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Game of Bimbo

As sole heir to the House of Tarth, young Brienne was surely a fine marriage prospect. On parchment, yes. For a prospective groom to inherit her land through marriage would be a tremendous political boon, that would bring in much coin, and plenty of strong men to back them up.

Nonetheless, the family was cursed with misfortune in this area. Brienne had a few siblings, but her younger sisters died in the crib and her older brother drowned, leaving her in this position with heavy expectations to be placed upon her. Further, her mother had already died ensuring that no further heirs could be attempted. Her first betrothal, an arranged marriage of course for when they came of age, died of a chill when they were both quite young, and as for her second? That was in the year 293, some time after the wonder of the Pink Delight had become known at King's Landing.

"You are a sow in silk," Ronnet Connington said with a cruel sneer in his tone. He handed her the rose that he had brought as a gesture. "This is all you shall have from me."

And then he left, leaving her feeling empty on the inside despite her very best efforts to appear feminine, graceful and appealing for him. He said this as though it was her fault the way that she turned out. What a thing to say to a girl merely thirteen years of age, so cruel and pointless. It was true enough that she was not exactly conventionally beautiful, and her body was more built towards athletics than looking pretty in a dress. She'd already developed some keen muscles, which looked unflattering in a dress, but even so! And what of her hair? So what if it was the colour of dry and brittle hay? So what if her teeth were crooked and her back was broad and her nose as if it had been flattened by a door? Surely the effort could be appreciated? Was there nothing she could do? Most assuredly, there must not be, for she should have found it already!

Her heart was growing harder by the day, as surely as her muscles were growing stronger. Given another week to contemplate, she would have thrown herself fully into martial training, putting aside thoughts of love and marriage despite what her father may insist.

"Have you heard of the Goddess Gift potion...?" her father had enquired one day. Before she could answer, he had placed it before her. A mysterious pink brew that she would soon become very, very familiar with.

Time passed, and in truth that's all it really does. Three years can sometimes seem like the blink of an eye. Brienne had taken the brew regularly, her father willing to dote on his last child to her heart's content, to ensure the continuation of his house and line. As for the effect this had on her?

She towered over other women. Her height was as tremendous as her musculature, which had only grown stronger and stronger. A suitor had gifted her a custom made suit of armour designed to accommodate her, not only because she was a woman, but because of her unique

physique. In particular her heaving bosom, which all but counted as a pair of weapons unto themselves.

As she strode out into the courtyard where the Knights were in the middle of swordplay and sparring, all heads gradually turned to look at her. Some were new, and had heard only the rumours of her beauty. Others were used to it by now, but still could not stand to look away. Even fully clad, her breasts defied any disguise. It was obvious who she was despite the helmet she wore. None other had a body quite like this.

"Who will spar with me today?" she asked, gripping a morning star in her hand. Though not a real one. For training and sparring only. "Come now, don't be shy boys. Hold nothing back. I must keep my skills sharp."

One of the newer soldiers stepped forward, no doubt expecting he would have an easy time of it. The idea was simple, surely. Keep her off balance. She can't possibly see beneath those breasts, so keep your sword hidden out of her line of sight and it would be easy to land a blow. What was more, her arms would have their motion limited - her upper arms would be stopped by those breasts long before she could turn her blade to defend her stomach!

The new guard was one of many who had joined the Tarth's household guard in late. There had been an explosion in recruitment that, coincidentally, fell roughly along the same time period as Brienne's reputation on the practise field had grown. While her body was fully covered from head to toe in armour, she had been seen in public, and so it was not hard for him to think about her body... in particular the powerful, sexy stomach he was planning to attack.

"Begin!"

Our unnamed soldier moved forward with the plan of attack, keeping his sword low and seeking a strike on the legs or stomach to put a fast end to this spar. Perhaps she would be impressed enough to bring him to bed? There were rumours that those who imbibed the Goddess' Delight on a regular basis were much, much easier to seduce than others, and gained a keen instinct for sexually satisfying a man as thoroughly as possible, almost as if they themselves got off on it regardless of the man's performance.

"Pitiful," she said. Her arm came down in a loop, swinging down like a pendulum right as she took a step to the side, bringing his training blade pointing straight up in a manner not entirely dissimilar to an erect penis - and then he felt her training weapon strike him in the chest, knocking him to the ground, easily defeated. "You betrayed your intentions with your eyes. There was no need for me to see your sword. Further, you were plainly distracted by my... assets. I do not need another suitor clamouring for my hand. What I need is a soldier I can spar with. One that I *cannot* humiliate with trivial ease."

With that, she took on a flurry of men, one after the other, beating them all with little difficulty. A few of them included some of her more determined suitors, who seemed unwilling to give up,

and she was starting to suspect they were getting off on the humiliation of their repeated defeat. In time, she grew frustrated with their weakness, stormed off and every single one of them focused on her butt as she left. Her gait held a naturally seductive sway to it, and though her rump was not as large or round as her bosom, it was a pleasing sight regardless, especially as the armour covering it was... shall we say, tighter than it was around others.

For Brienne herself, she returned to her room, closed the door, and with the help of her servants took off her armour. Where once, her teeth had been crooked there were now perfectly straight and aligned teeth that gleamed pearl white. Her hair was no longer the colour of dried hay, but rather that of the sun at high noon. Her nose was dainty, and as to her body?

Though she held a clear strong physique that we might call Amazonian today, there was more to it than that. Let us ignore the oaf who raises his hand and states that in our real history, Amazon warriors cut off a breast to help them aim their bows better. Brienne still had both of hers, thank you very much, and despite how large the armour made them seem the truth was they were actually keeping them fairly compressed. As soon as the clasps were undone, the top half made an attempt to spring across the room that was only thwarted by her experienced handmaidens. She might need a new size soon.

"Leave me be," she commanded, and her servants left her in her room, naked. They tried not to stare at her as they left, but her current beauty was... very eye catching to say the least. Once they were gone she approached a concealed drawer built into her dressing table and pulled out an item.

"It's getting worse every day," she whispered to herself, kissing the object tenderly. "At first, once a month. Then once a week, once a day... And now, though it is not yet noon, I crave it a second time since I arose." She mulled over what she was about to do. There was dinner with another suitor tonight, which she was not looking forward to. Did she have enough time for this...? Yes. In truth, she should be able to *make* the time if need be.

The object she was holding resembled a phallic one, made of expensive material and carved by a true artisan. It must have been expensive to have made, perhaps even more so than the custom made armour she wore. Brienne had her thoughts about the armour sometimes - she'd asked for it to accommodate her body, but she wondered if he'd maybe heard 'accentuate her figure' instead...

Though given her state of mind of late, she was also starting to wonder if she *had* explicitly instructed him to make it for that purpose. She opened her mouth wide, and took the phallic object in, finding it easily went all the way to the base. When she'd done this for the first time, it had purely been for lubrication, but she was soon finding that she enjoyed the sensation of having something *penis shaped* in her mouth.

Yet there was one thing she would enjoy more than that. She trailed it down her body, especially around her breasts, pacing herself, teasing herself, making sure her body was ready as, for the

second time since she had arose this morning, she pushed it into her pussy, all the way to the hilt, and began to pump it out, while her face twisted into a blissful grin the likes of which, if you saw someone out in public smiling like that, you'd have them committed on the spot.

"Ooooooh~" Brienne's eyes crossed, and her voice took on a strangely vapid tone. "Brienne likes! Brienne likes a lo~ot! Teehee!"

It's almost cruel to point this out, but the observation fits: In hentai, horny women often get belittled and degraded as 'sows'. In that horrid context, perhaps 'sow in a dress' was taking on a different meaning all these years later. One must almost wonder if her new voracious sexual appetite and powerful body might accidentally kill the man she'd marry on their wedding night.

=====

Bear Island sat to the north of Westeros, normally isolated and remote - and poor. Which is a terrible thing for the Lord of such an island, especially when his wife has such expensive tastes. Jorah did adore her, truly he did. Yet Lynesse had never held a coin she could keep for more than an hour. To her, it almost seemed as though spending was an addiction, and Jorah felt compelled to help her maintain it as much as he could.

His thoughts were turning desperate. How to keep her happy when their coffers were so low? The island had nothing to trade that other places did not have, save an abundance of bears... and a peculiar pink flower, that nobody had taken any note of until word came from the mainland. Word that the Starks had set up a trade for this flower, as many as could be grown.

All of a sudden they had a commodity to sell. He ordered for the flower to be allowed to grow, to let it be farmed. Apparently the climate and environment of the island suited their growth extremely well. For what purpose did King's Landing wish to pay through the nose for a mere flower? It would be half a year before he discovered the truth. It was not that the matter was being kept secret, it was more like... he had been so relieved at a suitable source of regular income that he hadn't investigated it too closely.

How relieved? Consider it this way; If not for this development, he had seriously considered starting to sell captured poachers into slavery. An act which was not only illegal throughout Westeros for years beyond number, but would ensure his name would be ruined by history if it ever got out. No matter what else he might do, or yet still do, if that became known he would become a pariah. A man set on that course, given a new path to follow? Aye, that would give him such relief it would be a true euphoria that no drug could surely match.

Yet half a year did pass, and one day he found that his wife was waiting for him in their private room. Alone, no servants around, with a strange pink brew sitting in an ornate glass vial in front of them.

"Greetings, husband!" she said with a twinkle in her eye. Then she grabbed the vial, tipped it to her lips and downed its contents in a single go, without breaking eye contact. "This is quite the fashion presently in King's Landing. As it transpires, this is where our flowers are going - To make this wonderful brew."

He cocked his eyebrow. "For this brew?" he asked. "What is it?"

The answer soon came to him, as his wife stood and slipped her dress from her shoulders letting it fall to the floor. Then she strode towards him, a vision of beauty with a very clear goal in her mind.

"Let's just say...I think you will be very pleased with the result," she said, grabbing him and pulling him to bed for a night of passion quite unlike any other he'd had with her. It was as though she was a beast restrained until now, and this potion had caused those chains to shatter into a million pieces.

The full story came shortly thereafter, following a few careful enquiries on his behalf. To his wife, to contacts at Winterfell, and the details became clear. This potion aroused the libido of women who imbibe it - which was fairly obvious. It also increased their physical beauty - which he had also deduced by the time the replies had returned. As for the ingredients, well...

For that he had to make a deal. A small Summer Goddess temple in exchange for the formula. A small price to pay when in return he would gain potentially a tremendous amount. Why, they could go further still. Substitute some of the ingredients for more locally sourced options, and it turned out that the potion worked every bit as well.

Or at least, that's how it seemed at first. It quickly became abundantly clear that there were other changes that made it quite different from the original formula. For one thing, Bear Island had quite the population explosion out of nowhere - and mostly girls at that.

What was more, his wife's spending ways had slowed down considerably, likely helped that within a few years she was taking care of a dozen girls and a single son. There was something oddly enjoyable in watching her run around after them, taking care of their needs with a beautiful smile upon her face. It was almost as though she was compelled to do it, as though it was her new life's work, and her old hobbies simply didn't matter anymore.

Come to think, many of the women on the island were behaving similarly. Bear Island historically had a culture of mighty warrior women, as their men were often away in some battle or another, forcing them to take up matters of defending the island and themselves while they were away.

It made him think of a comment once made by his sister, Meage. She had five daughters before all of this began, and she had quipped to him that he was "late in catching up to her".

"Fate is a strange thing," he had replied. "Sometimes the one who starts later, finishes earlier. Not that this is a race, of course."

"No, of course not," Meage shook her head. "Still though... Are you really alright with those Summer Islanders coming here? With those ridiculous clothes and foreign ways of doing things - It's not right, I tell you. They're up to something."

Two years later and not only would she have three more daughters, but she would be one of their more fervent converts. Jorah didn't really think much of it though. He was a bit too busy being the Lord of Bear Island - fast becoming known, jokingly, as the island of Women.

All truth told, there were worse things for your domain to be called.

=====

Faith is an important part of any society, and hence religion will always blossom and flourish. Within the seven Kingdoms, the Faith of the Seven was the dominant religion. For a long time they have held tremendous power and influence throughout the land, capable of influencing even those areas (like the north) where they did not hold such a strong grip of faithful.

For many religion is a boon and a salve, helping to find purpose or deal with loss. Indeed, it has made many people better than they once were... Yet at the same time, any institution that holds power for too long will become corrupt and rotten. Its leaders become hypocrites and paranoid, obsessed only with the power they have while ignoring or downplaying the responsibility that should come with such power.

For religion, that corruption is a truly terrible thing. When a religious leader is corrupt it can become difficult to deal with them, for they shall have the ear of the faithful, those who truly believe with all their heart - and going against them can easily bring ruin to all but the most canny and strong.

You wish an example? Then let us visit the chamber of the High Septon. The head of the faith, the supposed voice of divine will. The foremost servant of the Seven within our mortal realm. To question him is to question them. He perhaps believed this fervently himself, and saw the rewards he gleamed as coming from them in exchange for doing such a wonderful job.

Yet here he lays in bed, with Zharala Dar, a Priestess of the Summer Isles, the two of them laying there together after a copious amount of lovemaking. Sweat matted brows, their skin gleaming in afterglow. The way they hold one another, clothes strewn about the room. If any truly faithful person were to see such an image, they would call it a lie or a trick or an illusion meant to test their faith - or perhaps that faith would indeed be shattered by this disgusting hypocrisy.

"You make a fine point," the High Septon says, his hand reaching around to squeeze the posterior of his lover for today. "That was quite an intense experience."

"And yet you are not fully convinced?" she whispers seductively in his ear. "Oh, I know how men like you think. You recognise that this is something you can have only once. If it becomes regular, people will notice me entering your bedchamber. Regardless of the hold you have on the faith, it will shake your control."

"Hrm. Aren't we clever?" the High Septon shrugged. "It was very, very good. But if you truly wished to earn my full time attention, you would need to either become my lover full time or give me a tremendous amount of coin. I dare say you cannot do either, and so -"

She snapped her fingers, and several women wearing long robes entered the room. All of them with pale skin. Once they had all entered, they shed those robes - to reveal gorgeous young women with impossibly heaving bosoms, buttocks that were the size of a man's head, and as for their attire, they were all wearing the same garb as the Priestess herself normally wore. It was clear that they were converts to her faith, not from the Summer Isle, but from a more local spot.

"My gift to you," she whispered. "I have trained them personally in the art of lovemaking. By day they shall be as normal servants, but at night you may call any of them to your bed. So? Is this a sufficient bribe?"

"Bribe?" the High Septon chuckled. "Such a dirty word. I prefer tithe." He looked them all over, and the 'tithes' looked back at him with genuine, flirtatious smiles. "Very well. You have made a convincing argument. I shall hereby declare this brew of yours is the Mother's Gift. I shall order that your new faith is dealt with in the same way we do with the North's Old Gods and the Drowned God of the Iron Isle."

"That is all that I ask of you," the Priestess said, barely hiding her triumphant smile. It is true enough. Faith is needed for every culture, every nation... The only question is, whose faith, and which religion?

=====

When the announcement came out that the Faith of the Seven was endorsing the 'Mother's Gift', the nobility breathed a sigh of relief and continued to do that which they were doing anyway. However, that was not the end of the matter. Religion can become powerful. It can become potent. It can become corrupt, as many institutions do when their power is left unchallenged. And oh boy, let me tell you, the Faith of the Seven's leadership was *enormously* corrupt.

For those who do not benefit from this corruption, yet have held to the faith, it can breed resentment. Ah, allow me a correction there: It *will* breed resentment. Anger. Frustration. This leads to the double edged blade of fermenting religious fervour among the masses. If the

leadership is found wanting, then the people they sought to manipulate will devour them whole. It might take decades. It might take generations, or centuries... but it *will* happen, in time.

In another timeline, this man would be known as the High Sparrow. His real name? Unknown. Therefore, we shall continue to refer to him as such here. What we can know of him is that he truly did care for the poor under his care, and recognised what he must do in order to bring them greater happiness and fulfillment in life. He stood before a crowd of truly faithful, devout, and frustrated smallfolk, and then he spoke his piece.

"Today, the High Septon has announced the unthinkable," he said, and the crowd grumbled in agreement, like braying sheep. Why else do you think it is called a flock? "He has proclaimed that this sinful, foreign potion is the work of the Mother. A gift from her, to all of us, as reward for our piety."

He waited for a moment before continuing, to let that settle in. He looked around the room, as all great orators do, and when the moment was right he continued to speak.

"The reward for piety is to encourage vanity?" he asked. "The reward for piety goes only to the rich? Making their lives better? Their bodies healthier? More willing to rut like wild animals? Take note that they do not share this gift with any of us here! They hoard it to themselves, and yet I see men and women in this crowd more devout, more giving, more believing than any of the nobility!"

The crowd's bleating of agreement was becoming the roar of a lion. When it died down, the man spoke yet again.

"Hypocrisy!" he roared. "Sin! Debauchery! It is plain to see for any who would look! They are using their power, their influence and their position for the sake of worldly pleasures, which they hoard to themselves in the name of false piety, while expecting us to suffer and toil!"

The crowd now sounded like a rolling thunder built of years of frustration, poverty and neglect.

"The solution is clear," he warned. "We shall visit the north, where they grow fields of this flower, this 'Pink Delight', and then we shall scourge it from the soil! We shall deprive those heretics of their new means of debauchery, and from there, show them what it truly means to have piety!"

This was not the first such meeting he'd had across the land. It would not be the last. At each location he visited across the Kingdoms, he refined his speech, tailored it to the crowd, and grew a following of his own. A following of the smallfolk, the ultimate victims of eternal corruption, lashing out - and in some ways, gradually becoming something worse than that which they sought to overthrow.

=====

At Winterfell, Caitylin Stark was looking over her three youngest children. Triplets, two girls and a boy. Rickon, the boy, was babbling away, while the girls - Gabelle and Samaya - seemed content to stare at the light.

It was a peculiar thing. She had only taken the potion one time, and her complexion had been remarkably improved upon. Her physique was improved as well, making her feel ten years younger - yet she had to admit that her body was now more attractive than it was back then. It was the only time she'd taken it herself, out of simple curiosity and the recommendation of her sister. Then she had almost immediately fallen pregnant and then - well. She hadn't felt the need to try any more.

Comparing those two to their older sisters, it was as night and day. The little ones were so well behaved, especially for their age. Why, they'd hardly been any trouble at all! In comparison...

"Arya, you must learn to calm down," she admonished. Gently. "Your behaviour of late has been far too wild."

"Yes mother," Arya replied, though in her eyes Caitlin could see she had another response in mind. One that she had enough tact to not share aloud. That was a generally promising sign, but also a worrying one. It meant they would have to have this talk again and again.

"So, tell me why you felt it necessary to strike those boys with a detached fencepost," she asked. She might as well get the whole story out.

"I caught them torturing a cat," she said. "The poor thing didn't deserve that."

"There are other ways to deal with a situation other than violence," Caitlyn said. "I shall have a word with them and their parents about their behaviour. But! You must restrain yourself in future, and seek alternative means first. Those who rush into violence as their first response will often find that they push others into taking it as theirs. They held back only because you were a girl, but they could have hurt you far worse than they did that cat. Remember this, my daughter."

She nodded, and then she was dismissed. Oh, why couldn't she have wound up like her sisters...? Such a wild daughter, and her behaviour was not improving over time. It didn't get any better when she thought about a conversation she'd overheard between her and Sansa the other day.

"Really Sansa?" Arya had asked. "Why do you cake yourself with all that nonsense? It all but hides your face."

"Because I want to look as pretty as possible," Sansa had answered right away. "After all, if I want to marry a good man, I want to make a good first impression. You could learn that yourself, by the way."

"What is that meant to mean?" Arya had tersely asked.

"Whatever you want it to." And then Sansa simply walked away, leaving Arya fuming and scowling. That was a concerning conversation for multiple reasons. Would Arya have trouble finding a good husband due to her personality? What should she do about this?

The question of what she should do was practically answered for her, then and there, by a letter which arrived as if ordained by fate. She had asked her sister, Lysa, for some advice on how best to contend with this behaviour, most unbecoming of a girl of her standing.

Dearest sister,

It pains me to hear that my adorable niece is becoming so rambunctious of late. Perhaps, in time, she will become less rebellious. In the meantime, some advice.

Did you know that Selyse has been dosing her daughter mildly over the years? It's true! That girl has grown to be the prettiest in all of King's Landing. Then there is Brienne the Beauty, who is rumoured to have been cruelly turned down by her second arranged betrothal on sight. Now, she has to quite literally fight them off. She could have her pick of any of them, at any time or place she desires.

A small dose should be safe for one at her age.

We hope to see you in the near future!

Lysa Arynn

Do you know, that idea had never occurred to her. A small dose of that potion...? That might well work. It was worth a try at the very least. She'd not even considered the possibility, but - Well, there was plenty of it here. The main ingredient was produced in the North, there was an abundance of those flowers, so - Why not?

Thus, she gave special instructions to the cook. Put a small dose, not much, in Arya's dinner. For a while. Let us see what the result is, and if it proves fruitful... Keep doing it. That seemed like the safest way to progress, yes?

The results were noticeable inside of a week. The first sign was an absence of reports about Arya's behaviour. While she was still showing interest in areas such as swordplay, archery and the like, she was behaving in a far less aggressive manner about them.

Though that was hardly evidence of anything in and of itself. Caitlyn needed something *more* than that. Tangible proof, that couldn't be taken as anything else. And that evidence was found when she encountered Arya sitting in between her triplet siblings, wearing a pretty dress, playing a counting game with them.

"One puppy, two puppy, three puppies, four!" she was singing along, clapping her hands with them, that is to say alternating between clapping her own hands and then clapping them against her sibling's. "But that's not enough, we need even more!"

"...Arya...?" Caitlyn said. "I've never seen you play with them like that before."

"Oh, mother!" she said, shooting up a big bright smile. There was something strange about her eyes. "Tee hee, I just, you know, felt like playing with them for a bit. They're sooooo cute and precious and I love them to pieces!"

Is that so...? In that case, perhaps she ought to acquire more Pink Delight for her. This was definitely a step in the right direction.

Game of Bimbo 2

Winter is coming. Those were the words of the House of Stark, but to Eddard it was more than that. It was a reminder. They were living in the middle, or perhaps the end, of a long summer period where many young had never known anything but happiness and contentment. Yet one must always be aware of the approaching winter. Bad times would come. Summer would and must eventually end. Thus, it is crucial that in times of plenty one prepares for the times when there is not. If you have a good season for crops this year, anticipate a bad one in the next.

Because winter is coming, and with it comes the cold and ice and the dark. Those words were always relevant no matter how good times might be. Full today, starved tomorrow. It might seem pessimistic, but that's not how Eddard saw it. He saw it as realistic.

As a case in point, White Harbour and Bear Island were both undergoing a rate of growth. Their ports were hectic with activity, bringing in more coin than he'd ever seen go their way. Kingsroad was seeing traffic the likes of which he'd have once found preposterous. Even the slow days made the former quick days seem as timid as a rabbit by comparison.

What was more, there was a spike in population that matched the increased wealth and prosperity... Which is concerning for a man who knows in his heart that winter is on its less than merry way. If it came in the next few years there would be more mouths to feed, and less of them capable of working to help ensure they were all fed. For now it was fine, but later on... If worst came to worst, what happens then?

For one thing, his coffers were full to bursting, so they had at least a short term solution to the problem. In fact, he'd had so much wealth that he'd *had* to spend some of it. It had been years since the Northern Fleet had been rebuilt and now? He had the means to do it.

If he were to step back in time a decade or so and tell himself all of this, he'd have laughed in his own face. He would have thought it an outlandish dream, or some form of trickery, madness conjured up by a lookalike. That was before he'd even get to the *reason* it was happening in the first place. A magical brew that makes women prettier to an unbelievable degree, and massively increases fertility? How ridiculous can you get?

And yet... here we are. The ridiculous is real. And that ridiculousness had made the summer warmer than it might have already been. In more sense than one, given the field burnings...

His thoughts turned to more immediate, family matters. His daughter Arya was developing well. She'd had a bit of a rough streak for a time, more interested in weapons than traditionally feminine matters. Yet it was a mere phase, and she'd grown out of it.. But in so doing, had made a sort of enemy of her older sister.

"Mother, I know you're giving it to her," Sansa said, using that tone that girls her age did when they were trying to be polite, but only barely succeeding. Ned stayed out of this one, as he was

working on paperwork in the next room over. In truth, he did not wish to hear this conversation at all, but this could not be put off any longer. "It is only fair that you grant me some as well."

"You know her grades have suffered since?" Caitlyn observed.

"Only at first!" Sansa said, a touch more forcefully than she might have intended. "Then she started to apply herself more *properly* and they're almost back where they were before. On top of becoming, and I quote, 'the prettiest Stark girl'. Her taunts and barbs are becoming relentless. If she is to have it, then so should I."

"I advise, my dear daughter, that you learn how to be more cunning about getting what you want," Caitlyn smoothly said. "Raising your tone and making insistence on what is fair will only get you so far in this world. There are times when you must think through what you want, and then consider what steps you need to take to make it happen." Sansa made to speak again, but Caitlyn immediately shushed her. "Please, let me think on the matter. This is not an outright dismissal, merely some motherly advice. Now. Please leave us be, your father has a great deal of work to do."

"Yes mother," Sansa said, and sulked off.

Ned shook his head, soon feeling his wife hugging into him from behind. "I'm sorry for the disturbance," she said. "I'll make it up to you later on."

"You've taken it as well, haven't you?" he asked. "Not as much as some others, but once or twice over the years. You know it is not necessary to please me."

"Sometimes the most romantic gestures are to do things for the one you love that are *not* needed," she replied. "Ah... the rivalry of siblings. I shall cut Arya off as well, there is no need for her to take any more. She's not nearly as wild as she once was, the potion has already done its work."

That did seem like the most reasonable course of action to take... But then again, Ned knew full well that winter is coming. It is always coming. Somehow, he very much doubted that cutting off both of the girls would resolve the matter... Yet he trusted his wife, she knew those two better than he. If she thought this was the best course of action, then so be it.

=====

Sansa glowered across the courtyard at her little sister. Surrounded by boys her age who fawned on her, doted on her, treated her like Royalty. Showered her with gifts and attention, hung on her every word. She had them all wrapped around her little finger. It was disgusting, it was pathetic, it was stomach churning.

And she wanted to be able to do that too.

It wasn't just Arya, either. That was perhaps the most frustrating part of it. She'd often see her brothers going around with a girl on each arm. Apparently it wasn't as common in King's Landing or other places to the south where the flowers grown to make the brew were much, much rarer. The smallfolk of the north though, they have a much readier access to the supply. Many of them were involved in the harvest, and given permission as part of their pay to take home some of the brew for their own wives and daughters if they did a fine enough job.

When the benefits became known, many did an *exceptional* job. Thus, you could hardly turn the corner without running into some woman with a huge, bouncy bosom, a slender waist, hips powerful enough to put a dent in the castle walls, and a posterior rounder and fuller than even a new moon hanging in the night sky.

One could see the signs in Arya already, though she had not finished growing. She would put some of the other potion imbibers to shame by the time she turned twenty, of which Sansa had little doubt.

"Oh, hi sis!" Arya waved at her, a big vacant grin on her pretty face. She skipped over towards her, leaving the crowd of boys behind staring after her with total desire in their gaze. "So? Did you manage to bully mother into giving you some?"

Sansa cast her eyes to the group of boys back there. "You should be careful who you're with," she warned. "Those boys might take some liberties."

In response, Arya's frown furrowed. She twirled her hair around her finger. "Um, you mean they might try to take advantage of me? Teehee, you're silly. I already beat them all up at once earlier on. They, like, know not to touch me if I don't wanna be touched, and if anyone else tries something...? They'll, like, regret it. And stuff."

This strange way of talking she'd picked up. It sounded so... Deviously unintelligent. It was an act, Sansa was sure of it. She was being made fun of by this little...

"Oh, I get it!" Arya continued. "It's cuz you wanna be surrounded by boys who wanna touch you, right? I hear there's a name for a girl like tha~at!"

Sansa went to slap her on reflex, but Arya caught it in an almost lazy way. Knocked her arm aside like she was swatting an insect. Instead, Sansa satisfied herself with merely staring the girl down, while she stared up smirking triumphantly, even though her battle was not yet won by any means! For now though, Sansa had no further recourse. She retreated, seething and formulating a plan of revenge, and trying to ignore that incessant giggle she could hear from her sister back there. Oooh! How *infuriating*!

What should she do, then? Perhaps she should buy some of the potion for herself...? No, mother kept a watchful eye on her finances. She could eventually scrape some money together

to buy a flask without being noticed, but if she messed that up she'd wind up pitching a fit. Perhaps pilfer some from the stocks before it was accounted for? Risky too, and doing that alone would make it very unlikely to succeed. She doubted her brothers would help her out. In essence, Sansa had no *real* allies of substance yet except for her own siblings.

Such is the nature of youngsters of her station. In time, she would gain alliances with the members of other Houses as she met them, dined with them, got to know them, and perhaps even married one of them. For now, she had nothing to speak of but the reliance of her family. Not even the experience to know what to do with what little she had.

But that didn't stop her from thinking. Thinking. Thinking...

"M-Mother, you cannot be serious!" she heard quite suddenly, later in the day. "But! But it's been a huuuuuuge help! I've never been happier."

"I'm sorry Arya, but this is for your own good," their mother said. "I think it would be best if we cut you off for the time being."

"Is this because Sansa complained?" Arya said. "If that's the case then - let her have some too! There's no way she'll catch up to me now!" Why that little - For a moment there Sansa had been feeling quite positively towards her little sister. Not so much anymore!

"I see, you're quite serious about this after all..." their mother said. Then, her eyes flicked across the hallway and locked onto Sansa's. "Come here, child. I know you heard her as well. Then what of this? I will allow you to have this Pink Delight if, and only if, you do well in your studies. Do you think you can manage this?"

"Yes, mother!" both girls meekly said. And that was that. Was this the hand their mother had been playing towards? Improving in their studies? Sansa mulled it over carefully to herself. That seemed like an important lesson regarding what her mother had said earlier. How to get what you want, yes, of course... Offer up something only you can provide and make an exchange for it. There is some common sense to be had here. It was something she'd have to keep in mind.

=====

Jon Snow was a bastard. In the literal sense. In the parlance of our own world he was actually a very good man. Brave, considerate, compassionate... But as he was born out of wedlock, his father Eddard Stark and mother unknown, that meant his life was tainted and stained by a weighty sin, for which it was a miracle that Caitlyn ever forgave him.

As a bastard, it meant he could not use his father's name. In various regions there were common surnames given to bastards like himself. Up here in the north 'Snow' was a common one. When people hear 'Jon Snow', they think 'bastard from the north'. It was something that would stain him, and any children he might have... though any grandchildren could rid

themselves of that cursed surname and take on their own, removed far enough from the sin that gave him life.

Normally, this would leave him detached and sullen, seeking a way to make himself useful to someone. To impress his father, and his family, to make up for a sin that was not truly his own, and yet he had been burdened with. It would haunt him until the day that he learned his true parentage. Shaping him, moulding him into the man he would become, and yet...

Yet that was another life. In this one, where the North had money to burn, Jon found himself having to fend off the attentions of interested young women on a much more regular basis than he ought. Nobody should want anything to do with him, and yet -

"Good morning!" a cheeky woman curtsied for him, in a move that was obviously and blatantly designed to make her chest jiggle for his attention. She then scurried away about her business. He turns around, and almost collides with the rear end of another woman who is picking up something from the floor.

"Oh, terribly sorry," she said, though stayed slightly bent over. Jon politely smiled at her and carried on his way. If and when he settled down, he would not engage in anything inappropriate with a woman until their wedding night. Though - strangely - it seemed as though less people cared about this matter of late he knew that enough still did elsewhere that it would make life difficult for any offspring that might result.

It was.. More difficult than he'd assumed though. The women were very, very beautiful. And persistent. And *inventive*. Why, just yesterday he had seen one tremendous flirt pour water down her top, causing her cloth to cling to her chest and leaving very precious little to the imagination.

