focus quickly returned to Kallen, whose body jerked violently for a moment before settling again. Lelouch caught her, for a moment, checking out Sayoko, C.C. and Kallen's butts, so he gave her a nudge to keep her from succumbing to the seductive influence of the wicked Goddess.

"We've got her," Sayoko assured, her tone calm and measured as she adjusted Kallen's arm around her shoulders.

C.C. glanced at Kallen's face, her expression unreadable but her grip firm. "Not for long if we don't hurry. She's slipping."

As they resumed their climb, the oppressive energy radiating from Kallen grew more intense, like an invisible weight pressing down on them.

Finally, they reached the courtyard of the Kururugi Shrine, the expansive stone platform gleaming faintly under the afternoon sun. The shrine was eerily quiet, save for the faint rustling of the wind through the trees. A far cry from its glory days, where it used to be a hub of activity, where anyone of influence throughout Japan might try to seize an audience with the most powerful family.

The courtyard of the Kururugi Shrine stretched out before them, quiet and bathed in sunlight. At its center, surrounded by flickering lanterns, knelt a lone figure.

Kaguya Sumeragi, dressed in a traditional red-and-white shrine maiden's hakama, was deep in meditation. Her petite frame seemed to glow with an aura of calm confidence, her long black hair flowing like silk over her shoulders. Though her eyes were closed, the faint smile on her lips suggested she had sensed their approach long before they arrived.

"Kaguya?!" Lelouch exclaimed, her voice higher than she intended, betraying both exhaustion and alarm.

Kaguya's eyes opened slowly, sharp and perceptive despite the peaceful expression she wore. Her gaze swept over the group, her curiosity deepening as her eyes landed on Kallen.

"What an unusual group," Kaguya said lightly, though a hint of concern crept into her tone as her eyes returned to Kallen. "What's going on here, Kallen? Who are your friends?"

Her smile faded as Kallen's body shuddered violently, and her eyes flared with divine light. The Goddess stirred again, a low, guttural growl escaping Kallen's lips.

"Ah... such a quaint little place," the Goddess sneered, her voice an eerie, otherworldly echo. "Do you truly think this shrine can contain me?"

Kaguya's face grew serious, her hands moving to the prayer beads at her side. Though she couldn't fully grasp the magnitude of what she was seeing, her instincts told her this was no ordinary disturbance.

"I don't know what's happening," Kaguya said firmly, stepping closer, "but it looks like I'm about to find out. If you need help, I'm your girl."

Lelouch's eyes narrowed, and she stepped forward, raising a hand to stop Kaguya. "Wait!" Her voice was sharper now, laced with urgency.

Kaguya hesitated, her gaze flicking to Lelouch. "What is it?"

"The Goddess' influence is stronger over women," Lelouch said, her tone measured but tense. "The closer you get, the more vulnerable you'll be. If she focuses on you..." Lelouch trailed off, her expression grim.

Kaguya blinked, then tilted her head with a faint smile. "You're worried about me?"

"This isn't a joke," Lelouch said sharply, her tone carrying an edge of frustration. "If you fall under her influence, you'll become another threat we have to deal with." Worse yet, her influence in both Area Eleven's financial world... contacts within both the Britannian government *and* the resistance movement... It would be a total disaster!

Kaguya's expression softened, and she placed her hands on her hips. "You may be new, but I know when someone's underestimating me. Don't worry—I've got this."

C.C., leaning casually against a wooden pillar, smirked faintly. "She's got spirit, I'll give her that. But Lelouch has a point. You're practically a beacon for this sort of thing."

"I'll take the risk," Kaguya said resolutely, her sharp eyes meeting Lelouch's. "Now tell me what I need to do."

Before anyone could respond, Kallen let out a sharp, unsettling laugh. The lanterns flickered violently, and the divine energy radiating from her intensified, pressing against them like a physical force.

"Another woman?" the Goddess purred through Kallen's lips, her voice dripping with mockery. "How delightful. Perhaps I'll make her my next vessel."

"Hurry," Sayoko interjected, her calm voice carrying urgency as she and C.C. tightened their grip on Kallen.

Kaguya clenched her fists briefly but turned on her heel, gesturing for the group to follow her into the shrine's inner sanctum. Her steps were quick and deliberate, her hakama billowing slightly as she moved. Lelouch hesitated, her eyes lingering on Kaguya's determined form. A wave of unease settled over her as she thought. If she falls under the Goddess' influence...

Still, Lelouch followed, mind racing as he tried to formulate a plan to protect Kaguya—and the rest of them—from the malevolent force that was growing stronger with seemingly every step they took.

=====

Do you know what the really scary part about this mess was? From Kallen's point of view, at least. She could almost sort of start to understand the entity that was inside of her. It had drifted through space and time, a mere fraction of its full might and power. Lonely. Eternally lonely. Until it reached her. Then, it had opportunity. In her, it found a girl that was fed up with her people being looked down on, stepped on, and it felt sympathy for that position. For lesbians are also often overlooked, mistreated, and how many men out there think they can fix them with a good hard fucking?

Far too many. Lelouch might well have been one of them, now that she internally identified as a man. Which was something she still didn't quite properly grasp. Did Lelouch somehow brainwash himself just like that, or something?

There was also the question of C.C. What was that hot piece of ass doing here? And why was Lelouch so damned familiar with both her and Euphemia...?

Your suspicions are val~id~ the Goddess whispered in her ear. No, no, no. Shut up. Not listening. *Come on, now. Remember when you first met Lelouch? He was acting weird then too, wasn't he~?*

She really should not listen to those voices. She really, honestly shouldn't. Trick was, she didn't have much of a choice in the matter, now did she? It wasn't like she could stick her fingers in her ears and block out the -

Hot damn but C.C.'s butt is a work of art. You wouldn't think a girl with a pizza addiction would have a body like that, but goddamn! She could probably turn a woman gay within five minutes if she -

"There you go!" Kaguya chirped, draping rosary beads right over Kallen's head. Then, for good measure, she slapped an ofuda on Kallen's forehead. "How's that? I'm not used to exorcisms, but I always wanted to try one!"

"Many thanks, Lady Kaguya!" Lelouch patted her on the head. "If nothing else, we can determine the effectiveness of other religious symbols on this mysterious entity. Kallen, how do you feel right now?"

Kallen tilted her head and listened. "It was talking to me until a little bit ago, but not said anything yet," Kallen said. "I think it was trying to either make me suspicious of you, or get me distracted by C.C.'s raw sex appeal."

"In that case, how do you feel right now?" C.C. asked, while striking a seductive pose. Leaning on a wall with her hip jutting up, leg slightly raised, a hand on top of her head while the other was bracing her weight against the wall. Kallen stared at the exposed leg, at the entrancing figure the green haired beauty was presenting. She really was like a witch, because she must be casting a spell upon them, and -

"Hrm," C.C. said, suddenly popping off the wall. "Alas, that proves nothing. I am, after all, very beautiful, and there is a good chance that Kallen herself is very, very turned on right now from the events of the day."

"Agreed," Lelouch said. That got her a nice sharp elbow to the ribs. "It- It proves nothing!" Lelouch continued while clutching at her abdomen. The cheeky git! He had that coming, and then some! "Even if this was successful, it may only be a temporary respite. We should find the means to evict and exorcise this being from Kallen more permanently!"

Kaguya clapped and fistpumped like the adorable little munchkin she was. "Alright! I've got it! There are several techniques I've been dying to try out! Right this way, Kallen! I'll have that lesbian Goddess out of you in no time at all!"

Weirdly, this did not fill her to the brim with as much confidence as it probably ought. It really didn't help that Kallen was, as they surmised, *extremely* horny right about now.

"Say, while they're off doing that, do you want to fool around?" Euphemia whispered to C.C. and that was really not helping much at all either, thanks! Urgh!

=====

The air in the inner sanctum of the Kururugi Shrine was thick with an oppressive, almost tangible energy. The sound of Kallen's strained breaths filled the room, her body trembling violently as the Goddess within her struggled for control. The group stood in tense silence, waiting for Kaguya to act.

Kaguya, standing at the altar with a mix of determination and an almost comical nervousness, grasped a talisman in her hand and began to chant softly. Though her posture was confident, the slight tremor in her voice betrayed her lack of experience. She was *trying* to sound composed, but it wasn't fooling anyone.

"So... this is an exorcism, right? How hard can it be?" Kaguya muttered to herself, glancing at the others. She offered a wide grin, clearly trying to mask her nerves. "I've read the book, I've seen a few rituals... I've got this!"

Lelouch, who had been silently watching the proceedings, gave her an unimpressed look. "You've *read* about it? Right. You've read a book... about exorcisms." Her voice dripped with skepticism. "I suppose you've also practiced this in your spare time, then?"

Kaguya chuckled awkwardly. "Well... not exactly."

Lelouch's eyes narrowed. "Great. Just what we need."

Meanwhile, Euphemia and Sayoko exchanged glances, neither saying anything but clearly feeling the weight of the situation. C.C., however, looked highly entertained, leaning casually against a pillar and twirling her hair.

"You know," C.C. drawled, "I think this is going to be absolutely hilarious."

Kaguya shot C.C. a glare, clearly trying to keep her focus on the task at hand. "I'll have you know, I can handle myself." She took a deep breath and raised the talisman high, her voice growing louder as she began the chant.

Kallen's body jerked again, the Goddess's voice dripping with scorn. "*You think you can stop me with your little chant?*"

Kaguya faltered for just a moment, but then pushed forward, her voice gaining strength. "I don't think. I *know*." She gave a small wink to the others as if she were totally in control of the situation, though the uncertainty in her eyes told a different story.

Lelouch, still holding onto Kallen to help restrain her, muttered, "Right. Totally not panicking at all."

As Kaguya continued to chant, Kallen let out a low growl. The energy in the room swirled violently, but Kaguya wasn't backing down. Her chant grew more fervent, though the occasional slip-up in her pronunciation did not go unnoticed.

"Oh no," C.C. said dryly, "it's not *just* a chant. You've got to make it sound dramatic—like you really mean it. *Banish the evil!*"

Kaguya turned to glare at C.C., but the teasing was enough to keep her from losing her focus. "I'm not going to just shout about it! I have a plan!"

Sayoko, watching quietly, raised an eyebrow. "I think you *are* shouting."

A loud crash echoed through the shrine as a prayer lantern toppled over. Everyone jumped, and Kaguya nearly dropped her talisman in surprise.

"Ah! Did I do that?" Kaguya exclaimed, stepping back a little. "I swear that wasn't me!"

Lelouch shot her a pointed look. "You *sure* about that? I feel like you're jinxing us."

"Don't worry, don't worry," Kaguya said, her voice now gaining a comedic edge. "We're in control here. I've got this. Totally."

At that moment, Kallen's body shuddered violently, and the Goddess' voice rang out, mocking and twisted. "*Is this all you have? This pathetic little chant? I will not be banished by a simple mortal like you!*"

Kaguya's expression shifted from playful to steely, and she stepped forward again, determination flooding her features. "I think you're underestimating the *power of dramatic flair*, my friend."

She raised the talisman high with exaggerated grace. "By the power of the heavens, I COMMAND you to leave! Be gone, evil spirit, or face the wrath of—"

There was another *pop* as the talisman vibrated and cracked slightly, sending a small shockwave through the room. Kaguya blinked, staring at the broken talisman.

"Well. That wasn't supposed to happen," she muttered under her breath. "Maybe I need... more flare?"

Sayoko sighed. "The talisman might *not* be the problem."

Kaguya, unfazed, grinned widely. "Okay, okay. New strategy. This time, I'm going *full theatrical*."

C.C. raised an eyebrow. "Please. You've already started the show. Finish it with style."

Kaguya shot a wink in her direction. "I *plan* to."

The room went still as Kaguya, her hands still trembling slightly, prepared for the final push. With a sweeping motion, she thrust the talisman toward Kallen's floating form and shouted, "By the divine power of the heavens, I COMMAND you... to... *LEAVE THIS VESSEL IMMEDIATELY!*"

There was a moment of silence. Kallen's body bucked, her eyes turning white as the Goddess inside her screamed in fury. "*YOU CANNOT CONTAIN ME, MORTAL!*"

Lelouch's eyes widened. "Well, that worked... maybe."

Kaguya, now fully committed to the act, held her ground. "I'm not done yet. Just need to... really get into character."

Kallen's eyes began to glow brighter, and the Goddess's laughter echoed through the shrine. "You *fool*..."

But Kaguya, undeterred, threw her arms up in a final dramatic flourish. "By the power of the gods who reign above, I *command* you... *BEGONE!*"

The shrine was suddenly filled with a bright, crackling light. Kallen's body flailed as the Goddess's influence was pushed back, and with a deafening roar, the spiritual force within her was forced out. The violent energy began to dissipate, and the room grew still.

Everyone stared in stunned silence.

Kaguya slowly lowered her arms, taking a deep breath as her gaze fell to the broken talisman in her hand. "Well... that wasn't so bad, right?" She shot a nervous grin at the others.

Lelouch, still reeling from the near-death experience, managed a tired, dry chuckle. "I think you need a new career, Kaguya."

C.C., unable to hide her amusement, leaned over and said, "If that was your *first* exorcism, I can't wait to see the sequel."

Sayoko, looking completely unphased by the chaos around her, gave a faint smile. "If it works, it works."

Kaguya puffed out her chest, grinning proudly. "See? Told you I had it covered."

UY Level Upper

As it turns out, you can have too much of a good thing. It's the sort of lesson most pick up by paying attention to the world around them. Fiction warns us all the time. Monkey's paws, tricky genies, karmic retribution. Alas, too many believe themselves immune to karma. Alas, too many are *right* about that.

Ataru Moroboshi falls into the first group, but by no means the second. Not even a little bit. The boy doesn't have luck. He has anti-luck. Most of it comes about due to his own rampant stupidity, that much can be fairly granted, but a lot of it comes from sheer random audacious *'what the hell was that'?*

I mean. Coming home from a break up to discover that you have to race against a hot alien princess for the sake of your world's freedom is quite one thing. Said alien princess falling madly in love with you is quite another. Then, having said alien princess display affection through electrical shocks and having her be both jealous and a weirdness magnet unto herself - you can't say that's bad luck. That's not a strong enough term for what he has.

So what happens when the universe finally, at last, notices that Ataru Moroboshi has been having quite a lot of sex today? That he's persuaded a good few girls to go along with his harem plan, in spite of all logic, reason and common sense? What happens when karma returns from its brief break, peers in his direction and cracks its knuckles?

The answer, my friends, is that every girl in Tomobiki gathers outside the Moroboshi home. Gathers there like ants to a pile of sugar. And so, we begin to see his torment.

The hum of desperation filled the Moroboshi household. Outside, an ever-growing mob of girls surrounded the property, their cheers, cries, and occasional marriage proposals echoing through the neighborhood. Every girl Ataru had ever encountered—and plenty he hadn't—seemed to be there, clamoring to catch a glimpse of him.

Upstairs, Ataru sat cross-legged on his bed, clutching a small, strange-looking device. His expression was a mix of smug satisfaction and sheer terror. Across the room, Ryoko Mendou lounged elegantly in a chair, sipping tea as though nothing were amiss. Sakura, meanwhile, floated near the window, occasionally peeking through the curtains with an expression of barely-contained annoyance.

"Darling, ignore those other girls for a moment," Sakura said, her lovey dovey tone putting a brief smile on his face. "Let's have another threesome. Come on. Please?"

Alright, see, that's the thing. He did kinda want to have another threesome. But it was kind of difficult when -

"Darling! Marry me!" a random girl outside yelled.

"No Darling! Marry me!" another cried, and moments later someone threw a grappling hook onto his windowsill.

Luckily, Sakura was on hand to shock the interloper, who turned out to be... Mrs Nanami from next door?! Who was quickly replaced with *Shinobu's mother*?!

Oh hell! Things were really getting out of control, here! He wasn't looking forward to hearing his parents and their thoughts on this madness!

=====

Downstairs, Ataru's parents were having their own crisis. Mrs. Moroboshi sat at the dining table, staring blankly into her tea. Mr. Moroboshi was attempting to read the newspaper, though the din outside made it a hopeless endeavor.

"This isn't happening," Mrs. Moroboshi said for the third time that morning. "It's not real. We're just imagining it."

"Of course it's not real," her husband replied, his voice tinged with forced cheerfulness. "It's just a completely normal day, and our completely normal son hasn't caused any absurd new disaster." He took a sip of his tea, ignoring the sound of something shattering outside. "Oh, look. A new dent in the fence."

Mrs. Moroboshi's eyes twitched, but she said nothing.

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"Darling! I baked you a cake! Come out and try it before anyone else does!"

"That's nothing!" another voice yelled. "I knitted him a sweater! I stayed up all night!"

"Get in line!" a third girl screeched. "I'm proposing marriage!"

Ataru groaned and buried his face in his hands. "This is insane. I can't even go outside without being mobbed!"

Sakura crossed her arms. "Then give me the device. I'll figure out how to shut it off."

"Not a chance!" Ataru clutched the gadget to his chest. "What if it's the only thing keeping them from tearing down the house? I mean, it's bad now, but if I turn it off, they might go feral!"

Ryoko's eyes sparkled mischievously. "And yet, isn't this exactly what you always dreamed of, Ataru? All the girls you could ever want, fighting over you?"

Ataru looked at her sharply, his eyes wide. "This isn't a dream—it's a nightmare! And besides," he added, glancing nervously at Sakura, "most of them would kill me if they ever got their hands on me."

Sakura rolled her eyes. "You're not wrong." She made a tutting sound very similar to Lum's, and shrugged her shoulders. "Between them, they might even exhaust your endless stamina, tcha!"

"An uncountable infinite is bigger than a countable infinite," Ryoko mused, sounding rather amused by this turn. "I truly wonder, Darling. How big can your harem get before you have enough? Clearly, the two of us and Lum aren't enough - but that crowd out there is too big! Where is the cut-off? How many girls is too many?"

Great, just what he needed, they were getting philosophical in the middle of a crisis. He wasn't into philosophy at the best of times, but he was pretty sure if Athens was under attack Socrates wouldn't start musing on the wisdom of knowing that he knew nothing! Not when arrows risked raining on his head!

"Ataru! Bend me over the desk in your room!"

He made a strangled gurgling sound. That was surely Shinobu's mother wasn't it? A moment later, a grappling hook shot right through his window!

"Miss Sakura!" Ataru yelled, pointing at the offending item. She sighed, aimed her finger at it, and let loose an electric shock that fried the rope the hook was attached to, and probably gave a nasty shock to whoever had tossed it for good measure. "Sorry!" he yelled out the window. "I'm being very selective on who I'll let in!"

Half the crowd orgasmed on the spot. While the sight of that many women climaxing simultaneously because he'd spoken to them was, to say the least, *extremely arousing*, it was also a bit concerning about what might happen if he, for example, tried to inform his mother of what he wanted for dinner tonight, or tried to have an ordinary conversation with Lum that did not, remotely, involve a torrid hour or two of passion. What might happen, for example, when the two of them have their first child and he's waiting in the ward pacing back and forth and picking up a nasty smoking habit and all the midwives are trying to suck his dick?

Wait, was he fantasising about a future with Lum where they had kids? Wait, no, now his subconscious was coming up with names, stop that, stop that!

"Ataru Moroboshi!" a voice yelled at the door to his room. Now, this was a voice he actually did know quite well. It was Shinobu! She was banging at his door, which had a chair perched up against it to keep anyone from getting in. "I will rip this door out of the wall if you don't let me in right now!"

"Fine, fine!" Ataru yelled back. "Gimme a second though..."

He moved the chair out of the way, and the moment that he did Shinobu slid it open a crack, revealing a face that must have been devised by a horror writer. Not some schlocky American horror writer either, we're talking someone in Japan who thought Junji Ito was a coward that didn't go far enough. While he recovered from that, her hand snaked into the room, grabbed him by the collar and physically lifted him into the air.

"Mo~ro~bo~shi~" Shinobu hissed. Her eyes were bloodshot and wide, almost as though they wanted to burst out of their sockets. Shinobu's voice sounded like it had been orchestrated in the deepest, coldest cavern of hell itself and allowed to echo through a whale carcass, before manifesting into the form of pure hate and spite, digging right into his very soul. "We had a good thing going on here, the fuck stupid thing did you do this time?!"