His current working idea was that they didn't know who he was, exactly. All they saw was a young man who was, admittedly, quite healthy, fit, and without an obvious partner. As many of them were new faces there was an excellent chance they did not know who he was, and so, they flirted away.

His brother Rob, on the other hand? That made more sense to him. Of course Rob would be popular with the ladies. He was the heir to the North, in a time when its wealth and prosperity were on the rise. Of course any woman would want to marry him at this time. It was a sensible political move, so sensible even he could see it plain as day.

"Hello Jon."

This greeting though, it did not come from a woman. It came from his own father. Eddard Stark, looking down at him with something different in his eyes than usual. Normally, the relationship between them was... awkward, to say the least.

"Good morning, my lord," he bowed, as he ought before his better.

"Jon, I have been considering your future," Lord Stark said. "My plans were for you to go into the Night's Watch when you were of age. It would have been a good experience for you, working at the wall."

The wall. An enormous barrier to the north that was watched constantly by those who normally had no other place to go. Indeed, that would have been a good fit for him. Out of the way. Where nobody would have to think about him. Why, they might almost treat him as an equal up there. In the cold, forgotten place, watching out for... something in the dark. An unknown something that many people did not think existed anymore.

"However, our circumstances are changing and developing in unusual directions," Eddard said. "With our population boom, we shall need further land for folk to live on. And land where people live will need someone to stay in charge. To be their Lord, under me and over them. To help cultivate enough food crops to keep mouths fed when winter eventually comes."

Jon considered that carefully, and frowned. "Are you... giving me a holding, my Lord?" he asked.

"Not yet," Eddard said. "I am merely considering it for now. It is an option among many, one that was closed to us before. I would like to hear your feelings on the matter before making my decision. If you have a clear enough head about you to consider the implications, then I'd see it as a good sign."

Jon swallowed nervously and bowed his head a bit deeper. In part to hide his confusion at this development. Things were changing so quickly! He didn't know how to take it!

"You may return to your business," Eddard said. "When you have a decision made, come to find me, and we will discuss the matter in more detail."

=====

Sansa sat in her room feeling uncomfortable in her own skin. Her clothes were too tight, and if she was being honest she'd rather not wear anything at all. She felt hot all over, found herself easily distracted. This must be the work of the potion. She had no idea it would be so... potent.

Yet she had to have more. Which meant that she had to excel in her lessons. Concentrate. Focus. Deep breath. Your tutor will be along soon, and she was a strict mistress. A Septa of the Faith, who brooked no nonsense and -

"My lady," her handmaiden entered the room, her chest jiggling prominently. Oh yes. That was another matter. She and her sister had been sent several new handmaiden candidates of late. The intention was transparent: Seduce her brothers via proximity to them. "I have just received word - You will have a new tutor starting today."

"A new tutor...?" Sansa repeated. Her blinking accelerated. "Has something happened to Septa Mordane?"

"Not exactly, ma'am," the handmaiden said. "Have you not heard of the burning of the flowers?"

As a matter of fact she had. A field of them gone ablaze. The culprits were rumoured to be fanatics of the Faith, who found the brew it brought about to be a heresy. Her mind ticked over, what did this mean...?

"The Faith of the Seven is not so popular at the moment as it used to be," her handmaiden explained. "The North is faring well at the moment, and their adherents have cost us all a pretty penny. Not to mention deprived us of some brew. To protect the Septa herself, and for the sake of appearances, your parents have arranged this morning for a new tutor to deal with you and your sister today."

"A new tutor...?" Sansa repeated. It must have been done in a tremendous hurry then, if her mother had not informed her in person. "What are my parents doing at this time?"

"They are investigating means to protect future harvests," the handmaiden said. Yes. As much as it rankled Sansa's pride, that was a more important and immediate matter than her own education. The message had been passed on, and that was what truly mattered. No doubt she would have a more detailed discussion with her parents later. Arya might want to as well, come to it. "Allow me to introduce your new tutor. Her... Her name is Todhora Rhaa."

Before Sansa could finish processing the name, a Priestess of the Summer Isles walked inside. She was wearing more modest attire than she'd heard people of her sort usually wore. A bright sequined robe, with a fur collar and furred sleeves. What beast it was escaped her, but the woman seemed almost demure by comparison to the image she'd had in her head.

"Greetings, I am pleased to meet you," Todhora said, utilising a very smart curtsy. "I will be taking care of you and your sister from now on. You will find that I am quite excellent in teaching the matters of importance to a young lady. Cooking, needlework, and other... wifely duties. I will ensure that you are raised well, raised to be happy and content, and fully skilled in matters of court."

At first, Sansa was sceptical that this Summer islander could teach her such things... But to her surprise, she was an astute teacher. Neither cruel nor kind. She was practical, down to earth, quickly identified where she was struggling and corrected her on the matters she got wrong.

Sansa found herself truly enjoying her lessons for the first time in a long while.

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Arya was Not Happy. Hrmph! To think that her sister would take so well to the potion as well! Oh, it was so unfair! That age advantage was simply far, far too much. She'd caught up quickly. Too quickly. Oooh, it made her want to stamp her feet and pout!

"Twin Roses of the North," was what they were called. Bah! She didn't want to be Sansa's *equal*, she wanted to be her *better*. Sansa had made fun of her interests for as long as Arya could remember, and now she was able to get her own back - and now the tables were turning again!

There was little else for it. She was pretty agile and nimble for her age, and the new tutor had been very super helpful in her physical training as well as her social lessons. Tee hee! It was a bit above and beyond her duties, but Arya was *super* grateful for it.

She'd been able to use that to sneak inside the storehouse where the potions were kept. Now. She couldn't just take a whole bottle for herself. That would be noticed right away! But what wouldn't be noticed is if... She brought her own flask... Then took out a tiny teeny little bit of all the bottles, mixed it all up in her own glass and drank *that* dose - nobody would be any the wiser!

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She was taking more than she should be. Sansa was sure of it. Well. That was fine. Their new tutor had been quite careful in teaching her all sorts of things the Septa didn't want to touch, including how important it was to, y'know, maintain close contacts abroad. Thus! Sansa had managed to make a good friend from the Bear Island when they had a delegation over. It seemed like playful things between girls of comparable age, but actually? She was establishing a line of contact so she could easily and cheaply get *their* version of the brew under the table.

It was a variant. She could tell at first taste. But it was no less effective. Though, it was funny. Sometimes after taking one, she'd wake up in her own bed hours later drenched in sweat and... other fluids that she didn't recognise. She felt pretty amazing, though.

Heh. And she'd heard people were referring to the two of them as the Twin Roses of the North. Really now? A lady like her and a tomboy like Arya? We'll have to see about that!

And so, the cycle of competition between two sisters continued to turn, as the two of them sought more and yet more creative ways of sneaking more potion to themselves, using fair means or foul. A competition that their new tutor was *definitely* not doing anything to facilitate in her lessons, either...

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Theon Grayjoy stood at the altar like a man who would desperately want to be somewhere else. Anywhere else! He fidgeted, he forced a smile, and he chewed upon his lip as he thought of the circumstance that led him here.

He'd been caught in the act, you see. He and Robb, well, they were enjoying themselves a bit too much with the beautiful women who abound throughout Winterfell these days.

So, when visitors came from Bear Island, which had its own abundance of its own version of Pink Delight to sell, it was only natural that a bit of fun was to be had. Yet it was a trap. A snare. A cunning ruse. A pot of honey laid out for them to stumble into. The two young men had been thinking with their dicks, and stuck it in without much thought.

Jon was the one to notice the trap, which rankled Theon's pride a little. He'd been able to arrive before the guards, and provided enough of a distraction for Robb to escape before anything could happen. If only Theon had taken him seriously. The bastard had *tried* to save him, despite Theon's treatment of him. But... He had discarded that help, looked down upon him, and now he was getting married to a daughter of the Lady of Bear Island. Lyra Mormont. A beautiful warrior woman. It was rumoured that she didn't drink the brew they concocted, but rather bathed in it for an hour daily. He was left with the impression that she could fuck a man to death inside of ten minutes, or just as easily kill him any other way in one.

Still, it rankled him that he could no longer sow his wild oats. The union had proved necessary. After a fashion, uniting his biological family, the one that he was hostage to, and the Bear Islands. A fine arrangement for all involved.

The wedding proceeded without incident. The wedding night, on the other hand...? It proceeded *with* incident. Intense, passionate, and wild. Untamed, unrestrained, and then when she was on top of him, naked, sitting with her knees planted on either side of his hips, she looked down on him with a strange expression and asked -

"Do you mind if some of my servants join us? I caught a few of them giving you the once over earlier, so~"

And this was when the trap turned into a paradise. An open marriage! He could have hardly guessed it. After a week of intense, strenuous lovemaking, he'd converted to their new faith on the spot. He'd have to be a fool not to! If this is the life that a convert to the Goddess of the Summer Isles had to look forward to, then all glory to her!

Within a year, he had two daughters to care for, and his wife was already pregnant again! It meant he had much, much less time to spend with the Starks, but given the sheer quality of the pussy he was getting, and how absolutely adorable his daughters were turning out to be, could anyone possibly blame him? Ah! But he must bring this to the Iron Islands as well, converting them would bring even greater happiness to all!

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As to Robb Stark, he had taken that incident to heart and been much more careful where he put his dick. Not least because it was becoming rapidly more and more apparent that Pink Delight was increasing the fertility of those who took it, and he had no desire to leave a woman with a child to raise on their own.

Still, he would have to take a wife in the due course of time... And since Theon was too busy ploughing the fertile fields of his warrior woman wife, it had meant he'd had to spend a lot more time training and sparring with Jon.

Which had taught him quickly that the bastard was second nature with a blade in his hand. He'd already had an inkling of this, of course, but his talent seemed to improve every time they met. He'd never expected them to grow so close, and yet here they were.

"Become my bannerman," Robb said. Not for the first time, nor for the last. Jon wavered, as always, but Robb knew what he wanted. He would keep pushing for it, over time, and he was certain he would get it. "We need men like you to stand fast against the raids from those fanatics."

"I hear they tried to burn another field," Jon said. Robb nodded. "They're growing more daring."

"Desperate, is how I think of it," Robb said. "Listen. Before too long, we're supposed to have His Majesty visiting, and he's bringing the Lannisters with them. We need to show them that the money they're spending up here is being put to good use."

"And having a bastard as a bannerman will do that?" Jon asked.

"Not a bastard," Robb said. "A fine swordsman, and a heroic soul. You'll do well in this role, mark my words Jon Snow."

He hesitated. Robb shook his head. Further encouragement was still needed. "Tomorrow, we're going out with father," Robb said. "When we return, you'll have to make your mind up one way or the other."

Indeed he would. For a tremendous game was about to begin, fresh off that arrival. A game, not of thrones, but of bimbos. And when you play the game of bimbos? You fuck.

There is no 'or', by the way. You just... Have lots and lots of sex.

Ataru the Shogun

Ataru Moroboshi was in a bit of a strop. He was strolling down the street, back hunched, hands in pockets, looking around for cute girls - and seeing none. It was like they were all avoiding him! And on a day when Lum was busy for a few hours at that! He should be able to find some cute babes to hit on - but it was like they were seeing him and turning tail!

Oh! But wait! There's a beauty now, coming out of that antique's store! A splendid and lovely lady stepping out while wearing a traditional kimono and carrying... something. He didn't much care what.

"Excuse me, miss? Do you need some help?" Ataru asked, rushing across the street, a touch too eager to hit on her for his own good. Alas, this made him stumble, tumbling along into the young woman - who promptly dropped the item on his head.

This hurt considerably less than it should have. It took Ataru a moment to realise what it was. A Shogun's helmet? He reached up to tug it off but - Mmmph! It was really stuck on there! He looked around to ask the young lady for help, but - No sign of her. She'd vanished outright, and... Worse yet, the store's door was now closed. There was no sign of anyone inside either.

"Man, why don't I get any respect around- " Ataru began to protest, but then he stopped cold in his tracks as a strange unfamiliar feeling rose up inside him. A feeling of regality, a feeling of power, of honour, of tradition... And a few familiar things as well, like a love of fine women. For the first time in his horny, unlucky life, Ataru Moroboshi felt a strong sense of real, awesome power flowing through his fingertips.

The power... of a Shogun..

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Ah, that was fun! Sometimes, Lum just needed to hang out with her friends for a bit. Relax, get away from Darling and the weirdos on Earth, and do something normal like scuba diving on a planet made of ice cream.

It was the sort of thing that helped keep her mind fresh. Gave her the energy to deal with Darling and his relentless womanising! She sincerely hoped he'd been behaving himself today - oh, but she was certain he was! She'd hit him with a dose of anti-women pheromones before leaving. It should've run out by now though. Teehee, maybe he'd be in the mood for a bit of affection for a change? That would be nice!

"Darling, I'm home!" she called out, flying in through his bedroom window, arms spread open so she could dive into a great big hug - Only to find something truly strange waiting within.

It was her Darling, no doubt about it. She was in the right house. However, things felt a bit strange. The room was more spartan than usual, not as much in it, while her Darling was sitting in the middle of the room wearing something very unusual.

A strange helmet with two white spikes that extended straight up, while a neck guard hung from the back of it. Slung over his shoulders were red leather straps, while underneath was a bright yellow metal suit of armour with interlocked chain links that extended down to his calves in a sort of battle dress. It looked quite formal. Expensive, too. At least by Earth standards.

"Eh?" Lum asked. "That's quite unusual, Darling. Is it for a special occasion?"

His eyes had been shut up until now, but when she spoke they opened wide and settled on her. How strange. He'd never looked at her like that before. It was... intense. As though he was studying her body for the very first time.

"Welcome home Lum," he said. Then his hand lifted up, offered to her. She took it, of course. Then she found herself pulled into his lap. Ooh! This was even better than she'd hoped for! "Tell me. What is it that a good wife should do for their husband?"

"Oh? Ah...?" Lum didn't know what to make of that question. How strange of him to ask all of a sudden. "Well, they should show him lots of love, and cook for him, and clean for him, and take good care of his home..."

"No, that is wrong," Ataru said. "A wife's first and only true duty to their husband is - to love and to cherish them. All else will spring forth from this."

Oooh, her Darling was being playful today. Was this his idea of being flirty? No, no, she'd seen what that was... Perhaps this was him trying to be serious? She hadn't seen *that* yet!

"I bought you a gift to show my appreciation," Ataru said, gesturing across the room. Oh? It was by the window, she'd missed it when she'd flown in. "Please change. I would like to see what you look like in it."

Ah? It was... a yellow kimono, by the looks of it. With a green one underneath. Also, what was with this cap on top? Was this meant to be a wig? Lum was pretty sure that black hair wouldn't suit her at all, especially tied up like this, with wings on the side.

Oh well. Her Darling got her this gift, so she'd at least try it on. So long as it wasn't like that one ribbon which sealed her powers. If it was - ooooh, she'd shock him good later on! Though... for now, she'd play along with this. Put on this costume and -

"How do I look?" Lum asked while gingerly placing the wig on her head. The instant it landed, Lum felt something strange. She turned her head and somehow the wig stayed on. Huh? She tried to take it off but - no dice. "Darling, you're not trying something... Something... Funny..."

Her voice trailed off as this weird yet wonderful feeling filled her from head to toe. Her Darling rose to his feet, seeming much more regal and imposing than normal. She sunk to her knees into a bowing position almost despite herself. Lum made another token effort to remove the wig, but... it was like trying to remove her own scalp or horns. It was fastened on!

"There," Ataru said, smiling down at her. "I always thought you would be prettier if you were a normal human girl." Huh? What? "Black hair suits you nicely. You are very, very cute like this. A most suitable wife... The first of many."

"Many...?" Lum repeated back. "Darling, you're not trying for a harem are you?"

"Of course," he replied, matter of fact, as if it was the most normal thing in the world. "Why wouldn't I? A Shogun of my level should have a pretty harem all to himself, to help me cope with the heavy burden of responsibility."

"Responsibility...?" Lum repeated back at him, yet again. Was it a sign of her falling under a spell, or perhaps she was doing an impersonation of a video game character? "What sort of responsibilities might those be?"

"Why, I have the sacred duty of keeping many women pleased and satisfied," Ataru replied. "That can be very stressful, you can see why I'd need a harem to help me unwind."

That felt very circular to Lum... yet it also made a sort of sense. She didn't *want* it to make sense, but... But yes, she could see it now. See it clearly. Her Darling deserved a harem. To help him cope. To help him relax, and unwind, and indulge in Earthly pleasures.

It suddenly made perfect sense to her. Of course he deserved a harem. Of course he should have one. Why shouldn't he? There was no reason that he shouldn't. Therefore... Lum should do everything in her power to give him one.

"Alright, Dar- Ataru-Sama!" Lum bowed deeply to the floor, correcting herself in her address of him. "If it is a harem that you want, as your loving wife I shall do all that I can to help you have one."

After all, the duties of a wife should come from a place of love and devotion alone. All else follows from those two things.

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By this point Shinobu should be used to the weirdness. On the other hand, if she ever found herself just accepting this stuff as normal she should probably seek psychiatric help.

"Lum, what are you doing?" she asked while standing at her front door, leaning against the door frame while staring out in utter disbelief. What, indeed? She'd arrived on a Norimono. Yeah. That's right. A Japanese style carrying car used traditionally for the warrior nobility of Japan. Of which Lum was most certainly not a member. She wasn't even Japanese! She was an alien in the most literal sense of the term! An extra terrestrial! "I know you wanted to learn about Japanese history, but.."

Then Shinobu took a closer look at the boys carrying her. Weren't those... the Stormtroopers? Her most devoted fanboys? They were all standing there with big pervy smiles on their dumb faces, their eyes swirling around and around as if they'd been hypnotised. As for Lum herself, she had a fan in front of her, and she was wearing a stupid wig. The eyes gave her away though. Lum's eyes might seem like a human's, but there was something about them that gave the game away every single time.

"And... how did you persuade them to carry you, exactly?" Shinobu asked.

"By my sheer beauty, of course!" Lum replied. "Isn't that right, boys?"

"Yes, Mistress Lum!" the boys all bellowed in unison. Okay...? That was kinda creepy. "One look at your visage, and we fell! Forevermore!" Try *very* creepy.

"Don't you think you're going a bit too far with this?" Shinobu asked. "Oh, never mind. Leave them outside and come in. I might as well fill you in on a few things."

The really frustrating part here was that Lum was perfectly capable of flight, as she demonstrated here when she skipped entering Shinobu's house and instead flew up to the window, and waited to be let inside. Why did she even bother with that - No, never mind, trying to figure out the way one of these alien weirdos thought was an invitation for a headache.

Once she was in, and sitting in a surprisingly accurate traditionally Japanese way, Shinobu began her lesson. "Was there anything in particular you wanted to know about?" she asked.

"Yes, there is," Lum replied. "Ooku and Seishitsu."

Shinobu blushed a bit there. "Let me guess, Ataru put that in your head?" she asked. "Oh, fine. In the Edo period, there was a law passed which separated the noblewomen from the outside world. No male adults were allowed into the Ooku are of the castle without express permission from the Shogun - thus ensuring they and they alone would have the right to... do anything with those women."

"And the Seishitsu?" Lum asked.

"That's the name for the Shogun's official wife," Shinobu said. "She would live in the Ooku as well with the concubines. This system lasted for two centuries, until the Meiji Restoration brought about the end of the Shogunate."

Huh... This was strange. Lum had hidden her face behind that fan since she'd arrived. Why was she doing that...?

"What's with that fan?" Shinobu asked. "It's kind of rude to come here and demand a lesson in history when you're hiding yourself."

"Oh, this is for your benefit," Lum replied. "I'm afraid that now, I am too beautiful for my own good. You see, if anyone glimpses my face, there's a risk they'll wind up like those boys out there. You know how it is, don't you?"

... Right. Sure she did. Shinobu's eyes narrowed upon the girl who was kind of her best frenemy. The girl from outer space that brought with her a whole bunch of weirdness, kinda sorta stole her boyfriend, and seemed like a massive amplifying effect on the unpredictable nature of her life recently.

"Give me that fan," Shinobu yelled, snatching it out of Lum's hand. "Now see here -"

She stopped cold in her tracks as she actually got to see Lum's face. Huh! She knew Lum was pretty, but... Something felt *different* today. She'd always had this sort of... elf like, near human beauty about her. Features that were slightly angular, yet still cute. Inhuman attributes that came together to construct a superior whole.

This was different. It went beyond merely beautiful, it was as if Shinobu was suddenly staring at a face that she was Not Worthy to see. Above her. Beyond her. Superior to her in every way that mattered. All she could do was sink to her knees, babbling an apology for having wrong her by taking away her fan - Her fan! She'd let it slide out of her grasp and clatter to the floor! How rude, how gauche, how positively *wicked* of her!

"Fear not, dear Shinobu," Lum said, reaching up to cup her cheek, before pulling her close for a kiss on the mouth. When they parted, Shinobu felt sort of... numb all over. Some of Lum's lipstick had smeared onto her mouth. She barely noticed when the pretty Oni snapped her fingers, though she most certainly noticed when the Stormtroopers entered the room.

"Mistress Lum!" the Stormtroopers said, all but tripping over themselves to bow before her. "We have brought the clothes and wig!"

"Very well," Lum said. "Shinobu, if you wish to make this up to me, put on the wig and the clothes these boys have brought. The three of you, please leave now. It would not be proper for a man - except for Ataru-sama - to be present when a lady is changing."

Everything Lum said made perfect sense. It would *not* be proper for another man to be present when she was changing. Only Ataru-Sama. Shinobu picked up the wig and lay it on her hair. It was already fairly close to her natural hair colour anyway but - Oooh, she sort of felt something settle into her scalp there! It was as if the wig itself was becoming her new hair!

Moments later, she'd finished changing. Wearing the same clothes as Lum. With the same hairstyle as Lum. A sense of calm washed over her as she understood. Her place in the world. Her place at Lum's side.

"We are, both of us... Ataru-Sama's Seishitsu," Shinobu said. "It will be an honour and a privilege to share him with you, my Darling Lum."

"And I with you, Darling Shinobu," Lum replied. "However... our Shogun has need of concubines as well as wives. Shall we proceed with recruiting some for him, now? Or would you rather wait until you show our future husband just how... loving and devoted you are to him?"

A difficult question to answer, for Shinobu could see the logic either way. Ah... yet as much as her loins might protest otherwise, her rightful duty would be to find proper concubines for their future husband. It wasn't as if they could get married until they had...

For the time being, the two of them returned to Lum's transportation with fans covering their faces. It would hardly do if the common folk were allowed to bear witness to their pretty faces, after all.

Though the most curious thing about how they travelled to the cart was that they both left by Shinobu's window - With Shinobu drifting down without any assistance from Lum at all.

"Come along, servants!" Shinobu called out to the Stormtroopers as they left her home. "We must hurry to my future husband's castle, without delay!"

"Yes, Lady Shinobu!" the Stormtroopers happily called out, picking up their transport and turning around to make a quick bearing - not on the Moroboshi residence. No... Instead, they were heading directly to Tomobiki High School.

=====

Sakura was the most obvious beauty in Tomobiki. That's not intended as an insult, merely an observation. She was the most outright beautiful, with a body that exhibited the typical feminine attributes associated with 'sexy'. The fact that she was both a priestess and a nurse added a little extra spice, it was like she was dual classing fetishes and pulling them both off masterfully.

This being said, it also made her the most dangerous to Ataru Moroboshi's plans for his Shogunate's Harem. He could tell they were all under a spell of some sort. I mean, no kidding. If he could tell then so could she. Sakura would notice, and would likely 'cure' them of it as soon

as look at them. Thus, she was a prize worth keeping both for her beauty, and also because her being against them basically counted as a loss condition.

Anyone who knows Ataru well would surely think "that seems quite intelligent for him." And they would be right to think so. You should take this as a sign of how he is being influenced by the helmet.

Speaking of which, he was approaching the nurse's station in Tomobiki high with a grim determination, yet also wearing his regular attire. In his hands, the helmet was being carried. Upon reaching the door to the nurse's station, he took in a deep breath, forced a goofy smile on his face and burst inside.

"Miss Sakura~" he sang, skipping along towards her, where she rolled her eyes and let out a weary, tired sigh. "I found something really co~ol!"

"By 'something cool' you mean something that will cause mischief again, right?" Sakura yelled, snatching the helmet out of his grip. She lay it in her lap and looked at it closely. "This helmet seems to have a rather potent curse on it..." she muttered to herself. "This will take some time to _"

In the time she was speaking, Ataru had made his move, placing a wig on top of her head while her attention was on the helmet. Sakura jumped to her feet - but soon found herself being held down by a pair of arms on each side. Lum and Shinobu had arrived, and they were keeping her pinned in place by force.

"H-Hey, let go of me!" Sakura yelped, while Ataru calmly retrieved his helmet and put it on his own head. "Ah! This wig, what's it doing to - Ooooh~ No! I won't give in that easily!"

"What it is doing, Miss Sakura, is making it clear what your rightful place in the world is," Ataru said. "A beautiful, intelligent and talented woman like yourself would be better off using those talents to aid a Shogun. As it is, you are squandering those talents."

"You should relax, Miss Sakura," Lum said with a calm, soothing voice. "It'll be over soon."

"You will make for an excellent concubine," Shinobu said, darting her face forward to kiss Sakura on the lips. When she did, the woman stopped struggling. Not right away, but gradually, the fight slipping out of her body as her will was drained out of her. When Shinobu pulled away, Sakura's head flopped around, making her easy prey for Lum to steal a taste. How refreshing. Watching the three of them get on so well!

"Ah~" Sakura gasped when Lum's lips separated from her. By now, the wig had done its work. It had replaced her hair entirely now. "These clothes... they feel so wrong!" Sakura clawed at them, not seeming to take heed of the fact that she was undressing in front of Ataru. That was

fine. He made a gesture with his head, and the girls produced the proper costume for Sakura in her new role.

While Lum and Shinobu would be his wives, Sakura would be his first concubine. Instead of the kimonos denoting their place as wives, she would be as an oiran, with loud colours, multilayered silk garb intended to attract the eye. Quite fitting for the most beautiful woman in Tomobiki, wouldn't you say?

Ah, but she would not be the only acquisition for his harem that would be found at Tomobiki. Ataru had two others in mind, who would be somewhat less of a challenge to bring on board.

=====

Ryuunosuke Fujinami was a quite unfortunate young woman. Her father was a complete lunatic, who seemed to spend half his energy on gaslighting her at every turn, and denying her the gender that she both biologically was, and mentally identified as.

The result? The most manly girl you ever did meet. The Tomboy King - er, rather, Tomboy Queen. It's very easy to forget, despite her being very cute and having a very, very womanly body she acted and talked so much like a man that it was quite difficult to keep in your head what her true gender was.

She wanted to be recognised as a girl. She just couldn't ever manage it, you know? Couldn't get to wear frilly dresses, couldn't talk like a chick, couldn't work out how to act like a chick. That headspace was as alien to her as Lum was to Earth.

Ah, but today...? Today she'd run into Shinobu wearing some real fancy girly looking getup.

"Would you like to try?" Shinobu sweetly asked. "I have a spare costume for you here."

"Gee I don't know," Ryuunosuke said, while unbuttoning her shirt. "I mean, you know my old man, he'll burst in at a moment's notice to ruin things for me." She took the wig, shrugged, and put it on her head. "Maybe I oughta wait until I can kick the crap out of -"

She had been sliding the kimono sleeves on when it hit her out of nowhere. Ah! Ooooh! Girly thoughts began to fill her head, pushing all the bad, manly thoughts out. Wait, wait, something was strange, something was very strange just now. She reached up to take the wig off.

But then Shinobu dropped the fan in front of her face, and her heart leaped up in her throat. She was... so pretty! Ryuunosuke finished pulling the kimono on, stopped fighting these thoughts filling up her brain. Let them in. Held the door open for them.

"What is your relationship to Ataru-sama?" Shinobu asked.

"He is my lord and shogun," Ryuunosuke replied, tying the kimono closed. "I am his personal concubine, obedient at his beck and call."

"How wonderful!" Shinobu clapped her hands. "I knew you would see the light."

=====

Ran was a bitter, vengeful girl who happened to have an extremely cute, doll-like face. An aspect of herself she had little trouble using, or rather abusing to her heart's content. What did she want? The answer was simple! She wanted revenge. Revenge on Lum! For all the torment she'd given over the course of their life!

From misunderstandings when they were very young, to stealing the heart of the boy she liked when they'd grown up, Ran had a lot of baggage to deal with when it came to her Oni tormentor. A lot of baggage indeed! Why, she was quite certain that she had one or two psychological issues stemming from her association with that thoughtless pest, that unthinking menace! It's why she'd been so determined to steal the lips of her new beau, Ataru Moroboshi. That should be an easy task given his womanising ways, but he had still eluded her, somehow, after all this time.

This seemed like as good a chance to exact her revenge as any. Sitting down for tea with her. Maybe slip a little something into the cup, and watch her squirm! Ohohoho!

"How nice of you to come see me," Ran said through a forced smile. "Though I have to say Lum, your new outfit is quite unusual. And what's with the freaking fan?! It's fine, it's not too hot or too cold in here, what are you trying to insinuate anyway?!"

"I am insinuating nothing at all," Lum replied. Keeping that stupid fan in front of her stupid face! "I came here today, because I have a special gift that should let you seduce Rei once and for all."

Oh? How nice of her! How generous! As if. Ran didn't buy that for a second. Still, Lum did pull out some fancy looking Earth costume. And a wig. Same sort of wig Lum herself was wearing, actually.

"This worked a treat on Ataru-sama," Lum said. "Give it a try, I think you will be surprised by the results."

Is that so? Well! Fine! Might as well! Ran snatched up the clothes and the wig, then scurried off to the next room to try them out. There was something nice about the fabric, she had to admit. It was soft and smooth to the touch, it felt positively divine against her skin. It had pretty bright colours though. Was that supposed to make Rei obsessed with her?

Either way, she put the clothes and wig on, then stepped out to meet with Lum to show her how damn good she looked... Only to encounter the Oni with her fan down. At which point, she dropped to her knees, all things forgiven, as she fully fell under the spell.

"Your devoted concubine wishes to apologise for her misbehaviour," Ran said. "Please, take me to Ataru-sama so that she can be properly disciplined."

"After the wedding, perhaps," Lum said with a wry smile upon her stunningly beautiful face. "Which will be held this afternoon, without further delay."

=====

One would hardly recognise Tomobiki High School. The takeover had been swift and secure. Every faculty member, every student was wearing the robes denoting their position in the world, as servants to the local Shogun. Within the former assembly hall, a beautiful ceremony was due to take place. Lum and Shinobu, dressed as Japanese brides, were on their knees before Ataru, sitting at the head of the room, flanked by his three concubines while the crowd watched in awe.

And yet, before the ceremony could begin in earnest, the doors at the head of the room flew open, revealing the one sane person untouched by the corruption.

"Moroboshi!" yelled Shutaro Mendo, the wealthy scion who was unlucky enough to be Ataru's foil. He wielded a blade in both hands, aimed across the room for Ataru's neck. "I don't know what you've done, but you're meeting your end today! Have this!"

He charged across the room, while Ataru stayed unmoving. Yet why should he move? His wives were closer, and they were quicker than him at any rate. Shinobu's speed was as frightening as her strength, even in her shiromuku and with her wataboshi hood over her head. She had elbowed Mendo in the gut, leaving him staggering long enough for Lum to grab the tip of the blade, and send a course of electricity through it that left the rich brat stumbling, in turn enabling the Stormtroopers to move in and tie him up. Gag him as well, forcing him to watch helplessly as Ataru Morobosh finally got what he deserved!

"To all those present," Ataru called out across the room. "We are gathered here today to join together myself, with Lum Invader and Shinobu Miyake as my loving wives. Alongside Sakura, Ryuunosuke, and Ran as my concubines."

For those wondering about Ryuunosuke's father, he'd been against this whole thing - until it was revealed that, owing to the spell Ataru was under, she'd become the concubine of someone with a *lot* of power and money.

"We shall gladly marry you!" Lum called out.

"Indeed we shall!" Shinobu quickly added.

And so, the ceremony proceeded with no further interruptions. Ataru Moroboshi had become the final, and greatest, Shogun of Tomobiki! Through his hands, he would guide this area into a wonderful, bright, shining... and more erotic future.

Negima Court in Session 2

Natsumi stood on stage, looking out to an invisible audience that only truly existed within her own mind. From here, she could conjure a scene from playwrights long dead, from across the world, who had entertained the masses long after they were gone. There was something wonderful and poetic about that. Yet would she be as remembered by history, as a mere performer of one of those parts?

There were many of late who had renown for playing certain roles. Would she become a famous Juliet? Or Lady Macbeth? Or would she excel in some other role? Peter Pan was usually played onstage by a woman. For now though... for now, she wandered off stage and took a stroll around the school. Musing on what role would be the best for her to practise...

"Hold there, villain!" she heard from the gym as she went by. Hrm? What was that? "Avast, ye-"

"No, no, that's pirates," another voice interrupted. Curious now, Natsumi walked over and peeked inside, finding inside a group of girls from her class dressed in full mediaeval European attire... and playing out a scene in a really stilted way.

It was painful for her to watch. The blocking was simply awful! It couldn't be more clear that they didn't have the faintest idea of what they were doing. Konoka was playing the role of a Queen, that much was obvious. Ku Fei was supposed to be some kind of Knight. Meanwhile Asuna was - another Queen? Huh? There were two Queens in this play? While Ayaka and Misa were playing the role of servants? Those two! Really? How were Ayaka and Misa suited for the role of serving girls! Ku Fei, she could see being a Knight but - No, those two should at least be nobility, right? This group obviously didn't know what they were doing!

"H-Hold it, hold it!" Natsumi yelled, holding her hands in a T formation. "What are you girls doing? You're making a real pig's ear out of this - What are you trying to put on?"

"Ah?" Asuna said, turning to her with great amusement. "Oh, hello there Natsumi, we didn't know you were here."

"Nope, no idea at all!" Ku Fei reinforced. Some might have found that suspicious, as in, she was making a very suspicious denial there. But that's also kind of how Ku Fei is. "How are you today? Are you doing well?"

"I couldn't watch that one moment longer!" Natsumi stamped her feet and pouted, puffing out her cheeks indignant that they were acting so - So loosely! "You obviously need some direction! Let me see the script!"

"We're doing improv," Konoka said, while Ayaka and Misa tittered among themselves like a pair of gossips. "A little exercise that Negi gave us. Did you not enjoy the show?"

"Not even a little!" Natsumi yelled. Urgh! "Would you like me to help you out with this? Improv is very difficult if you're not used to it." Indeed, there are several classes on how to do improv well. It was a useful skill to help develop one's acting skills, but what she was seeing in here was so atrocious that she simply had to give them her own improvised improv class!

"Okay, sounds like a plan!" Konoka said. "Here, use this sceptre. Show me how you would act like a Queen."

Natsumi took that sceptre gladly - and the moment she did, she sort of felt something. She wobbled a little. Feeling uncertain. Unsteady. Then... Just as suddenly, she found herself becoming more confident. More regal in her outlook. Her uniform transformed on the spot, becoming a match for Asuna and Konoka's garb, a Queen in her own right!

"One must say, having more than one Queen around is quite disconcerting," Natsumi said, straightening her back, drawing herself up to full height and slapping the sceptre into the flat of her hand. "I see now. I see. This is how it is. As one who is an expert on mediaeval times, it would be wise to have me as a ruler alongside Negi and my new sisters."

This was no performance that she was putting on. If it had been, then it would have been the performance of the century. She should receive an Oscar for this performance, had it been one. Instead, the simple truth of the matter was this - she was a Queen in heart, body and mind, thus her behaviour naturally reflected this severe shift.

"Oh, your Majesty!" Ayaka swooned. "You truly are a divine radiance! All glory to our new Queen!"

"To think that Negi would have a third beautiful Queen at his side!" Misa sighed, clasping her hands together. "Another act of Divine Right playing out before my very eyes! How fortunate, how blessed we all are!"

Indeed, how blessed. Such was the nature of true Monarchy. Divinely ordained, the Right of Kings as bestowed upon them by God! And certainly not through force of arms or charisma, those were merely the tools God used to implement his will.

"Now, as to this performance!" Natsumi sniffed. "You there, fellow Queens! I must *insist* that you kiss one another post haste!" Asuna and Konoka gave one another a wry look, then leaned into each other to do exactly that. "As for you, noble Knight! Come here and slip one some tongue! At the double!"

"Yes, your Majesty!" Ku Fei saluted, marching forward and removing her helmet so she could properly embrace her Queen, giving her the kiss that she so richly deserved -

But then, the Queens began to sniff the air. They smelled something... unpleasant. Pungent, hanging in the air. A bad aroma, that they soon identified as - One another!

"Perhaps... we should continue this once we have bathed?" Asuna offered. The others fell into quick agreement. As fun as it would be to continue their 'scene', it would be best if they did so with full hygiene in mind. Which is more than you can say for your typical mediaeval person, that much is for sure!

The Queens all quickly disrobed as they entered the baths, putting towels around their heads, wrapping them up to appear like gable hoods which hung down the back of their heads, and then wrapping yet more towels around their bodies to appear as gowns. How fitting for a set of Queens. No other look would do them justice!

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"Say, do you think Misa's been acting weird recently?" Sakurako asked.

"Weird?" Madoka mused. "Um... I guess so? She wasn't her usual self at cheerleading practice today. She seemed so... distracted? I guess?"

Indeed, the two of them had noticed it. Misa's behaviour had been very unusual. In fact, she'd had to *run off* in the middle of practise to deal with an unstated emergency of some sort. Which was so unlike her that neither of them had the faintest idea how to deal with it. The longer she'd been gone, the more worried they became.

Basically, at this point the best thing for them to do would be tracking her down as soon as possible to ask her what was going on. Was it family trouble? Was she setting up some big surprise for the two of them? It was honestly very confusing, she never normally behaved this way... But first of all they had to wash this sweat off themselves, they'd worked really hard while she was gone, and nothing quite works up a sweat like cheering under a hot sun!

Although the steamy scene going on before them when they entered the school's bathing area certainly made them feel a bit more sticky! Misa was in here, of all places, scrubbing down Natsumi's back with an oddly reverential body language. As though she deeply admired the girl. That's not to say she normally disliked Natsumi or looked down on her or anything - but normally she would see her as an equal, not a better.

Though that was merely a distraction from the truly bizarre thing about all this. The way they were wearing those towels on top of their heads. They'd never seen anyone do that before. Why were the three of them wearing them like that?

"Is this to your liking?" Ayaka asked Asuna, while scrubbing her back. Uh?! What?! "Oh, it would appear we have guests."

"Indeed we do!" Konoka said, staring at them with a twinkle in her eye while Ku Fei was scrubbing her back. She then whipped her towel off her head, letting her hair flow down, and in turn allowing Ku Fei to wash it thoroughly. The other two followed suit.

"Um, what's going on here?" Madoka asked, taking note of their hair, which seemed so much... shinier and healthier than normal, almost supernaturally glowing in divine radiance. It was so long as well, easily reaching the floor. It wasn't that long for any of them yesterday, was it?

"And why do your bodies look so much more.. Uh...?" Sakurako began to ask, but trailed off when she realised what she was about to say. Namely, that their breasts were larger and fuller, their bodies overall much curvier and more enticing than before. That was something she'd have a lot of trouble saying even at the best of times. Never mind being caught flat footed like this!

"Well, of course our bodies are as beautiful as this," Natsumi said. "All the better to birth more beautiful babies for our Lord and King!"

Was... was that meant to be a joke of some sort? If it was then nobody was laughing. Were these girls alright? They were all behaving very strangely now as well! The two cheerleaders stepped forward on instinct to check up on them.

When they did though, Konoka leaned back and let the smile on her face grow bigger. "Girls, I believe it is your turn...?"

Asuna and Natsumi each then reached for a little sort of staff with baubles on the end, that they'd left lying near them for some reason. They looked really expensive. Neither of the cheerleaders had any idea of what those were meant to be - but they could recognise when they were being aimed at them!

The two of them scrambled to dodge, with Sakurako trying to bug out the door and getting a beam of energy slamming into her back, while Madoka dove to the side - and promptly wound up at Ku Fei's feet, where she quickly found herself held down by the stronger girl, which allowed for Asuna to hit her point blank right in the face.

Once that had happened, it was game over. Both Sakurako and Madoka rose to their feet and curtsied. "Our apologies for being so rude," Madoka said.

"Indeed, we did not know our rightful place," Sakurako quickly added. "Um... If it would please your Majesties, would you permit us to make it up to you by allowing us to scrub your backs?"

"Indeed, that would be most appropriate!" Asuna snapped her fingers. "Ayaka, show Madoka the ropes. One supposes that you shall be teaching Sakurako her proper place, Konoka? Have you any objections?"

"None," Konoka sniffed. "So that is four serving girls and a Knight so far... One believes that we should engage in yet further recruitment - and one knows exactly who to go for next!"

=====

While the girls were in the bath, Setsuna was growing more concerned about Konoka's activities today. It was strange, as if the girl was avoiding her for some reason. That wouldn't do. That wouldn't do at all! She was meant to protect her, no matter what! For that reason she made a beeline directly to her room, which she shared with Asuna and -

"Good day to you, Lady Setsuna," Negi said while sitting on a throne that was in their room for some weird reason. "What troubles you so much to make you bring such haste here?"

That gave her a great deal of pause, especially when she saw what he was wearing. "I... Came to see Konoka," she said, remaining focused on the reason she was there today. "Have you seen her?"

"Indeed I have," Negi said, giving her a reassuring smile. "She is bathing currently, alongside her fellow Queens."

"Fellow... Queens?" Setsuna asked. "Pardon me, but are you putting on a play of some kind?"

"Of some kind," Negi replied. She didn't like that. It was the sort of deliberately vague and cryptic comment someone would make on a television show when they were up to something.

"Might I ask what the throne is for?" she asked.

"A King must have one, of course," he replied, and proceeded to aim the sceptre right at her, in a blatant pointing motion. That tore it. Her instincts had been acting up from the moment she entered the room. Those instincts paid off as well, as Setsuna suddenly found herself ducking under a beam of light shooting across the room.

Something was wrong here. Something was very, very wrong! She clenched her fist, wishing that she had her sword with her so she could properly deal with this - but her fist might well be enough. Before Negi could right his aim and try again she dashed forward towards the throne. Normally he'd be able to react quicker, but as he started by sitting upon such a bulky throne his movement options were far more limited than her -

But then she found herself being grabbed from behind by a metallic arm in a vice like grip around her neck. Huh?! Impossible! This was - in a suit of armour, how had they been so quiet?! That was impossible!

"Excellent work, Ku Fei!" Negi grinned. Setsuna struggled to free herself, but couldn't move an inch. Much of the body's movement is based on the head. Pin that down, and it becomes very

hard to make your body go anywhere at all. Try sitting down, and then stand up without raising your head. It's impossible. The rest of your body will refuse to move until your head does.

"I had considered making you a Knight as well," Negi said, while touching the sceptre to her forehead. "However... perhaps it would be more suitable to make you into something else? Your friendship with Konoka is such a precious thing, it would not do to disrupt it."

Something began to flow into Setsuna. A strange magical energy went into her before she could protest and - Ku Fei let her go, but her body still would not move. That energy transformed her usual uniform into a golden gown made of silk, which was then covered by a fur lined robe with long sleeves. Around her neck was a jewelled necklace, and a hood appeared around her head made of the same fine material as her gown.

"Your Majesty, please accept my most sincere apologies for my earlier rudeness," Setsuna curtsied. "Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"

"There is," Negi said. "Spend as much quality time with Konoka as you can. I think I hear them coming now."

Of course, such a thing was easy for her to do. If she did a good enough job, then perhaps - Perhaps Queen Konoka would even allow her to be his consort as well! Setsuna beamed at the thought. She so hated fighting, she was pleased that he saw fit to make her a noblewoman instead of a Knight. Instead, she would be protected by the Knights, as it was not proper for a noblewoman like herself to do any kind of fighting.

=====

All day now, Mana had this nasty tingling feeling at the back of her neck. Something wasn't quite right here. As a mercenary it's essential to pay attention to detail. The subtle changes in body language of those around you might be the only warning you get of an incoming threat. React after that, and it's a shade too late - your life might well end in the next moment.

Thus, her observations of her fellow classmates today was... disconcerting, to say the least. Asuna was walking around with her head stuck in the clouds. Ayaka was much less confident than usual. She'd seen Ku Fei all but marching around earlier, and then Natsumi, Konoka and Setsuna all started having a weird stuck up attitude as well...

Something was going on. Right under their noses. While the girls had been going out in their usual clothes, Mana had the weird feeling that they'd rather be wearing something else. That their *modern* attire wasn't their preference.

What was going on here? She went into stealth mode right away, and made for the tallest building around so she could keep a close eye on things. It would also help keep them all away

from her while she studied her surroundings and tried to figure out the details. None of it made sense. What could be making them act this way...?

Perhaps they were under some form of spell? That was entirely possible. Their minds could be twisted up, making them behave in an unusual and unnatural way. Unfortunately, if anything was going on it was remaining entirely inside. At best, she'd reconfirmed her suspicions but that was all.

The best thing for her to do would be a direct confrontation, and for that... rather than her sniper's rifle, she'd need her pistol.

"Hey there Mana~" a metallic hand fell upon her shoulder. She whirled around quickly and shot Ku Fei point blank with a time displacement bullet, not giving her even the slightest chance to explain herself. Before she went, she noticed that the girl was clad in some kind of archaic body armour.

"Ku Fei!" Misa gasped, and suddenly the cheerleader trio was jumping towards her from all sides. "Hold her down!"

Three quick shots later, and Mana had sent them off a few hours into the future as well. She couldn't rest for long though. That attack had been big and obvious. Which likely meant - There! Setsuna! Mana whirled around and caught her right before the girl could embrace her from behind. As if she was going to let herself be caught out that easily!

A sarcastic applause broke through the corridor, and she found herself looking at Asuna, Konoka and Natsumi, strolling towards her, wearing the most ridiculous outfits. They looked like European Royalty, it was completely different to their normal style in every way that mattered.

"Well done, well done!" Asuna said. "We are quite amused by your - " Mana shot across the hallway, but Asuna somehow managed to dodge it. Tsch! "-Talents as a warrior. We would have you as our Knight."

"You'll have my foot up your ass!" Mana yelled, quickly reloading right as they descended upon her like locusts. Tsk! She kept her back to the wall to keep anyone from sneaking up on her and rattled off several shots in quick succession, the first two to force Konoka to dodge, while the last one planted her right in the chest. This gun only held six shots though, and there were two more bearing down on her! That three shot trick wouldn't work again, and if they were that capable of dodging then -

Then she'd have to get even more creative with her shots! It shows the level of skill that Mana wielded, that she was able to think this way, but she crouched down to make her own surface area smaller then shot a bullet up, followed by another bullet right behind it - and then struck Natsumi with the third one when she dodged!

"Gotcha!" Asuna yelled, bearing right down onto her. "That gun has no bullets left!"

"Maybe," Mana grunted, putting the gun away. She didn't have time to reload it. "But that's all I needed!"

Of those last three, the first bullet ricocheted off the corner of the roof, changing its course right into the path of the second bullet, which in turn bounced back the way it came - and struck Asuna in the back right before she could reach Mana. That was all of them! The girl vanished into the future instantly, leaving Mana alone in the corridor, where she could breathe easily, and

-

A sceptre landed on her shoulder while she was crouching on the floor. Huh? Wh-What? She looked up, and saw Negi hanging there by his feet, some sort of spell must have been cast on his soles to make him hang like that. But - But why?

"Arise, Mana!" Negi commanded, before she could do anything to stop him. "Knight of the Realm. Defender of my Queens. Your blade shall be enchanted with time magic, to cast those it strikes into the future without harm."

The armour exploded onto her body out of nowhere, and Mana rose to her feet, looking Negi in the eye as she felt the irresistible compulsion to salute. "Yes, your Majesty!" she said. "My apologies for sending your Queens into the future!"

"That's okay," Negi said, patting her on the head. He dropped down to the floor, deftly landing upright. "Come, to my chambers. We shall await their return together. You shall provide me with *entertainment* in the meantime. Is that alright with you?"

Alright with her? Nothing in the world could be better!

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A few hours later, and Negi's throne room was taking on a more festive appearance. This is it, this is what a true court should be like. The serving girls, the former cheerleaders plus Ayaka, were now singing a playful ballad. Which made sense when you remember that the cheerleaders used to be in a band together, and Ayaka is fairly adept at picking up skills here and there. Something like singing was fairly trivial for her.

"Your Majesty," Asuna bowed, while her other Queens were enjoying the show. "What, pray tell, shall be our next move?"

"Our next move..." Negi mused, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. On either side of him, his Knights Ku Fei and Mana were standing guard, ready to move at a moment's notice if anyone would dare try to attack them. Anyone who would oppose the growing of his kingdom would be stopped in their tracks. "I believe we need one last Queen to join the three of you."

The three Queens all turned and laughed among themselves in great amusement at the idea. A fourth Queen...? How wonderful! Oh! What a splendid thing to hear!

Oh, but there was still more. Still something much more incredible that he'd noticed.

"By the way, my beloved Queens," Negi continued. "I have noticed something amazing. The more powerful our Kingdom becomes, the more powerful we, its rightful rulers, are." He smirked a happy, cocky smirk and nodded to Mana. "If you would, please attempt to send Konoka to the future."

"Pardon, your Majesty, this humble servant wishes to ensure she has properly understood your order before she acts," Mana knelt before him. "It is your intention for me to use my Time Blade to send Konoka into the future yet again? She has only just returned, so this order seems strange."

"You have understood my request properly," Negi said. "Please, proceed at your leisure."

"Very well," Mana said. "My apologies, I shall see you in one hour's time."

Mana swung her sword down at Konoka, fully intending to send her a full hour into the future, the minimum she could achieve with this magic - but the sword stopped before it struck her. Mana stared at it. Her grip around the handle grew even tighter, and she started to struggle. It wouldn't move an inch closer - but she was able to pull it back to try again, to no avail.

"You see?" Negi said. "You are now totally resistant to the effects of her magic. I dare say that other, similar spells won't work anymore either. Though we must be wary of those at Evangeline's level... At least, until we can recruit enough to make you so strong that she cannot do anything at all to you either."

That made the three Queens extremely excited! Of course, they were already eager to have more Servants to work under them, and Noblewomen to gossip with, not to mention more Knights to keep them safe - but now they had yet another reason to look forward to such things! None of them could wait, this was a truly magical time for them all to be alive!

For soon, Negi's Kingdom would grow and grow to still higher heights!

LS Ataru

You know, Shinobu was really glad that things had settled down of late. Everything was normal. Completely and totally normal in her life. For once, she didn't have to worry about weird random nonsense getting in the way of the routine. She could look forward to a nice fun day of shaking her cheeks in front of Asuka's slutty face, while engaging in a hard spanking lesson. Yep. A perfectly normal day, nothing strange about it at all!

She'd even made a new friend from outer space, who was a complete babeasaurus by the way. Who also had extremely hot friends to boot! It was funny, but when she met them for the first time she thought they all looked sort of familiar, but - that couldn't be at all. After all, she was certain she'd remember the taste of their pussies, and she'd definitely never tasted any of them before!

Although... There was still this nagging feeling that she'd missed something. Somehow. Hrm. Maybe it was a little weird that she'd met outer space aliens and they happened to not only look human, but have decently compatible sexual parts that they could reasonably fool around without hurting each other, or making each other go 'wait what the FUCK is that?' when realistically they should all have distinct pressures in their native environments that would surely lead to other forms other than exact replicas for humanoids. If she didn't know better, she'd almost take it as proof of an intelligent will deliberately making everyone look like humans for marketability purposes, but that would be silly. She didn't believe in that sort of thing, Goddesses were simply a story that people made up to explain things they did not understand. She was a rational, modern woman who -

"Think fast!"

A ball came speeding directly towards her face. Oh dear! Shinobu panicked, which is reasonable given that she is a Perfectly Ordinary Girl™ staring down a ball that was approaching her at a speed which was comparable to a bullet, but not actually breaking the sound barrier yet. Like, it was *close*, but not actually causing a sonic boom at all, so -

This is where anyone who was an actual Perfectly Normal Girl™ would have been smacked in the face and taken the day off school in lieu of a concussion. Not Shinobu. No, she smacked that bitch aside without breaking stride. Looking across the street to see who had hurled it at her, eyes locked with a face she didn't expect to see today.

"Natsuko?" she asked.

Yes, Natsuko. You know. The volleyball girl? Come on, there were several chapters of the manga devoted to her. She appeared in the original anime. Not the new one... yet... Actually it's

now well past the point where she would have made an appearance. So she's probably not going to appear... Still, Natsuko! The pretty volleyball obsessed girl whose thing was that she couldn't stop herself from making an over the top ugly face when she was getting into a competitive mood, which she did any time that volleyball was involved?

Which was a lot. Super often. Because this girl was addicted to volleyball like some people are addicted to drugs. Luckily for her she wouldn't have to demean herself or break any laws to get to play a game. Though... she might have to before too long if she kept on hurting people while playing. The girl was built like an athlete, with a broad back, thick thighs and breasts that were, appropriately enough, the exact size of standard volleyballs. Shinobu had always found that last point kind of amusing, it felt appropriate for this girl.

"You! Shinobu!" Natsuko stomped across the street directly towards her. Shinobu leaned forward for a kiss - but Natsuko put her hand right on Shinobu's forehead, stopping her clean in her tracks. "Later maybe, this is important."

Important? Eh? Shinobu tilted her head in genuine confusion. What on Earth could she - Oh!

"You want to go to Asuka's orgy tonight, right?" she asked. "Well, it's pretty full up as it is, but we might be able to squeeze you in... If you can show me you're worth the space."

She went in for the smooch again, and found her lips meeting volleyball. Oooh, playing hard to get was she? Shinobu liked it when girls played hard to get, because when she got them (and she always did), it was so much fun watching them fucking melt in her hands.

"Listen, mortal!" Natsuko said. Suddenly she seemed to be almost... shining. "It's taken me a *lot* of fucking effort to control this chick, and I'm gonna burn out of the limited power I could put on her before too long, so you gotta fucking listen!"

"Um, what's with the aura?" Shinobu asked, and then Natsuko sighed, took a deep breath and smooched the everloving shit out of Shinobu right there on the -

...

Oh. Oh no. Oh no oh no oh no! All of a sudden it felt like Shinobu had complete and total clarity for the first time in... A month? Oh wow, she'd been going to school like this for a month? Shinobu could hardly believe it, wearing this? While her body was as oversexualised as *this*?! Shinobu had been turned into a bottom heavy babe. Her boobs were bigger too, but compared to the huge round dumptruck she was carrying around it was a wonder she could take a step! What was more! She'd had so much sex with girls! Sex with *Lum*! And what the hell happened to Ataru?!

"There, that oughta do it," Natsuko said. "Phew. We got lucky, you know? That idiot must've gotten bored or something, made the world revert to something like a normal state. Now listen.

It's up to you. You've got to snap Lum out of it specifically, okay? The two of you are the key to this whole damn mess!"

"Uh, you didn't go for Lum first?" Shinobu asked, feeling a bit wobbly on her feet.

"She can fly and shock people," Natsuko said. "Scary strong as you are, I can handle that. Electroshocks, I'm gonna need backup."

That answered distressingly little about what was going on. Now that the shock had worn off, Shinobu had several serious questions about - "What the hell is going on?" she demanded. "Who are you? Why is Ataru a girl, and why does she have *reality warping powers* all of a sudden?"

"Fragment of the shard of a Goddess," Natsuko pointed at herself. "Part of me got embedded really uncomfortably deep in that *boy's* rotten soul. The only thing that can snap them out of it, would be the two girls they are in love with. You know. Rather than being madly in lust with. Which is basically every girl under the sun."

This answered distressingly little and - Hey! Natsuko had fallen over! Shinobu caught her on reflex, but -

"Oh, Shinobu!" Natsuko said, looking up at her with big, beautiful eyes. "Hrmph! I get how it is! You wanna make out right here, don'tcha?! Well, I'll show you which of us is the best at - "

"Okay, you're back to normal. Sort of." Shinobu immediately backed off. So... she'd been tasked by some weird Goddess to liberate the world from Asuka's perverted lesbian reality warping grasp by 'awakening' Lum. Yeah, no. That didn't sit right with Shinobu at all. That Oni girl would make things worse somehow, and there's no way she'd cooperate. Besides which, awakening her obviously meant doing... dirty stuff with her. Dirty, dirty stuff. The same sort of stuff they'd been doing for a *whole month*...

Ohhhh nooooo, she'd remember if she awakened and it was bad enough that Shinobu knew about it! That tore it! Forget about awakening Lum, she had to go straight to the source!

Little did she realise that what she was basically doing here was the same thing as picking up a game of Breath of the Wild or Tears of the Kingdom, having never played either before, and then rushing directly to the end boss as soon as humanly possible.

It's entirely doable. But goddamn if you're gonna have a bad time.

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Regarding Asuka's situation, a pair of classic Twilight Zone episodes may come to mind. The first, and perhaps more obvious, involved unfortunate adults being 'sent to the cornfield' as per

the whims of an out of control boy capable of bending reality to his every whim. That's boring. That's kinda predictable too, don't you think?

The other episode of this pair makes for a more interesting analysis, at least in the context of comparing to Asuka: The mobster who wound up in hell, and his eternal punishment was to win everything forever, no matter how small or trivial. Boredom. Sheer, unadulterated boredom struck from having his every whim met, unchallenged. You see? Unlimited power isn't the perpetual fun happy time one might think. Sure, at first it's going great, but you know what? Sometimes you kind of want to live in 'interesting times', just for the novelty of it.

Thus, Asuka had returned the world to a somewhat normalish state of being today. Rather than there being girls randomly wearing all manner of fetish gear on every corner, aching to crawl between her sheets or do whatever she wanted, there were simply ordinary girls going around in ordinary clothes doing ordinary things.

Granted, their bodies were still a bit over sexualised, but Asuka wasn't *that* bored with that particular aspect. Asuka herself was.... A bit of an all rounder. In the regular reality she'd have been considered a knockout, but compared to everyone else she was nothing special. Jack of all trades, master of none. Decent boobs, decent butt, decent thighs, decent waist, decent hips, all around average but not standing out in any particular area.

"Hey there beautiful," Asuka said to a passing jogger, who was wearing remarkably snug shorts and *mmph* she could bounce coins off that butt. "Wanna hang out at my place and teach me how to touch my toes?"

Now, this is where something interesting was about to happen. Asuka had total control over her reactions at a subconscious level. That meant that if she really wanted, this girl might well turn around, head to Asuka's room and spend the whole day rising and falling while Asuka sat behind her and munched on a bag of chips while enjoying the show.

Yet that would be - Not *boring*, because how can watching a babe in hotpants repeatedly bending over ever get boring? It was a bit too easy though. Not enough challenge, not enough effort put in to reap such a reward, and so Asuka wound up eating a nice hard slap. To the cheek. On her face. By the flat of the girl's hand, not her butt. Though I can see why your mind might go there.

"Oh well," Asuka shrugged. As if something like that would stop her! There were plenty of other fish in the sea! Or babes on the street, kukuku... Best to get it done now before Lum shows up and ruins it by raining lightning and 'Darling's from the sky.

"Hold up there, Ataru!" a familiar voice said. Not Lum, but rather his ex-girlfriend Shinobu, who was looking at him with hands on her hips, looking both remarkably fine and also kinda pissed off this morning. "Alright, thank goodness. I need to sort this out, right away."

"Morning Shinobu!" Asuka said. "Hold on... Ataru? Who is Ataru?"

"Never mind that!" Shinobu grabbed her arm. "Come on, we need to snap you out of this -"

The world around them suddenly began to shudder and shake. Something terrible was happening. Something momentous.

You see, even though Asuka might not have conscious control over the Lesbian Shard within her, it was still operating on an instinctive level, and one of the most base instincts going is... no, not base lust, Asuka already covers that. Survival instinct. Keeping oneself safe. Well, it was sensing danger from Shinobu, and that meant it had to respond in order to keep Asuka safe. Shinobu's nipples gave her the first sign of warning by becoming hard as diamonds, to the point that they actually started to tear through her clothing. The rest of her body followed suit by letting loose a wicked shiver, and a single speck of white landed on her shoulder.

"Huh...?" she asked aloud, looking directly upwards. "Is that snow...?"

Not quite. On closer inspection, the little white speck didn't look like a snowflake. It felt like one, but... it wasn't a weird crystal. It was shaped like - like a pair of boobs. If anything it was a boobflake. Snowboob?

"Oooh, it's snowing!" Asuka sang, sticking out her tongue to collect the falling white mini-boobs on her tongue. Except, hold on, that didn't make any sense, it wasn't winter... unless?

"Hello there, Miss Asuka, Miss Shinobu."

Uh oh. It was one of those alien weirdos. A friend of Lum by the name of Oyuki, a seemingly staid and cold beauty from Neptune, who presented herself as emotionless when in truth she was ruthless as all get out. Especially when it comes to money. She could also manipulate the weather, ice and snow were her specialties, and she'd heard rumours that she was so strong that if she was sufficiently motivated she could flash freeze someone on the spot. Her body was very slender in most places... except for her chest and behind, which were much larger than her proportions should typically allow.

"H-Hi there, Oyuki!" Shinobu waved, while Asuka tried to frolic over to hit on her. Shinobu grabbed her arm and anchored her in place, immobile like a rock. "Sorry, I don't know where Lum is right now, I've not seen her today."

"That is fine," Oyuki said. "I was not looking for Lum today. I came here to warn you, be on the lookout for the horde of Snow Dommies that have come to Tomobiki."

"Thanks for the - " Shinobu bowed, and then winced upon hearing her clothes tear again. Really? Her nipples were *that* hard? How could it possibly be that cold without causing hypothermia, it made no sense at all! She was pretty sure they were getting bigger too. Longer.

Rubbing up against her shirt something *fierce*. Secondly - and this was quite the crucial point, one she really should have focused a lot more attention on. "Snow dommes...?"

But by the time she looked up, Oyuki had vanished. Probably looking for Lum. Oh well. That was probably nothing. She shuddered again. The snow was a mere distraction. She had a universe to save from a reality warping gender bent pervert!

"Listen, you've got to snap - " Snap! Yow! Shinobu nearly jumped out of her skin, which further ruined the flimsy clothes she was wearing over her breasts. A cold strike had cracked against her thigh for no reason at all! Shinobu whirled around, and came face to face with -

With a bunch of Lum faced girls who looked to be made of ice, wearing bikinis made of snow, and brandishing whips that were also made of ice. A dozen of them in all, circling around the pair, smirking to themselves triumphantly like the cat that caught the canary. These must be the Snow Dommes.

"Hey there~" Asuka sang, slipping out of Shinobu's grip to hit on those Snow Dommes, because of course she did, why wouldn't she? "So what's your name, miss?"

"Mistress," said a voice as icy cold as the grave. It actually stopped Shinobu in her tracks. "Kukukuku~ Watch this, our future subs. You're going to like this!"

While Shinobu stared in frustration at her antics, then began to march forward to give her a piece of her mind. Stopping only because... oooh, her nipples! What was going on with -

"Yipe!"

She felt a stinging sensation on her rear. "Hey!" she whipped around, and that was an unfortunate choice of words because then she felt another whip crack upon her butt. Then another, and another and -

"Yes, mistress, I'm a good slut!" Asuka was moaning, laying over the lap of one of the Snow Dommes and being spanked so hard and yet so perfectly that Shinobu could swear that she was feeling it too!