"Greetings, Miss Miyaki!" Ryoko waved from further back into the room.

"Shinobu! Come in!" Sakura waved while floating in the air, her horns almost as prominent as her extremely hot bod in that rather skimpy bikini. "I don't think Darling can talk right now with that grip you've got on him, though!"

Shinobu took the hint and let go, allowing Ataru to take a big old gulp of air. He coughed, he spluttered, he crawled backwards on his hands and knees in a fit of survival instinct, and only now did he notice that Ran was with her too, peering into the room with innocent curiosity.

"Hey girls," Ataru said, and their eyes fluttered as the gizmo did its thing. "How you doing?"

The two girls began to take off their clothes right there in the doorway. The look in their eyes was beyond hungry, beyond ravenous, they wanted some meat and they would do absolutely anything to get it.

Not just those two either: Both Ryoko and Sakura were quickly pinning him down, letting loose erotic moans and reaching for his own clothing, pulling and tugging and -

"Hey, don't rip them!" he barked. "I'll have to replace them!"

"Hello? Rich bitch, right here?" Ryoko observed. "You want a palace? I'll have a palace ready for you by dinner! Three palaces!"

Guh! This was getting to be too much! Even for him! There were limits, and he was fast approaching his! He could hear them outside as well, crawling over each other, the crowd getting bigger and bigger - and images flashed in his mind, crawling out of his subconscious. Horror stories he'd half heard in class of why, exactly, all doors that lead to the fire exit in any given building must open a certain way. Outwards! Leading towards the exit, to make sure that people don't get stuck against the door and -

That was the last straw. Ataru Moroboshi was a horndog. He was an absolute, total pervert, without compare. However! He was still a good person at the core of it all. Believe it or not, he was! If he saw someone in trouble and he could do something simple to help them, he'd do it. He wouldn't go out of his way to make someone suffer. Unless it was Shutaro Mendo, in that case fuck him, but he's a special case.

But the understanding that by wearing this device he might accidentally cause people to get hurt - nay, lose their very lives? He had it off his neck and skittering, sparking across the floor in no time flat. He felt giddy afterwards. Short of breath. He stared at it like a cliff edge he'd only just missed stepping off of. An open manhole he'd managed to avoid stepping into.

As for the girls themselves, they stopped trying to strip him. Except for Miss Sakura. Oh, right! She was still wearing the one that makes you into Lum for some reason! Weirdly, that was actually starting to work for him. A lot. Whew! Well, at least that should get the crowd calming -

"Hey, were we just drooling over Ataru Moroboshi?" someone asked from the outside.

"Yeah!" another voice loudly piped up. "Yeah, we were! That boy that hangs out with aliens and has all sorts of weird stuff happen to him..."

"I bet he used alien pheromones to warp our brains, and the effect just ran out!"

Ah. Now, this was something he was a bit more used to hearing. No longer the horny mob, now he had an angry mob - and by the looks of it he had one of its members sitting in his lap right now with her skirt half off.

"Ataru," Shinobu hissed menacingly at him. "You didn't answer my question. How did you mess up the extremely good thing you got going on here?"

"Darling~" Sakura hugged his head and zapped him, incidentally zapping Shinobu as well.

"I think that rather answers your question," Ryoko sighed. She stood up, stretching out her limbs, then looking out the window. "Oh dear. They're getting rather rowdy... Let's see. I'd say this is a category three riot mob."

Everyone looked at her as if she'd said something absolutely absurd. Which, lacking context, yes she rather had.

Ataru peeked out from behind the couch, his face pale. "T-Type three?! What's that supposed to mean?"

Ryoko sipped her tea and delicately set the cup back on its saucer. "Oh, it's quite simple, really. My family has studied angry mobs extensively—history, dynamics, escalation potential. It's

important for crisis management. A type three is a focused mob, driven by a singular emotional trigger. Quite dangerous, actually."

The mob surged closer to the house, their collective growl growing louder.

"I—what do you mean dangerous?!" Ataru yelled.

Ryoko tilted her head, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Unlike the chaotic type one, which is easily distracted, or the vengeful but disorganized type two, a type three is frighteningly effective. They've transitioned seamlessly from flirtation to rage, unified in their purpose." She gestured daintily toward the advancing women. "See how they maintain formation and intensity? They are unlikely to dissipate without achieving their goal. Which, I assume, is to inflict some measure of harm on you, Ataru-sama."

Ataru flailed as a chair came flying his way, barely missing his head. "What am I supposed to do about it, then?!"

Ryoko tapped her chin thoughtfully. "Hmm. Normally, I'd recommend a diversion. A type three can be redirected with something equally unifying, but more appealing than their current target."

"And what could possibly be more appealing than beating me up?!"

Ryoko's lips curved into a sly smile. "Oh, I wouldn't worry too much. Type threes are also known for their dramatic flair."

A public bin flew through what was left of his poor window and bounced off the floor.

"You see? This is what I mean!" Ryoko sighed. "At least they hadn't thought to set it on fire first. We should immediately head to your emergency exit, or your underground bunker, and then wait it out."

Once again, flat stares met her gaze. This time, a boot flew by and smacked Ran in the face.

"Don't tell me," Ryoko said. "It's not possible, but - But you don't have an emergency exist or an underground bunker?" Everyone else shook their heads. "Unbelievable! I knew that poor people were unprepared, but to think they wouldn't have even this much foresight...?"

"Basically, we're trapped!" Ran said, rising from the floor and grumbling darkly to herself. "There's no way they'll let us out!"

"Let *Ataru* out, you mean..." Shinobu grumbled even more darkly at him. "We're fine. He's not."

"Sakura! These girls are trying to betray me!" Ataru yelled. It was a desperation play, but one he had to take! Sure enough, as expected, Sakura's hair began to rise up, lifted by the electricity coursing through her *ludicrously* sexy body.

"You're planning on leaving my Darling to his fate?!" Sakura hissed. Shinobu, Ran and Ryoko all shook their heads - and like a switch being flipped, Sakura was back to... Not *normal*, because there was nothing remotely *normal* about her being in this condition. "Good!" she purred. Then snuggled up against Ataru. "Let's all stay with him to protect him from being beat up! Tcha!"

And then she gave him a zap for good measure! Guh! Typical! If he took that Level Upper, then the mob would turn horny again, and they'd swarm him like ants on honey. If he left things as they were, they'd break into his house like zombies in a horror movie and rip him limb from limb!

Sakura probably couldn't fly him away. Unless... What if he took her Level Upper from her, and used it to escape? Wait! That led to him imagining himself with horns, wearing a tiger print bikini. Would he fall in love with himself? Would he zap himself for doing something stupid? What should he do?! What should he do in this crazy mixed up mess he'd gotten himself into this time?!

Fate itself seemed to answer his desperate question. And it did so by opening up his closet, inside which was a space-time corridor, and out of that space-time corridor flew -

"Darling!"

It was Lum! The real Lum! He'd never been so happy to see her! Except, there was one small problem here. She was embracing him at the same time as Miss Sakura! Which meant double the affection - and double the zap!

"Gyaaaaaa!" Ataru yelled, as enough electricity coursed through his body to power Japan for about a minute. Then for good measure, someone from outside tossed in a basketball, which bounced off the top of his head. "Could you girls calm down for a second and get me out of here already?!"

"Looks like you're having fun, as ever," said a new voice, leaning casually against the entrance to the space-time corridor. A ridiculously cute girl with a rough attitude, who wore an extremely skimpy metallic bikini, which hid almost nothing of her hot, hot body! Benten!

In the blink of an eye Ataru had slipped out from Lum's grasp to grab at Benten's hands. "Oh, Benten, so nice to see you again!" he said, right before an egg sailed through his window and splattered against the back of his head. Their aim was improving! They were getting consistent! "This isn't the best place to continue, shall we get away? Just the two of us...?"

"Ahem!" Shinobu coughed, tweaking his ear. "What Ataru means to say is, he's screwed up, he's in desperate need of rescue, is it safe to go to the other end of this corridor, and may we venture through it now?"

"This?" Benten asked. She pulled a device out of... somewhere. Tapped at it. Then shrugged. "Go on, it'll open at my spaceship. Man, you must've really screwed up, that sounds like a big ol' angry mob out there..."

Meanwhile, Lum and Sakura were chatting away to one another. "Oh I love your bikini!" one would say, and the other, with much the same tone and inflection would say "yours is as well!" The conversation went on like that, the two of them drifting through the air while everyone followed after Benten, getting the hell out of here before the building was completely overrun.

While Ryoko, thinking carefully, scooped up the Level Upper that Ataru had discarded and swaggered off confidently into the corridor. After all, if her estimations were right they'd be in a spaceship, right? No harm in their Darling having access to this, right...?

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Benten didn't think of herself as an especially smart person, but she wasn't a fool either. Maybe a bit hotheaded, maybe wore her emotions on her sleeve a bit - and yeah, she did have a sleeve, on her right arm only. Even so, she was pretty sure that freaking *Rei* could tell that something was wrong with this picture.

When they'd arrived, there were four girls in Moroboshi's room. Shinobu, Ran, some chick she'd never met before, and that Sakura chick, who was decked out like Lum and acting a lot like her as well. There was also an angry mob outside Moroboshi's place looking to skin him alive- which didn't strike her as that unusual, actually. Probably happened a bunch when she wasn't around, it's not like she was on Earth all that much.

It was more Sakura's behaviour that was kinda putting her off. Lum's, too. First off? Lum wasn't being jealous at all. Envy was kind of a thing with her? That and being an oblivious ditz. Yet there they were, hugging onto this dork all affectionately and cutely, not taking any heed of each other.

In which case...

"Oy, Ran! Can you gimme a hand with something, since Lum is busy?" Benten asked. Not her first choice, but the Earthlings wouldn't know shit about outer space matters. Besides which, whatsername seemed to want to talk with Shinobu about something. Best to leave the Earthlings to one another while she dragged Ran into another room.

"Hey, not so rough, you brute!" Ran snapped. Whatever. So long as she minded Ran's lips, it wasn't as if she could do much. "Oohhh! My arm had better not bruise from that!"

"Yeah, yeah, tough it out," Benten rolled her eyes, and leaned back against the wall. "So? The hell's going on around here? I get the feeling I'm outta the loop here. Spill your guts."

"Oh, well, ah..." Ran kicked at her heels. "So, I may or may not have given Shinobu a Level Upper. You know. The harmless things that -"

"I know what they are," Benten waved it off. "Lum was after one as well, really pumped about it - until she learned the stopped production. Managed to get one anyway and made a beeline back here."

"Eh?!" Ran gasped. "She - She's got one?! But -"

She tried to turn and run, but Benten got in her way. Stuck her leg up in front of the doorframe, blocking her passage. A quick shove pushed Ran back into the room. Should make the point clear. She's not going *anywhere* without spilling her guts.

"It interacts differently with humans," Ran said, sounding a little panicked. "The levels are kinda low for us, but for humans? It supposedly goes *fwoosh*!"

"What the hell does *fwoosh* mean?" Benten asked.

"I mean, it goes *up and up*!" Ran said, her voice sounding more and more insistent. "They get *stupid* good at something. Ridiculously, supernaturally good at it. And if I'm right, there's three of them out there right now! It's why that Sakura woman is acting like Lum! Shinobu set it to have a skill that would let her be like Lum, and then -"

"And then Sakura got it," Benten finished for her. Right. That sorta tracked. Given what had happened with Lum, it made sense. Sorta. If a planet was having that kinda reaction with an easily accessed gizmo... Might be best to cease production. Next step would be banning ownership, maybe a complete recall... "What do you think she wanted it for?"

"How the fuck should I know?!" Ran yelled. Others might have backed down, but Benten just got more in Ran's face over it. "I mean... Lum's mind is a complete mystery to li'l Ran, I couldn't tell for the life of me~"

Without warning, there was a loud crash coming from the next room. The hell was - Benten whirled around, threw open the door and her determination came to a screeching, immediate halt. Because what she saw in there left her beyond flat footed. For the first time in her life, Benten was so surprised she forgot how to breathe.

What she saw, right there, in her very own spaceship, was a total, unabashed god of a man. Naked from head to toe. Rippling muscles, bulging biceps, a handsome face, a sparking Level

Upper hanging from his neck... and a penis so big she thought it was a leg for a moment there, or maybe an arm.

The other girls in the room were swarming around him. Lum and Sakura hovering in the ear, kissing his neck and cheeks. Shinobu and Ryoko were on their knees, licking dutifully at the gigantic erect penis like they were praying to their God.

Then, the mysterious man turned towards Benten, looked her straight in the eye and gave her a smirk that made it feel like her internal organs were melting. Some rational part of Benten was telling her, warning her, insisting that she back the fuck off, right now, before she does something stupid.

That was until this man, this *God*, opened his mouth and said -

"Bet you don't have the guts to suck my dick."

She was on that dick before her common sense caught up with her. Deep throating that sucker like she was trying to finish off an ice cream cone in world record time. She felt his hands reach the back of her head and make her bob back and forth, and when she stopped fighting it she felt *really fucking good about it*.

"Good thinking, Ryoko!" the voice of this absolute god of a man said, his voice sending reverberations of pleasure through Benten's body. "Now, I want you to wear that Level Upper until you can figure out a good way to help me control this better! Kukuku! The harem continues to grow!"

Fate Skill Grinder

Sakura Matou hated the world. She didn't know it yet, she hadn't come to understand it about herself - but she did. Her original family had left her to rot amongst the Matou family. The Matou family abused the shit out of her. I mean, the sexual assault from her newly adopted brother wasn't even the worst thing to happen to her. Don't believe that? How about having the crest worms change and corrupt her body from the inside out, leaving her little more than a broken husk?

Then there was Shirou. Shirou, Shirou, Shirou. The single point of light in the darkness. Oh, she noticed Rin coming along every now and then. Looking in on her from a distance. The bright and brilliant older sister. Was she perhaps peeking out from the castle to look in on the little people? Oh, what an example she led! The beautiful popular honour student!

Sakura suppressed the jealousy for years and years and years and years and years, pushing it down, down, down, down. It wouldn't help her couldn't help her would never ever help her. Only hurt, only pain, her grandfather would force it out of her with his worms as he took this pretty young maiden and moulded her into a monster.

Compare and contrast with the vision of loveliness in front of her. Saber. A gorgeous woman, regal in bearing, with piercing, powerful eyes that seemed to see right through Sakura. A Servant of the strongest class, a woman of might and beauty in equal measure.

Sakura licked her lips. She couldn't wait to corrupt her. Ruin her. Make her weak at the knees and teach her how glorious it would be to submit to Shirou's harem. She knew the boy didn't want one - yet. But she'd teach him. She'd teach him what he wanted, deep down. All boys yearn for it, somewhere in their hearts. To lay claim to as many partners as possible, to show your status as dominant. To spread your seed far and wide, ensuring its survival. That instinct is at the core of the male persona, whether they realise it or not.

Does that sound cynical? Perhaps it is, but at this point Sakura was a pretty cynical person. At least, she was cynical when Shirou wasn't around...

She'd lured Saber into a trap. Saber had seen right through her, of course, and worked out that she had a Skill Grinder in her back pocket. Alas, she hadn't seen through the very last step.

Level 100 at Kissing. What a simple Skill to have. What did it mean to have 100 Levels in a Skill? Sakura lacked the brilliant mind of Rin to figure it out, but she still had the instincts to take some reasonable guesses. It probably wasn't something like 'roll a 100 sided dice' to determine your success rate, or something like that. It wasn't a percentage chance of success. That didn't seem to be consistent. Besides which, you could just as easily make your Skill something like 'Skills' or 'Talent' without being specific.

No, it seemed to be something more about specificity. That is to say, the more specific the Skill, the superior each Level it had become. Juggling at Level 100 would be superior at the act of juggling than a Level 100 Entertainer, but the latter could do much more than juggle. It was sort of like, the level you obtained was spread out amongst the sub-skills. Which leads to kissing. There's not that many sub categories here, are there? French kissing, perhaps. A kiss on the cheek. Blowing a kiss. Kissing it better... That might seem like a lot, but if you think about it, that's really not much at all! In fact, dividing that by merely four or five, that's barely anything, especially since the acts are so inherently similar to one another. What it meant to be a Level 100 Kisser was simple enough: You became supreme at conveying your feelings to the other person, and making them feel good. For there were only two metrics by which a kiss could be measured: The ability to steal one, and the ability to make your partner feel really, really good.

Saber had gone cross-eyed, and was moaning into Sakura's mouth. Despite everything, she was losing herself. And why not? She might have a strong magical resistance, far stronger than anyone else Sakura had ever met, but the spell was not being cast on her. It was being cast on Sakura. That made her wonder. What would have happened if she'd set herself to Level 100 for French Kissing Saber? Be really specific about it.

Her ropes fell from her wrists. Heh. Naturally. She'd already maxed her Levels when it came to that as well. Rider had done her work well, and now she would follow through on that hard work with some of her own. She was on top of Saber before too long.

Sakura pulled back while Saber panted. Both of them had their tongues out. However, the impressions they were giving could not be more different. Saber looked like a bitch in heat, a panting dog trying to catch its breath, while Sakura looked like a predator licking its meat to get a taste before eating.

"Sa~a~ab~e~r~" Sakura sang, while her fingers did their work, soon finding Saber's entrance and pushing inside without mercy. "Thank you so much for taking off your clothes. It made things so~o much easier~"

"Nnnnghya!" Saber's hips thrust up, so powerfully that Sakura almost found herself tossed off. If she hadn't braced herself, her back might have struck the ceiling, and done so hard enough to dent it. Fortunately, in this state, even this strongest Servant was as an open book. She'd braced herself properly, ensuring that the two of them were holding each other close.

"Nothing to say?" Sakura asked, then kissed Saber tenderly on the lips, drawing out a low erotic moan from the pretty blonde warrior king. "Mmm, how annoying. I can't take off my clothes to give you a proper fucking, not without losing the Skill Grinder's effect. Then it wouldn't feel nearly as good - you understand?"

Saber made an incoherent noise, which Sakura chose to take as acknowledgment. Look at her there, writhing and squirming. Was that what she was like when the worms got going? Oh, that

face! She wanted to eat this girl up! Or out. She could do one, the other, or... let's be greedy and do both!

"We're going to make you so, so happy!" Sakura promised. "You realise that, don't you?" Her tongue flicked out and wrapped around Saber's nipple. She kissed it for a moment, but only a moment before continuing. "Me. Rin. And most definitely Shirou~"

Sakura thrust her fingers in, and *willed* Saber into a climax at the same moment she took the Servant's mouth. It was funny. Saber could absolutely overpower her if she had any control over her body, but right now it was being overwhelmed by pleasure. Indescribable, irresistible pleasure.

"You can feel like this every day!" Sakura promised. "Wouldn't it be wonderful? Isn't it better than heading out there into a world that won't appreciate you. That will turn you into a villain, out of spite and jealousy? There's no need for you to put your body on the line for those that won't understand, not in this era. The world doesn't need heroes anymore. That's why... that's why no new heroic spirits are being made!"

"S-Sakura!" Saber moaned. Her body was still strong, despite convulsing still in climax. "Just because... the Mysteries of the world are being solved does not mean that the world doesn't need heroes!"

That made her frown. "Of course we don't need heroes," Sakura said. "Heroes let you down in the end, don't they?" She made Saber cum again, just because she could. "Heroes are never really there when you need them." For a moment, just a terrible moment, her hair turned white before returning to its 'normal' blue colouration. "Heroes never live up to your expectations! If you rely on heroes, then all you get is misery and suffering! But... I'm offering your endless pleasure. Happiness. Contentment. We can all get what we want. What we deserve. If we just... Join... Shirou's harem."

Saber let out an inhuman wail. The ultimate expression of pleasure and shame. She didn't want to feel this good, but she couldn't quite hold it back. Good. This was good! Sakura wet her lips and trailed her free hand around Saber's body, touching just the right spots, as per her levels in Seduction and Sex, to ensure - to *guarantee* - that Saber would drown in pleasure.

From there she would rapidly brainwash the Servant. Turn her into another member of Shirou's harem. Happy, horny and compliant. Yes... he'd be so happy with Saber! She was so cute, so hot, so beautiful and kind. Once she had the ideas of being a proper hero properly fucked out of her pretty little head, then she could be moulded like clay!

"We shouldn't fight the Skill Grinders," Sakura was drooling now. Couldn't stop it. As it turns out, Saber tasted as sweet as she looked. "They only want us to be the best versions of ourselves. Happier, truly happy! We can be our own heroes, save ourselves, get what we want!"

Saber's hand raised, trembling and reaching. Ah? It was reaching for the table, where the Skill Grinders were!

"Yes, that's right," Sakura kissed her on the neck. "Take one. Become a harem slut. Become amazing at sex! We can use it to reprogram your skillset no matter what is on it."

Saber's hand closed around the device, grabbing onto it. Arm trembling, she drew it back, knuckles white as if holding on for dear sweet life -

And dropped it right down Sakura's cleavage.

"Huh...?" Sakura muttered - and then promptly felt her knowledge vanish into the ether. It felt like she'd suddenly lost something absolutely vital to her. Her fingers were deep, deep inside of Saber's pussy, but... she suddenly wasn't as confident she could sexually satisfy the Servant anymore. "Um...?"

Saber was glowering up at her. Eyes piercing, brow furrowed. All of a sudden it felt like Sakura had mounted a grizzly bear at the end of its hibernation period. She gulped nervously, and for good reason. This was not a great place to be, right now.

"Um..." she offered once again, then found herself with her back to the wall, arms pinned in place by a panting, wheezing Saber. It was a little frightening seeing her like this.

"Sakura," Saber whispered. "I see. Someone hurt you, didn't they? Not just once... You were hurt many times, and the one you thought would come to save you would not come."

"What...?" Sakura muttered in response. "What do you know about it? Why do you care?"

"I am a Hero, a Knight, and a King," Saber replied. "Unjust treatment rankles me to the core. Your behaviour cannot just be explained by - " She gestured to the table. There were still a few lying there, from the experiments before. "I will not ask you to speak of such matters, but Sakura, something is using your pain for its own goals. Something wants you to build a harem for Shirou, despite that he clearly does not want one."

"Yet," Sakura corrected. "Once he's got us all -"

"Is that really how he is?" Saber interrupted. "I have barely known him, but as a Master he has done nothing to make me believe that he would intend that for you. To debase yourselves. To throw yourselves away at him like this. Think, Sakura Matou! Is this truly what Shirou - the Shirou you have an infatuation for - is this what he would want?"

Is it... what he would want...? Sakura felt giddy. No... No he wouldn't want that, would he? Shirou was the kind of person who would want someone to pursue things of their own will, their own volition. He would not want anyone to give up anything for his sake, especially. That would

include sharing him among others. He would prefer to devote himself to a single person, rather than many.

He was the sort to take on the work of others without complaining. He would try to help others achieve their dreams, while ignoring his own. That kind of boy doesn't want a harem for himself. He would surely try his best to make all of them happy while maintaining a close friendship with them!

If anything, a harem would laden him with tremendous guilt!

"What have I been doing...?" Sakura whispered. "Senpai... Oh! And earlier, the three of us -" She blushed like mad. Her cheeks were so full of blood they should rightly burst open!

"Don't feel ashamed," Saber said, letting her down from the wall. "In the brief moment I held one, I too felt a very strong compulsion to devote myself to Shirou Emiya."

"Eh? You did...?" Sakura asked. Saber solemnly nodded.

"Those devices are not using magic as we are familiar with the idea," she admitted. "My magic defense was as tissue paper before it. Clearly, these are something beyond our current understanding, and - " She stopped and frowned. "I am not certain it would be wise for a modern magus to have access to it. These devices might even be more powerful than the Holy Grail, but in a different form."

"No maybe about it," said Sakura, distantly. Her eyes flashed a strange colour for a moment, and then she licked her lips seductively, as though an idea had just occurred to her - but was then just as quickly repressed. "Did you notice how easily I overpowered you? If you hadn't stopped me, I might have used pleasure to brainwash you. Ah! Rider!"

"Rider?" Saber asked. "What about Rider?"

"She - She still has one for herself!" Sakura gasped. "Oh no! She'll be seducing Archer, even now! We'll need to stop her -"

Saber turned to move quickly from the room, but Sakura grabbed her by the wrist.

"No, it won't be that simple," Sakura said. "I'm certain that she'll try to seduce you as well if you go up to confront her. We'll need to try something else."

"Hrm?" Saber grunted. "Yes, I suppose that's true enough. But Sakura, from the sound of it, you intend to use a Command Seal... Are you sure about this? Those are extremely valuable - and when this matter is resolved, the Grail War shall surely resume as normal. This would place you at a severe disadvantage."

Oh, that says quite a lot about the nature of this Servant. So honourable... Despite the fact that Sakura would become an enemy later on, she was still showing concern over a matter of honour. Saber would rather take the risk herself, and then let Sakura make that play later on... or perhaps, she'd rather let Shirou use up *his* Command Seal to free her.

They say that beauty is only skin deep, while ugly goes through to the bone. It's one of those phrases that is often cut in half, because the saying becomes so famous that you only need to say the first half. For example "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery", or "Great minds think alike". Well, in this case it was clear to see that Saber's beauty went through to the bone. Beautiful inside. Beautiful outside.

On a whim, Sakura kissed Saber on the mouth. There was no resistance. No fighting back. If anything, Saber returned the kiss, even going so far as to embrace Sakura tighter around the waist. The two of them parted a moment later. Out of breath, gazing into one another's eyes... and neither of them seemed to think that anything weird had just happened.

"I have an idea," Sakura whispered. "We don't need to use any Command Seals for this, unless something goes wrong..."

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The rooftop of the Emiya residence was calm, the stars above shining faintly through the scattered clouds. Rider leaned against the railing, her sharp eyes scanning the quiet streets below. Beside her, Archer sat cross-legged, her bow resting across her knees.

"You seem vigilant, Rider," Archer said, breaking the stillness. Her voice carried the poise of a seasoned warrior but was laced with gentle curiosity.

Rider adjusted her visor, her gaze never wavering. "It's better than being careless."

"Wise words," Archer replied. She tilted her head slightly, regarding her companion. "You have the air of someone accustomed to such caution. Someone who has seen much."

Rider didn't reply immediately, her serpentine eyes flicking toward the distant cityscape. "It's a necessity," she said at last. "Some things cannot be forgotten. Or forgiven."

Archer's lips curled into a faint smile. "A sentiment I can understand. War tends to leave such marks, no matter the battlefield." She studied Rider for a moment longer, as though piecing together a puzzle. "I wonder, though, what drives someone like you to fight in this war? Forgive me, but you don't seem the type to crave the Grail's wish."

Rider stiffened slightly but kept her tone neutral. "And you? Why do you fight?"

Archer chuckled softly, deflecting with an elegance honed over centuries. “Ah, you’ve turned my own question back on me. Very well. I suppose my reasons are... less lofty than others might expect. A desire to protect those who offer me trust in this fleeting existence.”

Rider turned her head slightly, her curiosity piqued despite herself. “That’s... unusual for a Servant.”

“Perhaps,” Archer replied. “And you? Are you protecting someone too?”

Rider hesitated, her lips pressing into a thin line. “It’s not protection that drives me. Not exactly. But... I’ve been called many things in my life. Monster is the least of them.” She sighed. “I fight to ensure others do not face the same.”

Archer’s eyes narrowed slightly at the word “monster,” a flicker of understanding passing across her face, though she made no comment. Instead, she nodded, her tone even. “A noble enough goal.”

The silence stretched for a moment, before Archer, ever curious, ventured a question. “Rider, do you ever regret the legends left in your name?”

Rider’s lips curled into the faintest hint of a bitter smile. “You don’t know who I am, do you?”

“Should I?” Archer’s reply was calm, with no trace of hostility. “I’ve seen enough in this war to know that identities are often best kept hidden. But it doesn’t take a True Name to recognize the weight someone carries.”

Rider smiled. It wouldn’t be easy to trick an Archer’s eyes, but with the help of this strange device it seemed that she’d been able to manage it. She truly was a creature of beauty. Archer sat cross-legged, her posture serene yet alert, like a coiled spring beneath layers of elegance. Her dark hair, gathered into a graceful topknot, caught the faint moonlight, giving it a soft sheen. She seemed untouched by the grime of the battlefield, her crimson and white armor gleaming as though it had been polished moments before.

A noble bearing, Rider thought. But not untouched by sorrow.

The bow resting across Archer’s lap was as much a part of her presence as the air she breathed. Its lacquered surface gleamed, the curve of the wood balanced with an unerring symmetry that bespoke countless hours of mastery. Even in repose, Archer’s hands hovered near the weapon, her fingers calloused in a way only another warrior could notice.

What struck Rider most, however, was Archer’s eyes—brilliant, unyielding red. They weren’t the eyes of someone who simply fought. They were the eyes of someone who carried each battle, each loss, within them, yet refused to falter. Rider recognized that look. She’d seen it in her own reflection countless times.

It was going to be fun making her go right up to the edge, teeter right there until she begged to join Shirou's harem. Just like her Master wanted ~

"Your eyes are better than mine," Rider said. "I think I see something over there. Is that our enemy?"

Archer rose, and gazed out across the street. Obviously, her eyes would be vastly superior to Rider's - in that respect, at least. An Archer can naturally see far greater distances. They can't turn people to stone. Archer gazed out upon the streets. Her vantage point here was perhaps not as far as it could be, however, it was sufficient to see a considerable distance.

"It's not them," Archer said. "However... I believe that might be the Einzbern. She is travelling with someone that is probably her Servant. Tanned skin, white hair, red jacket..."

While she was saying that, Rider was slipping expertly behind her, slithering like a snake. She had to be careful, here. Reaching out a hand, she made ready to Project a Skill Grinder around Archer's neck. One that would, in the blink of an eye, grant her a Skill of Shirou's Harem Girl of Level 100! From that moment the game would be over, and even a Servant as strong as this couldn't hope to resist! One moment more is all it would take -

"Have you seen anything?" Saber's voice interrupted. But Rider would not stop! Instead, she finished casting the spell, despite being seen. The Device appeared around Archer's neck, and in that moment it didn't matter whether Saber was on their side or not.

She would be, soon enough.

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Saber scowled. She'd noticed what Rider was doing a fraction of a second too late. She'd thought that the Servant would stop in her tracks if she'd heard Saber's approach, but instead she had boldly continued. This was bad. Archer was already reeling. Her body writhing in delight as the Skills inside that device took hold of the very core of her being.

Which meant that they really did have no choice anymore, did they? Saber was confident that she could win a fight against either of them one on one, but as it stood... Right now, she would have to use the tactic that Sakura came up with.

"It seems that you got her," Saber said. "Good work." There was no lie here. Implication, perhaps. But no lie. Sakura climbed up onto the roof as well using a ladder, and Saber helped her up - then kissed her on the mouth. "Your Servant acts quickly," Saber said, stroking her hand through Sakura's hair. "A shame that we will likely never cross swords. I think it would have been a tremendous battle."

"Perhaps we shall battle in some other way," Rider licked her lips. "I do not see a Skill Grinder on you. Sakura, would you like me to make one for her...?"

"Yes please," Sakura said. "None of those in the living room were suitable."

The two of them approached, while Archer reeled where she stood, moaning and clutching her own body while the device corrupted her brain. Saber flicked her eyes over towards Sakura. It was a strange situation to be in. Helping a Master betray their own Servant. It felt dishonourable.

'Sakura... You suffer in silence, don't you?' Saber thinks to herself. 'You believe that if you endure enough pain, enough sacrifice, it will somehow make amends for the actions of others—or even your own perceived failings.'

Saber understands that weight all too well. Her desire to use the Grail stems from the same misguided hope. Undoing her reign, erasing her existence as King Arthur, would mean erasing the tragedies born of her decisions. But deep down, she knows the truth: she is not seeking to save her people, but to absolve herself.

Her gaze flickers to Sakura again. The girl is tense but resolute, her mind clearly racing with thoughts of how best to save Rider without resorting to a Command Seal.

'She is like me. She blames herself for the suffering of those she loves. She bears the weight of decisions that were never truly hers. And yet...' Saber's chest tightens. *'She has not given up. She still fights to save Rider, even if it means risking her own safety. Even if she believes herself unworthy.'*

For a fleeting moment, Saber wonders if her own actions as a king had the same spark of selflessness—or if her choices were simply the product of arrogance disguised as duty.

'Perhaps that is where we differ, Sakura. I chose to shoulder my burden because I believed I alone could bear it. You... you bear yours for the sake of others. That's why you were so desperate to establish a harem for Shirou - you wanted to make him happy, and felt that your own misery would only weigh him down...'

As they approach the critical moment of their plan, Saber feels a pang of doubt about her own path. She knows that her wish to undo her reign would also undo the countless lives, struggles, and triumphs tied to it. In the face of Sakura's quiet resilience, her own motivations feel hollow, even selfish.

Saber adjusts her stance, readying herself to act as soon as the moment demands. She glances at Sakura one last time, offering a small but firm nod. *'You remind me of who I could have been, Sakura. And perhaps... of who I still could be.'*

Rider lunged forward with clear menacing intent. Saber's battle instincts, well honed from countless conflicts kicked into high gear and she had her sword out in an instant to defend herself. Invisible Air, a sheath of wind that covered Excalibur and made it invisible, clattered into a pair of knives held up by the enemy Servant.

"I see," Rider muttered. "I do not know how you deceived Sakura, but you are not yet on our side at all, are you?"

Tsk! Saber had felt uneasy about this plan from the start! She did not like confronting an enemy with deception! Even if it was, ultimately, to save Rider and Archer from the influence of the devices, it was not her preferred method! Worse still, she found her eyes travelling down Rider's voluptuous body, which was writhing like a snake. Seductive and powerful, trying to distract her so she could -

Rider lifted her hand and aimed it at Saber's neck. She dove to the side, and a moment later a Skill Grinder appeared right where her neck would have been. This was the danger factor in this battle. She had to be mindful of Rider's Skills, likely engaged in seduction of some form or another, as well as being mindful of the Projection magic that she was applying. If she was not careful then she, too, might find herself wearing one of those devices, and if she did - The results would be unthinkable!

The situation would get worse, too, if Archer joined the battle. She had her own Skill Grinder around her neck. It would surely not be long before she did something as well! Though Saber hated to admit it, the situation had turned nasty. Sakura might need to make use of her Command Seal to put an end to this fight, right here and now! Should she have gone to find Rin and Shirou first - No, her initial assessment was correct. Time was of the essence, and the qualities those two would add to the battle would be broadly insufficient. Especially in the context of Rider's astonishing thighs, which seemed like they might be able to squeeze the life out of you with a smile on your face, if she got them wrapped around you -

To her surprise Rider completely ignored Saber on her next attack and slithered away towards-Sakura! She dove straight for the girl, pouncing like a coiled snake, hand outstretched while the girl stood there determined and resolute. No! Her strategy here was clear! Saber was fast enough to dodge Rider's attempts to place a Skill Grinder around her neck, while Sakura could surely use a Command Seal at any time! Tactically, it was the most viable move to ensure Sakura was an ally by any means necessary -

Except... Rider stopped before she could cast the spell. For the best as Saber had her sword at the Servant's back a moment later.

"Think carefully about your next move," Saber said, eyes glued to Rider's butt. As much as she hated to admit it, if the enemy was using Seduction through that Skill Grinder, it was definitely working. It made Saber *almost* wish Merlin was around so she could beg him to give her a penis that she could use on it, because *uuuuurgh*~ If she wasn't careful she might let her sword slip

from her grasp and bury her face in there. This is how potent the Skill Grinder could be! Such a dangerous device! "I have your back. I could pierce your core in the blink of an eye. There is no dishonour in striking an enemy who deliberately turned their back to you in the heat of battle."

"I am... about to strike... my own Master..." Rider muttered to herself. Then she grit her teeth, rolled away from Saber's blade - but Saber was ready for this, too. Given their position on the roof, there were only two ways Rider could escape. The first involved rolling to the ground and retreating, which would be tactically unwise under the circumstances. The other involved going to the left, and in that case...?

While Saber's preferred weapon was her sword, make no mistake. She was a highly skilled warrior. In life, and in this condition between life and death where she had become a Servant. Thus, she struck. Not with her blade, but with her foot, striking the very edge of a tile - which dislodged the Skill Grinder that Rider had cast earlier in the fight, moving it just so, and ensuring that its chain hooked around Rider's foot.

Rider gasped - and then both of the devices vanished in the blink of an eye. Shattering into a million pieces, dissolving on the spot. She stumbled, and Sakura moved to catch her.

"I've got you," Sakura said, grasping her Servant to keep her steady. What an unusual reversal. "Rider, it's okay. We don't need to use them to become happy. Saber made me realise that."

"Saber... did...?" Rider muttered, casting her a glance. Though Saber could not see her eyes with that visor over her pretty face, she could just about imagine the look in them. Confusion. Yes... This was a woman who had not been helped in such a way, nor even offered the opportunity for such help in all of her life. It left her a little confused - what Heroic Spirit was she meant to be...? It felt like she was probably quite famous, but there wasn't enough information to tell.

"Kukuku~" But it wasn't over yet. The three of them turned to see... Archer was changing. Horns were growing out of her head. Her clothes transforming right before their very eyes. What was happening to her? Was this the work of the Skill Grinder, or - "I see, I see, so this is what people in the modern era think an Oni is...?"

She was levitating. Little sparks of electricity, here and there around the rooftop. Saber dodged around them easily enough, at least at first, but it was like avoiding the rain. She knew they'd hit her eventually while - While the transformation continued apace.

Her elegant samurai armor began to shimmer, disintegrating into glowing motes of light. The stoic red and black hues of her garb twisted and transformed, blending into vibrant neon green and black stripes. Her long, flowing black hair took on a shocking turquoise hue, lifting and billowing as if caught in a storm. Then it all settled down, and they could see more clearly what, exactly, she was wearing.

A tiger print bikini with matching knee high gogo boots.

"Mmm~ Where is Darling Shirou~" Archer sang, licking her lips as she well and truly embraced her inner Oni - though not in a way that she ever had before! She looked down at herself once again. "This... is how you see us now, isn't it?" she said, her voice layered with a playful tone and a deep, resonant power. Her amber eyes glimmered as she looked at the stunned trio. "Oni aren't just your nightmares anymore. We're your pop idols, your bright distractions—and your modern gods of mischief. So? Let's play!"

Ranma DxD

Sona Sitri never played with dolls when she was a very young girl. She found the practice beneath her contempt. Far more interesting to her were games, puzzles, mathematical problems, and logical intricacies. However, now that she was here, in a clothes shop with Ranma Saotome, she was starting to understand what she had been missing out on all this time... even if the reasons that she was enjoying it were rather more mature than any girl playing with a doll.

Ranma stood a few paces behind her, scowling down at the waterlogged remains of his usual red silk shirt and black pants, now draped pitifully over his arm. His drenched state had drawn more than a few odd looks when they entered the shop, though most of the attention had shifted to the dripping puddle he'd left in his wake.

Though frankly, if she stared at Ranma's bare chest for that much longer Sona might start leaving puddles in *her* wake as well.

"This is stupid," he grumbled, pulling at the loose collar of the temporary hoodie Sona had conjured for him. "I've got a spare set back home—no need for all this."

"Your spare set will undoubtedly look exactly like the ones you're holding," Sona replied, calmly flicking through a rack of jackets. She glanced back at him, her brow raised in a way that made Ranma feel vaguely like a misbehaving schoolboy. "That would be fine for a sparring match, but hardly appropriate for civilized company. Never mind a date with Sona Sitri."

Ranma folded his arms, his frown deepening. "Hey, what's wrong with my usual clothes? They're practical."

Sona turned back to the rack, her lips curling in an amused smile. "Practical, yes. But soaked. And 'practical' doesn't exactly scream sophistication, Ranma. You're part of my peerage now; I can't have you walking around looking like you fell into a river."

Ranma muttered something under his breath about not having much choice in the matter, given his luck.

"Besides," Sona continued, plucking a sleek black shirt off the rack and holding it up to scrutinize, "this is an opportunity. You should always dress to suit the situation. It's strategic."

Ranma scratched the back of his head. "I don't get how clothes are supposed to be 'strategic.' What's this, some kind of chess match?"

Sona smirked. "In a way, yes. The right appearance can disarm your opponent before you've even begun. But if you're really struggling to see the value, let's just say you owe me for all the towels my staff went through after you came back soaking wet."