"H-Hey, cut that - Oooh~" A little yelp of pleasure escaped Shinobu's mouth before she knew what was happening. Worse yet, it felt like - like her movements were being guided away from Asuka by each successive whip crack, and even worse than that she could definitely see her nipples pushing her shirt forward now. It was as if she was wearing a lengthy novelty pen attached to her breasts, as they flailed around with each move she made. What was this?!

"Bad Shinobu!" a Snow Domme hissed. "Naughty Shinobu! You must be *punished* for your sins!"

"What sins?!" Shinobu yelled, trying and failing to cover herself up, especially due to her nipples which were now poking out a full foot from her chest. Ripping through her clothes, thin and sturdy like a - like a pair of icicles. They certainly felt cold enough! The Snow Domme in front of her lashed out her whip, wrapping it around Shinobu's left nipple, which seemed to be a cue for another one not too far away, who went for her right one. The two of them began to tug and pull and *why did it feel sooooo gooooooooood~*

"This is your punishment!" the Snow Dommies said in eerie unison. "Repent for your sins and surrender to your lust!"

Needless to say, Shinobu wasn't getting near Asuka at the moment. Not while these Snow Dommies were hell bent on 'punishing' her! Alright, fine! She'd try again later! O-Once she recovered from the climax these Snow Dommies were driving her towards.

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Later, at the sports ground of Tomobiki High, a certain young girl was practising her strikes. Tossing the ball into the air, and spiking it hard while making a face that didn't quite seem human anymore. But she stopped for a while. Turned. Then she saw Shinobu stumbling towards her, propped up by a cane.

Instantly, her personality sort of... shifts. "It's been an hour since we last talked," Natsuko said. "How did it go?"

"I have cum more often in that last hour than most porn stars do over the course of their careers," Shinobu said, her voice weak, frail, and dry. "E-Every time I tried to get close to her... Something weird would happen. Something weird and sexy would drive me off."

"Yeah, that about fits," Natsuko grunted. "So, you gonna do this my way from now on?" Shinobu nodded so hard that she came again. "Ahhh, your body is still kinda sensitive, huh? Alright, cool. Let's go and find that hot Oni and wake her up this time, okay?"

No argument there. It wasn't too hard to find Lum either. Given that she can fly, the hardest part was actually getting her attention. Shinobu and Natsuko jumped and waved their arms around, beckoning for Lum to come down to them, and in time she did. Shinobu gave her the once over as she approached. She'd been expecting an enormous, heaving bosom to round out the things she'd been seeing today, but... No. Instead, Lum seemed almost... Cuter than normal? Her features were still exaggerated, but it gave an overall impression of cuteness instead of being merely overly hot. Huh. Weird that. It was almost as if Asuka's suppressed desire for Lum was influencing how the Oni came out.

"Hey!" Lum greeted them. "Didja want somethi-"

Shinobu took a deep breath, then grabbed Lum into a great big hug, keeping her distracted while Natsuko stole her lips. For a moment there, electricity coursed through Shinobu's body. Her instincts demanded that she let go, but - like hell! She could put up with this. Because if she didn't - If they didn't sort this out then they'd have to live in a mad, mad world that existed according to the ludicrous, lewd whims of Ataru Moroboshi! Or... Asuka Moroboshi. Whatever!

The shocks stopped... and Shinobu slowly let Lum go before collapsing to the floor. Whew... She barely recognised what was going on around her. A faint idea that she could hear a brief explanation being given to Lum by this mysterious Goddess in Natsuko's body about what was happening. It all felt so... surreal. But now that they had both Shinobu and Lum, they should be able to -

"Darling!" Lum stamped her foot, and then rose into the air and flew off. Oh. Oh no. That can't be good, can it?

"After her!" Natsuko yelled. "That idiot, she had the same reaction you did, she wants to resolve it herself!"

Herself...? But didn't that mean... Oh no! Shinobu pushed off and ran like hell, dashing after Lum in a desperate attempt to stop her. She was too high up to reach now. Shinobu tried throwing things at her to get her attention, but she must be projecting an electrical aura that was repelling everything coming her way!

"Hey babe, did it hurt when you fell from heaven?" Asuka was up ahead, hitting on another girl. Lum had seen her too! No! This was bad, she had to stop this before -

"Darling!" Lum yelled. Too late! The electricity arced down, directly at Asuka's head, even as Shinobu and Natsuko both reached out towards Asuka, at least let them take the hit before something weird happened!

Something weird... like the arc of lightning stopping cold. Then manifesting into a physical form. It formed into an outline of Lum, except this outline was wearing a harem outfit. It began to dance seductively for Asuka, grinding her butt right into the girl's crotch. "Darling!" it cooed. "Daaarling!"

The real Lum was even less amused than she already was. "Wait, don't! You'll only make it!" The warning fell upon deaf ears. Lum threw another three lightning bolts directly at Asuka and the lightning double - which promptly caused them to become yet more lightning doubles. All of them were dancing for Asuka.

"If we back off slowly, we might be okay," Natsuko whispered. "I don't think they've seen us yet. We need to regroup. We need to replan, we need to do this *my* way. Got it?"

That seemed like a really good idea. Shinobu couldn't place it, but she had a really *really* bad feeling about all this. Watching a group of translucent Lums, apparently made entirely of electricity, dancing for Ataru was... disconcerting to say the least.

Alas, as she backed up, Shinobu felt herself step into someone. And that someone was moving around quite a lot. That someone's skin made Shinobu's prickle on contact, the hairs rising up as if she'd rubbed a balloon around on her flesh and then held it over herself.

Turning slowly, she found herself looking directly at... Lum's own face, grinning seductively back at her. "Going somewhere, Darling?" the Lum copy asked.

Without warning the electro-Lum smooched Shinobu right on the lips. She tried to push the girl away, but her hands went right through her. Not fair! She could feel the girl's lips, and tongue, and *mmmmmm yeah~*

Another of the Lums embraced her from behind, dancing away, grinding her body into Shinobu's back. Nibbling on her ear with those literally electric lips. And then - the two of them *entered* Shinobu's body, and when they did, she transformed.

"Harem! Slut!" Shinobu said, looking down at herself with shock. Literal shock at that! Her clothes had become a belly dancer's, except made of lightning. She put her hands over her heads and shimmied her hips to the side. "Slutty harem slutty Shinobu!"

Each move felt *good*. In fact, it felt *great*! She didn't want it to feel good! She didn't want it to feel great! Yet there it was! Shinobu whirled around, just in time to see Asuka, Lum and Natsuko endure the same terrible fate, as electric Lum after electric Lum piled inside of them while dancing away! Transforming their clothes into translucent electric belly dancer attire, compelling them to dance, dance, *dance!*

"Harem slut!" they all cried out in unison. "Horny, lesbian harem slutty slut!"

The street broke away as they danced, shaking their butts, grinding their waists, helpless to do anything but dance, dance, dance. Metal poles appeared out of the concrete, which in turn quickly became a wooden platform.

"What's going on?!" Lum managed to yell amidst the confusion and chaos, before her leg suddenly hooked around one of the poles, and her floating body drifted around it.

"You tripped her defences!" Natsuko yelled back, expertly beginning her own pole dance that, by comparison, made Lum's seem amateurish by comparison. "You're lucky you're a ten out of ten, you know that?! Your personality and intelligence is way, way low, and not in the fun bimbo way either!"

"What do we do now?" Shinobu asked, right before she backed that ass up, pinching the pole with her cheeks and then slowly bending over to touch her toes. Nooo, stop feeling good, she'd get addicted to this if it kept up!

"We've got to - " Natsuko began, but she was interrupted by an inexplicable crowd of people. Women, hot women, ludicrously hot women all wearing the same electric belly dancer uniform.

"Give in to Asuka's will!" they all cried out in unison.

"No!" Natsuko roared back, her face twisting up. "We've got to - "

"Cum and give in to Asuka's will!"

Every time they said that, Shinobu saw something weird happening to Natsuko's tongue - and come to think of it, felt something weird about her own as well. Natsuko was stopped from saying anything again when her tongue suddenly grew longer, longer, and longer still. It was happening to all of them. Their tongues slid down their bodies, flicked across their nipples, but went down towards a very clear target. N-No way! They weren't going to - But of course, the answer was *yes they were*.

"Give into Asuka's will! She's the Goddess of this world!"

"Daahlinnnnnng~" Lum half moaned, half screamed, electricity coursing down her tongue. Her hands slapped onto the top of her head, her legs spread apart, and she squatted down as if to display to the world what she was doing. That being - licking herself off! They all were! All three of them!

The stimulation was too much, especially when *their* tongues became electric too. All Shinobu could do was cum and cum and cum, basking in the glow... or more like enduring it. Before collapsing into a breathy heap while the world went back to its new normal - and as for Asuka...?

"Hey babe!" She was catcalling another babe. Out and about as a bunny girl for reasons Shinobu could only guess at. "Wanna hop on over and eat some lettuce...?"

Shinobu, in between deep sucking breaths, found herself being embraced by Natsuko and Lum, who were similarly out of breath.

"My... way... now?" Natsuko asked.

"Okay, fine..." Lum breathed. Shinobu gave a thumbs up. She'd climaxed too many times today to speak coherently right now. "Phew! What did you have in mind?"

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CG Fantasy Seduction

It wasn't normally a great idea for a Japanese woman to go out by herself in the heart of Tokyo Settlement. Some enterprising Britannian men might take it upon themselves to take a liberty. This particular Japanese woman would then proceed to hand them their nuts in a paper bag, and that was putting it mildly. Nagisa Chiba was a very pretty woman, who was every bit as lethal as her beauty, if not more so. Her experience in the theatre had left her... transformed, on the inside, but she was no less capable of handling herself if someone got too handsy.

The only man she wanted to lay hands on her was Kyoshiroh Tohdoh, after all~ And she was helping out this... Fantasy Seduction Club purely because they could get up to some really kinky shit on their inevitable wedding night. And engagement night. Oh, and maybe if she played her cards right, every night next week, and the week after, and the week after...

The club had called her out to this train. It didn't seem too busy at the moment, but you never know. There might be a groper or a pervert lurking aboard. Whatever else was going on in her head, she couldn't forget herself. Couldn't fully forget the stories she'd heard about the things Britannian men did as a pure power play.

Fight this. Part of her whispered. *You're being brainwashed.*

No. No, that was wrong. That was the present tense. She'd *been* brainwashed already. Chiba cricked her neck and rolled her eyes, there was still part of her fighting against this. Gosh, wasn't she stubborn? Shouldn't she simply go along with this and enjoy the ride already? It was long past the point she could possibly fight this off.

It's never too late! The entire principle of the JLF is based on that idea!

Ooh, going for the nationalistic pride to break her out of it? Fat chance, it wasn't going to work. All it took was imagining happy married bliss with the guy she had a huge crush on, and those complaints amount to nothing at all.

What *did* amount to something was the hand on her butt. Chiba went rigid for a half second, feeling the palm and fingers slide along around her cheek. Then, like a viper, she struck. Whipping around, grabbing the groper's wrist in an action she'd practised far, far more often than she'd care to admit, threw them against the train wall and -

Found herself staring at a green haired beauty.

"C.C.?" she sputtered, then released her. It was okay if a woman groped her. It was only if a man other than Tohdoh touched her that she'd take issue. As such, she turned around and pressed her butt right into C.C.'s waiting hand. "You should have said something. I could have hurt you there."

"Trust me, I'd have just gotten off on it," C.C. said, really digging her fingers in now. Chiba looked around, and noticed that everyone on board was looking directly at them. Hrm? How strange... No reaction at all? If it was a man doing it, they would have that kind of reaction, but a woman? "Finally noticed, have you?"

"What's going on?" Chiba whispered.

"This train belongs to the Fantasy Seduction Club," C.C. said. "It was procured because of the need to investigate train orgies, and why that's a common fetish."

As she spoke, the other passengers took off their coats, revealing a variety of Britannian girls. All quite beautiful in their own way, all wearing skintight leather of one colour or another. All the colours of the rainbows, black, white, even a grey one, all pretty much plastered to their bodies like a second skin.

You know, thinking about it, the fact that a Britannian academy club was capable of brainwashing at this level, and procuring a train, that was extremely worrying. They shouldn't have the resources for that, they shouldn't have the capacity to do it, and if they did why didn't their government? Had they made some sort of secret breakthrough?

Such thoughts were put to the wayside when a girl with bright orange hair stepped right into her personal space, and pushed her boobs right into Chiba's. Pushing her nipples into Chiba's, rubbing them around and around them while clasping her hands behind her back and staring up at her with eyes that simultaneously danced with mischief, while also pushing out this completely innocent aura.

"Hi there, I'm Shirley, nice to meet you," she said. Chiba whimpered in response. "Ooooh, my nipple supreme technique is very stimulating, isn't it~?"

"N-Nice to - Ooooh - Meet you Sh-Shirley~" Chiba sang, without meaning to. It slipped out of her mouth unbidden from the stimulation Shirley was giving her. "Haaaaa~ Can you teach me this?"

"Of course," Shirley giggled in reply, then pushed her nipples squarely into Chiba's and slapped her own breasts. The resulting vibrations made Chiba's eyes cross and her pussy go *yes please*. "Anything for a fellow maiden in love. We're all here today to help you learn how to be a *complete whore* between the sheets to keep your man *satisfied*."

"My, my!" C.C. reached around, grabbing Shirley's hips and pulling herself impossibly close. Pushing her own breasts right into Chiba's back in the process. "To think that Miss Fenette used to be quite the innocent one. She's dirtier than the council president now."

"And proud of it!" Shirley licked her finger and put it right on her butt, and by all the gods as her witness Chiba would swear she saw steam come off and heard a sizzle, like steak sitting in a frying pan.

"That's quite enough teasing for now girls," said a girl with long dark brown hair. "We'll have more fun with her soon enough... But first! The matter of her brand new fetish!"

"Quite so, darling!" sang a twintailed bluestreak who was eyeing Chiba from top to bottom in a way that made her feel suddenly naked. It was as though merely looking at her had handed over her measurements - Those eyes were more penetrating than any Factsphere! "One can hardly wait to get her in the right costume."

Just then, a pink haired babe with the biggest breasts Chiba had ever seen appeared as if out of nowhere, using those enormous breasts to slap Shirley away and quickly taking her place, and making Chiba quite literally sing from the pleasure.

"Her boobies are pretty respectable!" this girl said, clearly knowing that hers were better. "They'll be sooooo nice in something more flattering."

A blonde girl then stepped in to gently guide the pinkette away, letting Chiba take a breath, almost collapsing before being caught by Shirley and C.C. Not by their hands. They'd pinned her upper arms between their breasts.

"I can't wait either, but... What sort of fetish were you sluts thinking of giving her?" asked a bookish girl who very much looked like she didn't want to be there. At least... until she made eye contact with Chiba, and quite deliberately opened up her coat to show off her body, which... Nice. Very nice! The contrast between her apparent shyness and that willingness to flash created a strange contrasting appeal!

"We could always go with the bunnygirl look."

That was Kallen speaking. Chiba turned around, and beheld her standing there in a bright pink bunnygirl outfit that left damn near nothing to the imagination. Seeing her like this was another enormous contrast. She normally thought of the girl as a total tomboy, but here she was strutting her stuff and showing off her body without a trace of tomboyishness or roughness about her!

If anything, she seemed to be enjoying the attention. Posing for Chiba. Squatting down, spreading her legs while keeping her hands at the back of her head, elbows pointing directly outwards. Chiba imagined herself doing that. In front of Tohdoh. Except pink wasn't really her colour, so... a yellow bunnysuit? To match what she wore in the Nightmare? Yes, that would - That would certainly leave him incapable of doing anything at all but ravishing her on the spot.

"No, no, no~" Shirley sang, smacking Chiba right on the butt to get her attention. Nothing less could have pulled her eyes away from Kallen right now. And when she did look away, her eyes

were indeed blessed with a sight that might, somehow, be even better. "A sporty athlete like her needs something more... Exotic. How about a high legged leotard?"

Indeed, that is exactly what Shirley was wearing! A leotard that was so high legged, that she was pretty sure some if she moved wrong then she'd wind up taking some of the front fabric right into her pussy! It barely hid anything at all down there. Chiba was left without a shred of doubt in her mind, this girl must be an athlete! Look at those hips! Look at those thighs, that waist, that overall physique! She considered for a moment... track racing? No that didn't fit, not quite enough overall muscle mass... Swimming fit better. She was leaner, more hydrodynamic, more suited for travelling horizontally rather than while upright...

"Hup!" Shirley jumped, clapping her hands over her head, then upon landing immediately started to do thrust squats, rotating around 45 degrees each step, as if deliberately trying to show off her body so that Chiba could have seen it from every worthwhile angle - which meant a full 360 degree turn. "Hup!" she clapped her hands again, then whirled around and began to bend her toes while wiggling her tush right up in the air... and when she started to do that, Chiba's knees gave away and she started to crawl towards Shirley with her tongue hanging out, aching for nothing more in this world than to drag her tongue from the base of Shirley's knees all the way up, but before she could get anywhere near, something tickled her back.

"Ooh la la, what a dirty body and mind!" said C.C. who was, in case you could not tell, wearing a French maid outfit. "Oh, and it eez so difficult to do a phony French accent when I originated in France to begin weeth!"

The skirt was, of course, ludicrously short. There were no sleeves, the neckline was low enough to cause the bends if Chiba decided to suddenly look C.C. in the eye. All in all, it was clear this wasn't a uniform intended to facilitate with cleaning so much as it was for the purposes of eye candy. And oh, what a sweet and delicious candy C.C. must be!

The sexy maid stuck out her finger and let Chiba suckle on it, while playfully stroking her feather duster around Chiba's body. "Ooh la la, such a horny, dirty slut you are!" C.C. said. "I need to clean you up right away, or else -"

A flash of motion caught her attention, and the next thing she knew her nipple felt a strange combination of pleasure and pain at the same time. A whip had struck it. Jumping around, Chiba caught herself staring at her next delightful vision: Kallen as a dominatrix!

"Who gave you permission to suck her finger?" Kallen cracked her whip on the ground. It was bright red, practically painted onto her body. Kallen rolled her hips in a dominating way, which made Chiba want to say 'yes mommy' even though she was ten years this girl's senior. "It's clear you're in need of punishment~ Then maybe you'll make a good domme yourself!"

"Wah! I'm running late!" Shirley cried out, running directly into Chiba and bowling her over. There was a piece of toast in her mouth for some reason and - Oh gosh, that was a very erotic

schoolgirl outfit. Very inappropriate, she'd surely be sent home right away if she showed up like that! Midriff exposed, skirt so short it showed off the thong she was wearing. "How about thi~is?" Shirley asked, lowering her back and raising her butt up into the air again. "I think you'd make an excellent sexy schoolgirl! Yow!"

That 'yow' was because Kallen's whip had lashed across and struck Shirley right on her barely covered butt, which she was now rubbing in a way that made Chiba want to kiss it better.

"Shirley, you're too quick there by half!" Kallen warned. "You're not giving C.C. enough time to change outfits!"

"Then that just means... we'll have to tease her together, won't we?" Shirley pouted. "I've been a bad girl. Naughty Shirley," she moaned, going down on her hands and knees and presenting her butt to Kallen. She'd been doing a lot of presenting today, huh? "Punish me~ Go ahead, both of you punish the naughty, horny schoolgirl Shirley~"

The flat of Chiba's hand met the curve of Shirley's ass before Kallen could do anything. She smacked that girl's butt so hard it caused her to lurch forward three steps before she was able to bring herself to a stop.

"Naughty Chiba!" Kallen yelled, lashing out with her whip and landing it right on the same point that she'd hit Shirley, or at least the central point. "Part of being a *domme* means having *discipline* yourself not to go too far!"

Chiba rubbed her thighs together, on her hands and knees in mimicry of Shirley's own pose. The heat building between her legs was indescribable at this point. Haaah! Haaaah~ She needed to cum, she needed it super badly! Yet they were denying it to her! So cruel! So mercilessly cruel!

"Spank me again," Shirley wiggled her butt. "Go ahead, try it again."

So she did, but this time feather light, barely grazing Shirley's skin. In turn, this resulted in a pair of whips right to her own butt that sent Chiba whining and writhing.

"You can't hold back *that* much!" Kallen warned. "Again!"

This time, she was certain she'd found the right balance! Like this...? Gosh, what a nice toned ass this was. So big and round and fit and healthy and - Mmmm~ Chiba buried her face in between the cheeks to get a taste, then resumed smacking away, each time Kallen striking in the same place with equal force, driving her levels of excitement up and up and up - Yet never quite reaching the plateau that she was by now desperate for! Let her cum! Let! Her! Cum!

"Ahem! What is all this tomfoolery?" a new voice asked, getting Chiba's attention on C.C. once again, who was strutting towards Shirley while wearing a snug pencil skirt and a pinstripe shirt

with the top three buttons unpopped, and... rectangular glasses. She parked her butt right on Shirley's back and stared down at Chiba with a sneer. "Of course, if you've got to try the sexy schoolgirl look, or the *domme*, then you have to try the middle ground between them."

"The smouldering hot schoolteachers..." Kallen said, herself dropping to her knees to worship C.C.'s foot. There wasn't a trace of Chiba that blamed her, really. Oh. Oh fuck. If this was her teacher she'd have paid more attention in class. Instead of being so focused on history and sports, she'd have been one hundred percent a top grade student just so she could spend as much time as possible with this teacher!

"Lesson one," C.C. said, while using her foot to push Chiba's face away. "You can't just pick *any* fetish and call it a day. You need to do something that speaks to you. Trying to force it - well, that simply won't work."

"Let me cum!" Chiba begged and pleaded. "Please, just let me cum! I'll do anything! I'll - I'll be a beach bimbo, I'll be a subby catgirl, but I can't take this anymore, I *need* it!"

"Oh, well, if you *need* it," C.C. said. Then she put her foot down, crossed her other leg over that one, leaned forward and looked Chiba right in the eyes. "In that case, *ten hut!*"

In the next moment, Chiba had snapped to attention. The other members of the club whirled her around, and she was handed her fetishgear - namely, a sexualised military uniform. Camo hotpants and a camo tube top. Perfect. Flawless, in point of fact. On instinct she looked around for a room to change in - but then quickly realised there was no need at all. She could simply strip down here! It was only them girls, after all.

It truly was a fitting fetish for her, clad like this. Why, they had even provided her with some camo makeup to put under her eyes and cheeks! Once she was ready, fully decked out, she smartly saluted.

"Chiba Nagisa, reporting for yuri train gangbang duty!" she said, standing straight and saluting at full attention. Her nipples were also standing right up too. "It's time for me to take you girls to booty camp!"

"Ma'am, yes ma'am!" they all said, in that way you'd expect from a drill squad... and then they all lined up, letting her march the line as they stood at an approximation of attention.

"You call that standing at attention?" Chiba asked, tweaking Shirley's nipples. "Back straight, legs together! Then again, you're such a slut you probably can't keep those legs closed, can you?"

"No ma'am!" Shirley said, and down the line everyone else adjusted their posture accordingly. Except C.C. and Kallen, who obviously had a better handle of standing at attention than these roleplaying civilians.

"Bend over and touch your toes, Private!" Chiba ordered. "And you, Kozuki! Get behind her and show the importance of defending your rear flank at all times!"

"With pleasure ma'am!" Kallen barked, and then sexily marched around to where Shirley was already bending over. Then she squatted down, shoved her face right in there without hesitation and started slurping away like she was licking the world's most delicious ice cream cone. Shirley simply moaned and writhed there, letting Kallen have her way with her. Groping and playing with the swimmer's toned, delicious ass, neither of them holding anything back at all.

"You call that eating someone out?" Chiba scoffed. "Kozuki, I expected better of you. The rest of you? Grope those sluts until they cum! Not you, C.C. I want you showing *me* what you're really made of. Got it?"

C.C. tucked her rectangular glasses down to the end of her nose and smiled. "Ma'am, yes ma'am!" she said. As for the rest of the club, they circled around Kallen and Shirley while leaving a space open so that Chiba could see exactly what was happening in there.

"Hey Kallen, ever try anal?" Stella asked, producing a strap on dildo from... somewhere.

"Yesterday in the clubhouse- Oh!" Kallen gasped as it was pushed all the way inside her in a single go.

"Hey, Private! Get back to licking those Privates!" Chiba barked, while spreading her legs and peeling her hotpants down just enough that C.C. could have all the access she wanted. Which the green haired babe eagerly took advantage of, instantly sending Chiba on a fast track to heaven with that cheeky, acerbic tongue of hers!

"Ah, Shirley, you really do fill out that uniform nicely," Bella said, grabbing Shirley's face and thrusting her own vibrating dildo right into her mouth. "Hrmmm, yes, it's clear how much the clothes add to your already stunning appeal!"

"And these new nano enhanced boobs of yours are just the best!" Miya said, clinging onto Shirley's side, rubbing her boobs right into the girl's body while her hands eagerly groped and tugged at Shirley's astounding chest. "Mm, let me taste your ear canal there."

"Don't mind me, I'm just here to make sure you both make beautiful music together," Lucia quipped, one hand going right for Kallen's pussy while the other trailed up Shirley's thighs, around her waist, and quickly finding her very erect clit. She began to play them both like a musical instrument.

Lastly, there was Lily, who adjusted her glasses and lay directly beneath the two girls. Then she put her glasses away, sat up, and planted her face right into Kallen's cleavage without another word. Her hands firmly pressing into Kallen's breasts.

It was so magnificently put together that Chiba figured that they had to have practised that. Much like C.C. must have practised licking pussy!

It was a well oiled machine the likes of which any military could be proud of - you know, assuming that a spontaneous highly efficient orgy was required to win a battle for some reason. Chiba was pretty sure that wouldn't *normally* come up, but - Fuck it, she was having a hard time thinking clearly because she was on the verge of cumming her brains out!

Fuck, but that tongue was magical! Combine it with the visual stimulus and - Mmm, who should she be more jealous of in this situation? Shirley for getting her face fucked by that babe, while the other one with the huge boobs rubbed them all over her body while tonguefucking her ear? Or Kallen, who was taking it up the ass while having another total babe play with her breasts? Since the same girl was playing with both of their pussies at the same time, it was kind of a wash on that front, but - Hold on! Kallen was also licking Shirley's taint! In that case, wasn't Shirley receiving more pleasure...?

Ah, but that's the rub isn't it? Is it better to give or to receive? In its own way, giving can be its own reward! That brought the equation back to somewhere approaching equal. Oh! She could not make up her mind! In which case- in which case, her future was clear!

"Alright there Privates!" she barked. "I'm gonna need you to replicate that position with me taking their places! Flip a coin, then I'll be either Shirley or Kallen depending on what wins, then we do the other one. Got it?"

Stella was the only one to turn towards Chiba just then. She lifted her hand high up into the air, looked Chiba over as if she was a piece of meat, and then brought her hand down onto Kallen's fine, fine ass. Making those cheeks jiggle and shake like a bowl of jelly.

"Yes, ma'am!" Stella said, though her tone was a little mocking. It was almost saying 'sure, but you're not actually in control right now. And I'll be sure to teach that to you as soon as humanly possible.'

And you know what? Chiba could hardly wait to see what that entailed.

LS Usagi

What is the single best place to have a top secret base of operations for a group of girls? Is it an underground facility? A treehouse? Perhaps a shrine...? Actually that would kind of work, maybe she should consider moving there?

Anyway, the point is that the answer is actually: An arcade! Yes, an arcade. It makes sense for them to come here, nobody would bat an eye, nobody's keeping too close an eye on them, and so they can easily slip into the top secret room that had been built in here without the owner's knowledge or consent!

Somehow.

"Artemis, can you hear me?" Luna asked into the headset she'd had to put on. "My apologies for taking a while to report to you, but a lot has happened since our last conversation."

"... I'll say," said the male cat at the other end. Huh? Male? That didn't seem right at all. *"Who are you? Your voice sounds like Luna, but you're human! Are you some sort of imposter?"*

"No, no! That's what I mean! It is me, I'm Luna" she said in a panic. "Ah... I've found three of them so far. Sailor Moon, Mercury and Mars! Furthermore, I've taken on an apprentice who is proving to be quite talented."

From there, she went into a more detailed report... while missing out on all the lewder aspects of it. This was not a conscious decision on her part, do note. She justified it to herself as an irrelevant factor that Artemis shouldn't be told about. Besides which, as a *man* he'd probably get off on it or something, better not to say anything about it.

"I see..." Artemis said when she was done. *"You have been exceptionally busy of late. I dare say that you will see us - Myself and Sailor V - within a month. We have a few other odds and ends to finish up here, and then we shall return to Japan."*

"A month?" Luna asked. "I see. Very well. I will continue to seek out other Sailors. At the rate things are going, I might find another ten by then."

"Hrmph, you might well run into the Outers then, if you're not careful..." Artemis laughed a little at his own private little joke. *"Very well. Do try to keep in touch when there are new updates. I was beginning to worry that you'd met an unfortunate fate. Artemis out."*

The communication ended, leaving Luna genuinely confused. Artemis... That was a *Goddess*, so why was a male cat given that name? It bothered her tremendously. Almost as much as having to talk with that *male* for an extended period of time.

No matter. The report was the more important reason she'd come here today, but it was not the only one. She rolled around, and crawled across the floor on all fours. Force of habit. She soon found what she was looking for anyway.

The trouble with training an apprentice is... Magic is a big complicated thing. Try to think about it like this. You don't start teaching a student new to the world of mathematics by going into calculus, right? You start by teaching them addition, then subtraction, then multiplication and division. Work their way up to the subject a topic at a time, move on when they master what came before. By that same token, your first lesson in Chemistry shouldn't cover matters like Hydrogen bonds. You start with the simpler topics, help the student master them, then move on to the bigger matters that require that foundational understanding.

Most of these items here weren't really much use - unless you were training an apprentice. Yes, let's see, she should be able to find just the tool she needed right here... There was one thing she had in mind specifically, and -

"I wonder what a female Artemis might look like...?" she pondered while rooting around for the gizmo she had in mind. "Oh, there it is! Hrm... Artemis... with a human female body... Yes, that would be quite the thing to see!"

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The next day at Hikawa Shrine, the team had gathered together in Rei's living room and had - on unspoken agreement - taken off their shirts and were sitting in their bras. Not for any particular reason. They all just kinda felt like this was a good meeting to sit around wearing nothing above their hips except their bras. Nothing weird to read into that at all.

"So... Hold on a second, let me get this clear," Usagi said, leaning towards Luna, giving her a good eyeful in the process. "You want us all to start meeting up in a top secret hideout. Under the arcade?"

"That's right," Luna said. "It's a well hidden, and secure base of operations - "

"In a publicly accessed building," Ami said. Her head toppled over, landing on Usagi's shoulder. "Which we would need to enter *at night*, without the owner's permission - or alternatively all of us would have to go into the hideout as a big group which would no doubt attract all manner of undue attention..."

"And we wouldn't be able to easily leave either," Rei added, leaning back to leave her head on Usagi's lap. "I mean, how would we know that nobody was looking at the secret entrance?"

"Also, what's keeping anyone else from stumbling upon it when we're not there?" Naru asked. "There's gotta be cleaners that come in after hours as well, how is this meant to be secret for any amount of time? It's so impractical!"

"Ahem! Anyway!" Luna coughed, while a comically large bead of sweat materialised behind her right ear. "That's not the point of the meeting today. The point of the meeting today is to discuss Naru's progress in her apprenticeship."

"I know, I know," Naru sighed. "I'm not doing very well am I?"

"On the contrary, you're picking it up faster than I thought you would," Luna said. "I keep on testing your boundaries, and you keep on exceeding my expectations."

"Oh, I'm not *that* good, surely..." Naru blushed brightly, staring directly at the floor.

"You are! For certain!" Luna nodded. "If anything, I'd say you are a magical prodigy!"