Ranma sighed and plopped down onto a bench near the fitting rooms, his posture radiating defeat. "Fine, but I ain't wearing anything frilly or weird. Just so we're clear."

"Frilly? Ranma, you wound me." Sona picked out a sharp navy blazer and an elegant white shirt to match, draping them over her arm. "Trust me, I have taste."

Ranma eyed her suspiciously. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Sona's smile didn't falter as she handed him the clothes and gestured toward the fitting room. "Absolutely."

Grumbling under his breath, Ranma trudged into the fitting room and slammed the door behind him. Sona leaned casually against a nearby display rack, tapping her chin thoughtfully as she considered what else might work with his physique.

His rugged, manly physique. She bit her lip and idly considered that physique in more detail. For example, why exactly it brought forth such deeply buried lustful thoughts from her. What was it about that aesthetic? The signs of clear physical health?

A moment later, his voice rang out from inside. "Uh, Sona? This shirt's got all these tiny buttons. What am I supposed to do with these things?"

Sona suppressed a laugh, straightening her glasses. "You button them, Ranma. I'm sure you've seen it done before."

"You sure these aren't for decoration? Feels like they're multiplying when I ain't lookin'."

Sona didn't bother hiding her amusement this time. "Would you like me to call for assistance? Perhaps the shopkeeper has experience dressing unruly customers."

The fitting room door cracked open, revealing Ranma's exasperated face and the shirt half-buttoned, his hands tangled in the fabric. "If you tell anyone about this, I swear..."

"Relax," Sona said, biting back laughter. "I'll keep your struggles with formalwear a secret. For now."

She stepped forward to help him with the buttons, her expression calm and composed even as her mind lingered on how well the blazer would complement his broad shoulders. Yes, dressing Ranma Saotome might just be the most unexpectedly enjoyable puzzle she had ever encountered.

Her fingers brushed against his wrist as she adjusted the cuffs, and for a brief moment, the two locked eyes. Ranma cleared his throat awkwardly, breaking the moment.

"Y'know, you're really taking this whole 'dressing me up' thing seriously," he muttered.

"I take all my endeavors seriously," Sona replied with a small smile. "And besides, this is surprisingly... fun."

Ranma gave her a sideways glance. "You're weird, you know that?"

"And yet here we are," she countered smoothly, stepping back to admire her handiwork. "Now, let's try the jacket next. Oh, and Ranma..."

"What now?"

"If you complain too much, I might just find something frilly for you after all."

The groan that followed echoed through the shop, accompanied by Sona's quiet, satisfied laughter.

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Ranma stood in the cramped fitting room, the mirror glaring back at him with a clarity that made him feel unnervingly exposed. The white shirt clung to his chest in a way that felt unfamiliar, the buttons tighter than they needed to be. The navy blazer hung from a hook nearby, a beacon of looming formality he wasn't ready to tackle yet.

"You've really stepped in it this time," he muttered, half to himself, half to the perfectly polished surface.

To his surprise, his reflection tilted its head slightly, smirking back at him with a knowing glint in its eye. "Yeah, you really have, genius," it said.

Ranma blinked. "Wait, what?"

"You heard me," the reflection continued, crossing its arms in the same indignant way Ranma had moments ago. "You finally get away from Furinkan, from Akane, Shampoo, Ucchan, and Kodachi chasing you around like lunatics, and now you're letting yourself get reeled in by this?"

Ranma frowned, jabbing a thumb toward his own chest. "Hey, I ain't getting reeled in by nobody. I just needed new clothes 'cause my old ones got soaked. It's not like I asked for this!"

"Right," the reflection drawled, rolling its eyes. "And you didn't notice how Sona's been looking at you? All composed and devilishly clever on the outside, but on the inside? She's got it bad, pal."

Ranma flushed, his fists clenching instinctively. "She's just my boss! Ain't no reason for her to think of me like that."

The reflection snorted. "Sure, because girls never fall for you, right? Come on, Ranma. You think just because you skipped dimensions or whatever and joined a peerage of Devils that this is all gonna be different? Think again. The crazy follows you, buddy."

"Yeah, well..." Ranma faltered, glaring at the image of himself smirking like a jerk. "It's not like I'm gonna let it bother me. I'm not that same guy from Nerima, y'know? I can handle this."

The reflection arched a skeptical eyebrow. "You can handle this? The same way you 'handled' things back there? The running, the dodging, the 'it's not my fault' routine? Guess what, Romeo, that didn't work then, and it's not gonna work now. You really wanna juggle Devil girls this time?"

"Shut up," Ranma snapped, pointing at the mirror. "I got it under control, alright? Sona's classy, yeah, but she's not... she's not into me like that. And even if she was, I'm not dumb enough to fall for her."

From the other side of the door, Sona's voice drifted in, calm and composed as ever. "Ranma? Are you almost finished? You're not still struggling with the buttons, are you?"

Ranma flinched, his face burning as he shot a final glare at his reflection. "We'll finish this later," he muttered, before throwing the blazer on and stepping out of the fitting room.

The first thing he saw was Sona, standing near the register, casually flipping through her phone. She had changed too. Gone was the crisp uniform she'd worn earlier, replaced by a sleek, dark evening dress that hugged her figure in a way that felt almost unfair. The dress left her shoulders bare, and a slit ran up the side, revealing just enough leg to make Ranma's throat go dry.

For a moment, his usual bravado failed him completely, and he just stood there, dumbstruck.

Sona noticed his hesitation immediately. Her lips quirked into a small, knowing smile as she tucked her phone away. "Ah, there you are. The blazer suits you." She stepped closer, casually brushing an imaginary speck of dust from his sleeve. "Though judging by that look on your face, I'd say you're more interested in my outfit than your own."

Ranma sputtered, snapping himself out of his trance. "Wha—nah, I wasn't lookin' at you like that! I mean, yeah, you look nice, I guess, but—"

Sona raised a hand, cutting him off with a gentle laugh. "Ranma, please. I've studied enough psychology to recognize deflection when I see it. Complimenting me wouldn't hurt, you know. Unless, of course, you're afraid of admitting what you're feeling."

Ranma scowled, his face an even brighter shade of red now. "I ain't afraid of nothin'. You're just... overanalyzing, that's all."

"Am I?" Sona replied smoothly, her tone laced with amusement. She turned to the cashier, sliding a black card across the counter and paying for their purchases with a fluid elegance that Ranma found both impressive and irritating.

When the transaction was complete, she turned back to him, offering her arm with a smile that was equal parts charm and challenge. "Shall we? I believe we've kept the rest of the evening waiting long enough."

Ranma stared at her arm for a moment, his brain scrambling for a reason to refuse. But the reflection's voice echoed in his mind: You're in deep, Saotome.

Grumbling under his breath, he took her arm, letting her lead him out of the shop. "You're enjoying this way too much, y'know that?"

Sona's smile widened, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "You have no idea."

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Sona Sitri, composed as ever, led Ranma Saotome out of the shop arm in arm, her step graceful and poised. To any onlooker, the two might've appeared as an elegant young couple enjoying a leisurely evening—perhaps the calm before some glamorous event. To Ranma, however, it felt suspiciously like he was being paraded around as some kind of prize-winning pig.

The evening air was crisp, and Ranma tugged slightly at the collar of his blazer as they walked down the cobblestone street. "So where are we going, exactly?" he asked, voice laced with suspicion. "You've been acting all mysterious about this since we left the house."

Sona shot him a sidelong glance, the faintest hint of a smirk on her lips. "Patience, Ranma. A little mystery adds charm to an evening, wouldn't you agree?"

"Nope," Ranma grunted. "I like to know where I'm headed. Saves time."

Meanwhile, a short distance away, ducking behind lamp posts, trash cans, and absurdly thin trees, was Serafall Leviathan—Sona's excessively enthusiastic older sister—and her equally enthusiastic peerage. Well, to call it "following discreetly" would be generous. Serafall, dressed in a ridiculously sparkly magical-girl outfit that defied both gravity and taste, perched behind a bench as though she were perfectly camouflaged.

"Shhh!" Serafall hissed dramatically to her peerage, pressing a finger to her lips. "They'll hear us!"

Lady Reika, her knight, a statuesque woman with dark hair tied in a practical ponytail, frowned. "They're on the other side of the street, ma'am. I doubt—"

"Shhhhhhhhh!" Serafall insisted again, this time louder, effectively drawing curious glances from a pair of pedestrians.

The rest of Serafall's peerage—long-suffering as they were—resigned themselves to this fate. Marika, the bishop, quietly adjusted her glasses as she scribbled notes into a pink notebook titled Operation: Keep Little Sis from Stealing My Ranma~.

"Lady Leviathan," Marika whispered, squinting at Sona and Ranma from their hiding spot, "I don't think she's stealing him. They're just walking together. He's technically her servant."

Serafall's eyes widened with horror as she turned to her bishop. "You don't get it, Marika-chan! My cute little Sona-chan has never shown any interest in boys before! And now she's walking around with Ranma-kun all dressed up like some sort of shoujo manga prince! This is a disaster! I'm supposed to be the star of the romantic subplot!"

"Ma'am," Reika said dryly, peering over the bush, "you're already the star of a magical-girl spin-off. Do you really need a romantic subplot?"

"Of course I do!" Serafall whispered fiercely, thrusting a sparkly wand in Reika's direction. "A sister's love life is sacred. I have to make sure Sona-chan isn't falling into the clutches of—"

"—of what? A boy who doesn't have a clue what's going on?" Reika finished, with a sigh.

Serafall ignored her, instead adjusting her giant pink heart-shaped binoculars as she peeked at the two once more.

Back with Sona and Ranma

Ranma had just about stopped tugging at his collar when Sona stopped in front of a quiet, well-kept park with decorative lanterns illuminating the path. To his surprise, the area was completely empty.

"What's this?" Ranma asked, blinking around at the peaceful scenery.

Sona turned to face him, a sly look dancing in her violet eyes. "I thought we could avoid the noise of the city and talk somewhere quiet. Consider it a thank you for putting up with the clothes shopping."

Ranma raised an eyebrow. "We're just... talking?"

"Yes," Sona replied. "Unless you were hoping for something else?"

Ranma's face turned bright red. "W-what's that supposed to mean?! I didn't say anything like that!"

Sona smiled serenely, pleased at his flustered response. "Relax, Ranma. It's a simple conversation. Nothing more."

Ranma grumbled under his breath, running a hand through his hair. "You really like messin' with me, don't you?"

Before Sona could respond, there was a sudden, unmistakable sound: a bush rustling, followed by what sounded suspiciously like a muffled "Kyaaa~!"

Both Ranma and Sona froze.

Ranma blinked. "Uh... did you hear that?"

Sona sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose as though she already knew the answer. "Yes, I did."

Back to Serafall

Serafall was struggling. Her attempt to inch closer to her sister while dragging an entire bush along with her had, unsurprisingly, gone awry. One of her magical heels had caught on a root, and the resulting tumble had sent her sprawling flat on the ground with a decidedly ungraceful thud.

"Lady Leviathan!" Reika hissed, dragging her up.

"Did they hear me?!" Serafall whispered frantically, dirt smeared across her cheek.

"They heard something," Marika noted helpfully, watching Ranma and Sona turn in their direction.

Serafall gasped. "Noooo! Abort! Abort the mission!"

Unfortunately, in her haste to retreat, she miscalculated again—this time knocking over a trash bin, which fell with a resounding crash.

Back to Ranma and Sona

Ranma's head swiveled toward the noise, his martial-artist instincts on high alert. "Okay, seriously, what was that?!"

Sona, for her part, looked more annoyed than concerned. "I have a very good idea."

Sure enough, a familiar pink sparkle caught the corner of her eye. Sona turned to the bush where her sister was very clearly (and very poorly) hiding. "Serafall. I know you're there."

There was a long pause. Then:

"No, you don't! I'm just a normal bush!"

Ranma blinked. "A talking bush?"

Sona sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose again. "Serafall, please."

Finally, Serafall's head popped up, covered in leaves and dirt, her magical-girl outfit sparkling ridiculously in the lantern light. She grinned sheepishly. "Hi, Sona-chan~! Fancy meeting you here!"

Ranma just stared, his face frozen in disbelief. "Why am I not surprised?"

"Because this is your life now," Sona muttered, under her breath.

With a loud whoosh, the rest of Serafall's peerage tried (and failed) to subtly stand up from their hiding places. Reika gave Ranma an apologetic nod. Marika waved her notebook nervously.

"Is this... normal?" Ranma asked Sona, motioning at the ridiculous scene.

Sona straightened her glasses, expression carefully neutral. "Define normal."

Ranma let out a long, suffering groan. "Y'know, I'm startin' to think that maybe the crazy followed me here after all."

Sona allowed herself a quiet chuckle before linking her arm with his once more. "You'll get used to it."

Ranma sighed, muttering under his breath, "Yeah, you keep sayin' that..."

And behind them, Serafall's loud stage whisper echoed through the night: "Shhh, everyone! They're leaving! Mission not failed!"

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Sona tugged Ranma by the arm, her movements quick and precise as she led him away from the absurd scene behind them. Despite her composed demeanor, Ranma could feel the tension in her grip—fast, urgent, like someone fleeing a collapsing building.

"Hey, hey! Slow down!" Ranma whispered harshly as he stumbled alongside her, his blazer catching on branches as they darted into a darker corner of the park.

Sona didn't respond, her focus locked on the task of retreating from her overly enthusiastic sister. They darted between bushes and trees, moving deeper into the shadows until finally, Sona stopped, pulling Ranma behind a particularly wide oak tree.

The night around them felt still—calm, but charged. Far behind, Serafall's voice could still faintly be heard arguing with her peerage about the finer points of stealth. Sona pressed her back against the rough bark of the tree, closing her eyes for just a moment as she exhaled slowly. Ranma mirrored her, leaning on his side against the trunk and catching his breath.

"Does she always act like that?" Ranma muttered after a beat, crossing his arms with a scowl.

Sona's violet eyes opened, sharp and unimpressed. "Yes. It's... relentless. But at least we escaped. For now."

Ranma ran a hand through his hair and shot her an incredulous look. "You call that an escape? She's still out there runnin' around in a sparkly dress lookin' for us. I wouldn't exactly say we're out of the woods."

"Literally or figuratively," Sona replied dryly, though the faintest smile played at her lips.

They were quiet for a moment, the muffled hum of city life far in the distance and the faint sound of Serafall's antics fading into the background. The soft glow of a nearby lantern barely reached where they stood, leaving them tucked into a pocket of shadow. The air felt cooler here, more intimate somehow—too close for comfort, Ranma realized.

He shifted awkwardly, still leaning against the tree. His voice was softer now, almost cautious. "So, uh... why'd you bring me out here, anyway? You didn't have to go this far just to hide."

Sona turned to face him fully, her arms crossing over her chest. Her expression was unreadable, but something in her gaze was softer—less calculating than usual. "I told you already. I wanted to avoid interruptions. To enjoy a quiet evening. I didn't realize that would be too much to ask when my sister is involved."

Ranma gave a soft snort of amusement. "You've got a weird family, y'know that?"

"Trust me, I'm well aware," Sona replied, her tone fond despite her exasperation.

Another quiet moment passed, and Ranma suddenly became acutely aware of just how close she was standing to him. Close enough that he could see the delicate fall of her hair against her bare shoulders. Close enough that the faint scent of lavender—something subtle and

elegant—was noticeable. He swallowed hard, his brain sounding an alarm as it scrambled for something—anything—to break the silence.

Unfortunately, Sona chose that moment to tilt her head slightly, studying him like a particularly intriguing puzzle. "You're staring, Ranma."

"I ain't staring!" he shot back immediately, far too defensive for it to be believable. "You're just... too close!"

Sona didn't move. Instead, her lips curved into the faintest smile. "I see. You're uncomfortable."

"I'm not—" Ranma started, but his words died on his tongue as Sona took a small step forward, closing what little space remained between them.

For a split second, his brain short-circuited entirely. He wasn't used to this—not from Sona, and definitely not from someone so composed and deliberate. There was no dramatic shouting, no thrown mallets or explosive arguments. Just... her, close enough now that he could feel the warmth of her presence.

"Ranma," Sona said softly, her voice quiet but clear. "Why do you do that?"

"Do what?" he managed, his voice uneven.

She tilted her head again, those sharp violet eyes seeing too much. "Pretend you don't care. Pretend you're not paying attention when it's obvious that you are."

Ranma opened his mouth to argue, but the words wouldn't come. He wanted to deny it. He always denied it. That's how he handled things—deflect, dodge, move on. But with Sona looking at him like this—so calm, so knowing—he couldn't.

Sona took one more step forward, and then, before Ranma could think to stop her—or even think at all—she leaned in, pressing her lips softly against his.

Ranma froze, his heart slamming against his chest as though trying to escape. Time felt like it stopped—just the two of them hidden in the cool shadows, surrounded by silence and the faint rustling of leaves. It wasn't like the clumsy kisses he'd dodged or accidentally received back in Nerima. This was something deliberate—steady and intentional, like everything Sona did.

And before his scrambled brain could properly process it, his instincts betrayed him. He kissed her back.

For just a moment, he leaned into it, forgetting about Serafall, about Devils, about anything but the girl in front of him. But then, just as quickly, reality slammed back into him like a freight train.

Ranma broke the kiss, stepping back so fast he nearly tripped over a root. His face was burning, and he pointed at her accusingly. "Y-you! What was that for?!"

Sona raised a single eyebrow, unruffled, her expression once again composed despite the faint pink tint on her cheeks. "You were clearly overthinking things. I thought I'd give you something else to think about."

Ranma opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again like a fish gasping for air. "You—you can't just—! I didn't ask—!"

"Did you want me to stop?" Sona asked, her tone mild, but her eyes sharp with challenge.

Ranma's mouth snapped shut, his brain too tangled to form a proper response.

Sona smiled, her earlier calm restored as she smoothed down her dress. "That's what I thought."

Before Ranma could recover enough to argue, a very loud, very sparkly voice rang out from somewhere behind them:

"Sona-chaaaaaaan~! Where did you goooo~?!"

Sona sighed, turning to adjust her glasses as though nothing had just happened. "We'd better move before she finds us again."

Ranma, still standing there like he'd been struck by lightning, could only nod dumbly.

"Yeah... sure... move. Right."

And as Sona led him deeper into the park once again, Ranma couldn't help but think that maybe—just maybe—he really wasn't ready for this new life after all.

Shirou the Red Dragon

Many boys dream of having a harem. A collection of pretty girls all to himself. Different personalities different aesthetics, yet sharing their love for him and also each other. No jealousy, no envy, no malicious behaviour towards one another.

Such a thing is, of course, a dream. A fantasy. Many boys have trouble with a single girlfriend, how do you think they'd fare against two? Or three? Or more than that? Each successive girl will only double the challenge, and there is only so much that any boy could really take.

Luckily for him, our fused protagonist was one part Issei Hyoudou, whose whole gimmick resolved around exponential growth of that very kind. If there was a problem with him it was that there was only so far that Issei might go with a girl no matter how much he loved them.

This was not a problem for Shirou Emiya. If he loved a girl then he would express it. He would initiate, not in a forceful way - or if she initiated then he would proceed along with it. Clumsily, perhaps, at first yet he would dutifully and selflessly proceed.

It can be said that in any gestalt one of two outcomes are inevitable. Either the contrary nature of those involved interfere with one another, leaving the result at best the same as the sum of its parts. Or, they complement one another and create something more. In his case, he was something more. Much, much more.

Shirou had woken up to find Rias in bed next to him. Completely naked. Based on what she'd said, she'd won some sort of lottery. Which gave her first dibs with him.

"I'm going to make myself your favourite," she whispered playfully in his ears. "Alright, let's wear you out and -"

If anyone was being worn out here, it was her. Let's put it this way. If his beauty was a ten, hers was a thousand. In which case, her capability in bed was also a thousand. Rias Gremory knew exactly what she was. She knew how beautiful she was. She knew how to control her body, and despite not having been with a man before, she knew enough to drive a man wild with ease. Perhaps it was the instinct of a Devil, to draw out the lustful intent of the opposite sex, to drive them into the arms of the beast by inciting the mating instinct to the point it overrode all reason. She'd climbed on top of him, lowered her body-

And the moment she had, he learned that his capability in bed was a million. She learned it as well, but she was hardly in a position to retain the information in the short term. It was difficult to explain. Two things seemed to be happening at the same time.