This didn't seem to improve Naru's mood any. She didn't seem to like being called a prodigy for some reason. Maybe it had something to do with Ami being in the room, who could be thought of as a prodigy's prodigy. Or maybe it was a deep rooted personal insecurity coming out to roost. Whatever the case may be, Luna pulled out the artefact she'd been seeking last night.

"Now that you've mastered the basics, we must ascertain your element," Luna said. "Here, watch this." She aimed it at Usagi, who comically held up her hands, and then a moment later the artefact flashed the word 'Moon'. To the surprise of literally nobody in the room. "Alright. Now it's your turn..."

Everyone waited with bated breath. Including the Shard inside Usagi. What might Naru be? The others were fairly obvious. Mercury, Mars, cat... But what sort of magical element would Naru bear?

The answer was: "Monstergirl?" Luna read aloud. "Wait, no, that can't be right. Let me try that again..." But it didn't matter how many times Luna tried it. Monster girl was the answer. Naru's affinity for magic was 'Monster girl', which Luna had never seen or even heard of happening before.

But the Lesbian Shard had. You see, it hadn't made a beeline right to this reality. It had stopped off to corrupt another realm first. A world where Monster Girls were plentiful, and they used various tricks and traps to ensnare the horny and feeble minded. It should have been trivial to corrupt that world, but in truth... It had been anything but.

The Shard was metaphorically holding onto a paper bag and breathing into it heavily. In and out, in and out. No, no, no! Not again, not again! It had repressed those memories, it had managed to pretend it hadn't happened, and now it was all coming pouring back out! Why did Naru have -

Wait a minute. It had put a piece of itself into Naru already! It reached out to that piece, and found it kicking its metaphorical heel. "Sorry," it said. "She had a monster affinity, and all I could

do was turn it into monster girl. If I didn't, she'd have been attacked by monsters every two days, and that would've gotten in the way of our plans."

Our plans. Yes. Our plans! Our glorious plans for this shrine! Right! Focus on that, pretend it didn't happen, that it didn't matter. She was a Goddess. Therefore, she needed worshippers, and a place for those worshippers to pray to her. What better place than a Shrine that already received a decent amount of foot traffic?

Now that it was here, all it had to do was pour out the gathered Lesbian Energy it had gathered out into this place... and let the fun begin! Much like Usagi's home and her school, this place would soon become a Lesbian Nexus, through which her influence and corruption over this world would slowly spread!

That was certainly wonderful enough to completely ignore and repress that horrid memory yet again. Yep! It was all coming up Lesbian Goddess Shard! Kukukukuku!

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It was frustrating to realise that she didn't attend the same school as the others. Rei sat in class, staring out the window, albeit while still paying attention to what the teacher was saying. Had it only been a few days since she'd become Sailor Mars? Since seeing that wonderful utopia? Since realising that she had zero interest in men, and was very hard up for some clam tasting?

In that sense, it was a blessing that she attended an all girl's school. Her shoulder twitched a bit - and in the next moment there were two girls vying for the chance to rub her shoulders, with the two of them soon settling on rubbing one shoulder each.

"How does that feel, Miss Rei?" they whittered on. She smiled up at them, and their hearts melted before her eyes. They were... cute enough, she supposed. Not a shade on Usagi. Her hands went down to stroke her thighs, barely contained within this skirt, and then her eyes fell upon the heels she was wearing. It was funny. The way the faculty had looked at her at first, it seemed like she would get in trouble for that, but now a few days later and -

"Oof!" a girl tripped nearby. "Ah... I'm sorry Miss Rei! I can't quite get used to these heels!"

Looking her over, the girl was a very pretty thing. It was clear, she lacked the confidence to properly walk in a good pair of heels. "It's fine," she said, rising to her feet. "Watch how I walk."

She needed to offer no such invitation. All eyes in the class, including the teacher's, fell upon her legs as Rei strutted back and forth across the classroom. A sensual gait, intended to lure the watcher's gaze upon her legs, and then further entice them to let that gaze linger and travel from thigh to ankle and back again, looping around quicker and quicker with each step. She circled the classroom, then pulled the girl to her feet, and guided her along. Standing side by side.

"Step, step, step," Rei said, keeping time with her. "Keep your back and legs straight. Resist the urge to bend them, and -" It took a few tries, but the girl got there in the end. Properly emulating Rei's sexy strut. "Well done! You look *great!*"

"Ehehehe..." the girl swooned, but kept her footing. "I got complimented by Rei~" The other girls in the class all let out a happy sigh as well, upon hearing such a simple basic compliment. Perhaps Rei should have thought that was weird- but no, she didn't even think twice about it. Other things were on her mind. Other things... like the utopic future that she knew was possible.

If only she could figure out how to get there.

=====

It was later on, and Rei had returned home, to the shrine. Yet her work for the day was not yet done. Now that her school day was finished it was time for her duties as a Miko to begin! Her school uniform came off, and the shrine uniform came on. We're all familiar with it, of course. The white robe (called a kosode), and the red trouser-skirt (called a hakama) is a very distinctive look.

However, Rei didn't notice that her uniform was quite different today, than it had been even yesterday. The Lesbian Energy now soaking through the grounds of the shrine was now making her robes cut quite differently from before. It used to be quite modest (if cute, and having its own appeal), but now it could only be considered barely on the side of decency.

To begin with, her kosode was now less a robe and more a strip of long cloth that she draped over her neck, each half trailing down her body before tying together underneath her breasts, giving them some considerable lift. As for her hakama, try 'the bottom half of an evening gown', with huge slits up her left leg that put it all on display, helped along by her ridiculous heels. Who makes six inch heel sandals? A Lesbian Goddess who wanted her Priestess' legs to *pop*, that's who. In which case, mission fucking accomplished. Despite how blatantly sexual the top half was, the sheer elegance of the bottom half sucked away the attention more effectively than any vacuum cleaner.

As she didn't notice or even think about the strangeness of wearing what amounted to a soft porn parody of her usual attire, Rei simply walked out of her room confidently to set about her duties - and immediately came upon a pair of volunteers who were similarly attired to herself. Though it must be said that neither of them had the same kind of body that she did.

"Hello, Miss Kase," Rei said, bowing to their older volunteer. "And hello, Miss Akako." That was the newer one, who had only started last week. "It is good to see you both today."

"Hello Rei," Miss Kase said, unconsciously tugging at her clothes. She had the strongest sense that something wasn't *quite* right here, and felt that she should be putting up more of an effort to cover herself. "Miss Akako here isn't quite used to her new heels yet."

"Yeah, I wish we didn't have to wear them..." Miss Akako griped, stumbling a little, having to be held up by Miss Kase to ensure she did not fall over. The two of them were wearing four inch heels, and neither of them was quite used to it yet. "A-Anyway, did you hear the latest? Miss Aiko broke up with her boyfriend! There are rumours that she's hooked up with her next door neighbour, a girl who has also recently broken up with her boyfriend as well..."

"Tut, tut!" Rei admonished. "No gossip while you should be working. Please focus on your tasks." Then she turned on her own enormous heels to set about her task, the eyes of the two shrine workers trailing after her, eyes fixed upon her legs.

"I don't know how she manages that..." Miss Akako sighed.

"Practise, my dear," Miss Kase said, eyes upon Rei until she was completely out of sight. "Come along, you'll get the hang of it, in time..." Though that was hardly the only thing she'd get the hang of, considering the Lesbian Energy soaking the place.

=====

They call this a luxury cruise?! The crew were all youma, and the guests were all out cold! It was a damned lucky break that they were all aboard, or this could have gone really badly!

Sailor Mars found it really weird how easily she'd adapted to being in a combat situation. With two youma sailors (oh, how amusing) lunging in on her from either side, you'd think she'd be completely stuck. She could only fire her, um, fire in *one* direction, and couldn't possibly tag them both. Right?

Yes! She couldn't tag them both! With fire. But she could hit them another way, by leaping into the air and doing the splits in a perfect 180 degree split, striking them both in the forehead with her deadly, lethal heels!

To think that a week ago she'd been an ordinary shrine maiden who happened to receive visions of the future. You know. Like shrine maidens do when they train. She'd had two pet crows named after the moons of Mars who looked over her and warned her of evil and -

In retrospect she should have probably seen this much, much sooner. Anyway! Mars whirled around and quickly leaped over to where Sailor Moon and Mercury were gathering at the brow of the ship, where the Captain was standing just at the bow, cornered, backing away with his eyes set upon them in a deep scowl.

"Curses..." he spat, disgusting and typical for a man. "I'll get you next time, Sailor Scouts!"

"Tell it to the Saturday morning crowd!" Sailor Moon yelled, while whipping her tiara at him - only for the blonde creep to step off the ship and vanish into the ocean's waves. "Darn. Thought we had him there."

"Like he said, there's always next time," Sailor Mercury said. The three of them nodded, and set about checking on the human passengers. It really was surreal how quickly she'd adjusted to this, completely incredible!

=====

Ah, there really was nothing like a nice long soak after a long, hard battle. Rei sunk into the water, and let out a long weary sigh. Though the funny thing was, at this point she could likely boil the water merely by sinking into it, if she so desired. Her powers as Sailor Mars would make that possible - or maybe it would be because her legs were just that hot?

Yet no sooner had she sunk in, but she was joined by the two workers, Miss Akako and Miss Kase, who wandered in with towels clutched to their bodies with one hand, while the others were joined. Though Rei was more interested in the fact that the two of them were walking barefoot... with their heels up in the air. They were going forward on their toes alone, without any seeming difficulty.

"Hello Rei, room for two more?" Miss Akako asked.

"Certainly," Rei replied, giving them both a good deep look. Was it her imagination, or were the two of them a bit more... curvaceous than before? Surely not. It must be their lack of clothes making it seem that way. "The more the merrier."

The two of them sat down, and filled up buckets of water to scrub themselves down before entering the bath with her. As it is in Japanese style bathing. First, you take the dirt and sweat off your own body. Then you relax in the hot water to help your body open its pores, inviting a deeper sense of cleanliness. The idea is that if you don't clean yourself properly first, all you're doing is sitting in dirty water - making yourself dirty again.

Although, Rei did have to think. The way that Miss Akako was washing down Miss Kase's back was... a little more intimate than it needed to be. A little closer. If she didn't know better, she'd swear the two of them were a couple.

"Ah, by the way, I'm much more used to heels now," Miss Kase said. "I had to toss out all of my flat heeled shoes. I can't put my feet down, it just feels *wrong*. Like tearing off a limb."

"I'm the same way," Miss Akako said. "Mmm... A little to the left there, Miss Kase?"

"Oh, like this?" Miss Kase asked, her mouth right next to Miss Akako's ear. The two of them leaned into one another, and all of a sudden Rei felt like a third wheel. Ah... As much as she was enjoying the show, perhaps she should leave them to it? The two of them didn't quite seem aware of how they were coming off just now. "Your skin is beautiful. I'm afraid I might bruise it."

"Have no fear," Miss Akako replied, as Rei slipped by them. "Your touch is so delicate. You can go a little... *harder* if you want."

Yep, definitely giving them some alone time. The funny thing was? If she'd asked them there and then, the two of them would have both been confused and asked what Rei meant. A sign of how subtle yet potent the changes caused by the shrine were becoming.

=====

"Gosh I'm so glad we have this wide open space to practise in," Sailor Moon said. "Much better than the basement of an arcade!"

"I agree!" Sailor Mercury said while hanging upside down from a tree, into which she had been inadvertently thrown during their training session. Mars was trying to take her down, which caused the two of them to land in a heap. Not that either of them was complaining.

"Seriously! You don't need to keep rubbing it in!" Luna yelled at them. The others all shrugged, not at all sure about what she meant by that, and they resumed sparring. For Naru though, she was a little annoyed at them as well. Here she was trying to learn some magic so she could join in, and there they were over there... clumsily grappling with one another. Then tripping. Right into the mud. Where they were rolling around, getting each other all dirty while pressing their hot curvaceous bodies up against - "Naru! Focus, please!"

"Sorry!" Naru chirped, sitting bolt upright. When she did, a pair of ears that were more canine than human appeared on top of her head, and her hands turned into a large paw with razor sharp claws. About the limit of what she was capable of right now. "I'll try to do a full change to day, alright?"

"Don't get distracted by their antics, alright?" Luna said. "In fact, close your eyes. That might help you concentrated without getting distracted by those dirty... Dirty... So very dirty naughty girls, who I'll have to discipline later on for their wicked, wicked distractions."

Ah, Naru kind of wanted to watch that. For now though, she closed her eyes and tried meditating, reaching deep inside herself in a last ditch effort to answer the question. What was she missing?

After a little bit she was able to tune out the mud wrestling happening not too far away, and cast the world into darkness. Except, not total darkness. There was a sliver of *something* in there. Something she felt compelled to approach, to touch with her hand and - Ah! When she did, something opened up to her.

There was a whole world inside, full of monsters. There were buxom plantgirls, harpies, kitsune - any kind of monster you could imagine taken from any culture all across the world. They were all here, in some vaguely sexy humanoid female form. They were all quite beautiful, in their own way. Yet this all felt quite scary to her. Frightening. As if she'd stepped into a traumatised memory of something deeply repressed and -

Her eyes snapped open, and Luna's jaw had dropped. Huh? Why was she so - Oh! Oh, that's why! Naru had completely transformed into a catgirl! To the point that her clothes had melted off her body, and the only thing covering her up were suspiciously specifically located tufts of white fur. Luna wasn't the only one staring. The other three were as well, while lying in the dirt, their limbs all tangled up and -

Deep breath, and she was back to normal. Another deep breath and - She bulked up enormously, horns atop her head and muscles rippling all over her body, with enormous heaving tits that sloshed about with each and every move she made. Naru looked over, made eye contact with Sailor Moon, kissed at her and flexed a muscle. Then... back to normal again. Just like that.

"Woah, Naru that was so cool!" Sailor Moon gushed, unentangling herself and rushing forward to pull Naru into a big, biiiiiig hug from which no woman would ever wish to escape. The kisses to her cheek and neck definitely helped with that.

"Awesome. So, I'm joining the next fight then," Naru said, and then everyone froze. "What? You can't be surprised by that. I mean, you girls all go out, putting your yummy butts on the line to save everyone, while poor little Naru has to stay at home and pace around like a policeman's wife? Fuck that. Usagi Tsukino, you mean the world to me. You're everything that matters, and I won't let anyone lay a finger on you! Got it?"

"Aw..." Mercury gushed. Mars crossed her arms and nodded approvingly. They all caught the obvious, blatant romantic overtones there. Which of course meant -

"Shucks Naru, having a friend like you is amazing!" Usagi completely missed it. Mars, Mercury, Luna and Shard alike all boggled in disbelief at how dumb she could be. "If this is really what you want then... Luna, can you do something with the disguise pen?"

"I could mould it into a sort of pseudo Senshi-wand..." Luna muttered.

"Great!" Naru clapped her hands. "In that case there's only one thing left! I need... a name! Hit me up with something good girls! It's time to brainstorm!"

=====

As a Miko, Rei had prayed to the Sacred Fire many times. It had helped her with guidance on countless difficult choices in her life. Yet this... This must be the most difficult of them all!

Before her sat the Sacred Fire, glowing pink for some reason - which Rei chose not to question because it was kinda pretty anyway. The one thing that mattered was that future. That wonderful future that she'd seen of a true Utopia, where everyone was a happy and content Lesbian. She strained herself. Veins forming on her forehead. She saw many possible futures stretch out before her - but that vision still eluded her. It was as though she was being held back from it, as a punishment... Or maybe receiving that vision again would be a reward for something? Whatever the case may be, she decided to give it a rest for the night. Perhaps another day...

"Good evening, Miss Rei!" the two shrine workers said, arms linked together, Miss Kase leaning her head on Miss Akako's shoulder. The two of them were now almost as curvy as Rei herself.

"I must ask, what is it you try to see in the flames?" Miss Kase asked. Miss Akako playfully nudged her. "What? There's no harm in asking."

What indeed...? "I am trying to see a wonderful future," Rei said, taking a deep breath - and accidentally going into sermon mode. Religion is a dangerous thing, you know. It can twist rational thoughts around, and make people believe things that are blatantly untrue. Make them do things they would never do otherwise. Yet it can also heal, it can also lift. It can be as much a Doctor for the soul as surely as it can burn the soul to cinders.

"Within that future, there would be no war, no disease. Everyone would be free to live their best life. Love who they wanted. Be loved in return. Immortal, unaging, content and peaceful. A true paradise the likes of which seems impossible - yet it lurks just within our reach, if only we try. Guided there by a Silver Goddess, whose beauty and wisdom surpasses all others."

She talked to them at length, mostly about how beautiful the Goddess was. Her face being bright enough to outshine the sun, her body sexy enough to rouse the dead. Though she went into greater detail than this, much more detail, until a picture was painted for the two attendants. One whole hour passed, of Rei purely describing every inch of the Goddess, her features and appearance, until it was as though she had shown them a picture. By the time she was done, their eyes were glazed over, their pupils morphed into the shapes of hearts.

"Mmm... What a wonderful Goddess..." Miss Akako sighed, then leaned forward to kiss her fellow assistant, who returned the kiss gratefully. The two of them groped at one another, sensing somehow that this behaviour would, in some way, show reverence for their new Goddess. Indulging in sapphic pleasure would please her.

And as they made out right there outside the Sacred Fire meditation room, Rei wandered off. Seeing nothing wrong with their behaviour. Nothing unusual or strange in the slightest. All they were doing was showing devotion to their rightful one true Goddess, the Goddess of the shrine they worked at. That's all.

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A few days later, and Rei returned home after yet another day of school. Tonight, her Miko duties were calling to her - but so were her duties as Sailor Mars. She walked through the front gate, looking up to see her twin ravens - Phobos and Deimos - overlooking the grounds and watching over her as they ever did. She walked by Miss Kase selling charms to girls, most of whom were from Rei's school.

"Good evening, Miss Rei!" Miss Kase chirped happily, causing her enormous breasts to jiggle and bounce uncontrollably underneath her uniform. Not that the uniform was doing much to restrain them at all. Those breasts were bigger than her head at this point, they might even be bigger than Rei's in fact. Her exposure to the Lesbian Energy at the shrine was likely the culprit, not that Rei had any way to know that. "We're going to sell out of charms again! They're selling like hot cakes!"

"I'll take three!" said one girl in particular, who Rei recognised as that one shy girl who needed help learning how to walk in heels. Now, she was the one who was walking the most confidently. Rei had seen her giving lessons to other girls as well, and she was standing on narrow six inch heels. Impressive. Though, come to think, all the girls here were wearing quite the impressive heels as well.

"You have already met your one true love!" said Miss Akako, fulfilling the role of a fortune teller, reading it out in a seductive purr for a more mature visitor. "All you need do, is wear this charm - and gift this one to your best friend. Yes... Then the two of you will surely find happiness..."

Rei entered the main building - and almost immediately ran into Usagi. Oh! That's right! They were going to have a study session tonight! The girls all beamed happily at her, eager to head off to her room and 'study' -

"Ah! Rei! There you are!" her grandfather called out. "Really now Rei, you should have introduced me to your cute friends a while back now! Ohohoho!"

====

Okay, what the *fuck* was going on here?! How was he still a guy?! The Lesbian Shard fumed at this development. Alright, okay. There had to be a reason for this. Think it through, think it through... While this shouldn't be a major problem, an unknown variable like this definitely needed to be dealt with. As such -

"How about we have a sleepover tonight?" the Shard made Usagi suggest. Okay, not *made* per se, more 'suggested it a hundred times in a second to make her think it was her idea'.

"Huh?!" Rei grunted. "No way, not on such short -"

"Sounds like a great idea to me!" Rei's grandfather said with a disgusting twinkle in his eye.
"Really now Rei, you have nothing to be embarrassed about!"

"Okay, fine, I guess we're doing that now!" Rei threw her hands up into the air. Good. That should save some time...

=====

Later, after an extremely erotic and exhausting pillow fight that we're going to gloss over for the purpose of turning into a potential noodle incident joke, Usagi Tsukino sat up in bed with her eyes closed. Her hands moved robotically to her eyelids and pried them open, then she rolled out of bed - stopped to trail her fingers on the bodies of the other girls in the room, then seemed to remember herself and stepped out through the door.

If you hadn't worked it out yet, Usagi was being piloted by the Lesbian Shard. This was risky. Hugely risky. Usagi might notice her body being hijacked, or maybe Rei or her Grandfather would... Or they might notice what she was about to do. Which amounted to sneaking into Rei's Grandfather's room, *praying* that he didn't wake up, and taking the chance to look at this old man. Which is something the Lesbian Shard would normally avoid doing at all costs.

Luckily, the old man was sawing logs. Which made this easy. Let's see... Putting a hand on his chest made this easier, as gross as it was to touch a *man*. A quick scan of his soul and -

What the hell was that? There's something embedded in his soul! It's been acting like a storage container for all the Lesbian Energy the old man has been exposed to. It... Feels very similar to the power of the Silver Crystal resting inside Usagi, though a mere fragment of that power.

There was nothing to be done here. Not for now, at any rate. The old man would suck all that energy into that stupid crystal inside him - and then it would likely burst out without warning, changing and corrupting everything around him. Likely him as well. So Usagi was taken outside, and then-

"Usagi?" Rei asked. "Are you sleepwalking?"

... Answering 'yes' to that would make it obvious that was a lie, so the shard simply released its control over the girl, which caused Usagi to stumble right into Rei, and that brought the two of them to the floor.

"Oh my, this is a wonderful dream I'm having," Usagi whispered, then puckered her lips and leaned in towards Rei, who was quickly turning scarlet.

"Ehhhhh?!" Rei squeaked. "H-Hey, idiot! Wake up! You're sleepwalking!"

"I am?" Usagi asked. Clueless, oblivious, and ever so cute. If Rei had any suspicions, they were blown out of the water by Usagi being so thoroughly dumb. Nonetheless, any conversation the two of them *might* have had was quickly put aside by -

"Attention, Sailor Scouts!" a familiar voice warned. Jadeite! "I grow weary of our game. So. Here's how it's going to go. Either surrender to me, or I *erase* a massive portion of Juuban's population. You have one hour. Don't be late, lives are hanging in the balance."

"Guys, did you hear that?" Ami whispered.

"I think they heard that in Australia," Naru replied.

Usagi made a fist, and raised it into the air. "Come on girls! We can't let that guy - Hold on, did your grandfather seriously sleep through that?"

"He said he once slept through a volcanic eruption," Rei said. "He's fine. He's invincible. Let's put a stop to this creep once and for all!"

David's Summer Beach Episode

When one thinks of summer, one thinks of one thing only: Sun! And, actually, beaches! And sand! And cute girls in flimsy bikinis! Alright, fine, that's four things you'd think of. The point is that one thing you wouldn't normally think of would be - Vampires.

Don't vampires normally do that whole thing where they combust in sunlight? One moment a vaguely humanoid shaped thing with fangs, the next a pile of ash on the ground. That's true. Normally vampires really don't get on well with ultraviolet light.

However! David had long since worked out a way around this. A special cream that he and his girls could wear, that would let them frolic and play all they wanted, though it did inhibit their ability to do things like use their vampiric powers or drink blood, at least while out in sunlight.

"Woohoo!" Benten fist pumped the air. "Beach time! Yeah!"

The sight of the four of them filled his heart with glee, it truly did. And why shouldn't it? Benten, in her normal metallic bikini, looked as adorable as ever. Nabiki in a brown one piece that didn't *quite* have a thong bottom, but was very dangerously close to having one. Ami in a precious ocean blue two piece suit, and Ayeka in a full body wetsuit which... hid her entire body, but at the same time was so skintight that it might as well not have hidden anything at all.

"Have fun girls!" he called out, smiling to himself, letting loose a wistful sigh. He watched them run out among the sand, with Benten and Ayaka reflexively entering into a race while Nabiki set up a spot to tan herself on, and Ami sat down to make a sandcastle. Knowing her it would probably wind up becoming a sand metropolis... Or maybe she'd work out a way to make the sand into a working computer. Who knows with that genius? He honestly didn't know where to put his attention. The last few months had been a blur, and he felt so content that he almost forgot -

"Hi de~ear!"

That his mother had been the one to invite him along. He felt her hug him from behind, her breasts pushing into his back. From the feel of it, she was wearing her favourite slingshot bikini. And yes, she had a favourite bikini of every sort you can imagine. This one was a spiralling number, made of a single continuous thread of material that looped out, starting at the nipples then going around itself until it went around her body, until the other end eventually went to her other nipple.

It bothered David that he knew that fact. It bothered him that he could tell without looking exactly what she was wearing. And it bothered him that his imagination was able to conjure up exactly what she looked like before he even turned around.

"Hello mother," he said, bright and chipper and trying to watch his hands. It wasn't that she was flirting with him, you have to understand. It was more that... she was something of a helicopter parent. "Thank you for the invite."

"Ohhh, David!" his mother, Anna, leaned over and gave him the big beautiful puppy dog eye treatment. "Is that what it takes for you to pay your mother a visit? Then again..." She looked past him to the four girls, his bikini clad wives, as they had fun in the sun. "It's rather hard to blame you. *Rawr~* Can I play with them later?"

"I'd rather you didn't," David hastily replied. She pouted at him, indignant. "S-So, this island of yours is a real paradise! How did you manage to get it without... drawing... undue..."

He trailed off as he saw something quite frightening. Sexy, but frightening. It was Washu. Red haired, adult form Washu with the big red hair and big round boobs, wearing nothing more than three strategically placed band-aids and carrying a tray full of a particularly fruity concoction.

"You should know by now that I have my ways," Anna smiled at him, tipping her glasses down and wagging her eyebrows. As Washu approached, her hand whipped around to smack the sexy scientist square on her butt, which very obviously caused her to climax on the spot. "Good girl! You were all set to rain hell down upon my little boy, until I got my hands on you and cleaned up after his mess."

"Yes Mistress," Washu replied with an odd squeak in her voice. Really now?! She'd broken Washu! Oh wow. Oh dear, oh goodness. There weren't many beauties out there who were a higher risk all across anime. The only one that really came to mind right away would be someone like - Like Featherine. The mere thought made him shudder in abject terror.

"This has always been your problem," his mother scolded. "All four of those girls are very *fine* pieces of ass, but before you made a single step towards any of them you should have done your homework. You never did like doing your homework, did you, David?"

Gulp! So this is why he'd invited him and his girls here?! W-Well... What could he say to that?!

Luckily he didn't have to say anything at all. Instead, she let out a weary sigh and downed her unnamed fruity concoction in a single go.

"I have arranged for another group party on my island," she said, giving him a wry smile. "You may select any one of them. Now, as per our arrangement, you can only have one - The others will be snapped up by the rest of us."

The rest of us, huh? As much as David hated to admit it, she did have him over a barrel. Again. Washu was like the Dagger of Damocles hanging over his head. Knowing her, she'd use this threat of cutting the horse's hair exactly one time, then grow bored of using it and seek out some other way to control him. At the very least she wasn't making him do anything too... untoward.

"Yes, mother..." David's shoulders slumped, and he stalked off like a child being sent to his room. Except in his case, he was being sent off to prove that he knew how to properly brainwash a cute anime girl and lure her into his harem.

Put like that it doesn't really seem like much a punishment, right?

=====

Shinobu Maehara was - hey, come back here! No, no, no, there's no need to call the police. Well... Okay, there sort of *is*, but not for the reasons you're thinking! Stick with us a little longer, it's not what you're thinking.

Ahem! Anyway! Shinobu Maehara was still having trouble letting go, all this time later. Look at them over there, holding hands, occasionally kissing each other right on the lips where everyone could see. Her first love. Keitaro Urashima. And his wife. Naru... Formerly Narusegawa, now Urashima.

"Hey, come on now Shinobu~" Mitsune pulled her into a headlock, forcing Shinobu's cheek right into her breasts. "There's no reason for you to be shy! Hehehe, your body is now easily a rival for Naru's, you know! Show it off with a cute bikini, you'll have the boys running in no time flat!"

"Ahem!" Motoko coughed heavily. A serious young woman, who had become a writer of some renown. "Please do not corrupt our junior. If Shinobu wants to find a young man -"

"She just needs to read one of your books for inspiration, yes?"

Motoko's eye twitched, and she reached for the bokken hanging off her waist. Yes, a bokken. Not a real sword. She hadn't been allowed to bring a *real* weapon to the island. Still, if they'd been thorough enough they should have made her leave her eyes at home! If looks could kill!

Looking down at herself, Shinobu did feel a twinge of regret. She'd been really cute back then, but in an innocent way. Not the way she was now. A total sexpot, head to toe. She'd always admired Naru, and now she'd wound up with a body just like her. Come to think her personality was sort of like hers. Sort of like his, too. She let out a weary sigh, and ignored Mitsune and Motoko's typical bickering with one another, while Suu cheered them on, then wandered off down the beach to gather her thoughts.

Was it naive to think that the wedding would be the end of it? That she could put that chapter of her life behind her, and seek love anew? You never quite forget your first love. Apparently. She'd not really tried yet. She tried to distract herself with the feeling of the hot sand beneath her toes. It didn't quite work. It was a nice enough feeling though. But it wasn't enough. Then again, whatever could be...?

"Oof!" she yelped, showing exactly what she meant by being like both Naru and Keitaro now. Tripping up like this was so much like Keitaro! "Pffft! Pft!" she spat sand out of her mouth, then glowered in a very Naru like way at the unseen object, buried in the sand, that had sent her tumbling over. A bit of flotsam washed ashore. Bah! She tossed it into the ocean, then looked down at herself. Covered in sand!

"Are you alright?" a voice asked, and she found herself looking up at a guy offering his hand down to her. "Here, let me help you. I have a towel as well, to help you get that sand off you."

"Thanks," Shinobu said, pulling herself up. Oh, gosh. Getting a better look at him, he was quite handsome wasn't he? "Though I think it will take more than a towel to get rid of this."

"Not a problem," the man said. "Let's see, knowing mother the showers should be - Aha! Right over there, just as I thought. Her sense of aesthetic hasn't changed at all. I'm David, by the way. If you need any help with something on the island, be sure to ask, alright?"

Shinobu smiled at him, just to be polite. He was nice enough, but not really her type... Or maybe he was? She probably shouldn't judge that easily. Maybe going out with him would help her deal with these confusing feelings...? Or maybe not. Hard to say. Either way, she ventured off to the showers, determined to wash this sand off her. Granted, she could have used the ocean to do that, but she didn't feel like taking a dip in the ocean, especially by herself.

Since she was already in her bikini, Shinobu didn't bother taking it off. Instead, she simply turned on the hot water and let it wash over her body. Ahhh, so refreshing! There was a fragrant scent to it as well. It felt like she was being enveloped on all sides. A thousand gentle hands touching her body, hidden in the steam - or maybe even made of it.

"Hrmm...." Shinobu pondered, closing her eyes while scrubbing the sand off herself. "David, was it...? What a nice man." He'd definitely been interested in her. Oh! But she forgot to tell him what her name was! Silly her. She should have done that, if just to be polite.

For some reason she kept on thinking about him. And as she did the water pouring down her seemed to become hotter and hotter, yet it didn't burn or scald her. It took a while for her to realise the obvious truth - the heat was coming from inside her own body!

The truth was, Shinobu was becoming quite horny. She didn't want to admit it, even to herself, but that's what was happening. Arousal coursing through her veins, of her own accord, and certainly not because these showers induced a state of supernaturally high arousal in anyone who uses them.

By the time she was stumbling out of the shower, Shinobu was towelling off at least as much of her own sweat as she was the water from the shower. A smile had settled upon her pretty face that was much like she'd woken from a far off dream.

Ah, but then, she felt something land on her foot. Something had fallen out of the towel. It had been folded inside. A small golden ring. Shinobu reached down to pick it up, and was immediately stunned by its beauty. Thinking on where she got the towel from, it must belong to him. To David.

Her thighs clenched. She didn't register it. Instead, she fingered the outside of the ring, tempted to put it on. See how it fit. Maybe it would fit well. Maybe...? A voice played inside her mind. Put it on. Put it on. Go ahead, put it on, but her uncertainty made her waffle and hesitate, and -

She grasped it in her palm, and set her mind up. She had to return this to him, it was only right. It wasn't hers, it was his, and it was obviously quite valuable. Yet where should she go to find him? From what he'd said, his mother owned the property, so maybe start there...?

This way... a voice inside her whispered. Towards the beach again. A secluded part of it. She wandered over, thinking that as good a place as any to start looking, and as it turned out it was the last place she needed to look. As soon as she rounded the rock on the path, she saw him there. With his shirt off. Rubbing oil onto his abs. His very... healthy... abs.

"David, look!" a pretty blue haired girl called out. "I built a Turing Machine entirely out of sand and water!"

"Very good, Ami!" David said, looking down at an extremely complicated contraption that, indeed, seemed to be made out of sand and water. A whole host of tunnels made water flow around it in a pattern that Shinobu vaguely remembered... Uh... It looked like something in binary? "Here, have a reward." And then he kissed her, right on the lips, sweeping her up in his arms, and making Shinobu feel nothing but jealousy.

"David, I think I need a lotion topup~" sang a brown haired beauty sunning herself. David pulled himself away from 'Ami', and stalked towards her, grabbing the bottle she was holding up by the tips of her fingers, before dipping down to kiss her on the lips as well!

Oh goodness. Right in front of Ami, too! She didn't even seem to mind, though. Either way, David spurted out some lotion onto his hands, and began to rub the girl's thighs with quite a bit more attention than they probably needed.

"You don't mind if I start with your legs first, do you Nabiki?" David asked.

"Mmm~" Nabiki moaned and writhed under his touch. "On the contrary, I must insist. I know they're your favourite part of my body."

"That's where you're wrong," David smiled. "I don't have a favourite part. Every inch of you is delightful... But I do happen to know you're especially proud of your legs."

That was easy to see. Shinobu sighed. Nabiki and Ami sure did have some very sexy bodies, didn't they? It was hard to tell what was their best attribute, it was like their entire figures had been sculpted out of clay to be as enticingly feminine as possible.

"Yo, David!" called a rough sounding girl with short black hair, wearing a metallic bikini and... carrying another girl over her shoulder. "I spanked Ayeka in that race! How about a special reward for the winner?"

David left his hands lingering on Nabiki's thighs, then turned his head to kiss this new girl on the lips as well. Wow! They really didn't seem to mind that he was sharing them all? Probably not. Actually... Ami had leaned in to kiss the other girl, the one that was slung over Miss Metal Bikini's shoulder. They must have a pretty open relationship, huh? That was a thing that happened these days, it felt like she probably shouldn't complain or comment on it...

"Now Benten, I have to give a reward to the runner up as well," David said when the kiss finally broke. "Come on Ayeka. Here's your reward!"

"Oooh, what a wonderful prize it is," Ayeka said, quickly melting into him. Ahhh, that's right, she was here for a reason. Maybe... maybe she should catch up with him later? Look at them. Look at their bodies! Those bodacious breasts, those full round butts, those magnificent hourglass figures - they were plainly in a league of their own! Compared to those four, she was pretty plain wasn't she? No wonder Keitaro decided on Naru. It sure didn't have anything to do with the age difference. No sir. This was purely and completely down to her body not being sexy enough. Definitely not for any other reasons, no sir!

For now, Shinobu slunk away, her self confidence completely shaken by that display of intimacy, and the raw sex appeal of those four girls. It felt like if she went into that clearing, she'd be consumed by boobs! No, it would be better for her to depart for now and try to catch David later. Um. Maybe hand the ring in at reception, give a description of him, and let the staff take care of it? Yeah, that seemed like a good idea.

"Well, hello there!" a voice whispered in her ear, one that she recognised as belonging to Ami, and all of a sudden Shinobu felt boobs pressing into her back. "What's a cute thing like you doing spying on us like that?"

"Eep!" Shinobu felt like she ought to burst on the spot! "Um! S-Sorry, I didn't mean to. You looked like you were having so much fun, I didn't want to intrude!"

"Intrude, nothing!" Benten said, and all of a sudden her arm was being pinned in between Benten's breasts! "Come on, come on! The more the merrier!"

"Quite so," Ayeka suddenly appeared on her other side, and yet more boobs trapping her arm! "A charming young girl like yourself shouldn't be out alone like this. What's your name?"

"Sh-Shinobu!" she got out.

"Well, Sh-Shinobu," Ayeka said in a teasing way. "Come along. I'm sure that David is *dying* to meet you."

They hurried her along back to their own little private section of the beach, and honestly, she didn't quite fully believe that David was 'dying' to meet her. After all, if he was then he wouldn't be dipping Nabiki as if they'd just finished a waltz, and kissing her so deeply he might strike oil. Ah! Ahhh, her eyes were whirling around from all this romantic stimulation!

That could be you... a voice whispered in her ear. Yeah. It could be. If she had a sexier body! All of a sudden she felt like she'd lost five years, and was that timid mousey little thing again, especially when David pulled away from Nabiki, seeming to notice her for the first time.

"Hello again," David said, brushing aside his hair. *Look at how handsome he is.* Yes, she'd noticed. She couldn't help but notice. "You know, it occurs to me that I didn't catch your name before?"

"Shinobu," she replied. "Um! I think you accidentally gave me this as well when you lent me that towel. Is it yours?"

She held out the ring, and dropped it into David's palm. He quirked an eyebrow and studied it closely. "No, this doesn't belong to me," he said, but pocketed it anyway. "I'll drop it off at the lost and found later on. So! Shinobu! I can see that you've met my girls, aha..."

"Yes, are you in some kind of open relationship...?" she asked. Instinctually, she thought she should find that strange. But she didn't. At all. It just seemed sort of... normal. For David, that is. If it was Keitaro then it wouldn't have been strange at all. "They're all really pretty."

"Aw, shucks!" Benten clobbered her upper arm, obviously not knowing her own strength. "Hahaha, you flatter us, a cutie like you saying that?"

"I'm not cute, really..." Shinobu muttered to herself. She completely missed the look the other four girls all gave one another. Missed the silent signs of plans being formulated, schemes being put together, a path laid down for her that she would walk down, leading to future happiness, set out by a scheming quartet.

And even if she had seen it, she would have still been blindsided by the sudden explosion coming from the next beach cove over, which kicked up a lot of sand in the air, and left an awful ringing in Shinobu's ear.

"Sorry about that, it seems as though my sister has arrived," David said, rolling on his heels. "She, uh, always did have trouble with fireworks. Excuse me. I need to go have a talk with her, it won't be long!"

He hurried off far faster than she'd seen any human move before, scurrying off so fast that he was leaving honest to goodness clouds of kicked up sand that perfectly took his shape. It was almost comical really, and for a fleeting moment made Shinobu wonder whether or not she was in reality right now - or maybe she was a fictional character? Gosh, she hoped not!

"Hello there," Ami said, suddenly appearing right in front of her. "Let me guess. I sense a deep rooted psychological trauma stemming from an unrequited romantic entanglement, resulting in a self image complex and an introverted attitude that manifests in an unhealthy, toxic timidity."

Shinobu stared blankly at her. Then Ayeka politely coughed.

"She means you have an unwarranted body image problem," Ayeka said. "Likely because the boy or girl you like failed to display interest in you, and... Pardon us if this is a delicate matter, perhaps they are in a relationship with someone else? Perhaps someone you admire?"

"Ah! Oh! W-Well, when you put it like - "

There was another explosion from the next cove over. Wow, that was a *lot* of sand getting kicked up into the air! For a moment, she thought she'd heard Motoko's voice as well? Hard to make out over the ringing in her ears again.

"Anyway!" Nabiki said, casually putting her arm over Shinobu's shoulder. "A cute girl like you has nothing to worry about. You're fine! You're *very* fine. Once you set your heart on another man, he'll be putty in your hands. Mark my words, all you need is a bit of confidence."

Shinobu rather blatantly stared at Nabiki's bouncing chest, barely concealed by that swimsuit. "Yes," she said meaningfully. "Confidence. That's what I need. Um... I can't help but notice you're all -"

"Stacked?" Benten interrupted, hefting up her own breasts. "Bootylicious!" she smacked her own ass, and my goodness that was a firm rump. "Yeah, we can thank David for that! His, uh, diet and exercise regime works *wonders*. You want a bod like this? It's all natural! No surgery or nothing!"

"Um... I'd need to think about it," Shinobu said, and they spoke no more on that matter. Instead, the four girls pulled her into conversation about her own life. What she wanted to do with it, her plans, her aspirations, her goals, her hobbies, her interests. Honestly, they drew it out of her as naturally as breathing, and it didn't take long for her to get a strong sense of... belonging. Like they were old friends! Known each other for years and years!

"Here," Ami said out of nowhere, holding out a sparkler for her as the sun was going down. "While we're Japanese, David is American, and it's the 4th of July." Oh, right. That was kind of a big deal for Americans, wasn't it? "Take a look, isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, it is," Shinobu beamed at her. And at the sparkler too. "It's a very... pretty..."

Pop, pop, pop. *Pretty*. Ami was holding it around in front of Shinobu's face, but she wasn't alone. The other three were all taking their turn as well, waving around the bright pretty sparklers in tight circular patterns, that almost seemed random at first. But when you looked for a while you could almost see a pattern in their movement.

"David was the best thing to happen to me," Nabiki said. "He's irresistible." Pop, pop, pop. David was irresistible. Yes, Nabiki would think that, wouldn't she? He was quite handsome, she supposed.

"He gives us everything we could ever ask for," Ami continued. "He's so giving and wonderful." Pop, pop, pop. Ah, how nice it must be to be in such a loving relationship. Shinobu felt a little jealous.

"We can't deny him," Benten whispered, almost in a teasing tone. "We can't even think of disobeying." Pop, pop, pop. So that was the happiness of love, was it?

"We love him. We adore him. And he adores us - as we adore each other!" Ayeka said. Pop, pop, pop. How nice. How loving, how caring. Ah... Was there room for one more in this relationship...? Oh, no! But she wasn't worthy! She didn't deserve it!

Despite that, they continued on with their sparkles. Moving around Shinobu in a circle, ensuring that one was within her vision at all times. Her body became limp, the smile on her face was sleepy, and her eyes glazed over as certain truths became evident to her. As second nature as breathing. As incontrovertible and irresistible as the pull of gravity...

"Hey girls, sorry that took so long!" David called out, and Shinobu's knees buckled at the sound of his voice. It sounded so... perfect. "Turns out my sis was being a bit difficult today. And trust me, given the bar she sets that's saying something..."

Ami rushed over to him while the other three held their sparklers in a spiralling pattern, whirling them around in front of Shinobu's eyes. The blue haired genius whispered something to her *man*, which he seemed to take great pleasure in. Then, he approached her.

"Huh, they really did a number on you, didn't they...?" David said, and Shinobu giggled away. "No physical changes yet, but - Man, you're way more aroused than you should be if they just used the sparklers. Unless..." He slapped his hand into his forehead. "Of course, the showers. My word. It's a wonder you didn't jump me on sight."

"Ehhhh ehehehehee~" Shinobu mindlessly barbled away in front of this handsome hunk who was talking to her for some reason.

"Alright, let me make it up to you," he said, taking the back of her hand and kissing it. "A dinner date on the beach. And... I'll return this to its rightful owner."

He slipped the ring into her palm. The rightful owner... Was that meant to be her? Shinobu was left in a daze as the four girls guided her off to a nearby dressing room, which she didn't remember seeing before but must have surely always been there.

Inside they found a V-Cut swimsuit. Bright blue, with yellow trim. She put it on, almost automatically, then stepped out clasping her arms around her chest, frightened that someone she knew might see her wearing something so - so daring! The cut revealed her navel, and there was quite a heavy amount of cleavage as well! It was probably for the best that her own bust wasn't *that* big, or else she'd be practically spilling out of it - and the back kept on trying to wedgie her as well. Oh, if anyone but David had asked her, she never would have worn it!

As for dinner itself... It was like a dream. From the moment David lay eyes on her, it was as if her shyness had melted away. It was as though his presence was reinforcing what the others had said about him. Irresistible. Thoughtful. Charming. She couldn't say no to him. No matter what. She relaxed so much that she didn't even realise she'd been resting her head on his chest until she was so comfortable, that she couldn't even move.

"By the way, have you tried that ring on yet?" he asked when dinner was done. Ah... No. No she had not. "It's your ring, after all. It was never mind. Always and forever yours."

"Mine..." she muttered, feeling that voice in her head yet again, telling her to put it on. And so she did... and when she did, her body began to change. Her breasts grew more full and round. Her butt began to swell up, for sure guaranteeing that it was going to wedgie, but... Oooh~ She kind of liked it! It felt like the swimsuit had been too big for her before, in comparison to this! This... this was how she was supposed to wear it! "How do I look?" she asked.

"Like my brand new bride," David replied, leaning in to kiss her neck - and then his fangs sunk in, turning her forever into a creature of the night.

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David stumbled out of his room later on, feeling more exhausted than he could remember. That girl! She might be shy out in public, but in bed... Phew! He could hear her now, still going to town on Benten. Who had made it a contest, as she always did. This one she was going to lose. Of that, he had no doubt!

"She can cook, too!" he rolled on his heels and tapped the side of his head, chuckling away to himself. "What a catch!"

Except... hold on, what was this? A letter? He picked it up and read it aloud.

"Ohohohoho, glad to hear you're enjoying your new girl," he read. This was his mother, obviously. "But David, nothing in life is free. Haven't you learned yet? The cost is simple: In August, your girls will *cosplay for me at my beachside Cosplay Cafe!*" On reflex, he began to crumple the paper in his hands. "Ohohohoho... was writing down the ojou sama laugh really necessary mother?"

Still, it was his own fault. She lay out the bait for him, and he'd eaten it right up. He should have known this family vacation was too good to be true! Oh well. A formerly shy beauty to add to his collection of brides... The cost might well be worth it in this case. Provided that cosplaying was *all* his mother had in mind for them... which was something he couldn't be certain of, as much as it pained him to admit.

Rock of Succubus

Juvia hated to admit it, but she was getting desperate. No matter what she tried, Gray never seemed to pay her any heed. If anything, he was acting like he didn't want her around! It was unthinkable, but maybe her efforts were in vain...?

No, she could not believe that! Not for a moment. She would seduce him, she would make him hers, no matter what. All that she needed was the right way to make him realise the obvious truth, that they were perfect together.

"You seem to be lost, you pretty young thing," a crackling voice echoed out over the street. Juvia turned, and found herself looking at a shop stall, on the corner of a dark and ominous alley. The shopkeeper was wearing a big dirty brown hood over their head, which hid all of their facial features - save their eyes. "Perhaps I could be of some assistance?"

Now, most anyone would have the reaction 'throw a rock on the ground at them and then run for your life', but Juvia was desperate. She was determined to seduce Gray by any means - and at the very least, this shopkeeper may well have a suggestion for her.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked. Yes, yes, she was aware of all the signs that were warning her this was a bad idea. She was ignoring them. For now. If she didn't, someone else would, and she would be in a better place to deal with the aftermath than many. Isn't self justification a terrible and wicked thing? Ego, too.

The shopkeeper pulled out a record. Juvia stared at it in total disbelief. Really? A record?

"Here you go, this should do the job nicely," the shopkeeper said. "It will ensure that your love will be fulfilled! All you need to do is have him listen to it with you and then - "

"How did you know Juvia was thinking of love?" she asked, quickly interrupting him before he could finish the spiel.

"Ah, well, all pretty young maidens think of love," he replied. "Seeing such a beautiful creature out on her own like this - "

"Maybe Juvia's boyfriend is working, and Juvia is out shopping," she interrupted. Her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "You truly guarantee this will make Juvia happy, yet you seem to know much more about Juvia than you should."

"Actually... I didn't want to tell you this, young Miss, but you were talking to yourself," the shopkeeper whispered. "It was honestly quite embarrassing hearing you go on and on about this... Gray-sama of yours."

Ah. That made perfect sense. As she was truly desperate, Juvia didn't question it any further than that, and forked over the money, then took the record and -

"Bwahahahahaha~" the shopkeeper laughed as she walked away. Juvia turned to look back and - Disappeared in a swirl of sand. How strange. Had he decided this was not a suitable location and moved elsewhere?

Or maybe it was just her imagination playing tricks on her, who knows? Besides which! A win is a win is a win. If this managed to score her some love with her wonderful, handsome Gray then who could complain? Not Juvia!

She made a cute little double fist pump. Alright! Then the first thing she should do is get Gray alone with her so she could cast this magic called love!

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Plan 1: Invite Gray into the library to 'show him something cool she'd found about ice magic'. Even if it was something he already knew (which was likely), she could ask him a few questions to keep him occupied! The perfect plan!

Here he comes now, entering the library part of the guild hall with his shirt off. Kukuku! Juvia waved at him from across the room. He waved back.

"You wanted to show me something?" Gray asked.

"That's right!" Juvia replied. "Here, this book, Juvia thinks there's something interesting in here about -"

Her hand had been reaching for the record. Gray had been coming closer. Closer. Still closer! But then, out of nowhere, a face appeared over Juvia's shoulder, peering at the book. A blonde haired beauty, who was suddenly standing much, much too close for comfort!

"Hey, you found that book?!" Lucy gasped. "The Musings of Mad McIntyre! Apparently it has some data on rare Spirits, I've been looking for that for ages! Can I borrow it, can I?"

"Ah... Maybe Lucy would be the better person to ask than me?" Gray shrugged, then turned to leave. "She seems way more interested in it than I am."

Nooooo, her chance had slipped through her fingers! Juvia puffed out her cheeks, and shot daggers at Lucy, who was happily flicking through the book without a care in the world! Oblivious to Juvia's suffering, the ruination of her plans!

"Oh, wait, shoot, you were hoping to use this time to flirt with him, huh?" Lucy slowly realised. "Uh, sorry about that?"

"It's fine!" Juvia said. "Keep the book." It wasn't as if she'd really expected her *first* plan to work anyway. She had others. Plenty of others.

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"Plan... Number... Four hundred... and twenty... five... B..." Juvia scrawled in very, very scratchy writing onto a notebook. Yes. Yes! This time, she was sure! This time it would work! First, she'd set out a delicious beefcake to lure in her delicious beefcake, and when he sat down to eat it this would cause an enormous cage to fold up around him that would be completely soundproof and contain only the two of them.

The real trick had been figuring out how to keep anyone else from stealing the beefcake before the trap was sprung. Oh, and the likelihood that someone else might eat the bait before the beefcake could see it. Her solution to that had been extremely elegant and cunning. To start with, tell Natsu that someone down the street had pretended to be a Fairy Tail member, and then tell Erza that there was a new cake shop somewhere in town. The knock on effect this would have would inevitably draw the attention of all possible troublemakers, except for Gray, who would smell the yummy bait and walk right on in with his eyes wide open!

It had been the most uncanny thing. Every time that Juvia was about to get some alone time with Gray, something happened! Lucy would do something seemingly innocuous, like throw a paper aeroplane, and it would completely scupper her plans! The girl wasn't doing it on purpose... she thought... but this time, this time she was certain. There would be no interruption, nothing would ruin it, nothing would get in the way of her spending some alone time with her beloved -

"Hey Juvia!" the door to her room flew open, striking her right in the butt and, in turn, toppling her over and making her spill water all over her perfect new plan! "Oh! Sorry, were you working on something?"

The temperature in the room grew a mite colder all of a sudden. "Yes," Juvia said. "Juvia had been working on that all day, for secret -"

"Oh, you were planning on seducing Gray again?" Lucy asked, sheepishly rubbing the back of her head. "Sorry, sorry! I only realised it too late, you were trying to get some alone time with him today weren't you?"

"It's fine," Juvia replied, shrugging it off. "It's not Juvia's day today." Behind her, Lucy noticed the record. Her eyes lit up, and she hummed while stepping towards the record player. "Even with all of Juvia's plans, it was not possible to make Gray and only Gray listen to beautiful music with Juvia alone..."

Then the electric guitar riff hit and it felt like a shock went right down Juvia's soul. She had to steady herself on a nearby chair to stand upright. Woah. What was - Her eyes turned, and she saw the damned stupid thing Lucy had done this time.

"Woah, this has a wicked beat to it," Lucy said, bobbing her head around in time with the rhythm. Her beautiful... slender... kissable... head.

"Noooo!" Juvia yelled, rushing across the room to stop the seemingly inevitable. Not with Lucy! If the two of them listened together, they might - actually, would it work on two girls? M-Maybe? She stumbled over plan #363 which had been left strewn about on the floor (this one ruined when Lucy had eaten a loud crunchy apple), and wound up being caught by Lucy, the two of them tumbling into a tangled heap on the floor.

"Woah!" Lucy yelped. Grk! Their faces were super, super close to one another!

"Quick, focus on Natsu!" Juvia yelled. "Think only of Natsu, before the love spell hits!"

"L-Love spell?" Lucy asked. "You mean that record is meant to be -"

And then the electric riff really hit its stride. This time, the girls recognised the beat. Until now, it had been a touch too slow for them to recognise. It hadn't quite rocked hard enough to trip their self preservation instincts. Part of the keen strategy put in place by the maker, no doubt, as they wanted to lull the listener into a false sense of security. The very first note might have been enough to enact the spell - or it might have been enough to make them remember the battle at the Tower of Heaven.

Vidaldus Taka had used Sound Magic to corrupt Juvia, and forced her to fight Lucy. The only reason he hadn't used it to take control over both of them was because he thought it would be 'boring', but this time... this time there seemed to be no such limitation. The two of them scrambled to their feet, torn between trying to block the sound from reaching their ears, or reaching for the record player to stop the music - But it was futile. They were too far away, they had reacted too slowly, and even if they had their hands over their ears the pounding rhythm would have been too loud for them to block out that way.

Rock your soul from dawn to dusk!

The first time Juvia had felt the effect of this spell reverberate throughout her body, it had hurt. This time? It didn't. Instead, she felt something utterly irresistible rise up inside her, a warm wetness that demanded her attention. Though she'd managed to free herself from Lucy, she still couldn't rise to her feet. Instead she sank to her knees and let the music wash over her.

Behold the Rock of Succubus!

Her hands pulled apart her robe, then explored further down her body. One went to her breast, while the other went to a more sensitive place in between her thighs. Juvia knew this was wrong. She *knew* that she shouldn't do this, that the music was making her feel good... but it was so good that she was finding it hard to care.

You already know that something's wrong,

No, no, no! She wouldn't let this beat her! Not again! Never again! She would not betray her friends! She would not betray *that studmuffin Gray*! For now, her hand was merely caressing her thigh. Rubbing back and forth along it, resisting the urge to do anything more *naughty*. For now.

No matter whether your will is strong.

Forget that thought. Not 'for now'. That implied that *later* she'd be doing naughty things. In front of Lucy! She couldn't bear to look at Lucy right now. To think they'd get caught up like this. Both of them! It felt so stupid! She would not give in, she would not let it control her, she would not let herself become a traitor to Fairy Tail!

You can listen to the turning clock

Although, she had to admit, it wasn't having that kind of effect on her this time around. The music was deeply penetrating her soul, she could feel it igniting the pleasure centres of her brain, but... She didn't feel like stabbing her friends in the back. It didn't *feel* like that's what she wanted to do.

Or you could just give in and rock!

The reason why was clear: She was taking her own advice to heart. She was thinking of him. Thinking of her one true love, much as Lucy must be thinking of hers. That's why she wasn't succumbing! That's why she was staying true to herself, instead of becoming a *punk ass bitch*.

Society wants you nice and tame.

Gray. Gray. Focus on Gray. Think of his handsome face, his manly studly body, his kindness, his gentleness, that side of him he never showed anyone, but she was sure she could draw out of him at a moment's notice... if only he'd give her the chance. Gray, Gray, Gray. Gray was keeping her loyal, Gray was keeping her -

All polite and shit! How fucking lame!

What would it look like if Gray succumbed?

But to them it's all a big game,

The thought shocked her. Gray? Under the influence of the Rock of Succubus? Her own appearance had undergone a drastic change. Her attire would become more overtly sexual, darker. What is the word she'd heard...? Edgier. Yes, that's right. It was a complete style change, and -

So take a listen and shed that shame!

And he'd look amazing. That was the cold hard truth. She could see it easily. Gray, sitting there, shirtless. His skin turned pale, his hair growing to a long dark shaggy mane. He'd wear black trousers with a skull belt, and leather gloves with skulls embedded on the knuckles. Ooh, that would be... terrible, wouldn't it? If Grey were to wear something like that?

Nothing wrong with covetousness.

"Ahhhh~" she moaned, as her fingers betrayed her and sunk right on in. Her pussy sucked her fingers in greedily, desperate for the attention. "Gray-sama~ You'd be sooooo fucking hoooot under the effect of the Rock of Succubus!"

When you listen to the Rock of Succubus!

She could imagine it as plain as day. She'd trap him in his room, make him listen to the song and watch him transform, right before her eyes. Then, when the change was complete Juvia would sit on his lap, and he'd lift her up, bend her over the table and *take her*. Show the kind of passion that - that she'd only ever experienced through this music!

Your body has its wants and needs

Meanwhile, Lucy was experiencing this for the very first time. Due to a simple quirk of fate, that asshole had picked Juvia to corrupt while leaving her unchanged, purely because of his own amusement. He wanted to see them fight. Tear each other's clothes off and the like. Well! They'd sort of done that to an extent, until they'd been able to put him down!

Aches to do one nasty deed.

But given what she was experiencing now Lucy was amazed that Juvia had ever come back to her senses. She had known it was intense to cause that kind of change, but this...? It was a whole other level! It felt like each note was engraving itself into her brain. She remembered that sinister smirk Juvia had worn when she'd transformed, aggressively and bullishly showing off her new look. She didn't want that to happen to her again! Nor did she want it to happen to herself!

Then repeat over, over again.

She tried to summon a Celestial Spirit. Any would do! But the keyring slipped from her fingers and clattered to the floor, while all Lucy could do was lie on the floor, her body twitching as the spell washed over her, the malevolent music doing its awful work.

Engrave the rutting into your brain!

Natsu. Focus on Natsu. Juvia had told her to do that right before the spell hit, so she must have some inclination of a way to resist this. Right? It was a forlorn hope, but the best she could manage! Natsu! Think of Natsu, think of Natsu. If he were here, he'd burn the record player to ashes, then turn around and give that thumbs up that made her legs feel like jelly and -

Who wants to be a nice guy, or be a nice girl?

Ah, but what if he didn't burn it in time? What if - What if he fell under the influence of this Sound magic too? She had only seen Rock of Succubus the one time, but - Did it work on guys? It didn't seem likely it would be used on men, but... would it work?

It's the roughest jerks that rule world!

And if it did work, what might Natsu look like...?

Don't let 'em hold you down, it's not complex

Ahhhh, her hands, what were they - Ooooh~ Her fingers were going in soooo deep. "Natsu..." she moaned and writhed, rolling around on the floor as *hot* desire spilled through her entire being. In tune with the deep, pounding baseline and the electric riff straight from hell. It felt like her body was being played instead of a musical instrument, and -

The only thing ruling your body is sex!

Natsu, wearing a black sleeveless jacket that left his chest exposed. Chains hanging around his neck, his already spiky pink hair pulled back into an amazing mohawk, which was so tall and dominant and sexy that you'd mistake it for a painted axe at first glance.

Gotta admit it's super luscious

Ohhhh, it wasn't even fair how much that look suited him! It left Lucy short of breath, her hips bucking into the air. Natsu! Natsu! Natsuuuuu~ He was so cool, so daring, so ludicrously *hot*, was it any wonder she was playing with herself so intensely? Her self control was long gone. The only thing that remained was unbridled, untamed lust, which made her feel wild and free. Inhibitions were the chains holding her back, and they were melting away while her legs spread open further to let her hand get as much play as it possibly -

Surrendering to the Rock of Succubus

"Mmmm, yeah! Fuck yesssssss!" Lucy moaned, achieving climax at the same time as Juvia.

And so, the change fell upon them both. For Juvia it was a familiar thing. Her skin, already fairly pale as it was, became even paler still. Her bright blue hair became even more brilliant. Bright ruby red lipstick appeared upon her lips, her modest top became more like a corset the colour of slightly dried blood. A black leather belt appeared around her waist, and very snug dark trousers around her legs, giving her the look of a punk rocker.

As for Lucy, she was less familiar with the change, at least from the outside. Her skin changed in much the same way that Juvia's did, becoming deathly pale. However, that colour was made up for elsewhere, as her eyes began to shine a devious demonic red, and her already vibrant hair somehow became even more so. Her blue shirt vanished, and in its place a pair of spike studded strips of cloth, reminiscent in design of a slingshot bikini. Though you could not see the bottom of it, for it was covered by a pair of shorts that seemed impossibly, ludicrously snug, from the cut as it entered one could tell that not much privacy was extended to her pussy at all. The look was completed by a pair of white high heeled boots with studs around the top that made it seem like she'd woken up today and thought to herself 'how can I make moving around as impractical as possible while still being really fucking sexy?'

"Ohhhhh, fuck yesssssss!" Juvia threw back her head and stuck out her tongue, which was stained a regal blue. "This is the fucking beeeesssst! And this time, that guy ain't fucking here to order me a-fucking-round! Yeah!"

"Mmmm~" Lucy stretched out and checked herself out. "So this is how you felt when you were under his spell, huh bitch?" She smirked. "Except I'm not about to fucking betray the fucking guild for the sake of the guy mind controlling me!"

Juvia flipped her off, but it was a playful thing, not even remotely serious. "Listen, bitch!" Juvia's face twisted into a sneer. "This time around you stay away while Juvia plays that recording for her man! There's a hot wet spot between Juvia's thighs that needs getting cooled down, and Gray's just the guy to do it!"

"Hellooooo!" Lucy knocked her knuckles against Juvia's head. "Huh, not hollow after all? Stupid! What do you think the rest of the guild is gonna do when they catch sight of either of us like this?"

"Worship the ground we walk on like the hot succubus sluts we really are?" Juvia asked.

"Nooooooo, think about it dumbass!" Lucy yelled, grabbing Juvia in a headlock and rubbing her knuckles right into her fellow punk bitch's scalp. "They're gonna turn us back to fucking normal! You think we're strong enough to beat everyone in the guild all at once so you can get your pussy pounded? Noooooo, stupid!"

Juvia pushed Lucy away, and grabbed her into a choke hold from behind. "Oh yeah, slutface? You got a better idea, or is it true what they say about blondes?"

"That we fuck like tigers?" Lucy quipped back. "That part's true! But look, you wanna deal with this shit? You gotta do it smart. Cool your jets, and rock this little plan so you can rock that dumbass hunk into the dirt!"

Of course, Lucy was also looking for a chance for herself to get some action from Natsu. The last thing she needed, now that she had this new sense of clarity, was this thirsty water bitch ruining things for both of them! And so she lay out her plan...

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Erza Scarlet stared at the slice of cake in front of her, and for the first time in her life she hesitated to take a bite of it. As a veteran of countless difficult, intense battles, she had a keenly honed battle instinct and... for some reason, the hairs on the back of her neck were on end. She couldn't say why.

"Mira..." she asked across the counter, aiming the question at her long time rival and, after a fashion, childhood friend. The silver haired beauty opposite her was cleaning a glass, turning her head to look at her. "Does something feel... strange to you, at all?"

"Strange?" Mirajane asked. "No, not really."

Frowning, Erza contemplated this matter a bit deeper. "Something about Lucy and Juvia's behaviour these last few days has felt... wrong, somehow. They're much ruder than normal. Their language sounds a bit rougher, and they seem to have this strange fascination with music all of a sudden."

"Oh, that's probably just a new hobby they've picked up," Mirajane shrugged. "What's wrong with a bit of music?"

"It's not just them though," Erza continued. "The other day, I saw Levy sticking out her tongue and making a very strange face."