The first was that he could somehow see her entire nervous system. As if someone had written a roadmap on her beautiful, gorgeous body, highlighting certain parts with a big neon sign that said 'orgasm button here'.

Shirou pushed it, because of course he did. Why wouldn't he? Then when he pushed it, others would light up brighter so he'd push them as well. Some he could not reach with his hands. Only with his tongue, or perhaps would be better served by his lips. And every time he did, Rias came *harder* than the last time. If he had to put a number on it?

Boost.

Twice as hard. Each time was twice the orgasm that the last was. Even a Devil like her was left panting and wheezing in no time flat. It hardly mattered that she was on top of him, riding him cowgirl style - Issei was the one in control here. Though he soon found himself sitting on his bed looking down at her, understanding completely that this was his woman. One of his women, that is to say. A mighty Devil who was, in her own way, struggling with intense loneliness. Seeking to surround herself with those she might call her equal. Allies who sought nothing from her but her companionship.

"Shirou," said a blonde woman standing in the doorway. Saber. "I see that the Gremory heir was incapable of keeping up with you, despite her boasts. I have no illusions that I shall endure any longer than she, and yet -"

He silenced her with a kiss, understanding full well that she had difficulty with vulnerability due to her own tragic past. She had never been viewed as a woman, and had not been seen as a human in a long time. Shirou sought to change that, by driving her wild, leaving her in the same state as Rias on the bed. This time though, he adopted the missionary position to help her embrace her femininity. While he wiped the sweat from his brow, the two girls - both very different in demeanour and appearance - slowly turned to one another and began a sloppy, exhausted french kiss.

Rin was next to enter. "L-Listen," she muttered, unable to meet his eyes. "I'm only going along with this because if we don't, your magic will run amok and cause all sorts of problems. So don't get the wrong idea about me."

The wall she was throwing up was so cute that it was almost a shame to have to knock it down. Yet knock it down he did, leaving the bright and brilliant honour student on her hands and knees while he railed her from behind. Somehow he knew that this is how she preferred it. She was trying so, so hard to be the model magus, but she'd failed at the most important step - she'd clung onto her humanity. She cared too much about people despite herself. It was a weakness that any Magus could exploit from the moment they noticed it. She knew that. She recognised that. Which is why she acted the way she did. He understood this. Understood her.

"Oh? You truly are a complete stud, aren't you~" Akeno asked, lounging seductively in the doorway. Exuding an air of confidence that he could see through in an instant. Yes, she was confident in her looks. Her power. Her raw sensuality. No problems there. If there was a problem within Akeno, it was her inability to accept who and what she is.

To put it another way, she was afraid of a part of her that she didn't accept. She was afraid that deep down, she was doomed to become a monster... Just like....

"Where's Sakura?" Shirou whispered. Akeno seemed surprised at this, but the surprise didn't last long. "I want both of you. At the same time."

"Do you really think you can handle us both at - " Akeno began, but was cut off when Shirou grabbed her breast. Her knees buckled and her eyes crossed. "Oooh~ I'll - I will bring her ri~ight awa~ay!"

A minute later, he had Akeno riding him in reverse cowgirl, trying to scream down the magically soundproof walls while Sakura sat on his face. Two beautiful women lost in their own insecurities. He guided them into one another, claiming them for his own and, at the same time, guiding them into one another.

"S-Senpai~" Sakura moaned sweetly into his ear. "You were even more wonderful than I imagined~"

Five women. He'd thoroughly exhausted five women. Yet his dick was still hard. It craved more. Much, much more... He felt like he had stamina to burn for days, he could easily seduce more women than this if he put a little effort into it -

And yet, some strange and bizarre instinct compelled him to sleep for a bit. It was his first time, after all. No need to go overboard. Not yet. Ease into your new power. If you go too much at once, you'll strain yourself. It's like lifting weights, you don't start with the heaviest around, you build up to it over time until your body can take it.

For now, rest. Rest up, while surrounding yourself and your girls with an unearthly red light...

Boost!

=====

It was about time she returned. Kalawarner stood with her arms crossed, her sharp gaze fixed on her longtime ally, Raynare. Something was off with her lately. Too much smugness, too much energy. Dangerous energy.

Her attention shifted to the girl Raynare had brought with her—a wide-eyed, blonde nun with an aura of innocence that practically glowed. Asia Argento, bearer of the Sacred Gear Twilight Healing. The girl clasped her hands nervously, shrinking back behind Raynare as though Kalawarner were about to snap her in two.

"You're running late," Kalawarner said, her tone cool, almost bored. Her words, though, had a sharper edge. Asia flinched and clung tighter to Raynare's sleeve. "Relax. I'm not going to hurt

you." Yet. That part didn't need to be said aloud—there'd be plenty of time for that when the ritual was ready. She turned her head slightly, catching Mittelt lounging nearby.

"Mittelt, why don't you show Asia where she'll be staying?"

Mittelt tilted her umbrella idly, her lips curling into a sly grin. "What, menial tasks now? What am I, the hired help?" She twirled the handle, pretending to think it over. "Oh, fine. Come along, little lamb. I'll show you the dungeon you'll call home." Her tone was teasing, but Asia's nervous glance said she didn't find it very funny.

"Go," Raynare murmured softly to Asia, giving her a gentle push forward. The nun hesitated but followed, trailing behind Mittelt like a shadow.

Kalawarner waited until their footsteps faded down the corridor before turning back to Raynare. Alone now, her lips curled slightly in distaste.

"You should have been back hours ago," Kalawarner whispered, stepping closer. "What were you doing?"

Raynare tilted her head, a wicked smile playing on her lips. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed her raven hair over one shoulder, every motion deliberate. "Creating a weapon," she said, voice dripping with satisfaction. "I've been teaching our sweet little nun how to make herself irresistible to men."

Kalawarner arched an eyebrow. That certainly explained the exaggerated sway in Asia's steps earlier. She hadn't seen a walk like that since—Good grief.

Her voice was dry. "The Hyoudou boy."

Raynare's grin widened. "Bingo. He's been surrounded by Devils and Mages since our little... date got interrupted. But an innocent cutie like Asia?" She snapped her fingers. "She'll walk right in. No suspicion, no hesitation. And then..." Her eyes glinted darkly. "She'll pierce straight through their defenses."

Kalawarner narrowed her eyes, unimpressed. "It's a reckless plan."

Raynare pouted—her lips forming a perfect, practiced curve. It might work on others, but not on Kalawarner. She knew this woman too well to fall for cheap theatrics.

"Don't be so dull," Raynare said, shrugging with mock innocence. "Think about it this way: we're taking an innocent little nun and turning her into a man-hungry temptress. Just like Paris." She let the word linger.

Kalawarner paused, her thoughts flashing back to that night a decade ago—twinkling city lights, whispered confessions, and screams muffled by stone walls. Ah, Paris. That had been fun.

A wicked chuckle bubbled from her lips. "When you put it like that..." Kalawarner's gaze gleamed with sudden interest. "I suppose I can get behind the plan. Though I might have a few lessons of my own to offer."

Raynare's smile deepened, knowing she'd won. The room felt charged now, thick with shared amusement and dangerous anticipation.

Yes, this was going to be delicious.

=====

Sona Sitri was in a dark mood. Not the storming, raging kind of darkness—that would be unbecoming of her—but the cold, brooding sort that a master schemer might embrace when plans began to unravel. She stood at the head of the room, arms crossed, her sharp violet gaze sweeping across her peerage. It was late—well past midnight—but this was when Sona did her best thinking. Her clearest strategies always came when the world was quiet.

Tonight, though, clarity was elusive.

The girls of her peerage stood before her, all dressed in... attire that Sona would never describe as tasteful, no matter how "strategic" their purpose. Tsubaki, her trusted Queen, wore a maid uniform that might've been confiscated from a risqué costume store. Momo, her Bishop, sported a cheerleader outfit with a skirt so short it barely qualified as clothing. Reya, her other Bishop, wore an equally inappropriate nurse costume. Tomoe, her Knight, twirled handcuffs in a skin-tight police officer uniform. And then there was Ruruko, her Pawn, fidgeting in a revealing swimsuit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Sona rubbed her temple. Was this really necessary? She was starting to doubt herself—or at least, that's what she told herself.

Still, it wasn't like they were being frivolous. Every outfit had been chosen with purpose, fine-tuned for a singular goal: bringing Issei Hyoudou under Sona's authority by appealing to his... interests. It was a distasteful approach, but as a strategist, she knew how to use every tool at her disposal.

She had seen what Rias Gremory saw. Issei wasn't just some perverted boy with a Sacred Gear—there was something else about him. Something raw and potent, like an ember that could grow into an inferno. And Sona, meticulous as she was, had uncovered more than Rias had.

A Reality Marble. A physical manifestation of his soul, his deepest desires given form. Unlimited Palace Works. The name alone made her cheeks heat ever so slightly before she quickly dismissed the thought. Focus.

It was practical, she told herself. Harnessing his desire would allow her to guide him, to temper his recklessness and ensure that power didn't spiral out of control. Not manipulation. Just... guidance. A little correction.

And yet, none of her logic explained why her thoughts lingered on Issei longer than they should. Why the memory of his confident grin or intense stare sent an unwelcome shiver down her spine. She dismissed the feeling, categorizing it as nothing more than an irritation.

Ahem.

"Plans have changed," Sona said sharply, her voice cutting through the room. "The situation is more complicated than we initially anticipated. I will accept suggestions on how best to get Issei Hyoudou's attention."

A chorus of sighs—disappointed ones—rose from her peerage. Clearly, they had been invested in the earlier plan.

"I was looking forward to the nurse act," Reya muttered, pouting as she adjusted the white cap on her head.

"Honestly, I don't think we need costumes," Tsubaki said, her tone calm but with a faint edge. She adjusted the hem of her short maid skirt with visible irritation. "He's straightforward. Appeal to his instincts. You won't outmaneuver Rias Gremory with subtlety."

Sona raised an eyebrow at her Queen's bluntness. "Are you suggesting we abandon decorum entirely?"

"No, I'm suggesting you stop pretending we have decorum right now." Tsubaki glanced meaningfully at the police handcuffs Tomoe was spinning.

Tomoe grinned unapologetically, resting a hand on her hip. "We could ambush him," she suggested brightly. "Make it look like we're under attack. Heroic types love rescuing damsels in distress. We get his attention and show we need him."

Sona sighed. "Absolutely not. That's reckless and overdramatic."

"Could work," Momo chimed in, tapping a pom-pom against her cheek thoughtfully. "We'd just have to make it convincing. I've seen the way he acts in fights—there's something driven about him. If we appeal to that side of him, it'll make an impression."

"Or," Ruruko interrupted, bouncing on her heels—and unfortunately, in her swimsuit—"we could just invite him to a pool party!" She smiled brightly. "Boys like pools. And swimsuits. And snacks."

Silence fell over the room for a beat. Tsubaki sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"Ruruko," Sona said carefully, "do you think we're running a summer camp?"

"Well, no, but—"

"Enough." Sona shook her head, already feeling the beginnings of a headache. Her peerage had good intentions, but their plans lacked refinement. Subtlety. Precision. The very things Sona prized most. And yet...

And yet, she kept thinking back to Issei's unassuming confidence, the way he carried himself in a fight—not as a reckless fool, but as someone with purpose. That contradiction—raw passion and undeniable control—was utterly fascinating. And dangerous. She couldn't ignore that.

Sona straightened, her expression regaining its calm, authoritative edge. "We won't be resorting to cheap tricks or theatrics. Our approach must be measured and dignified. I will speak with Issei Hyoudou myself. A direct offer of alliance."

Tsubaki tilted her head. "And if that doesn't work?"

Sona's lips pressed into a thin line. "Then we adapt. But for now, we proceed with care. Rias Gremory has a head start, but we can't afford to fall further behind."

Her peerage exchanged glances, clearly dubious but obedient.

Tomoe smirked. "You sure you don't want me to stage a kidnapping? Just a little one?"

"Absolutely not." Sona shot her a withering look. "Dismissed."

As the girls shuffled out of the room—some more reluctantly than others—Sona turned back toward the window, staring out into the moonlit night. She told herself this was about strategy. About control. About ensuring Issei's power was used wisely.

And yet, the image of his confident grin lingered in her mind longer than it had any right to.

What is it about you, Issei Hyoudou?

=====

Ever have a really, really intense dream, then wake up the next morning with the thought lingering in your head that it was real? Then you slowly look around your room and realise, to your disappointment, that it actually wasn't? Issei let out a weary sigh as he looked around. There were no naked girls in sight. Unless you count the merch he'd acquired over the years. Which he did not.

"I guess that makes sense," he mused aloud. "I mean, Devils and Mages and Fallen Angels and all that..." Hah! Really now, all the hottest girls at school were supernatural entities that were super into him? Yeah right. Since when could he possibly be that lucky. He sure had gotten lucky in that dream, though!

He felt a little conflicted about the idea anyway. Deep down in his soul, he felt two pulls, in two different directions. On the one hand, he yearned to be a superhero. To save other people in danger. To protect those who could not protect themselves. On the other hand... he really, really wanted a harem of hot girls.

The conflict between these two was easily reconciled with a singular notion: If he saved people, then he'd get girls flying towards him. Easy fix. The two of them were not mutually exclusive. Oh, better still, if the girls themselves were strong then they could help him protect other people!

In any event, now that he'd gotten past the part where he thought his extremely vivid and sexual dream was reality, he could now set about his day. He showered, ate breakfast, dressed, and then left for school -

"Good morning, senpai!"

"Good morning Sakura!" he said, finding himself greeted at the door by his adorable junior, who greeted him with a big warm smile as always. Oh, but he was also becoming extremely aware of how feminine she was becoming lately, so he had to take great care to not *notice* too hard. "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

The two of them strolled off towards school, chatting away like always. Sakura was even asking him about some recipes they could try after class, together. Of course, of course. He'd been helping her learn how to cook, and so -

"Good morning, Issei!" said no less than Saber, one of the beauties of Kuoh Academy. "And you as well, Sakura."

"Good morning Saber," Sakura beamed back at him, and then she suddenly latched onto Issei's arm! Out of nowhere! Grabbing on like they were dating or something! "Do you see anyone strange around us?"

"There are no threats in the vicinity," Saber admitted... and then stepped right into his personal space as well! Close! Two girls! Very close! "Nonetheless, I shall be keeping careful and vigilant watch, for it is clear that his guard is still down. Rin is also watching from not too far away."

Rin? As in, Tohsaka?! Sure enough, he spotted her on a nearby rooftop with a pair of binoculars blatantly aimed right at him! Huh?! Come on, Issei! Use your words! Why were these girls all so protective of him all of a sudden?! Unless... last night had really happened? No way, that was just a dream, wasn't it?

"Uh, Saber? Sakura?" he ventured cautiously. "I'm flattered, but, uh... don't you think this is a little much? I mean, there's nothing weird going on here, right?"

"Absolutely not," Saber replied firmly, her grip on his arm tightening just slightly. "You are under my protection."

"And mine," Sakura added sweetly, though her smile had an edge to it. "You've been getting into dangerous situations, senpai. We just want to make sure you're safe."

"Right," he said slowly, carefully prying his arm free from Sakura's grip. "I appreciate that, really, but I think I can handle walking to school on my own."

Saber raised an eyebrow, as if doubting his words entirely. "You're certain? Because your recent history suggests otherwise."

Issei sighed inwardly. What recent history?! He didn't have time to argue, though. He needed space to breathe and think. And maybe a chance to figure out why he suddenly felt like the protagonist of a reverse harem story.

"Well, thanks for the concern, but I'll be fine," he said, sidestepping both girls as smoothly as he could. "I just remembered I left something at home—gotta run! Catch you later!"

Before they could protest, Issei darted down a side street, taking the long way around to school. He breathed a sigh of relief once he was out of their sight.

"Okay," he muttered to himself, "that was weird. Even for me."

His reprieve didn't last long.

Turning a corner, Issei nearly collided with someone. He stumbled back a step, blinking in surprise. Before him stood a petite, blonde girl with wide, innocent eyes and a flustered expression. She was dressed in a modest outfit that looked vaguely like something a nun might wear, though it seemed more suited for casual wear than a church.

"Oh! I-I'm so sorry!" she stammered, clutching a small map in her hands.

“No problem,” Issei said, scratching the back of his head. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, thank you,” she said, her cheeks pink. She hesitated, looking down at the map, then back up at him. “Um... I don’t mean to bother you, but I think I might be lost. Could you help me?”

Issei blinked. “Lost? Oh, sure! Where are you trying to go?”

“Well...” She looked down at the map again, as if embarrassed. “I’m new here, and I was trying to find my way around town. But I think I might’ve taken a wrong turn somewhere. Would you mind showing me where the main square is? I’d really appreciate it.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Issei said with a grin. “It’s not too far from here. I’ll walk you over.”

Her face brightened instantly. “Oh, thank you so much! You’re so kind.”

As they started walking, Issei couldn’t help but notice how polite and soft-spoken she was. She seemed almost too sweet, like she’d stepped out of a storybook or something.

“So, what brings you to Kuoh?” he asked, trying to make conversation.

“Oh, I’m here to meet someone,” she said vaguely, clutching the map tighter. “She’s been helping me a lot, and I owe her so much. I’m just not very good with directions...”

“No worries,” Issei said. “We’ll get you there in no time.”

They turned another corner, and Issei started to explain the layout of the town when he noticed Asia slowing down.

“Is this it?” she asked softly, pointing to a quiet park nestled between a row of trees.

Issei frowned. “The square’s a little farther, but—”

Before he could finish, a smooth, familiar voice cut through the air.

“Well, well. Isn’t this a coincidence?”

Issei froze as a tall, dark-haired woman stepped into view. Raynare. She looked as poised and confident as ever, her lips curling into a knowing smile as she strolled toward them.

“Raynare?” Issei blurted, his heart skipping a beat. “What are you doing here?”

Asia perked up beside him. “Oh! Miss Raynare! I found someone to help me!”

Raynare's gaze flicked to Asia, her smile softening ever so slightly. "Good work, Asia. I knew you'd make a good impression."

Issei's confusion deepened. "Wait, you two know each other?"

"Yes," Raynare said smoothly, stepping closer. "Asia's been staying with me while she gets settled in town. She's a sweet girl, isn't she?"

Asia blushed, fidgeting with the hem of her sleeve. "Miss Raynare's been so kind to me. I don't know what I would've done without her."

Raynare turned her attention back to Issei, her dark eyes gleaming. "And now you've gone and helped her, too. You really are dependable, Issei. It's one of your most charming traits."

Her words sent a shiver down his spine, though he couldn't quite tell if it was a good or bad one. "Uh, thanks, I guess?"

Raynare's smile widened as she stepped closer, her presence almost overwhelming. "I'd been meaning to talk to you again, but Asia seems to have beaten me to it. Lucky girl."

Asia looked between them, her expression curious but innocent. "Do you two know each other well?"

Raynare chuckled softly. "Oh, we've had our moments. Haven't we, Issei?"

Issei opened his mouth to respond, but no words came out. Something about the way Raynare was looking at him made it impossible to focus.

"Come now," Raynare continued, her tone turning silky. "You didn't think you'd get away from me that easily, did you?"

Asia tilted her head, her wide-eyed gaze locked on Issei. "Miss Raynare said you're very special," she said, her voice filled with awe. "She was right. I can feel it."

Issei took a step back, his instincts screaming at him that something wasn't right. But between Asia's innocent admiration and Raynare's predatory confidence, he couldn't figure out how to extract himself from the situation.

"Uh, I—"

"Relax," Raynare said, her smile turning mischievous. "We're just getting started."

And then she kissed him. Almost tackled him right to the ground. Issei tried to push away but - but it was like his own body was fighting him. It wanted this, despite what he might want. Despite it all, it seemed as though he was getting two new additions to his harem.

This is the point where we, the audience, raise an eyebrow and say 'just two?'

Ranma the Redhead Reindeer

It was Christmas Eve in Nerima, and the Tendo Dojo was alive with festive chaos. Kasumi hummed a cheerful carol as she placed the final touches on a beautifully roasted turkey, Nabiki lounged with a steaming mug of cocoa in hand, and Akane was trying—with limited success—to keep Ranma from swiping the last batch of freshly baked cookies. Ukyo and Shampoo had arrived earlier, each bearing gifts and holiday dishes, but the air between them was tense as always, their rivalry simmering beneath the cheerful holiday veneer. Nodoka, resplendent in a kimono decorated with snowflakes, watched over the group with a proud and maternal smile.