"So?" Mirajane shrugged. "I think you're just being paranoid, Erza. What's wrong with them having a new hobby and sharing it with their friends? I mean, look. They gave me this record here, and I'm starting to really like it."

Hrm? Really now? Is that what that was? How strange, Erza wasn't really much of a music fan herself, but she'd never quite heard music like this. It sounded very... metallic. Like a series of electric shocks were reaching out to assault her ears. Come to think, Mira had been playing it in the guild for the last few days and -

"Did I just catch you blowing on my soup?!"

"So what if you did?!"

She let out a weary sigh. Another fight was about to break out for an extremely stupid reason. Erza shook her head, rose from her chair and strode across the room to deal with it. "I'll be right back," she said. Then stopped, grabbed the cake and stuffed it into her mouth "I want another slice."

"Right on, bitch!" Mirajane said, unconsciously using her free hand to throw out a most peculiar gesture. Most of her fingers were folded in, like a fist... but her thumb and pinky were both fully extended, creating an appearance much like a pair of devil horns.

And watching the guild from a table, a certain pair of girls, disguised as their normal selves, smirked knowingly, eager to see how things turned out.

High School SxS

Have you ever heard of the Unanimity Paradox? It works like this: Ask a random assortment of people a simple subjective question. What's your favourite colour? Least favourite food? Political candidate you'd most likely vote for, or type of movie you enjoy watching. Something *subjective* is the point here, it can't be something like 'is the sky blue' or 'does water make things wet?'

The paradox arises when you get a response rate that comes back with 100% of all of them saying the same thing. Every last one. No deviation, every single one of them said exactly the same thing. Not 99.9%, not even 99.99%, but every single one of them gave a unanimous answer to your *subjective* question.

It's suspicious. Something has gone wrong somewhere in the process. Perhaps the sampling was too small, maybe not enough people were asked. Maybe you asked a political question right outside the national convention for a particular political party, or at an event celebrating mauve, or perhaps even a sausage festival. Whatever the case, you obviously cannot trust that data. Maybe it *is* right on the money about that particular demographic, whatever - you at least need to figure out *why* you're getting something like that.

As time was going on, Sona Sitri was feeling that paradox niggles away at the back of her mind. She'd come into it with several theories about the possible culprit for that little lust explosion. And every single piece of evidence was pointing in the same direction. Issei did it by accident while practising with his Boosted Gear, without even knowing that he'd done it. There was no wicked intention behind it on his part, it had simply happened.

That should make her happy, right? It should make her feel content and confident in marching over to Issei Hyoudou, sitting his butt down and giving him a serious lecture about lust magic. Right? Except...

It was *too* perfect. Literally every piece of evidence was pointing in his direction. It was as if someone had put up a series of signposts leading directly to his feet. Lit up in bright neon, screaming at the top of their lungs, these arrows might even chase after you and drag you along to the noted pervert.

It felt like a frame job. And yet, she also hadn't encountered any other plausible explanation either. But that wasn't all. As her Queen and vice president had noted, there was one other problem.

"If Issei had done it, he would have had to use a potent lust spell to begin with," Tsubaki had observed. "I am not convinced that he is capable of such a thing. Of Rias' peerage, only Akeno or Rias herself should be capable of that kind of level of magic, but their locations were accounted for at the time of the incident."

Rias tapped her fingers together. That was a valid point. Lust magic was not exactly a common spell to learn, for as useful as it would *appear* to be. At this point Issei should not be able to do much more than boost a very small handful of times, but that effect had been extremely potent. Doubling or even quadrupling it would still require an incredible amount of power, which he should not possess as a neonate. Indeed, even Sona herself wasn't entirely sure she could manage something at that level.

The core of the problem was efficiency and energy economics. In essence, to induce lust to a noticeable degree within a human being requires one of two things: 1, you're their type. 2, if you're not their type you have to put some *work* into it. On that basis, it was easier to simply shapeshift into the person's type and be done with the matter. Much less costly. By a lot. *A lot*. He should not be able to do that. To a single person, never mind a whole group of people!

What was going on here? It didn't make sense! Was Rias involved in some kind of coverup here? That was the best guess she had presently. It felt like she was in a game of chess against an invisible opponent who was busy making moves that Sona didn't know about. In which case, it was time for her to make her own counter moves...

Except that Sona hadn't realised, her opponent had already captured all of her pieces, and turned them against her. No matter. Even a genius must learn sometimes. Her lesson would begin innocently enough, in a sauna, meeting with Rias after hours. The two of them clad in only towels clinging to their bodies, as they soaked in the heat from the steam.

"How is the investigation going?" Rias asked.

"It's going well," Sona said. "I believe that the Fallen Angels are the likeliest culprit, based on the available evidence."

She lied. Obviously. The Fallen Angels had nothing to do with any of this, according to the evidence. Her intention was twofold. To judge Rias' reaction, and to lay a trap for her.

"I believe that they have realised Issei survived their encounter, and they're seeking to eliminate him," she continued. "For that reason, Rias, I must ask for your cooperation. I do not want another incident like this happening at *my* school."

"Your school, is it...?" Rias grunted. She shifted her position and - In so doing, made the differences in their bodies quite obvious. Sona made a point in looking away. Devils can innately shapeshift anyway, though it's mostly controlled by the subconscious. She didn't want large breasts like that, so she didn't have them. It would be unwieldy and distracting. Still, it wasn't hard to see why she was one of the most desired girls on campus... Though Sona herself had managed to score a place in those rankings that was quite respectable despite the difference in their bodies. "Very well. What do you need?"

Worth pausing here to note that Sona wouldn't normally have put that much thought into Rias' body. It rather makes one wonder, doesn't it? About her state of mind? Was it perhaps caused by preoccupation of concern over this mysterious 'pervert', or was it something else at play here?

Though of course, we are aware that Rias is, quite literally, supernaturally sexy due to her nature as a succubus. Such creatures often illicit lust from even straight women, who deny it to themselves and think they are jealous or invent some other excuse that lets them stare to their heart's content.

In Sona's case, she was pondering. If Rias looked like that subconsciously, had she recruited Issei because she secretly liked being stared at? Did she desire the attention? Crave it, even? It was hard to answer that, she couldn't read minds. Nonetheless... That body language, with that body! Recruiting a known pervert right before everything kicked off! Sona's gaze trailed along Rias' exposed legs, up to the base of the towel which was wrapped snugly around her waist, then up her chest, healthy and voluminous... Even when her hair was matted down with sweat, Sona knew that it made her look dazzling, like the cover art of a raunchy magazine. This girl could turn heads without a moment's thought.

Was she enabling Issei's hypothetical research into lust magic...? Or was it more like the other way around?

"Based on my observations, the Fallen Angels have likely come to the conclusion they made a mistake about Issei's Sacred Gear," Sona said. "It's not merely a Twice Critical, is it?" Rias smiled, and shook her head. "Then beyond merely trying to eliminate him, I suspect that they are attempting to cause a disagreement between us by planting evidence pointing towards your new Pawn."

"Those dastardly Fallen Angels," Rias said. Did she seem amused to that observation, or was it Sona imagining it? "You have a plan though? Knowing you, you must have a plan."

"Naturally," Sona said. "Rias, it is my intention to use Issei Hyoudou as bait to lure out the Fallen Angels. To achieve this, I propose a Contract between us."

Now, that was a look of real and genuine surprise. Contracts formed between Devils were a costly business, energy wise. It was part of their nature, you see - Devils take contracts seriously. Very, very seriously. Both sides would feel an extremely strong compulsion to stick to the letter of the law. The spirit? Don't make her laugh. That's why it was not usually proposed - if you didn't trust someone enough to the point you'd form a contract with them, then you could trust them to find a way to weasel out of it or include a loophole or ten that stuffs you. If you trusted someone, you wouldn't form a contract in the first place.

"I'll keep the terms simple," Sona said. "I will ensure that the Fallen Angels will not harm Issei Hyoudou until this matter is resolved. In exchange for which, he shall immediately cease all perverted or lewd actions at school."

"Oh, is that all?" Rias flipped back her hair, and leaned back in the sauna, crossing her legs and striking yet another pose that looked like a magazine cover. The sort of magazine that Sona might confiscate from someone like Issei. "I suppose as Issei's King, I can make that deal on his behalf. Although... He would not feel the same level of compulsion that a Devil would normally feel to keep to the letter of the contract."

"That's fine," Sona said. "It will at least let me have awareness of what he's up to. It will make it easier to discipline him."

"Although there is one problem here," Rias said. "While you will obviously feel compelled to protect Issei with everything you have, you cannot *truly* guarantee that they will not harm him."

"The standard contract breach agreement shall apply," Sona said. Of course, Rias was merely being cautious... but so was Sona, in a way. This was all part of her plan, you see. To lure Rias into a trap. One of two things would happen here: The first is that this would reveal what was truly going on in campus, as she had predicted... the second was that her prediction was entirely wrong and this would provide a more accurate lead for her to uncover the truth.

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Rias hesitated before agreeing to this. It meant that, until this matter was resolved, Issei wouldn't be able to bend her over a desk and indulge in the pleasures only capable when an Incubus and Succubus mate. It meant that Akeno, Koneko and Aika would all have to go without his wonderful penis for at least a day. It meant that he couldn't eat them out, or grope their breasts, or join them in the shower...

It also meant that Sona was likely planning something. That girl was too smart. A prodigy at chess, extremely capable in strategy and tactics, she was definitely up to something else. Why would she suggest a contract like that out of nowhere? It was a fairly big bit of overkill to bring Issei to heel - unless she truly believed he was the one responsible rather than the Fallen Angels?

That was another problem. Rias had her peerage, as well as Sona's since they all basically worked for her now, plant evidence all over campus that led to the idea that Issei had been indirectly responsible for the 'event'. What had Sona seen that led her to this Fallen Angel theory? It came completely out of left field. Had there been something they had missed? Had the Fallen Angels come back to school, or was Sona up to something else? If Rias questioned it, she felt like she might fall into a trap of some kind. The safest course of action was to play along. Play dumb. Go with Sona's plan, and that meant... unfortunately... having to forgo some sex with her brand new Pawn for a while. It was too soon for them to tip their hand. Sona wasn't

ready to be seduced yet. If she informed her sister of what was going on, it was game over, and that was something the succubus genes inside every cell in her body would not, could not allow.

"Very well then," Rias said, reaching her hand out. "I shall agree to those terms, Sona Sitri. Knowing you, are the documents ready for me to sign?"

"You need to ask?" Sona closed her eyes and leaned back. She really was a beautiful girl, you know. When she learned to cut loose and enjoy herself a little, she'd be even more beautiful. "Rias, please do not misunderstand. I trust you. However, based on my own interactions with Issei Hyoudou, I am finding it difficult to trust him. Besides which, being able to remotely monitor what he's up to on campus is useful. All he will need to do is ogle the Fallen Angels. I understand a few of them are quite beautiful women."

At this point Issei wouldn't limit himself to merely ogling. "So long as it happens on campus," Rias warned. "I suppose you're not as interested in what happens off campus? Then again, I should be in a better position to monitor him at home."

"Careful now, Rias," Sona said. "That almost made it sound like you'd be monitoring him from a far too close position. We don't want rumours getting out, especially with your engagement to Riser."

"Oh no, rumours getting out that would break me free from an unwanted arrangement, whatever would I do~o?" Rias sang away. Though internally, the wheels were turning and she was trying desperately to figure out a way out of this mess. It felt like Sona had her cornered, despite the fact that she held all the cards.

That's the trouble when playing against a chessmaster. You think you're winning - until suddenly, you're not.

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The contract was signed. She had him right where she wanted him. Now, Issei couldn't do anything lewd or filthy on campus without her knowledge, which ensured she could easily catch him in the act the second he tried something inappropriate. If he tried to use lust magic, she'd know about it. Instantly.

The core problem was if he could be patient enough to wait until he was off campus to try something. Thus, it was necessary to put out a lure of some kind. And for that...

"You're sure about this?" she asked her council members. "I do expect your loyalty and obedience, but this one time I require volunteers. You do not *have* to do this unless you truly want to."

Beside her was Tsubaki on one side, and on the other was Saji. Obviously, he would not be needed for this mission. The rest of the girls in her Peerage, her council, were standing in front of her. Eager to please already.

"It will require debasing yourself in front of Issei Hyoudou," she warned. "Potentially subjecting yourself to the same potent lust magic that we have been investigating." None of them flinched. The unanimity paradox briefly flared in her brain - but there was a very easy explanation for that. They were all so loyal they'd be willing to put up with this indignity, merely because she'd suggested it.

"Obviously, neither Sona or myself can participate as Issei is far too familiar with who we are already," Tsubaki correctly observed. "He'd notice the trap and avoid it."

"So who is going to go -" Sona began to ask, and Tomoe's hand shot right up into the air. Alright. "We borrowed some costumes from the Theatre Club - And you've already chosen a cheerleader uniform. Alright. In that case, we can justify having more of you - Reya, Tsubasa as well. So be it. Momo, Ruruoko, let's hold you in reserve in case something goes awry."

Even if it did, Sona had a few backup plans at her disposal. She'd tempt Issei throughout the day into doing something lewd, or her name wasn't Sona Sitri!

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Of course, Sona hadn't realised how thoroughly her peerage had been *completely brainwashed* by the various assorted antics of Rias' peerage. They'd all had a taste of sex at this point. They'd all gotten *completely hooked on it*, and the way they were right now they would sell Sona down the river if it meant getting their end away.

Tomoe, Reya and Tsubasa were definitely no different here. The three of them were putting on their cheerleader uniforms, ready to engage in a bit of heavy flirting action. Although...

"It's kinda funny," Reya said. "Wasn't Sona against this sort of idea before now?"

"Hrm, yeah..." Tomoe mulled it over. She did a quick high kick and grabbed her ankle. "You don't think Saji's been... You know?"

"If he has, he'd better be smart about doing it gradual like," Tsubasa stuck her hands on her hips and performed a quick, cute kneelift. For a girl like her who was usually into the rougher things in life, this created what is often called Gap Moe - an inconsistency in personality and appearance that creates a new appeal. "Between him and Tsubaki whisperin' in her ear, she's probably had her mind changed for her."

"Or she's come up with something else," Reya said. "Maybe she was testing us? To see if we'd go along with it...?"

No. They couldn't think that. The only thing that any of them was thinking right now was... If they flirted hard enough with Issei, maybe he'd give them all a good hard fucking? While it was true that they were brainwashed by Rias, do note that this didn't mean they were loyal to *her* per se. No. What they were loyal to was the *mind melting and soul stealing* sex that she and her peerage could provide. Thus, they'd do whatever it took to get their hands on it. So to speak.

One solid way? Flirt with Issei. Do some high kicks right where he can see. Flash their panties while wearing cute outfits, reduce his resolve to nothing and then *fuck away* to their heart's content. Did it matter that they were essentially screwing over Rias? Did it matter that their long term plans to get on that Incubus dick were in mortal danger?

No. Like most addicts the thought was on their next chance to ride the dragon, which takes on a whole new meaning in this context. The three of them proceeded to strut out to the field used for track and field during gym class, pulled out a few water bottles and prepared to tip them down their heads, and hence also making their shirts wetter and more clingy to their bodies...

When off in the distance they caught sight of Issei chatting away with Akeno. They were probably doing some training to help him adjust to his Devil abilities. It would only take a matter of time before he noticed them, and then they could start flirting in earnest!

Though it would be difficult to take his attention away from Akeno. She was very sexy. The kind of body that drove boys wild, even a trio of cute cheerleaders like them would have to really work to -

To...

"Hey, does your chest feel... Kinda tighter all of a sudden?" Tomoe asked. And the other two nodded. Their uniforms all of a sudden felt sort of - Woah! The fabric was all... Twisting around! Shaping itself around their boobs! It felt almost like the clothes themselves were groping them.

Meanwhile, in the window, Issei had his back to them, and was making grabby motions with his hands. Ah! Ah! Ahhhh~ it felt goooooood! All three of them were getting a small taste of that which they were hopelessly addicted to, right there and then.

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The instant that those three had gone, Sona had intended to set about her usual work. There was some paperwork to fill in, and this investigation had been a rather enormous distraction. She couldn't afford to put this off any longer, and she could trust her subordinates to do what was necessary.

However, the instant she picked up her pen, Tsubaki spoke up: "Forgive my curiosity, but I must enquire. What will you do if those five are unsuccessful?"

"Then we shall have to test him ourselves," Sona replied. Huh. She furrowed her brow for a moment. Hadn't she rejected that very idea earlier...? "Though if it is us, we do not do so on campus. Instead, we disguise ourselves and flirt with him off campus."

"It should not be difficult to manipulate him into making use of lust magic, if he is indeed doing it deliberately," Tsubaki said. That's right. That's true enough. "Nonetheless, I am concerned. What manner of attire should we wear for this disguise...? It would have to be something that would appeal to Issei's tastes. Fortunately, Saji is right here. He will work as a most suitable candidate, do you not agree?"

Of course. That did make a lot of sense. She couldn't simply throw something on and expect it to work.

"He'll probably see through your usual personalities too," Saji said. "I mean, that guy's met you a couple of times already, right? You'll have to put on an act of some sort." This was also true. Instead of glasses, contact lenses. They would need to wear wigs to hide their hair, and attire very much unlike their normal style. Otherwise he would see through them right away.

Of course, Sona completely missed the thin line connecting her back to Saji. Sapping away her willpower, little by little. Replacing it with arousal so gradually that she hadn't even noticed. She hadn't thought much of his presence today. Or how she was feeling. Why should she? Her attention was on the investigation into this extremely serious matter, and her suspicions about Rias' behaviour of late. In a sense, this was the general idea for the plan. The Fallen Angel theory she seemed to be working on had thrown everyone off, and her intending to go with the contract was also quite... unusual. Nonetheless, they continued on.

Tsubaki pulled out the costumes and pushed them over towards Saji, who hummed and tutted as he pulled out some clothes for her to wear. A snug pair of daisy dukes, a tied up shirt, and a blonde wig with twin pigtails.

"Here, try this on!" Saji said, handing the clothes over to Sona. He shared a look with Tsubaki, whose only thought was of the reward Kiba would give her tonight for a job well done. "Try putting on an act, too. Behave completely unlike yourself."

"Unlike myself...?" Sona repeated while taking the clothes.

"Indeed," Tsubaki said, adjusting her glasses. "I would say that the hallmarks of your personality are you high intelligence and cool headed demeanour. So... I suppose you should try acting like the opposite of that. Pretend that Saji is Issei and practise flirting with him."

It almost came to fruition. It almost worked out. Sona was reaching for the clothes. Wobbling a bit in her chair. She was moving to take off her uniform, heedless of the fact that Saji was in the

room with her. She'd wear this. She'd behave like the complete opposite of her normal self. Flirt with Saji while her willpower was faded and her arousal was unnaturally high...

Except then, she felt a *ping* that warned her: Issei Hyoudou was doing something lewd on campus. In fact, not only was it lewd, it was extremely so! He was - Using some form of magic to - To manipulate and grope girls from afar! Akeno, as well as the three she'd sent out! And... somehow... was feeding off the pleasure this was giving them? How was *that* possible?!

"Hyoudou!" she snarled, rising slowly from her chair. "That tears it. He must have done that on purpose, and Rias must have tried to cover it up!" A bit of steam shot out of her nose, showing well how angry she was with this development. "Alright! I'd been worried it might be that, but having the proof right there..."

Tsubaki and Saji stared at each other in a panic while Sona shrugged off the effect they'd been building towards for literally hours. Oh Issei. If only you'd been able to keep it in your pants for five more minutes, life would have been so much simpler for you...

Urusei Yatsura Level Upper

It's funny really. Have you ever wanted something badly enough that, when you have it in the palm of your hand, you don't quite know what to do with yourself? Shinobu was in that position right now. She had Shutaro Mendo in her room, staring at her and giving her and only her his full and undivided attention. She had the richest boy she knew drooling over her like a dog over a steak - or like Ataru over random hottie #23.

And she was enjoying herself maybe a little too much. What she should be doing is getting down to business. Cementing her control over him. Making sure that he could not even think of looking at another girl. Ever. But the moment was... intoxicating. She wanted to enjoy it a little longer. Savour it. Maybe strut around the room a little. Flick her hands through her hair, bend over a bit, put out some cute poses for him as if she was some magazine cover girl.

Of all the boys at school, he was the most desired by far. The only boy more handsome than him was Rei, and he was as dumb as a bag of rocks. Hrmph! It said something when Ataru was a step above the most handsome boy in the universe, largely because you could hold an intelligent conversation with him! At least he'd want something from a girl other than 'food'!

"You know something, *Darling*?" Shinobu asked while skipping around the boy in a tight circle, holding her hands behind her back. "Lum has always kind of annoyed me. From the moment I lay eyes on her."

"She... has?" Mendo asked, turning to watch her as she skipped around him. Eyes completely glued to her body. Normally he'd be more discrete than this, but right now it was like he couldn't help himself.

"Oh yes," Shinobu said, stopping right in front of him to bend right over, looking him right in the eyes as he sat on the floor. "She shows up one day out of nowhere in Ataru's home, and challenges him to a race with the whole world on the line! Dressed like this! With a body like that!" Shinobu sniffed. "Maybe it was jealousy, I mean, I was the cutest thing in Tomobiki for a while there. Adorable. Normal. Pretty. Shinobu Miyake."

Her features darkened a shade as she thought about it. Jealousy and envy are not kind emotions to a beautiful girl. Not if she wanted to remain beautiful.

"And then all of a sudden here's this exotic *hot* thing *flaunting her body* in a stupid revealing bikini all the time," Shinobu teased. "Oh *Darling*, it's so *alien* of her to flick through that iridescent hair, spark up the air with lightning, fly around all cute as a button, while going *Darling* this, and *Darling* that. Oh, isn't it so *Darling* for her to do that?"

"Whatever you say," Shutaro mumbled to himself.

Hrmph. He really was lost, wasn't he? Shinobu leaned back on her bed and kicked her feet into the air, his gaze followed after like a lost puppy. He obviously wanted to kiss her toes.

"Actually, to be honest, I've had this swimsuit for a while now," Shinobu admitted. "I've never gone out in it. I just... I guess I wanted to see what I looked like. I wanted to confirm to myself that - You know, it was just the bikini that made people look at her. I could pull this look off too, if I really wanted to."

Shutaro swallowed, and just on cue Shinobu heard a little 'ding' sound. Aha. Another level. It was quite funny to think. Ataru was being dumb about how he was using this gizmo, but that was to be expected. There he was trying to use it to build up his seduction abilities. Maybe be a better kisser, a better lover, better at luring girls into his harem. He hadn't seen the full potential of this toy. It could be used for so much more than that.

Be Like Lum-

Level 25

Exp Until Next Level - 4/200

Goodness, she'd been levelling that up quickly! Perhaps it was something to do with him? After all, everyone knew that he normally really only had eyes for Lum. Which burned Shinobu up a bit. Both of the boys she'd been genuinely interested in, their affection whisked away by that alien princess! Who only came here to conquer them in the first place!

With her eyebrows set into a deep furrow, she rolled off the bed, putting her hands on her hips, and strolling forward in the most Lum-like way she could imagine.

"Tell me something *Darling*," Shinobu said. "The reason you like Lum in the first place is because she's exotic, right? Unobtainable. Not like the Earth girls who coo and squee at your every move." Girls like her. A little jealousy spiked, and for a second there Shinobu could swear she smelled ozone.

"Uh.. w-well," Shutaro stammered, his instincts no doubt telling him that he was in trouble, though he clearly had no idea why. "I suppose there is an otherworldly quality to her -"

"Name one thing about her personality that you like," Shinobu said, towering over him. "Go ahead, tell me just one thing."

"Uhhhhhhhhh..." Shutaro replied, staring up at her blankly. How strange. That taste of ozone was getting *stronger*. "M-Miss Shinobu, you seem to be sparking!"

"Name one thing about her personality, full stop!" Shinobu asked, double checking her thinking here. In turn, he stared blankly back at her, trembling with fear and no doubt a little confusion, unable to answer her simple question. "Hmph! I thought so! You really are as shallow as Darling!"

Normally a comment of that calibre would have infuriated Mendo. Being compared to Ataru Moroboshi! The lowest of the low! That was an insult beyond insults! Indeed, for a fleeting moment there he broke free of the spell Shinobu was casting over him, ready to give her a piece of his mind! But... only for a moment. He could never stay so angry at someone so *cute*.

"I guess that'll make it easier for me to control you then," Shinobu sniffed. "Hmph! I must be pretty shallow as well, right *Darling*? Or maybe I just have a *type*? Oh gosh, I'm into wannabe playboys. That doesn't sit very well with me."

"O-Oh, I'm sure it's nothing to be concerned with!" Mendo said, while Shinobu sat in his lap. Her arms circled around the back of his head, and her face filled his vision. He was entranced, ensnared, bewitched, bewildered. "We cannot help what we like! Even the most disciplined person can hardly control their tastes and preferences!"

"Speaking of tastes," Shinobu said, interlocking her fingers around the back of Mendo's scalp right before dragging his head forward into a deep, searing kiss.

The comparison between Shutaro Mendo and Ataru Moroboshi was a fair one. In many ways, they were quite similar. However, there were some key differences between them that simply must be highlighted. While they are both horndogs through and through, Shutaro had a modicum of self control that enabled him to at least *appear* to be a respectable young man.

What was more, he was a touch more nervous about physical intimacy than Ataru was. Consider the time that Ataru woke up Kurama, and she thought it was Mendo who had done so: Ataru was all about crawling into bed with her, while he was far more reluctant. It had nothing to do with a lack of attraction. It was more because he was aware of the responsibility behind what was being asked of him! To date a pretty girl, that's quite enough for him. A kiss? That's fine, that's as far as it should go.

However, on this little date today, Shinobu plainly had other things in mind than a mere 'date'. This was no mere kiss. Born from Shinobu's boosted talent in 'kissing' from her Level Upper was an overwhelming experience, when combined with her new talent in seduction and body language, what chance did he have? It was like trying to turn back the tides.

Of course, this was in part owing to his own inexperience in the matter. Someone even slightly better in an area where one has no experience can seem like a worldly master by comparison. If one were to tell him that she could be even better at kissing than she already was, that this was mere child's play compared to the full potential of a deep smooch, he would have called you a liar and had his servants clasp you in irons so you could be pelted with rotten fruit.

Before too long he found himself lying on his back, with Lum towering over him. Wait, no, not Lum. Shinobu. It must have been a trick of the light. Also, for some reason he couldn't explain,

he kept on hearing a beep every now and then. That same beep as before. It barely registered as important, but -

"I'm going to make sure you only have eyes on me from now on," Shinobu said, her voice distinctly Lum like. Yes, it reminded him of the way that Lum would speak to Ataru after catching him hitting on another girl. Perhaps it was the bikini. Perhaps it was the horns. Was she deliberately mimicking Lum's accent? Her facial expression was quite similar as well.

"Miss Shinobu - " Mendo began, but then she grabbed his wrist and pulled his hands, first to her abdomen (which was hot, soft, enticing) and then sliding it up her body, forcing him to savour her curves, banishing any and all rational thought from his mind. He was nervous. Maybe a little frightened even. Yet he could not show that in front of a pretty face.

"You like this, tcha?" Shinobu asked, pulling his hands towards their final destination. Under her bra. Touching her boobs. And not in the sense of 'over the clothes, accidental grope while helping a girl up', but right on the flesh, skin to skin, fingers kneading and playing with real girl flesh. "Mmmm...~ Time to get down to the main event."

"Buhhhh..." Mendo gasped, eyes fixed on her chest. Still covered by the bra, with his fingers underneath it. Watching them like this, it looked like he was being clumsy, uncertain, groping around willy nilly without any idea of what he was doing. That's because - he didn't know what he was doing! The information he did have about a woman's body was purely technical and on paper, he knew the terminology and he knew the biology, but only in a purely theoretical sense did he have any inclination of how to please a woman!

While he was distracted, Shinobu had already managed to slide his trousers off. He felt her grip around his shaft. Strong, yet delicate. He was already rock hard as it was. For a moment hesitation struck him. Was this really why he'd come here? Hadn't he wanted to make it up to her? Their last date had been a total disaster, and so -

"You're mine," Shinobu said, and the next thing he knew a pleasant damp tightness had enveloped him. It felt like his entire body had been wrapped up in a hug, even though intellectually he knew it was only a small part of him. "Haaaah~ Doesn't that feel nice, *Darling?*"

"Ohhhhhhhh~" Mendo convulsed on the floor. It did feel nice. It felt *too* nice! "M-Miss Shinobu! I've never dreamed it would be like this!"

That was before she started to move. One hand on his chest, pinning him down, while her hips bucked back and forth, drawing his member in and out of her.

"Come on, tcha!" Shinobu tsked, and there was that beep again. "You've gotta move too, you know! Don't make me do *all* the work."

Right, how thoughtless of him. Really, he should be the one on top, but... When he tried to make a move in that direction, his body went 'no thanks, fine here the way we are'. The most he could do was buck his hips up, trying to match her rhythm.

"Darling," Shinobu whispered in his ear. "Who is cuter? Me or Lum?"

"Y-You are!" Shutaro replied, hands finding their way to her rear end and holding on for dear sweet life. How cute. He was trying to take control. As if she'd let him. This was all about *her* taking control for a change.

No more events spiralling out of her control! No more getting dragged along at everyone else's rate! Shinobu spanked herself and wriggled her hips, clenching down on Shutaro's dick, feeling every bit of it going into her levels. Yes, that's right. Her levels would rise quickly this way. Faster, faster, yet faster!

So Ataru had a higher level of kissing than her, did he? Well that was just fine by her! She'd catch up and surpass him in no time at all! "Mmm~" Shinobu kissed her new lover right on the lips to help herself get that experience. "You won't put your eyes on any other woman, will you *Darling?*"

Shutaro grunted and moaned, holding onto her body for dear sweet life. Completely lost in the moment, pounding into her like a machine! A clumsy inexperienced machine, but one that was helping Shinobu to learn from its inexperience. What was the saying? The best way to learn is to teach someone less experienced than you?

"N-No, I promise!" Mendo grunted, his hands unable to stay in place. It was as if they wanted to touch her entire body all at once. Was this because of her own level in seduction? Body language? Being like Lum? Or was it because she had already had sex and knew what it was like, while this guy was a total virgin? "Anything! I'll do anything! The Mendo fortune is yours, just be mine forever!"

"Oh, Darling, you have that backwards," Shinobu pushed down and clenched her inner muscles tightly around his dick, and that was it. Too much for him. The rich boy's eyes crossed, making him seem more undignified than she could remember him seeming (and she'd seen him trapped in a bell several times begging and crying for escape). "*You're mine!*"

He came, and compared to Ataru it almost seemed pathetic. Ah, to be honest his dick wasn't quite as big either was it...? No matter. It got the job done.

Shinobu climbed off him, her legs shaking. And then - she began to pose seductively for him again. Occasionally reaching down to kiss him on the lips, while saying "Darling". That idiot Ataru, he didn't know what he was doing with his new toy. As usual, he'd had an amazing thing land in his lap and he was using it in the dumbest possible way. She'd show him how to build a

harem - by making him join hers! It was the perfect plan, and absolutely nothing could go wrong with it!

=====

Lum was absolutely livid at Darling, and not for the first time. It wouldn't be the last, either. Ohhh, sneaking off with Ryoko like that! He knew what sort of trouble she was! And he'd wound up getting hypnotised by her! Properly this time! Not like last time where he was faking it!

... "You're really not faking it, are you?" she whispered to him warningly, studying his face carefully for any sign of a reaction. Not that she got much time before her lips were back on him again. She couldn't help herself. It was like she *craved* these kisses more than she was angry at him. Which would be ridiculous. Granted, he'd been getting better and better at kissing lately but -

....

What was she thinking about again? She sort of lost track of herself for a second! Oh... Oh! Right! Of course!