Outside, the snow was falling in fat, fluffy flakes, blanketing the dojo in a peaceful winter wonderland. Everything seemed perfectly ordinary... until the sleigh crash.

A thunderous crash echoed through the night, followed by a deep “HO HO HOOO NOOOO!” Everyone rushed outside, slipping and sliding in the snow, to find none other than Santa Claus himself tangled in a pile of twisted sleigh metal, broken candy canes, and singed holiday magic. Eight dazed reindeer staggered around the yard, their glowing red harnesses flickering weakly.

“Oh my stars! Santa!” Kasumi exclaimed, hands to her cheeks.

“What happened?” Nabiki asked, more intrigued than concerned. “You’re not supposed to crash until after the last delivery.”

Santa, his white beard frazzled and his red suit covered in soot, groaned as he sat up. “It’s those mischievous elves! They swapped my sleigh fuel for rocket fuel, and the reindeer weren’t ready for the speed! Now I’ve got a broken sleigh and exhausted reindeer, and I still have half the world left to deliver to!”

Ranma scratched her head, now in girl form thanks to a well-timed splash from Akane’s holiday tea tray. “Sounds like you’re in a bind, old man. But what’s that got to do with us?”

Santa’s eyes twinkled with a desperate kind of hope. “You’re a group of young, strong, and magically accident-prone people. I need substitutes for my reindeer, and you’re perfect candidates!”

“What?!” the group chorused in unison.

“Oh, it’s simple!” Santa said, pulling a set of shimmering antler headpieces from his sack. Each one sparkled with a unique glow. “These magical antlers will give you the ability to fly, and these outfits”—he pulled out what looked like sleek, form-fitting reindeer costumes with white fur trim and spots—“will keep you warm in the sky. The suits are made of soft, stretchable material, blending comfort with functionality. The brown fabric mimics a reindeer’s hide, accented with white fur along the cuffs and neckline, and a scattering of glittering white spots adorns the sides

like snowflakes. They're lightweight, aerodynamic, and enchanted to protect you from the cold and wind at high altitudes. You'll be pulling the sleigh while I finish my deliveries!"

"No way!" Ranma protested. "I'm not dressing up like some Christmas cow!"

"Oh, but Ranma," Nodoka said with a dreamy smile, clasping her hands. "What a manly thing to do! Assisting Santa Claus on Christmas Eve is a true mark of honor!"

"Is manly!" Shampoo chimed in, already holding up one of the antler headpieces and inspecting it. "And Shampoo make very cute reindeer. Will win Ranma's heart for sure!"

"Like heck you will," Ukyo muttered, grabbing a costume. "If anyone's gonna pull this sleigh with Ranma, it's me!"

"Now, now," Kasumi said, her serene tone somehow managing to quiet the growing argument. "This is for the children, isn't it? We can't let them wake up without presents."

Akane crossed her arms and huffed. "Fine, but I'm not doing this to impress anyone. It's just to help Santa, got it?"

Nabiki, ever the opportunist, smirked. "And what's the pay for this gig, Santa? Reindeer work isn't cheap, you know."

Santa chuckled, handing her an antler headpiece. "The joy of children everywhere is the greatest payment of all."

Nabiki sighed. "Figures."

Soon, the group was outfitted in their magical reindeer attire, each costume molding perfectly to their forms and giving them a warm, cozy feeling despite the icy wind. The antlers glowed faintly as they placed them on their heads, and with a whoosh of sparkling magic, they began to hover slightly off the ground.

"This... is actually kinda cool," Ranma admitted, tentatively floating a few feet higher.

Santa clapped his hands. "Excellent! Now, harness up, team! We've got a long night ahead, and the fate of Christmas depends on you!"

As the makeshift reindeer lined up in front of the sleigh, now magically repaired, they exchanged wary glances.

"If I have to pull this thing all night," Akane muttered, "Ranma better not slack off."

"Hey! You better not slow us down, tomboy!" Ranma shot back.

“Less bickering, more flying!” Santa bellowed, snapping the reins. “Now, Dasher! Dancer! Prancer! Uh... Shampoo! Ukyo! Akane! On Ranma and Nabiki! Let’s go!”

With a burst of magic, the sleigh shot into the starry sky, leaving a trail of glittering stardust behind. And so began the most chaotic Christmas Eve the world had ever seen.

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The starry sky was breathtakingly vast, a sea of twinkling lights stretching out in every direction as Santa’s sleigh zipped through the heavens. Snowflakes sparkled in the moonlight, leaving trails of glitter in the wake of the magical reindeer team. However, the beauty of the scene was somewhat marred by the ongoing argument between Ranma and Akane.

“I’m telling you, you’re drifting to the left again!” Akane snapped, tugging on the magical reins that linked them all to the sleigh.

“I am not! You’re just bad at steering!” Ranma shot back, glaring at her as she kicked her legs in frustration.

“Oh, really? Maybe if you actually focused on pulling instead of whining, we’d be on course!” Akane countered, her cheeks flushed red—though whether from the cold or her rising temper was anyone’s guess.

Behind them, Shampoo took the opportunity to sidle closer to Ranma, her antlers glowing softly. “Ranma is strong reindeer. Maybe too strong for little Akane to handle,” she said sweetly, fluttering her lashes.

“Oh, give it a rest, Shampoo,” Ukyo chimed in, her tone light but edged with annoyance. She nudged her way in between Shampoo and Ranma. “If anyone’s got the teamwork skills to pull this sleigh, it’s me and Ranchan.” She tossed Ranma a wink. “Right, partner?”

“Uh, sure?” Ranma said, looking distinctly uncomfortable as the two girls flanked her.

Meanwhile, Kasumi was watching Nabiki, who had been floating slightly apart from the group, her arms crossed. “Nabiki, isn’t this wonderful?” Kasumi asked, her voice warm and filled with holiday cheer. “Just think of all the joy we’re bringing to children all over the world.”

Nabiki raised an eyebrow, looking down at her form-fitting costume. “Sure, wonderful,” she said dryly. “Because nothing says Christmas like being shoved into spandex and harnessed to a flying sleigh.”

Kasumi giggled. “Oh, I think the costumes are rather flattering. Besides, Santa did say they’re enchanted to keep us warm and safe.”

"Enchanted or not, I'm just saying it's a little convenient how perfectly tailored they are," Nabiki muttered, giving the outfit a skeptical tug. "Feels more like a setup for some kind of weird Christmas card."

Kasumi simply smiled. "Sometimes it's best not to overthink things. After all, this is a magical night."

"Magical, huh?" Nabiki sighed, but a small smile tugged at her lips as she glanced up at the sparkling stars. "Yeah, sure. Magical."

Just then, Nodoka's voice cut through the chilly air, carrying a gentle yet firm tone. "Now, everyone, remember why we're doing this," she said, her antlers glowing softly as she flew beside the sleigh. "Christmas is a time for giving and selflessness. Tonight, we're not just pulling a sleigh—we're carrying the hopes and dreams of children all over the world. Let's make sure we do so with pride and grace."

The group fell silent for a moment, Nodoka's words washing over them like a soothing balm. Even Ranma and Akane's bickering subsided, if only temporarily.

"She's right," Kasumi said with a bright smile. "Let's focus on making this a magical Christmas for everyone."

Santa's voice boomed out ahead. "Hold steady, team! Next stop—London! And remember, teamwork is key!"

"Teamwork," Akane grumbled under her breath. "Tell that to Ranma."

"I heard that!" Ranma called, earning another round of squabbling as the sleigh zoomed onward, leaving a trail of shimmering holiday magic behind.

=====

Before too long, the team had finished their mission and found themselves heading right for the North Pole, where they found an enormous mysterious factory, shimmering with glittering light. Ranma blinked rapidly and rubbed at her eyes. Huh. It felt like this building was both here and not at the same time. Like one eye was telling her it wasn't there, while the other was, and they were constantly swapping so rapidly even she couldn't tell what was what.

"Ohohoho!" Santa laughed, tugging on the reins and turning them in. "You see that building there? That is where I park."

"Got it!" Ranma cried, tugging and pulling in that direction. The other girls followed suit. They'd been quiet for a while now. Ukyo and Shampoo probably worked out they couldn't flirt properly

right now, while Akane was probably stewing in her juices, ready to get her uncute all over her. "Huh, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Sleepy grumbings came back to her. Whatever. Ranma led the way, and got this sleigh parked pronto. There were a bunch of really small guys hanging around wearing green fuzzy suits, big long pointy ears on either side of their faces. One of them, wearing a pair of glasses, looked the girls up and down then turned to the fat man himself.

"That would be a personal best," the little elf said. "You beat your old record by a solid hour."

Hah! Now Ranma was feeling really smug. So they'd done it faster than any other time before, had they? Well, that's only natural with her leading the way!

"Yes, yes, we couldn't have done it without them," Santa said. "Ohohoho! How about we let them rest up for just now, and give them a *super special* reward? Our way of saying thanks before sending you home?"

"A martial artist's duty is to help those in need!" Ranma said, but then her stomach growled. "Uh, but if you got something to eat that might be nice, I guess...?"

The reins were taken off them, and some Elves guided them to a waiting area, which... Kinda felt like a repurposed barn? Huh. That's kinda weird. It felt like a place where reindeer used to be kept, but had been hurriedly repurposed to accommodate humans. And what was more -

"Ranma~" Akane sang, tapping Ranma on the shoulder. "There's mistletoe~"

Huh, that's right. There was mistletoe. It was all over the roof, and seemed to be twinkling, as if someone had dumped a whole lot of glitter all over it. The view was mesmerising. Enchanting, and... And Ranma felt her antlers being grabbed, her head turned down, and Akane's lips met hers. At first, panic spiked through Ranma. Being kissed like this, in front of the others- But it gave way as the sensation took hold.

Felt good. Ranma's hands reached out, stroking Akane's sides. The skintight costume didn't leave much to the imagination, now did it? Her mouth opened. A strange almost animal-like sound escaped her lips, and the two of them tackled each other to the floor. Instincts were taking over. Instincts that they barely understood, and -

"Oy! Cut that out, you two!" Nabiki interrupted. Ranma tried to ignore her. Continued embracing Akane. Ooh~ Nice toned ass there, Ranma definitely enjoyed squeezing - "I said, cut that out! We're in trouble, you idiots!"

At this point ignoring Nabiki was no longer possible. Why? Because Nabiki was about to tweak their ears off their heads!

"Hey, what's the big idea?!" Ranma yelled, right in Nabiki's face.

"Look at the others!" Nabiki said, insistently gesturing at the others right there and then. "You wanna try telling me this is normal?!"

What the hell was she talking about...? The others...? Ukyo and Shampoo were on the floor, laying on their backs, scissoring like their lives depended on it. Their eyes were glazed over. The sounds they were making weren't quite human. It was as if they were so caught up in pleasure that they didn't have any room to think anymore.

Meanwhile, Kasumi and Nodoka were going like they were doing it for their country. Rolling around on the floor, embracing each other's hips, testing just how much of their tongues they could get out of their mouths.

"I thought something was up from the moment they gave us these stupid skimpy outfits," Nabiki grumbled darkly. "I mean - look at this! The only thing left to your imagination is where my internal organs are!"

Actually, yeah, now that she mentioned it Nabiki's costume really didn't leave that much, did it? You could really see her slender physique, exquisite legs, which were being forced to be straight by high heels that simulated hooves.

"Something weird is going on, then?" Ranma asked, then absently turned her head to kiss Akane tenderly on the lips. The mistletoe was still up there, after all.

"Right! I mean, those guys aside, the two of you are kissing like a pair of old lovers!" Nabiki yelled, throwing up her hands in disgust. So Ranma kissed her as well, until Nabiki pushed her away suddenly. "Hey, cut that out!"

"But the mistletoe..." Akane complained, while squeezing Ranma's breasts. Hugging into Ranma from the back, pushing her own definitely not flat chest into Ranma's back. She made a good point. There was a lot of mistletoe above them. Which meant they'd have to do an awful lot of kissing to -

Kissing the tomboy?! What was she thinking?!

"Alright girls, come with me!" Ranma stomped off, finding it oddly satisfying to do with these hoof themed high heels. Balance? Not a problem for her. The other two had to walk off a bit less confidently, but they followed nonetheless. "We're getting out of here, right now!"

Ranma reached a door that probably led into the main building. She pulled it open. It wasn't locked. Inside, the scene was far more surreal than any of them had expected. This had once been a barn, that much was obvious, but its interior had been repurposed into cozy

accommodations, complete with plush rugs, soft cushions, and even a roaring fireplace at the far end. But what caught their attention wasn't the decor. It was the occupants.

Arrayed neatly around the room were several unfamiliar girls, all dressed in the same kind of reindeer-themed outfits Ranma and the others now wore. A blonde girl with twin buns and pigtails sat at the front, her wide blue eyes staring blankly ahead. Beside her, a raven-haired girl with long, flowing hair and a fiery aura stood stiffly, her expression serene yet empty. A tall brunette with an athletic build was nearby, her strong posture contrasting with the lifelessness in her gaze. Further back, three others caught Ranma's attention: a pale girl with short blue hair and an unearthly stillness, a redhead with sharp features and an air of defiance muted by the same eerie quiet, and a mature woman with purple hair who might have been their chaperone but seemed just as vacant. Finally, two women stood side by side at the far end of the room—one with spiky cyan hair and a mischievous glint that was utterly absent now, and the other with long, elegant purple locks and a dignified demeanor that felt hollow.

The silence was unnerving. No one moved or spoke. It was as though the room was frozen in time, except for the gentle crackling of the fire.

"What the..." Ranma whispered, stepping forward cautiously. "Is this some kinda... reindeer girl convention?"

"No way," Nabiki muttered, her voice low and tense. "Look at them. They're not even blinking. It's like they're... under a spell."

Akane crossed her arms, her brow furrowed. "A spell? Come on, Nabiki. They're probably just..." Her voice trailed off as the pale girl with blue hair turned her head slightly to look at them, her movements mechanical, her expression vacant.

"...Just what?" Nabiki asked, her usual sarcasm tempered by genuine unease.

"I don't know!" Akane snapped, taking a step back instinctively.

Ranma stepped closer to the blonde girl with the twin buns and waved a hand in front of her face. "Hey, uh, whoever you are. Earth to... uh... meatball head? You in there?"

There was no reaction. The blonde didn't even flinch, her glassy eyes fixed ahead as if Ranma wasn't even there. Then she looked up, and -

"Mistletoe!" Ranma said, though it came out as more of a gasp of horror. The entire ceiling seemed to be made of it! Before they could react further, the stillness erupted into motion. Ranma suddenly found herself surrounded. The pale girl with short blue hair stepped closer, her eerily calm presence making Ranma's hair stand on end. Beside her, a shorter girl with short blue-black hair, sharp eyes behind delicate glasses, and a studious air closed in from the opposite side, her movements precise and deliberate.

“Hey, back off!” Ranma said, raising her hands defensively. But neither girl responded. The air around them seemed charged, making it harder for Ranma to move.

Meanwhile, Akane let out a startled cry as she was tackled by the spiky-haired cyan woman, her golden cat-like eyes gleaming with a predatory intensity. Pinning Akane’s arms, the woman smirked faintly, but it didn’t reach her blank eyes. From the other side, the redheaded girl with sharp features strode over, grabbing Akane’s legs and holding her down with unnerving strength.

“Get off me!” Akane shouted, struggling against their grip. But it was no use—they held her as if possessed.

Nabiki barely had time to register what was happening before she was grabbed as well. A dignified woman with long, flowing purple hair seized Nabiki’s arm, her elegant appearance clashing with the unnatural force of her grip. Beside her, the raven-haired girl with fiery energy reached out, pulling Nabiki away from the doorway. The two dragged her toward the back of the room, their antlers glowing faintly as they moved in eerie synchronization.

“Let me go!” Nabiki demanded, her voice rising with rare panic. “What is this? What’s wrong with you people?”

The silence persisted, broken only by a soft chime that echoed through the barn, like a bell ringing in the distance. The girls in the room—including the ones restraining Ranma, Akane, and Nabiki—all turned their heads in perfect unison toward the sound, their antlers glowing brighter.

Ranma grit her teeth, trying to wrench herself free from the pale girl and her studious companion. “Let us go! What’s your deal?” she shouted, but the words fell on deaf ears.

The chime rang out again, louder this time, and the antlers of everyone in the room pulsed with light, matching the rhythm of the sound. The three exchanged panicked glances, realizing they had to escape—now.

Summoning all her strength, Ranma managed to shove the two girls back just enough to break free. She lunged toward Akane, who was still struggling beneath the cyan-haired woman and the redhead. “Hang on!” she shouted, grabbing Akane’s arm and pulling her up with a forceful tug. Together, they turned to Nabiki, who was being dragged farther away.

“We’re not leaving her,” Akane said, her voice resolute.

With a combined effort, they tore Nabiki from the grasp of her captors and bolted for the door. The chime rang out one final time, and the light from the antlers surged, but they didn’t look back. They’d escaped. It was clear what they needed to do. Take their clothes off. Take them off, right now. It was clearly affecting them in some way, and -

"Nihao~" a voice mewled behind Ranma, as she turned right into an open mouthed kiss. W-Wait a second here, this wasn't - Oooh~

"Ukyo, snap out of - " Akane managed to squeak out, right before she too succumbed, sinking to the floor and beginning to rut on the floor. Intelligence rapidly leaving her eyes, as her head slipped to the side, gazing at Ranma across the floor, as Ranma realised she was doing the same thing with Shampoo.

"Mrs Saotome, stop!" Nabiki complained not too far away, but her voice too was replaced with something else. Pleasure. Pure, unadulterated pleasure. Sensation. Kasumi was probably somewhere nearby as well. Ah! That was probably who had gently guide the pair, Ranma with Shampoo and Akane with Ukyo, to move closer together so they could hold hands as their intelligence, their very humanity, was expertly fucked out of them.

While up above, the mistletoe gleamed.

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"It was a close thing this time Santa," the head Elf said. "This lot were pretty self aware, as these things go. Three of them even escaped into the other room before they were ready."

Santa nodded. "Not that it would have helped them," he said. "If they'd stayed there, or tried to escape that way, then the other girls would have grabbed them and had their fun! Ho ho ho!"

Which would have melted their brains all the faster. As it was, Santa walked through the barn looking over the girls gathered here. Ranma and her group were sitting together, chewing on their hay or licking the mat of fur covering their bodies. Mostly padding around on all fours, but one had the impression that they could walk on two legs if they wanted to. The only reason they were not was so that they could show off their shapely posteriors more! To each other - and to anyone that happened to enter!

"We'll probably break our record again next year too," Santa mused. "Especially if we tell them that we'll give them sex toys if they're good! They'll be quite eager to get back in time."

The head Elf nodded to himself, and adjusted his glasses. The two of them were on a high walkway, so it was perfectly safe. Nobody was down there, and so he rang a bell.

"Orgy time!" the head Elf called out. And so, the reindeer girls tackled one another, all too eager to engage in an orgy at the drop of a hat. You see? They're quite a bit happier like this, are they not?

Ho ho ho!

Takashi in a New World

Takashi Komuro bolted through the desolate streets, his heart pounding in sync with the relentless sound of the undead behind him. The sky was an eerie shade of crimson as if mocking the end of the world. Sweat plastered his dark bangs to his forehead, and his trusty bat was slick with blood and gore.

He didn't know where he was running anymore—only that he had to keep moving.

The undead were closer now, their low groans mixing with the wind's howl. This is it, he thought grimly. His legs burned, his chest ached, but he refused to stop. If he was going down, he'd do it fighting.

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light engulfed him. He shielded his eyes, his bat clattering to the ground as an odd weightlessness took hold. There was no pain, only an overwhelming sensation of being pulled somewhere else.

When Takashi's vision cleared, he found himself lying on a hard, cracked surface. He pushed himself up, groaning, and realized the ground beneath him was made of... stone tiles? The eerie apocalyptic streets were gone, replaced by what looked like an ancient village square.

The air smelled different here—cleaner, but tinged with an almost electric charge. He looked up to see strange buildings with curved rooftops and red banners fluttering in the breeze. A massive mountain loomed in the distance, faces carved into its side.

"This... isn't Japan," Takashi muttered. "Am I dreaming?"

A shrill, annoyed voice cut through his daze.

"Hey! Who the hell are you, and why are you in the middle of my training field?!"

Takashi turned to see a blonde girl standing a few meters away. She wore an orange jacket tied around her waist, revealing a black crop top. Her spiky hair was tied into twin ponytails, and her piercing blue eyes glared at him with suspicion.

"Uh, I—I don't know," Takashi stammered, unsure of how to explain being yanked through dimensions. "Where am I?"

Her glare softened slightly but remained guarded. "You're in the Hidden Leaf Village. Who are you?"

Before Takashi could answer, another voice rang out. This one was deeper and steadier.

"Naruko, step back. He could be dangerous."

A raven-haired girl in a traditional blue tunic stepped forward, her intense black eyes studying Takashi carefully. Her long hair was tied into a high ponytail, and she moved with a predatory grace that reminded him of a panther.

“Oi, Sasumi!” Naruko whined. “I can handle this guy! He looks like a wimp.”

“I’m right here,” Takashi deadpanned.

Before the two could bicker further, another presence joined them. A pink-haired girl with striking green eyes and a red jacket approached. Unlike the others, her gaze was more analytical. “He doesn’t look like he’s from here. His clothes... and that thing.” She gestured to the bat Takashi was still holding. “What is it?”

Takashi exhaled, trying to process the surreal situation. He could tell they weren’t ordinary girls. Ninja girls? The way they carried themselves screamed combat experience. His instincts, honed by surviving the apocalypse, told him not to underestimate them.

“Look,” he said, raising his hands in mock surrender. “I don’t want trouble. I just... don’t know how I got here.”

Naruko crossed her arms, tilting her head. “Huh. Well, you’re here now. And if you’re not dangerous, then you better start talking.”

=====

Tsunade leaned back in her chair, her golden eyes narrowing as she regarded the young man seated before her. He was scruffy and clearly worn from a hard life—his clothing torn and stained with dirt and something darker, and his dark eyes held the wary alertness of a fighter. Yet, it was his energy, or rather the lack of it, that intrigued her.

“You’re telling me,” she began, lacing her fingers together on her desk, “that you came here from another world?”

Takashi nodded, his posture stiff. “I don’t really get it either. One second, I’m running for my life. The next, I’m here.”

Tsunade exchanged a glance with Shizune, who stood quietly to her left, holding Tonton. Shizune’s brow furrowed, clearly unsettled. “He has no chakra network, Lady Tsunade,” Shizune whispered, though the room was silent enough that everyone could hear her.

“That’s the first thing I noticed,” Tsunade replied, her voice calm but curious. She reached for a scroll on her desk and unfurled it, glancing over some diagnostic seals. Her initial examination had confirmed it: this young man was utterly devoid of chakra pathways. Not even the faintest

remnant of life energy coursed through him. Yet, he was alive, breathing, and moving like any normal human.

“You don’t have chakra,” Tsunade said bluntly, fixing Takashi with a piercing stare. “Not even a trace. Everyone here, in this world, has a chakra network. It’s what allows us to mold energy, to heal, to fight.”

Takashi frowned, shifting uncomfortably in his chair. “Where I come from, we don’t have... whatever that is. We just survive. Fight. Run. Try to stay alive.”

Tsunade tapped her fingers on the desk, intrigued. “And you say your world is overrun by... zombies?”

“Yeah. We call them ‘Them.’ They’re mindless, just hunger and rage. One bite, one scratch, and you’re done for. Either you die, or you turn.”

The room fell silent at his words. Even Tonton let out a small, uneasy squeal. Tsunade studied his face carefully, searching for any hint of deception, but there was none. His eyes were haunted—this boy had seen horrors that most shinobi would only encounter in nightmares.

“Fascinating,” she murmured, more to herself than to anyone else.

Naruko, who had been standing near the window, piped up. “You’re saying there’s a whole world out there where people fight without jutsu? Just bats and knives and stuff?” She sounded more amazed than skeptical.

Takashi shrugged. “When you don’t have a choice, you make do.”

Tsunade leaned forward, resting her elbows on the desk. “I’ve seen many strange things in my time, but this is a first. A person from another world entirely, one where chakra doesn’t exist... Yet here you are, sitting in my office, alive and well.” She paused, studying him intently. “Do you feel any different since you arrived?”

“Different?” Takashi echoed, looking puzzled.

“Physically. Mentally. Any unusual sensations, abilities, or... impulses?”

He hesitated, then shook his head. “No. I mean, everything feels the same. Except for...” He trailed off, his brow furrowing as he seemed to search for the right words.

“Except for what?” Tsunade pressed.

“Except for this place,” Takashi said finally, his tone thoughtful. “It feels... alive. Like the air’s thicker, but not in a bad way. Like there’s something in it.”

Tsunade nodded slowly. "That would be the ambient chakra. This world is saturated with it. Even if you can't use it, you're still exposed to it."

Shizune stepped forward. "Lady Tsunade, do you think it's possible he might develop chakra networks over time?"

"Possible," Tsunade mused. "But unlikely. His body is fundamentally different. No matter how much chakra exposure he gets, it's like trying to grow a plant in barren soil." Her eyes returned to Takashi. "Still, you're an anomaly, and anomalies are rarely harmless."

Takashi's jaw tightened. "If you're worried about me being dangerous, don't be. I just want to figure out how to survive here until I can—if I can—find a way back."

Tsunade's lips curved into a faint smile. "I don't think you're a threat, Takashi. But I also don't think you fully understand what you've stumbled into. The Hidden Leaf Village is not without its own dangers."

She leaned back in her chair, her gaze sharp and assessing. "For now, you'll stay here, under observation. Naruko, Sasumi, and Sakura will look after you and show you around."

Naruko groaned. "Babysitting duty? Seriously?"

Tsunade's gaze snapped to her, silencing her protests. "He's a guest, and potentially a valuable source of information. Treat him with respect."

As Takashi stood to leave with Naruko and the others, Tsunade couldn't help but feel a flicker of unease. A man from another world, without chakra, yet clearly a survivor. If his story is true... what brought him here?

=====

The training field buzzed with life, the morning sun casting long shadows over the grass. Takashi stood at the edge of the clearing, his arms crossed and his expression set in determination. Naruko, Sasumi, and Sakura stood opposite him, their postures ranging from skepticism to mild amusement.

"You seriously think you can pull this off?" Naruko asked, resting her hands on her hips. "You don't even have chakra! What're you gonna do, wave your bat around and hope for the best?"

Takashi bristled but held his ground. "I've always had to learn on the fly. If there's a way for me to contribute, I'll figure it out. I can't just sit around while you all fight."

Sakura sighed, adjusting her gloves. "Naruko, don't antagonize him. It's not the worst idea to see what he's capable of. But..." She glanced at Sasumi. "If he really has no chakra network, he shouldn't be able to mold chakra at all. Even if he tries, it'll just dissipate."

Sasumi nodded, her gaze cool and analytical. "True. But if he insists, we can at least confirm the limits of what he can do. It might help us understand his... anomaly."

Naruko smirked. "Alright, tough guy. Let's see what you've got." She crouched down and pulled a leaf from a nearby tree. "We'll start with the absolute basics: the Leaf Concentration Exercise. Channel your chakra into this leaf and make it stick to your forehead."

Takashi took the leaf, eyeing it like it was a puzzle he needed to solve. He held it between his fingers and frowned. "How do I... channel chakra?"

Naruko threw her hands in the air. "Seriously? You don't even—"

"Breathe," Sakura interrupted. She stepped forward, her tone patient. "Close your eyes. Focus on your center. Imagine energy flowing through you, from deep inside, to your hands. Picture it like... water moving through a pipe."

Takashi nodded and closed his eyes. He slowed his breathing, gripping the leaf tightly. His mind raced, but he pushed past the noise, imagining something—anything—welling up from within.

At first, there was nothing but the sound of wind rustling through the trees. Then, Naruko's voice broke the silence. "Oh, come on. We're wasting—"

A sudden snap of energy silenced her. The leaf in Takashi's hand glowed faintly, almost imperceptibly, before sticking to his forehead. His eyes snapped open in surprise.

The girls stared, stunned.

"No way," Naruko said, her voice quieter than usual. "He... he actually did it?"

Takashi touched the leaf on his forehead, his heart pounding. "I... think so."

Sakura stepped closer, her brow furrowed. "That's impossible. You shouldn't be able to mold chakra at all, yet..." She trailed off, her hand hovering near him. "Wait. Something's... off."

"What do you mean?" Takashi asked, pulling the leaf away.

Sasumi's gaze darkened, her Sharingan activating. "Your chakra isn't like ours," she said, her tone wary. "It's... unstable. It's not flowing naturally. It's as though..."

"Something's interfering with it," Sakura finished, her eyes narrowing. "Or amplifying it."

Naruko crossed her arms, clearly unsettled. "Great. So now he's got weird chakra and we don't know why? This just keeps getting better."

Before they could speculate further, a faint shimmer passed through the air. The girls all froze, their expressions tightening as they seemed to sense something. Sakura's hand flew to her chest, Naruko staggered slightly, and Sasumi's Sharingan flickered briefly before stabilizing.

"What was that?" Takashi asked, looking between them.

Sakura's eyes were wide with confusion. "I don't know, but... something just happened. I felt a... shift."

Sasumi frowned, placing a hand on her hip. "This isn't normal. That pulse of energy... it resonated with us. But how? You have no chakra network—how did you affect us?"

Naruko groaned, rubbing her temple. "Ugh, my head feels weird. What the hell is going on?"

Takashi held his hands up defensively. "Hey, I just did what you told me to! I don't know what happened!"

Sakura glanced at the others, then back to Takashi. "Whatever it was, it wasn't normal chakra molding. There's something about you—or something inside you—that's interacting with the ambient chakra here. It's... amplifying, redirecting, or maybe even distorting it."

Sasumi's gaze lingered on Takashi, her eyes narrowing. "We need answers. Lady Tsunade will want to hear about this."

=====

If they thought they were getting to Tsunade, then they surely had another thing coming. Naruko adjusted her collar, and looked over at Takashi. Gawd, he was so *hot*. It was weird. She wasn't the kind of girl to focus on how cute a guy was, and she hadn't really thought about it until now, but... Naruko would give her right arm if it meant being able to sit on Takashi's face for five minutes. Hell, give her ten seconds and she'd at least think about it.

"Hey, Naruko, are you okay?" Sakura asked. Naruko blinked slowly and turned around - suddenly finding a cute girl with a pink forehead pushing hers against his. "Hrm... Your temperature isn't up, but you look really flushed and -"

Clong! Something really strange happened just then. Like a burst of electricity right between the two of them. Their gaze turned towards Takashi. Looking him up and down, and - Mmm~ Somehow, Naruko knew exactly what her good friend was thinking. Exactly what she was thinking.

"Mmm, that butt is..." Sakura licked her lips.

"Yeah, I know..." Naruko whispered back. Then, she looked towards Sasumi. "She's hogging him all to herself."

"Yeah, she is..." Sakura whispered back, glaring at Sasumi in a way she hadn't seen from the girl before. Huh, funny. Naruko always figured Sakura had a kinda gay crush on her... "Definitely up to something..."

"What are you two whispering about back there?" Sasumi asked, and the two of them went bolt upright. "Did you notice something about Takashi?"

Guh! Caught! That's right, you should never underestimate that girl's senses! Naruko and Sakura strolled forward nonchalantly, gesturing for her to come closer. They could still recover from this.

"Well, actually!" Sakura said. "Now that you mention it..."

While she had Sasumi's attention, Naruko immediately created a dozen clones, all around them. She didn't know why. Nor did she feel like she had to know. All she knew was that she had to do this, if she was to be with Takashi! She felt it in her bones. It was the only way they could be together!

"What the hell is - " Sasumi yelled, but she stopped herself to block an attack coming from Sakura, grabbing her fist in the palm of her hand. "Sakura? You as well?"

As for Takashi, he'd been in this kind of situation before. Surrounded by a sudden swarm of enemies, girls in his vicinity in desperate need of help! Sasumi pushed Sakura away very quickly, and ducked under Naruko's attacks as well - but then Takashi reached out, without any malice, and took her hand. Dragging Sasumi out through the crowd like a raindrop flowing down a window - only to stumble at the last moment over a tree root, dragging the raven haired beauty down on top of her, and then -

"My hero~" Sasumi swooned, grabbing his face and planting an absolutely enormous smooch upon it. Before he could recover, Takashi found Naruko elbowing Sasumi off him, then tasting his lips herself, before Sakura came in from the other side to do much the same.

He didn't have the faintest idea of what was going on around here, but you know something? He wasn't complaining!

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It was half an hour later in Tsunade's office before he had any answers. Tsunade, the hokage of this village, was on her knees wrapping her enormous boobs around his shaft, while he sat in her chair. Naruko, Sakura, Sasumi and Shizune were all naked around him. Grinding their bodies up against his, trying to smother him with their breasts, or compelling his hands to grope their butts. It was truly a heaven, a paradise that he'd stumbled into, even if he might not think that he deserved such a thing.

"I see," Tsunade said, right before she licked the head of his cock. "It's sort of like a chakra virus. Whatever anomaly brought you here altered your interaction with chakra. It's likely that your body, lacking a natural chakra network, is behaving like a... foreign object. The resonance is creating a subtle but potent emotional feedback loop in those affected."

"Great," Naruko muttered, crossing her arms and pouting, while trying to sit in Takashi's lap as much as possible. "So now we're all crushing on some random guy from another world? This would suck if he wasn't so *cute*."

"'Crushing' is an oversimplification," Tsunade corrected. "The effect could manifest in a variety of ways—protectiveness, admiration, jealousy—depending on the person." She then proceeded to *inhale* Takashi's cock. Giving him head like a total pro.

Sakura groaned, burying her face in her hands. "This is so embarrassing." Even so, she was peeking between her fingers.

Sasumi glared at the ground, clearly fighting an internal battle. She was as lost as the rest of them. "Can you fix it?" she asked sharply.

"I'll work on it," Tsunade replied. "But it's not going to be easy. The chakra disruption is deeply embedded, and it's still fluctuating. Until I figure out a solution, you'll all need to be mindful of your behavior. I think it will possibly induce a compulsion to spread it as far and wide as possible."

That was a lot of information to take in. Takashi leaned back in Tsunade's chair and really let her go for it. Man, she was way too good at this! Actually, they all were. In their own ways.

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Shortly after this, the tension in Tsunade's office was almost palpable. Everyone was fully dressed again, if remarkably dishevelled. Takashi stood awkwardly in the middle of the room while Naruko, Sasumi, and Sakura stood to one side, avoiding eye contact with him—and, oddly, with each other. The faint blush on each of their faces betrayed their internal struggle against the chakra virus's effects. They had it a bit more under control now - but if anyone looked closely they could tell that all three of them were planning to get some private time with the lucky lad. As soon as possible!

Tsunade sat behind her desk, massaging her temples as she processed the situation, and tried to keep herself under control as well. "Alright," she said finally, her tone sharp and authoritative. "Here's what we know. The virus is chakra-based, it's spreading through proximity and resonance, and it's altering emotional responses toward Takashi. Until I can figure out how to neutralize it, we're all under quarantine."

Naruko groaned. "Quarantine? With him?" She gestured dramatically toward Takashi, who raised his hands defensively.

"Hey, don't make it sound like it's my fault!" he said. "I didn't ask to be ground zero for some weird chakra virus!"

"It's not your fault," Sakura interjected, though she still couldn't quite meet his eyes. "But we need to contain this before it spreads to anyone else." Not least because the more girls there were in this little group, the less time she'd get on his dick!

Tsunade nodded. "Exactly. The last thing we need is half the village running around with amplified emotional attachments to one person. You'll all stay in the old training barracks on the edge of the village. It's isolated enough to keep this contained."

"Great," Sasumi muttered. "Stuck with them." She glanced at Naruko and Sakura, but her gaze lingered just a second too long on Takashi before she quickly looked away.

Naruko opened her mouth to retort, but before she could, Tsunade's assistant, Shizune, burst into the room, her expression troubled. "Lady Tsunade! There's something you need to see."

Tsunade frowned. "What now?"

Shizune hesitated, then stepped aside to reveal a sheepish-looking Ino lurking behind her. The blonde kunoichi's face was flushed, and she refused to meet anyone's gaze.

"Ino?" Sakura asked, startled. "What are you doing here?"

"I, uh... I might've overheard some things," Ino admitted, twirling a strand of her hair nervously. "And, uh... I think I might have a problem."

Naruko groaned, slapping a hand to her forehead. "You've gotta be kidding me."

Tsunade's eyes narrowed. "Explain."

Ino shifted uncomfortably, her blush deepening. "I was just curious, okay? I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I overheard your conversation earlier. I was hiding outside the training grounds when... something weird happened. My chakra felt... off. And now..." Her eyes flickered toward

Takashi for a fraction of a second before she quickly looked away. “Now I can’t stop thinking about him.”

Takashi groaned. “Oh, come on! Seriously?”

Sakura sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “This is exactly what we were trying to avoid.”

“Didn’t I say spying was a bad habit?” Naruko muttered, crossing her arms.

Sasumi looked at Ino critically, her Sharingan activating. “It’s faint, but it’s there. Her chakra signature is fluctuating just like ours.”

Tsunade leaned back in her chair, her expression grim. “Wonderful. This confirms that proximity isn’t the only factor—emotional or mental focus on Takashi can also act as a vector for the virus. Ino must have been exposed while lingering nearby.”

Ino winced. “Hey, don’t make me sound like a total creep! I wasn’t spying on him specifically!”

“That’s debatable,” Naruko muttered.

Tsunade raised a hand, silencing them. “Enough. This just makes the quarantine even more critical. Ino, you’re joining them. The five of you will stay in the barracks until I can find a solution.”

“What?!” Ino exclaimed, her eyes wide. “I have to stay with him?” She gestured toward Takashi, her face burning. “This is so unfair!”

“Welcome to the club,” Naruko muttered.

“Do you want this to spread to anyone else?” Tsunade said sharply. “If not, then you’ll cooperate.”

Ino groaned but didn’t argue further.

Tsunade stood, her commanding presence filling the room. “This isn’t just about you. The safety of the village depends on containing this. Until I say otherwise, you’re all confined to the barracks. Shizune will escort you there and ensure that no one else comes near.”

Which got all four of the girls staring at the assistant's back. They all knew how this was going to go: She was gonna hog Takashi for herself, wasn't she? Hrmph! Well... We'll soon see about that, now won't we...?

Oh, My Curvy Succubus

Try to picture a more average young Japanese man than Keiichi Morisato. You can't. The young man was pretty much the definition, by textbook, of that very thing. Of course, like all young men he was feeling certain urges, certain drives that come with being young. And those urges were!

"Gosh I hope they're back soon with that pizza..." Keiichi grumbled, and so did his stomach. A weary sigh escaped his lips. Here he was, stuck in his dorm, shared with other men that were attending Nekomi Institute of Technology. Unlike those men though, Keiichi was lacking in something called a 'social life'.

Still, at the moment he was rather more concerned with the contents of his stomach than the contents of his social circle. As is so often the case with students, his hunger for substance was currently outpacing his hunger for knowledge. Not that he was a bad student by any means... Which honestly might be part of the problem.

He leaned back against the wall and let out a weary sigh. Banging the back of his head against the wall. Damn. For a moment there he saw through the hunger pains to see that he wasn't really living his best life, was he? Both of his seniors had girlfriends already, and -

Let's be frank here, they're nice guys. No, really, not those kind of nice guys, we're talking actually genuinely decent people here! But even so. They're kinda... Not conventionally attractive men. Let's put it that way.

On the other hand, they were doing something that he wasn't. Making himself available. And now, we turn our attention to what you probably thought those drives were earlier on. After pizza, a student will crave the attention of the opposite sex. Or the same sex. Or maybe either or neither, it depends on the student. Keiichi wasn't a horndog or anything, but he was certainly in that boat as well.

Right now though, he was stuck here, taking messages while the guys were out. The phone rang. He grabbed his notebook and pen. Ready to take notes for whatever the message might be.

"Uh huh," he said while scribbling furiously in his notebook. "Uh huh, I see. I see. That's quite fascinating, because that sounds a lot like a pyramid sche- Oh, they hung up. How rude."

Honestly, he wasn't sure what he was expecting. They hadn't been explicit about what messages to take, just that he should sit here and take them while they got the pizza. Although, when you put it like this...?

"Man, I need a girlfriend," he grumbled to nobody in particular, knowing he had nobody but himself to blame. He ran his hand through his messy hair. He hadn't the faintest clue of how to talk to girls, though. The only ones he could talk to were... well, his sister for one, and she still

made fun of him relentlessly. The other group was entirely composed of 'members of the motorcycle club', and that's because he didn't tend to see them as women to start with. At least, in anything but an abstract sense.

He really needed to do something to change his habits. But what...? No answer was forthcoming. Bah! It felt so dumb, he was meant to be a smart kid but he can't work out how to do something that people have been doing for generations...?

The phone rang again. Letting out a weary sigh, he picked it up, half expecting yet another scam. Or a sales call. Or maybe this time it'll be a survey. The trio of dreaded Ses for unsolicited calls.

"Congratulations!" said a woman's voice on the other end of the line. It was breathy, seductive, alluring. The kind of woman who would only take to a guy like him in that tone if she wanted to drain his wallet. "Tonight, you're getting your V-card punched! We're sending a representative immediately~"

The line went dead before he could say anything. Huh. That was really weird. Who the heck was -

"Oh, hello there!" a pretty upside down face said suddenly appearing right before his eyes. It took him a moment to recognise what, exactly, he was looking at. A really, really pretty girl with light brown hair, bright blue eyes, and a strange diamond mark on her forehead. She was smiling at him, and - "Pardon me. I'm afraid the mirror was hung in a rather awkward place."

Mirror...? What did she mean by - Woah! All of a sudden she toppled out of the air, landing right in his lap without any warning! Not that she had any apparent weight to her. Nonetheless, she jumped off him, retaining the properties of a falling feather -

Though frankly, how she could be that light was anyone's guess when she had a body like that. Keiichi tried to stop himself from staring. Really, he did. But... Oof! That wasn't a body, it was a body. He didn't mean to be a pig but that figure made him want to oink and root for truffles.

"Oh goodness, what happened to my body?" the strange babe asked, looking down at curves that were, among many other things, absolutely relentless. Breasts the size of watermelons, thighs like tree trunks, a butt twice the size of her head and a waist that seemed pencil thin, but that was probably mostly from comparison to the rest of her body. In reality she was thin at the waist, to a potentially unhealthy degree, but -

But when you take the total package in, she's an absolute slamming hottie. Even if you're the kind of guy that doesn't rate women out of ten for hotness, and Keiichi wasn't, you'd be calling this a ten. She was hot. Supernaturally hot. It felt like the air itself should have caught fire the second she entered the room.

Entered the room...?

"Wait, how did you get in here?" Keiichi asked. He looked up. The only thing above him was, indeed, a mirror hanging in a kind of weird place. "Who are you anyway...?"

"My name is Belldandy," she said, curtsying, and causing more jiggling in her chest than a plate of gelatine in an earthquake. "I am here to grant your every carnal desire. For you see, I am...A succubus!"

Keiichi responded to this news the way that most men in the modern era, with a brain in their head, ought. He nodded slowly. Digested the information that had been presented to him. Then came to the obvious and only conclusion that a rational man could under the circumstance.

"I see," he nodded. "So you're a hooker that my seniors set me up with while I 'housesat' for them."

"What?" Belldandy gasped. "No, I am not a prostitute!"

"Hey, there's no reason to be ashamed of it," Keiichi said. "I mean, it's the world's oldest profession for a reason! Right? It'll never go obsolete. Illegal in many parts of the world... which usually winds up causing about as much harm as good for various reasons, but now I'm just babbling, and now you know why the guys always tease me for not having a girlfriend, and then they paid... It's gotta be a lot of money right? Gosh, I feel kinda in their debt for even trying this..."

She blushed like mad and playfully bonked him on the head. Which made him stop babbling. A miracle unto itself.

"I'm quite serious," Belldandy said. "I'm not a prostitute. Though, I suppose, in one sense I am selling sex - but not for money! If anything, I can give you a great deal of money if that's what your heart desires."

Keiichi's brain has officially shut down. He had just been told by the number one hottest babe he'd ever laid eyes upon - in reality or fiction - that she would pay him to have sex with her. Clearly, he was dreaming here. There was no other explanation for it. That was almost, like, the perfect distillation of the male sex fantasy. 'You are so good in bed that I will do literally anything you ask, even things that impossible. Look sweetie, I made an algorithm that takes an input and a program and tells you if it will halt or run for eternity! Just like you asked!'

That's a nerd joke, right there. A computer science nerd joke. Keiichi found it funny. That's all that really matters.

"Heh, the Halting Problem..." he muttered dimly to himself, then shook his head and returned his attention to Belldandy. Or, more precisely, Belldandy's bosom, which must surely have a rather

potent gravitational pull given the size of - "Well, look, I just cannot accept the idea that you're a succubus. People only came up with those to explain why young men have wet dreams, but we don't need to have an explanation for that anymore."

"Well, that's quite rude!" Belldandy huffed, but in the sort of manner as someone who isn't used to taking offense. "The succubus has a long and proud history!"

"Right, right, of course," Keiichi said, but thought to himself 'As cocksleeves'. He didn't say that though because that would be -

Bonk! And another bonk for good measure.

"What was that for!" Keiichi grumbled. He very specifically had avoided saying that intrusive thought!

"But you still thought about it," Belldandy said. "Goodness, it's no wonder you're still a virgin. It is as you say. You're a genuinely nice guy, but you have zero skill with women. Or social acumen at all. Oh dear, I didn't mean to insult you, but -"

Her face filled his vision. Pretty! Endlessly pretty! There wasn't enough time in his entire life to describe how pretty she was. A thousand years might not be enough. It was effortless, as if her face radiated the kindness and compassion contained deep within her soul.

"Listen," she said. "Here's the deal. First, I grant you a wish. Then, you have sex with me. Then, when you die, I get to keep your soul! That is the basic, fundamental nature of our interaction. You get what you want, then we both have some fun, and then I get to keep your soul for eternity!"

"Ah," Keiichi nodded. He still wasn't taking this seriously at all, mind. Despite her actual supernatural hotness, he still didn't buy she was actually supernatural, if you follow his thinking. "So, what would you do with my soul, then?"

"Probably every single lewd thing that comes to either of our minds," Belldandy said. "To be honest, this is my first mission, so I'm not entirely sure what we do with souls. I am assuming sex in any position except missionary."

This was quite the elaborate roleplay... Which, honestly, showed that his seniors understood him way better than he felt comfortable with. The lore was turning him on. How deep did it actually go, then?

"So... what sort of wishes can you grant?" he asked. There's usually some sort of boundary to these things.

"Anything that's approved by my bosses," Belldandy said. "Of course, we won't select someone if they would do something like, say, kill anyone or want to take over the world. We won't help you commit any crimes, nor shall we raise the dead, and we won't give you infinite wishes or anything like that. Of course, just because we refuse to grant a wish doesn't mean that's it, we'll let you pick something else, and may even suggest an alternative."

God the lore was getting to him here. They'd really thought this through, huh? Well, let's see...

"You're not gonna monkey's paw me here, are you?" he asked. "I mean, if I ask you to make me a cup of tea, you won't transform me into a cup of tea or anything like that?"

"Oh, no, we're all about customer satisfaction here!" Belldandy said sweetly. "That's why I can read your mind. I can tell the intention behind your wish and make sure it's met to your satisfaction. If there are any obvious downsides to the wish, then they will be explained to you up front to make sure you fully understand what you're getting into!"

That might actually be more unrealistic than her being a succubus. A company that didn't want to stiff their customers, and would actually give them a fair shake? Giving them above and beyond good service when they didn't have to? Especially when they apparently have total capacity to avoid responsibility? Immersion was dented a bit, but~

"Oh, but the most likely wishes to get granted would be those that result in you having a lot of intense, passionate sex," Belldandy said. "It's the nature of the powers, you see."

"Right, of course," Keiichi nodded. Alright. Fine. Might as well get this over with. "In that case - I wish for you to become my long term girlfriend."

Belldandy froze on the spot. Her face lit up in a big, bright smile, eyes closed. It was a mixture of surprise and shock alongside not knowing how to react. Come on. That should be an obvious one for this scenario, right? He didn't want to get laid or anything, what he actually wanted was just, you know, to get a bit of companionship. Maybe get used to talking to girls, things like that would be much more useful for him as a wish than simply getting it wet.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Belldandy tottered off towards it, quickly, but with a bit less grace than she'd shown up until now. Which, it must be observed here, he noticed because of how closely he was watching her body.

"Yes, I heard him," Belldandy said to the person on the other end of the phone. Now, this is an interesting phenomenon. Have you ever been out in public, while someone is talking on the phone, and you cannot hear the other end of the conversation? You instinctively listen to it, right? It's the ambiguity. We want to listen more attentively, so we can fill in the blanks. "It was approved? Really?" A brief pause while she looked over at him. "I mean, yes. Yes, I suppose he is. Did Urd put you up to this? No? Wait, they're putting how much of the Ultimate Force on this? Is that why my body is like this...?"

Another pause. A lengthy one this time.

"What do you mean? My body isn't normally this... Curvy. No, it's not right. Not right at all! Can we define long term, at least? I mean, like this I can't return to the otherworld. I won't be able to see my sisters, and - You'll send them along as well to visit?! Oh dear, my first time out is turning out like this, I worked so hard to become a Succubus First Class..."

Huh, she really was trying some improv here, huh? He really hoped it was one of his seniors on the other end, or else -

Right at that moment, wings shot out of her back. It was only for a second. Maybe less. But he did see them. Pretty clearly. It wasn't an optical illusion or a trick of the light, in a moment of heightened emotion while listening on the phone, she had a pair of batlike wings shoot right out of her back, and then fold back in again.

It's moments like this that made him realise that skepticism should be healthy. Question everything, yes, but remember that sometimes the answers are what they appear to be. In short: This amazingly hot babe was actually a succubus.

She hung up the phone, and Keiichi felt panic start to creep in. Uh oh. Succubus. The demon that stole your soul through intense sex. The idea was that they would visit a man in their sleep and give them erotic dreams, and then take advantage through those dreams. Keiichi was not a fan of this. No, sir. Not a fan of this at all!

He had to get out of here! He had to escape before she actually tried seducing him, and ate his soul!

"I'm terribly sorry," Belldandy said. "I'm afraid if you're intending to run away, that is no longer possible."

"Eh?" Keiichi gasped. Oh, right. She could read his mind. Which was pretty much the worst possible thing for him to realise right now, while her cleavage was so prominently exposed. Because that's exactly the sort of sight that's going to inspire thoughts, you get me? "What do you mean?"

"I mean, the Ultimate Force has now deemed that I am your long term girlfriend," Belldandy said "If we try to stay apart from one another, then - Let's just say that it would be bad."

Bad as in oh no you stubbed your toe and stepped on a lego brick at the same time, or bad as in punish me daddy I've been naughty? It was hard to tell when a succubus was involved.

"I mean that it could literally cause natural disasters if that's what it takes to get us to go on a date," Belldandy firmly said. "Also, 'long term' is kind of vague. It could mean years, or even the rest of your life."

"I see," Keiichi nodded. Right. Well then. This was awkward. He had a succubus girlfriend all of a sudden. This was a lot to process, and he needed some time to really think things through. "So, uh, you said you couldn't return to the otherworld? Do you have a place to stay...?"

Without warning, the door to the room slid open and two men were standing there. Not small men, either. Much taller than him, which always gave Keiichi a complex, and he always felt that was probably why he had such trouble with women. Then again, let's look at these guys for a bit. Big muscles on both of them. Toraichi Tamiya had tanned skin, big lips and small eyes, while Hikozaemon Otaki had a long face, square jawline, and his blonde hair was styled like he'd brought in a random punk album to the hairdresser and pointed at it with great enthusiasm.

"Well, damn!" Tamiya said, slapping money into Otaki's hand. "Guess you won that bet - but our junior here won something more precious than money!"

"Whew, he sure did!" Otaki replied. He tilted his sunglasses down and gave Belldandy a once over that made Keiichi feel... Uncomfortable. Belldandy didn't seem to like it much either. "Where did you find this hot piece?"

"Hey now!" Tamiya elbowed him. "That hot piece is still a lady! And, Keiichi Morisato! You should know the rules of the dorms! This is a dormitory for men, only! I'm afraid your girlfriend is going to have to -"

"Oh, sir!" Belldandy suddenly got right into Tamiya's personal space. Again, Keiichi felt a twinge of discomfort. Or rather... a raging torrent of it. She was quite clearly flirting with him. Taking his hand, looking into his eyes. He couldn't see her expression right now, but he could plainly imagine it. "You'll make an exception for me, won't you? Both of you?"

"W-Well, the thing is -" Tamiya stumbled.

"I mean, the rules are - Guh!" Otaki also stumbled. He's never seen the two of them like this before. Normally the two of them were confident, brash, over the top, but in the presence of this succubus they seemed suddenly weak at the knees.

Was she... using her succubus powers on them to make them compliant...?

"Ah, Belldandy, I'd rather you didn't do that to anyone," he said, quickly pulling her away. Letting her drain someone else's life force like that, right in front of him... It didn't feel right. "It's fine. We'll leave. I'll find you a place to stay and then - " Keep an eye on you, so that you don't drain anyone else.

=====

Belldandy was horny. It wasn't a new feeling for her, but it did feel different this time. Keiichi, the young man she was supposed to seduce, was pulling her out of his dorm by the hand, while trying not to look directly at her.

It was a bit embarrassing, actually. Despite being a Succubus, First Class, she wasn't meant to be quite so curvaceous. Her breasts had almost doubled in size, and thighs were definitely not normally so thick. Worse yet, whenever she took a step she could swear that she could hear a little clapping noise behind her, that would surely grow louder if she picked up the pace.

The way that this was meant to go was something like this: She'd arrive. He'd state his deepest desire. She'd grant it. Then rock his world. Then in the afterlife she'd own his soul. It would be hers to do with... whatever she liked. Probably, she'd wind up teaching him how to satisfy her and she'd practise with him or something.

Becoming his girlfriend was not her prediction. Helping him get a girlfriend? Sure. Pretty common wish, actually. Some girl that he had a crush on that would not give him the time of day? Absolutely perfectly normal wish for a succubus to grant. Then she'd simply seduce the new girlfriend as well, they'd have a threesome, a happy life together, and she gets herself her very first soul.

It should have been easy. It should have been straightforward. The boy was seen as high value, low risk. He'd ask for something fairly easy, and his soul would be quite valuable to her - at least, according to the system.

So why did it make her feel weird when she was interrupted during her brainwashing session? She was going to make things really easy for both of them. Tinker with their brains a little to make them ignore her, or be far too happy to have her around to kick her out. Trivial really. Their souls were pretty lewd as it was, and the lewder someone's mind was the easier it was for a succubus to make them do whatever they wanted. Their souls weren't usually of very high value in that state, though.

"Um, are you able to put on a jacket or something?" Keiichi asked. "Even I can feel the eyes on you right now."

"I don't mind," Belldandy said. "A succubus can passively feed on the lust of others."

He didn't like that. It made him uncomfortable. Oh dear. His fingers slipped in between hers, a proper hand holding. Goodness! Could it be...? This boy was a true romantic! Aha, that was why his soul was worth so much. That did explain quite a bit, actually...

What it did *not* explain were her curves. They were absolutely ridiculous! She was pretty sure that no ordinary human could have a body like this and be alive. In any other situation she

would assume he was responsible, and yet his thoughts were open and clear to her... For now, at any rate. She was quite certain the mind reading effect would wear off soon.

He was as confused as she was. Extremely turned on about her body, of course, because... Well, she'd seen her own reflection, she knew exactly how sexy she was. Head office didn't seem to think anything was strange, either, and she couldn't exactly go up to them and go 'here, is this normal?' right now. Not until she received permission to go back up, which she wouldn't until this girlfriend thing was in a more stable place.

Her best bet, then, was to ride it out until Urd or Skuld showed up. Then ask them to look into it for her. They'd surely see the difference. Then again, Urd would probably tease her (and seduce Keiichi to see what the fuss was about), while Skuld would try to make it a personal science project (then seduce Keiichi to get her away from him...)

Biting her lip, she tried to figure out their next move. The answer: Find a place to stay. Then seduce Keiichi. That seemed like the most rational course of action...

"By the way, can you tell me a bit more about this Ultimate Force...?" Keiichi asked. "I mean, you made it sound like a big deal, what with the natural disaster thing."

"And it being called the Ultimate Force," Belldandy said.

"Yeah, I guess that too," Keiichi said. He nervously rubbed the back of his head with his free hand. "I mean. What would happen if I tried to break up with you, right now?"

"Unimaginable horrors beyond your wildest comprehension," Belldandy immediately replied. Uh oh. She'd read his mind. This boy was an engineer at heart, but he was also something of a *scientist* as well. Both engineers and scientists like to test systems by their very nature. "Wait, Keiichi, don't -"

"Let's break -" Keiichi began, and before he could finish saying it, an attractive woman who happened to be passing by slipped on apparently nothing, cartwheeled down the pavement so fast she should have broken the sound barrier, and then her breasts collided with the back of Keiichi's head... and then the stranger's lips landed right on Belldandy's.

Mmm~ A little lesbian action to give her a little lust boost~ How nice~ Not just from the girl, but also a bit from Keiichi, and also from the men and the women watching too~

Alas, her little feast could not last for Keiichi quickly freed himself, showing remarkable resilience given that he was sandwiched in marshmallow hell. Or heaven, depending on your point of view. He sucked in air as though his lungs were a vacuum, and then gently guided her away from the mysterious woman, who was muttering to herself about probably being gay after all, and maybe that's why she was having such terrible luck with men...

Honestly, Belldandy did feel a little sorry for her. So she winked at the girl, and then cast a little magic on her to ensure that the next guy she wanted would drool over her for sure! It was the least she could do, after that delicious feast!

"Was that the Ultimate Force at work?" Keiichi asked. "Hey, did you do something to that woman just now when you winked at her?"

"Oh, she just needs to find a man," Belldandy said. "She's in that sort of mental state right now. The poor thing. Please do not tempt the Ultimate Force, it really doesn't like it. I think it went gentle this time - but next time, it could be something like an earthquake or a storm or maybe even a lion escaping from the zoo."

A bead of sweat dropped from his forehead. "Those seem rather extreme, don't you think?" he asked.

"I mean, the Ultimate Force can be pretty subtle," Belldandy said. "But when it's being tested, it tends to throw caution to the wind. Whatever it takes to make the result meet."

"Right, right," Keiichi said, while still blatantly planning out another test. "I think I get it."

Belldandy then grabbed him by the lapel with her free hand and lifted him into the air, smiling up at him, sweet as can be.

"You don't know me very well yet, but I don't normally ever resort to this sort of thing to get someone's attention," she said, still sounding sweeter than honey. "Nonetheless, I need to make this point clearer to you. I don't want anyone getting hurt for the sake of your curiosity. I'm not exaggerating, nor am I lying to you. There is no loophole that you can exploit in our contract to get out of this. If there was, I would have used it already. Do not. Fuck. With the Ultimate Force. Are we quite clear, Keiichi?"

"Yes mommy!" he said in a much higher pitch than normal. "Ahem! I mean! S-Sorry, I wasn't really going to do it, I promise! I was just... thinking about what sort of things I *could* have done if other people weren't gonna get hurt, you know?"

He wasn't lying. On closer inspection, his mind had been looking at it like a puzzle to solve, but one that was not worth the effort to unlock. Oh dear. Was her mind reading getting that weak already? The effect must be fading, surely.

But that was fine. Really, it was fine. She was starting to get his measure. He wasn't out for a cheap lay, he really did want an honest and true relationship. He was straightforward. A good enough guy who didn't seem to have much going for him until you scratched the surface a little.

A romantic engineer. How quaint. How adorable. It made Belldandy quite certain. She could probably get him into bed if she forced the issue. He was clearly attracted to her... But even so!

Not yet. Let him have his romantic fantasy. It would make their first time of many all that much more... *special*.

Once they found a place to stay, that is.