"Darling, snap out of -" she pulled him back in for another go around. She felt his hands wander around her thigh, and for a moment she wondered - hadn't she come in wearing the school uniform? Had he removed it while they were kissing? Either way, her leg was hooked around his waist and his hand was on her outer thigh, right where it belo~onged!

Oh, but then Lum hear a distant cackle, and her eyes shot across the room towards Ryoko. Right! Of course! That's why she was here! That girl had done something to Darling, and she needed to rescue him! Therefore - Only one thing for it!

There's an old saying: If all you have is a hammer, every problem starts to look like a nail. Well, in Lum's case she had more at her disposal than a hammer. But! The only thing she always had on her at all times was her ability to fire lightning. Where many anime girls, upon being upset with their man, would swing around a comically sized hammer, Lum came before that trend. Her series started in the late 70s, don't you know?

Anyway! Her grip on Darling's head grew tighter, snugger, more secure. Her tongue slipped as far into his mouth as it could go - and then she let loose with a big old thundershock that would surely snap him out of this wicked spell! This was her Darling, and she wouldn't give him up to anyone!

Alas, what Lum had failed to take into account was the little gizmo sitting in Ataru's pocket. If she'd known it was there, she wouldn't really have thought that much of it. After all, the Level Upper wasn't that special to those who lived in outer space. It's only humans that are capable of unlocking its full potential.

It was this very 'toy' that had enabled Ataru to become so proficient in several areas he'd been lacking in before. His ability to hit on girls, to satisfy them with a deep, deep smooch... And also his ability to make a girl cream while he was balls deep inside her.

And Lum had just fried that toy with enough jolts of electricity to knock out a small mammal. Not, like, a rodent, think a bit bigger. Maybe a rabbit or a hare, or maybe a badger. Yeah, a badger is a pretty good size to think of here. Imagine enough electricity to knock out a badger. That's a decent amount of electricity, right? And most computers flat out *break* if you have a bit of a power surge going through them, it's why we have things like fuses to keep it from happening.

So what might happen when this advanced piece of kit has that kind of power juicing through it? If it was in the possession of an alien, it might become unusable. In the hands of a human...?

=====

This was the best plan ever. Not only did he have the best chance possible of getting away with *ploughing the hell* out of Ryoko *all afternoon*, but now he was getting to make out with Lum at the same time! It was perfect, flawless, if he played his cards right he might even get a threesome!

Hehehe, Lum was getting really into it as well. More so than she had during their late night sessions. No doubt a consequence of him becoming so much *better* at it, thanks to his training with Ryoko. Ohoho, she was such a *naughty* girl. It felt like he'd learned loads and loads from kissing her all afternoon, and now he was getting to try it out on Lu~um!

... Not that he *liked* Lum or anything. No, no! This was all part of his plan to, you know, make her okay with joining his harem! His growing, swelling harem! Shinobu was on board, Ryoko seemed cool with it as well, Lum would make a fine addition. As much as she annoyed him, she had an amazing body and he did kinda feel better when he was looking at her smiling.

Oho, feel that? Feel her arms growing tighter around your head? This is it, Ataru. Your first threesome is incoming! All you had to do was guide Lum down to the floor and then -

Zzzzzzap!

It was a familiar feeling by now. How much juice did she fill him with this time? He had forgotten that she sometimes did this when she was being 'affectionate' with him. It was part of the reason he normally tried to avoid it! Ah, but she'd been so careful not to when they'd been kissing recently, why did she have to go and ruin it now by losing control?

...

This was one of those things he'd brought on himself again, hadn't he? Not that Ataru had much time to reflect on that before he started hearing an extremely strange sound. It was a heavy metallic clang that was really getting on his nerves. What was that? Here he was trying to make out with the alien babe who inexplicably fell in love with him, and there was this completely bizarre sound - It was consuming his attention whether he liked it or not. Come on! Shut up! What is that? What is -

Oh! It's... It's the beeping sound from the Level Upper, except it's happening over and over again. W-Wait, crap! He had that in his pocket didn't he? Lum just fried him - did she break it?!

A panic seized his heart. No! He'd been on line to making a harem, and something stupid like this had ruined it! Thinking quickly, he put his hand on the small of Lum's back, making sure to put his fingers *here, here, and definitely here* to both keep her steady, and also too aroused to notice what he was doing. Then with his free hand he pulled the Level Upper out of his pocket, quickly nibbled on her ear to keep her further preoccupied, and took a look at the device.

It was sparking. Not a good sign. He tapped the button to look at his levels and -

Sex kissing fucking flirting fucking sex
*Level 100! * $e^{(i\pi)}$*
Experience to next level up: Infinity - infinity

So, that didn't look good. At all. The display was showing a whole bunch of nonsense, flickering different values, showing different fields he had been levelling up in or synonyms for them. Lum had really and truly done a number on -

"Ooooooh fuck~" Lum suddenly sang. "D-Darling, how did you - Ooooooh~"

"How did I do what?" Ataru asked, noting the spasming oni babe he was holding onto. What? All he was doing was putting his fingers on her back, gently manipulating her nervous system to produce the most amount of pleasure he could possibly provide from this position using only a single hand. I mean. Lum's nervous system was pretty easy to manipulate when you get right down to it, despite her physiology having some obvious differences from human biology.

You know what, to hell with it. Ataru was on this path now, if he veered off it he'd only make things worse for himself! Okay, sure, sunken cost fallacy was a thing, but Ataru was kind of an idiot and it's a really, really hard fallacy to break away from even if you are pretty smart.

Speaking of not being smart, Ataru had completely failed to notice something that should have probably maybe been obvious if you were paying super close attention. Or maybe not? We all notice different things, our attentions might not gravitate towards the same details. His certainly didn't. Ataru's not exactly a detail oriented guy, unless those details include a girl's curves or contact information.

In this case, he'd missed the fact that the places he'd touched Lum weren't... actually all that erotic, nor typically associated with that level of intense arousal. Now, you might be thinking 'maybe his fingers managed to land precisely on the right spot in the right sequence -' In which case, no. No, that's not it at all. As nice as it is to engage in that kind of hentai logic, biology doesn't quite work like that.

Instead, what was happening was something a bit different. Lum had broken the Level Upper so badly that it had gone into the world of the Imaginary Number. Or Complex Numbers if you'd rather be more precise. The square root of negative one! A number that can only be represented by the letter i .

What does it mean to have a level of ' i ' in a skill? It's a number that only really exists in an entirely theoretical sense. You can't have ' i ' apples, you can't travel ' i ' miles. Yet the number is still useful in various fields, like physics, believe it or not. Which is appropriate because in breaking the Level Upper, Lum may have inadvertently broken physics too. And biology while she was at it.

We have this thing in physics called cause and effect. It's kind of a big deal. You do something, it makes something else happen. That's the order. First the cause, then the effect. Ataru currently had an imaginary number - a fairly big imaginary number at that - as his level for all things sex. So what did that mean?

For one thing, it meant that cause and effect were a bit inverted right now. Ataru kinda had a vague feeling that Lum would feel good if he touched her *here* - and so, when he touched her *there*, it felt good. In fact, it felt fucking amazing! It felt better than Ataru imagined it would feel, in point of fact.

He'd reversed cause and effect. He'd intended a certain effect to happen - Lum feeling an intensely arousing stimulation - and then when he'd gone to touch her in a way he assumed would cause that to happen, it worked. When it would have normally made Lum giggle from being tickled, had she even noticed.

It's a really good thing Ataru's too stupid to notice that, or it would have resulted in a hell of a mess. That's the kind of power absolutely nobody should have, or they might abuse it to no end! Still, with the reading jumping and flickering the way it was, it surely wouldn't last long enough for him to make too much of a use out of it, right?

....

Right?

Oh, ladies of Tomobiki beware, the ultimate threat to your virginity and common sense was now born unto this world. Lament while you can, for soon you shall be incapable of rational thought, and shall be led around by your lustful desires. Your only hope now was that Lum could figure

this out before it was too late.

=====

Huh. That's weird. Time had... stopped. Lum blinked slowly, a beautiful smile on her beautiful face that could surely light up the night's sky. In this frozen, wonderful moment, she could take her time to truly bask in what she was experiencing.

First of all. She was naked. Nnnnnaked. Her bra was off, still floating in the air as it was being tossed to the corner of the room. Her bikini bottoms and gogo boots had already landed. As had Darling's trousers. His shirt was still mid-air. Ryoko's hand had been reaching out to catch it when time had inexplicably stopped.

As for their relative positions? He had just entered her. Darling's *penis was penetrating* her *pussy*. It had only just happened when time had stopped. They hadn't really started doing anything yet.

Oh well. This did give her some time to really think about things. Let's see. Darling had been hypnotised by Ryoko, who had ordered him to make out with Lum, and so he had and now they were about to have sex. Yep. Nothing weird or wrong about *that* chain of events!

Thinking about this whole thing rationally though... Did she really and truly want to have sex with Ryoko? Looking down, it was a bit late for that. Her body sunk down an inch, and an indescribable pleasure shot through her body like a lightning bolt. M-Maybe this would do it? Maybe this would bring him back to his senses...? Yes, that logic tracked. Lum could easily see that working.

Time resumed, and Lum pushed down, taking his entire length inside her - and instantly climaxing, even harder than before. The air was pushed out of her lungs, the intensity of it made time stop for her again, if only so she could savour it - then again and again and again, it felt like each instant was being engraved onto her soul, like turning a film reel into a photo album.

"Ohhh, Daaaarling!" she moaned helplessly as Ataru's *cock* hit her deepest point, filled her up and made her crave more, more, still more! He grinned up at her, the first sign she'd seen that he was playing pretend - but she was long past caring about that, so she descended upon him and took his mouth with her own.

Though as she did so, something clattered out of Ataru's hand. His instincts compelled her to grab and touch her body, and so he did so - little realising he'd just let go of the device that was letting him do the things he'd been doing recently. No matter. The two of them had a lot of pent up sexual tension, and it was now paying off in spades.

Which meant that the Level Upper, still sparking away, wound up lying at the feet of Ryoko Moroboshi, who couldn't help but notice it and wonder what it was.

Danganronpa The Ultimate Playboy

Hey everyone, it's your girl, Junko Enoshima here! Spreading Despair wherever she goes, there's nobody quite like the one, the only - Me! Now, you peasants. Kneel before my glory, intellect and beauty as I lay out my plan to... Get laid, apparently. Puhuhuhuhu!

Yes indeed, my plan to corrupt and ensnare the so called Hopes of Tomorrow in a web of deceit and lust and steamy, steamy sex was formulating right in front of me. It's such a classic motivational tool, you know? A fundamental biological in built need that *most* people wind up developing. The need to breed! The urge to fuck. To copulate, to be intimate, the fact that there are so many synonyms and euphemisms for it speaks for itself! So important to the human race, to its own future development - and yet we are all so strangely shy and private about discussing it. Isn't humanity weird like that? It's so weird it almost wants to drive you to Des-

On second thought, nah, I'm probably reaching a bit for that one. Come on, can you blame me? It's kinda my schtick! That *is* what you're here for, right? My schtick? Puhuhuhu, or maybe you know that I'm the living embodiment of hotness and despite the fact that you hate me, you *really* wanna know how much of a freak I can be between the sheets. Right?

As it turns out, both Mikan and Ibuki had found that out just this afternoon. I got them nice and drunk off these hot new artificial Makoto based pheromones, and then used my own hyper-analytical skills to work out how best to sexually please them. Dosed them up with an extra batch of pheromones once in a while and - Hey presto! They were kissing my feet and calling me Mistress in no time flat!

"Hrm, you know something?" I asked my dumbass twin sister, Mukuro, while Ibuki was busy slobbering over my toes. "Doesn't this, like, seem *super* inefficient? Kinda repetitive too. I mean, I corner some Ultimate Bitch and turn her into my Ultimate Fucktoy."

"Ibuki says, nom nom nom!" Ibuki said. Y'know, it was a minor surprise to see how thoroughly flexible her tongue was. Super fun! She was really cleaning out the gunk between my toes. Not gonna lie. It gave me a thrill.

"In the military, officers give orders so they can focus on other matters," Mukuro said, trying to sound wise, but actually coming off like an idiot again.

"Ooooh, I get it!" I quickly crossed my legs, 'accidentally' knocking Ibuki on top of her head with my thigh, while sticking my *other* foot right in front of her face. She continued licking away without missing a beat. "You're saying I should, like, delegate. Right? Urgh! Stupid! As if those two impossibly aroused idiots could ever stand the slightest chance of - "

I trailed off, a shudder passing through me. "They could do *anything* out there, huh?" I asked. "In their state of mind, even I can't fully predict what they might do. They could make a complete

pig's ear out of whatever plan I come up with... Ruining everything I've worked so hard for in the blink of an eye, simply because I wasn't personally taking care of -"

Mmmmm, yeah! Everyone's got their fetish, and mine is Despair. I can't help it. I have to leave that little bit of room for failure out there. The sheer possibility that I might lose. Not only does it give Hope to my enemies, Hope that I can so easily turn into the Seed of Despair, but it also helped me nurture my own potential Despair for the day when I *did* eventually lose! It was a total win/win, which meant I had no Hope of avoiding Despair!

"Alright Miss Grunt!" I said. "Here's the way this is gonna work, 'kay? You are gonna find a hot Ultimate Babe and you're gonna *fucking break 'em*, yeah!"

"Did you have any particular girl in mind?" Mukuro asked. I threw a pillow at her. She knocked it back, making it land exactly where I'd picked it up as if I hadn't even done so. Pft. As if that was something I'd find impressive in the least.

"No! That's up to fucking you!" I replied, sticking out my pretty tongue and throwing up the horns. "Rock out and fuck up a bitch until her brain turns to taffy! Tsk! You want me to pick for ya? Fine! How about you go for that tanned slut Akane Owari, the Ultimate Gymnast! Use your talent, such as it is, to seduce them, and their own against them, and then add her to my ever growing harem!"

Yep, that's right. That's what this was. A yuri harem! Puhuhuhuhu! I couldn't wait, I couldn't wait! First I'd built up this harem right under everyone's nose, then I'd use it to *squash* that idiot Makoto Naegi. Did he think he could get one over on me? Please, fat chance! Before he knows what has even happened, I'll have taken all the Hope he was building up and transform it into a crushing Despair the likes of which he'll never recover from!

Or... Maybe I'll let him recover, so I can send him into an even deeper chasm of Despair? The lucky boy. So lucky! To have my attention cast upon him, so! I settled back into my seat as Ibuki dressed in her normal clothes... as normal as any Ultimate's, at any rate. And then, I had a funny thought.

Y'know, at some point I'm gonna have to have sex with that boy. With the pheromones that can reduce a girl's brain to mush via overexposure. The thought made my breath hitch. Wh-What if it had that effect on me as well!

Actually.. That would be amazing. Because it would mean I *lost*. The Despair! The sheer, unbridled Despair of it! Losing because I spread my legs and welcomed in a penis that could break a girl's brain before she knew what was happening....? That sounded like heaven to me!

"Hey Ibuki, let's make some sweet music together!"

Puhuhuhuhuhuh~!

=====

H-hello there everyone! Um! My n-name is Mikan Tsumiki. You remember me, right? You do? Oh! I wasn't expecting you to - Ahem! Anyway, Mistress Junko, my beloved, is a truly wonderful woman. So intelligent, so kind and thoughtful. Not like those mean bullies who always harass and make fun of me, all the time! Not that I'm bitter or anything. She seemed to keenly know exactly what was bothering me, exactly what to say, and exactly how to make me feel so, so much better.

It turns out that the answer was sex. Tee hee! I had no idea I was so pent up. It's true what they say, a physician shouldn't diagnose themselves. No matter what field or speciality, I would never have come up with that treatment.

For the time being, I was assisting at the nurse's station. Which meant that I was basically running it. While Hope's Peak did have an excellent nursing staff, there was a tendency for Ultimates to get a bit... rampunctious. One does not get to be the best in one's field without turning out a *little* weird. In case you hadn't noticed.

Right now there were only two students present. Both from my class. Hajime Hinata and Chiaki Nanami. A reserve course student and the Ultimate Gamer. Aww. Weren't they precious? Chiaki really was doing him a favour by slumming it with him. He wasn't even an Ultimate. Just some *guy* whose parents shelled out money for him to sneak into the reserve course. As if that's the reason Hope's Peak guaranteed success to its graduates!

Still, I put on a nice friendly face for him. "It's okay Hajime. I'll help her out," I said. He looked at me like a pathetic lost puppy. "Can you please leave us alone for a bit? The patient needs some privacy."

"Okay, let me know if you need anything," he said, and then he left me alone with her. He really trusted me, didn't he? That's good. Because I was going to help her. I was. I knew exactly what ailed her. The poor thing.

Looking her over, I thought of the stereotype of a game that I had in my mind. Overweight, greasy skin and hair. Bad posture from sitting all day. You know how it goes. People can have such a cruel image of each other, you know?

"Hi Chiaki~" I sang, looking her over and seeing anything but that. Chiaki was adorable. Her body was great from top to bottom. She let out a cute yawn, and shuffled around on the bed. Squirming around like a worm on the dissection board. "Tell me, what's the matter?"

"So hot!" she pawed at her clothing. "I feel so strange!"

"Is that so...?" I asked, and pulled out a little something that I had prepared earlier on. Something experimental, something potent. I opened the top and took a whiff. It was a gel form of the pheromone I'd developed earlier. I was already wearing surgical gloves. For the best, though perhaps I should have worn another pair just to make sure. It wouldn't do if I was also affected by this. "I can certainly agree with that. Allow me. This should help."

I took some of the gel and rubbed it along her legs. The instant it touched her pale skin, she stopped squirming, and let out a contented sigh of relief. Good girl. Just relax. Everything will be alright soon. When you realise that the reason you're suffering is because you're struggling against something your body desperately needs.

"As I thought..." I muttered to myself, pretending to study her reaction. "Chiaki, you're repressing yourself, aren't you?"

"Huh?" she blinked. Obviously confused. "Repressing mys- Oooh~"

That was from the gel touching her thighs. Soaking into her skin, exposing her to yet more of this *potent* mixture. It really was a miraculous thing, the concentration she was being exposed to was... I dipped my head down between her legs despite myself and took a deep breath. If that formerly pintsized *bitch* of a dancer was here she'd call me pig-barf or some other inane immature insult. I'd have it coming this time, for a change.

"I know about your sleeping habits," I said. "You stay up all night playing video games, and spend the day half asleep. That's not healthy for your body or mind. It means you're ignoring what your body *wants*. What it *desperately needs*. Do you understand?"

By now I'd covered her legs in a thin layer of this gel. Her eyes were getting bleary. She'd obviously been exposed to the pheromone already fairly recently, though in my estimation it must have been a much lower dose. She was showing all the classic signs of feminine arousal. Erect nipples, flushed face, and pronounced moisture around her crotch.

"I - I made a game out of it," Chiaki said. She fanned herself down with one hand, while the other unbuttoned her blouse. "My nutritional intake and exercise quotient should be sufficient for - Ohhhhh, what's happening to me?"

"Arousal," I said while holding my finger right under her nose. Her face twitched. Her head lifted in an attempt to smell yet more of it. "You know, Hajime wouldn't look me in the eye just now. Did something *happen* between the two of you?"

"I - " Chiaki tried to speak, but I left a smear of gel right under her nose, and she seemed to lose the ability to express any rational thought. With her suitably distracted, I started to take off the rest of her uniform, which let me get a much better look at her body. It was deceptive, really. Her breasts must be among the biggest in the class, and that's no mean feat. It was the way she

dressed. The way she carried herself. Chiaki had a *body*, but she didn't really *use it* the way that some other girls do.

"This gel will only help to tide you over for a few hours," I said to her, while smearing her breasts with it and enjoying the sounds of her incoherent whimpering almost as much as I was groping these round globes. They truly were splendid, so large, so warm and inviting. "So? How about you play a new game? You might even be able to win a high score!"

"A high score?!" she yelped. Oh dear! For a moment there, it almost seemed like that had excited her even more than my ministrations! That would hardly do! Especially when I was working so, so hard to use my knowledge of human anatomy to excite her as much as possible.

"Come to Junko Enoshima's room tonight," I whispered in her ear, and then... Pulled away. The cruellest thing I could possibly do to her right now. "I am certain she will be able to scratch that itch you have. Don't tell anyone you're coming though."

"I... Understand..." Chiaki said. Good girl. In fact, Chiaki had been a *good girl* for a good while now, hadn't she? The upstanding one that wanted to be friends with everyone! Well! Let's see how she winds up by the time that Junko is done with her!

=====

On consideration, it must be difficult for the class organisers to do much about gym at Hope's Peak. Several of the students have athletically inclined talents already, while many others do not. Case in point, Sakura had already lapped all of the other students in our class once, and was on track to do so a second time. The Ultimate Martial Artist is not one to be underestimated.

Then again, I am the Ultimate Soldier. While my running speed might not be up to par with the so-called 'Ogre', I make up for it in other ways. Weapon proficiency, dexterity, nimbleness, efficient movement. Not only is my body a weapon, but so are my instincts in battle. It was interesting to consider - which of us would win in a one on one battle?

Another time, perhaps. My attention was more towards another class that was also having gym today. In particular, my eyes fell upon Akane Owari, the Ultimate Gymnast. She was doing a long jump alongside the rest of her class. In my assessment, she carried herself like a strong fighter, though not nearly as mighty as Sakura or myself. She was the sort of person who liked to fight for its own sake, and had a body quite suitable for this.

She also had quite the prominent chest. I felt a twinge of inadequacy there, and wondered... Does Makoto prefer them that big...? I squashed this thought as an irrelevant distraction from my stated mission. Sister had a task for me, and the mission objective was over there.

"Excuse me," I said. My sister was chatting away with Asahina, putting on her ditzy act, while Makoto was... Watching her closely. Not too far away from him, Sayaka, Kyoko and Celestia

were having their own private discussion about something or other. I considered joining them, but - No, I had a more important task to take care of. My sister wanted Akane Owari to join her 'harem', and therefore that would be where my focus lay. Scouting efforts on the actions of Makoto and his *own* harem would have to wait.

Though... Perhaps it would be necessary to go undercover to facilitate this? A matter to consider for a later time.

"Hrmph, you call that a jump?" I heard a rough male voice say, around the corner I had seen Akane wander off to. "Come on, you're not doing your exercises are you? I bet you spent your afternoon pigging out instead!"

"Coach Nekumaru! Come on! Teru had put out a spread, how could I *not* indulge?"

Ah. A conversation between the Ultimate Team Leader Nekumaru Nidai, and her target. Interesting. I elected to continue eavesdropping for a while longer to learn more.

"That level of self control is why you've hit a glass ceiling!" Nekumaru said. "No more *it* until you do better, got it?"

"W-wait, hold on a second! Coach Negumaru! Wait! I need *it*! You know I can't live without *it*!"

His heavy footsteps approached the corner, so I leaped up into the air and held myself against a wall. *It*? That was a very suggestive... which most likely meant it held a different meaning than it sounded like.

"Sorry, but these hands are only for those who will make good use of 'em," the Coach said. On second thought, maybe not...? "And as for you, eavesdropping is a bad habit. I'd expect better from the Ultimate Soldier."

So he'd seen me...? Impressive. Ultimates are not to be underestimated. "It was not my intention to pry," I said. Which was honest enough. I had intended to speak to... or rather *seduce* Akane Owari rather than poke my nose into her business.

The coach snorted and wandered off, leaving me alone with a frustrated Ultimate Gymnast. She stared after the mountain of a boy while wringing her hands - and then set her sights on me.

"Hey, you're that Ultimate Soldier, huh?" she cracked her knuckles. "Come on, I'm spoiling for a good fight right about now. Wanna throw hands?"

"I don't throw hands," I warned. She put out a haymaker, which I was easily able to block. "I throw grenades." She tried a flashy series of kicks, which might have been impressive outside of Hope's Peak, but here...? I was able to clip her ankle. That would have normally sent someone

clattering to the floor, but this was the Ultimate Gymnast we were dealing with. Instead, she somersaulted backwards and landed on her feet, ready to continue fighting.

And then it clicked. I understood what *it* was from watching her movements.

"He's been giving you rubdowns, hasn't he?" I asked. She tensed up. "Your muscles look too tense. You need to relax, you're far too stiff in your movements. Allow me. I have had to assist comrades in the field this way."

My sister had often commented that the best way to deceive someone was to tell them nothing but the truth. If it is an uncomfortable truth, they will disbelieve you. If it is a comfortable one, they'll go along with implications. In this case? Yes, I had given rubdowns to fellow soldiers in the field. Sometimes the work can become numbing, and muscles tense up when it is least advisory.

"You sure?" Akane asked. "I mean, no way you can be as good as Coach Nekumaru."

"Tonight I am meeting with Junko Enoshima," I said. "Meet us at her room tonight, and we'll see how you feel then."

Mission accomplished. The perfect means to entice and ensnare Akane Owari had been developed. With her under our control, we would have additional muscle, in a very sexy body, which would make further seduction even easier. I was sure that my sister would be very happy with me regarding this new development.

=====

"Wait, you *both* used massage as a seduction measure?!" I yelled at both of them. Mikan and Mukuru both winced, and rightly so! "Urgh! That's so *boring*! Couldn't you think of some other way? I mean, come on! That's soooo lame!"

"Please forgive me!" Mikan whined, while Mukuru stood there and took it while standing at ease. At least their responses were different! Still, I threw up my hands and let out my most profound *guuurgh*! It would have been better if they'd *failed*! That would have been more interesting! Couldn't they have done something more distinct like, I dunno, held them down and sat on their face? Got them drunk and flirted with them then? Cornered them in a shower? Confessed their undying love? Something else! Anything else would've been better than doing it the same way twice!

"They are both arriving at the same time," Mukuro observed. "Might that not be a complication?"

Aha! I pulled her into a headlock and then gave her an extremely painful noogie. Or tried to. She ducked it, and put Mikan in the way instead. Cool, cool! I was fine with that! "I knew there was a reason I kept your dumb ass around, you glorious *bitch*!" I said to Mukuru, while Mikan got off

on the close physical contact with me, and probably also the pain. "Alright! So we got one soon to be slut coming in for a medical treatment, while the other soon to be slut is here for a general rubdown, and they'll be here at the same time! Let's make magic, people! Time to spread some Despair, harem style!"

=====

Now that was a face I didn't expect to see out here tonight! "Yo, Chiaki!" I said to my classmate, just a little down the corridor. "Heh, the girl's floor sure is busy tonight, huh?"

"Busy...?" Chiaki asked. "What do you mean, Akane?"

"Yeah, I've seen a couple of other girls wanderin' the floor tonight," I said. "Uh, that Kirigiri chick, Maizono and... What's her name again? Ludenberg? They all seemed to be doin' something. None of my business anyhow."

"I see..." Chiaki said. She seemed weirdly on edge. Weirdly, cuz I've never seen her like that before. All fidgety and stuff. Normally she's half asleep, or putting on a big smile to make everyone around her feel at ease. Not even a 'hey hey'.

"Ohh, I get it!" I said. "You're heading to Enoshima's room, right? I'm going there too! Same deal, right?"

That made her really tense up for a moment there. "You're going for... treatment as well?"

"Sure am!" I flexed a muscle. "Girl's gotta get *it* on a regular basis if she wants to keep her body and mind refreshed!"

"... Ah... Okay..." Chiaki muttered. "I never realised it was that serious. I should pay more attention to my body's needs in future. Maybe Hajime would be okay if I asked him to have s-"

"Hey girls!" a chipper voice interrupted us, and up popped Junko Enoshima out of nowhere. "Oh. My. God. Seeing the two of you together like this, it's like chocolate and vanilla mixed together! I'll be the strawberry, and together we'll be *far* too sweet! Like neapolitan!"

"Huh? You're gonna take both of us at once?" Chiaki asked. I shrugged. No big deal. I didn't mind if Chiaki went first. HOnestly, she probably needed *it* more than I did at this point. Besides, wasn't Mukuro going to be doing this?

"Mukuro's been, like, teaching me how to do a proper rubdown!" Junko all but sang. "Come on, come on! You're gonna *love* the way you feel by the time you're done."

She guided the two of us to her room, and at the time I didn't think anything of the fact that she linked arms with the two of us. Nor did I think all that much of how damn strong she is. No trouble at all shifting the both of us. Hell, I probably couldn't have stopped her if I tried.

Anyway, her room. It was kinda dark in here. Two tables set up, with Mukuro standing by the one on the right. A towel lay on each. Junko gestured towards them. Chiaki took the nearest, the one on the left, I lay on the one by Mukuro. My shoulders were super itchy, and I had this knot in my back that needed undone. Here's hoping they lived up to the hype!

"First, let's set the mood shall we?" Junko said, then pulled out a remote of some sort... and a really powerful piece of music started to fill the air in the room. Woah! "A little something Ibuki put together for me."

"Huh... Her stuff's normally way too weird for me, but this has a pretty good rhythm to it."

We lay down on the tables, listening to the music. My body relaxed pretty much right away - and then I smelled it. I didn't know what it was, but it smelled *super* nice. Made me hungry. Though not in a food way? A way I hadn't really felt before. Whatever. I took off my shirt and tossed it onto the nearby bed. Best to let them have direct access to my back, right? No harm in stripping down, just girls in here.

"Ohhhhhh~" Chiaki moaned. "Oh yes, that's it! Just there! Please, please, give me more~"

Sounded like she was enjoying herself... and I sure as hell understood the sentiment when Mukuro's hands pushed into my back! Strength, precision, a meticulous methodical approach that reminded me of a SWAT team clearing a room. Her hands were covered with some weird goop that I assumed at the time was some kind of scented massage oil - but would learn it was something much better than that.

"Hehehehe," I giggled. "That tiiiickles!" I tried not to squirm on the bed, but it was impossible. My body was feeling hotter and hotter as time went on. Mukuro's arms were sweeping in a series of concentric circles around my back, upwards and outwards, before grasping onto my shoulder, my neck... then trailed down my spine until she had ahold of my butt."H-Hey! No tension in there, there's nothing to - Oh!"

My complaints stopped cold as Mukuro blatantly, openly, groped my ass. My head shot up in surprise... And then I saw something surprising right there in front of me. It was Mikan. And Ibuki. Dancing away in front of us. Wearing some weird glittering outfits... Like belly dancers? Their eyes were kinda whirling around and around. Huh? What? What the hell was this all of a sudden...?

As the two of them danced away, Ibuki noticed I was paying attention and started to sing along to the heavy, catchy rhythm that had been playing in the background.

"You know that life just isn't fair, so join the harem of despair~"

That was when my first orgasm hit. It would not be my last, not by a long, long way. It kinda crept up on me and sucker punched me nice and hard. I let out a moan that should've woken the dead... so imagine my surprise to learn I was harmonising with the table next to me.

"Ruled by our libido, we've no choice, but to obey Enoshima's voice..."

Mukuro's hands slipped around my hips and under my body, flipping me over onto my back and going right for my breasts. I gripped the table and screamed, a smile on my face so wide it should've torn my cheeks. H-How was this possible? It wasn't her touch. Was it this goop? I could feel it soaking into my skin, but - What was it? What the hell was it, and how did I get more of it?!

"Hrmph... These are too big..." Mukuro muttered under her breath while rubbing that goop all over my chest. "There's no way *he* would want them *this* huge."

"Our bodies and minds with her we'll share, we'll dance and cum for her despair~"

She left one last dollop of the stuff sitting in my cleavage, and then pulled her hands away for a moment, which confirmed it. While her fingers were pretty good, it was this stuff that was doing it. My head lolled over to the side, and I could see Junko standing at Chiaki's feet, holding out something... phallic. Rubbing it down with the same slime.

"This is a perfect replica of Makoto's dick," she said as if that answered anything. "My hypothesis is that it's the perfect size and shape to sexually satisfy a girl. At least, according to my own analysis~"

"Sister, should we be testing it so vigorously on ourselves?" Mukuro asked, reappearing in my line of sight with her own copy of that same object. "We risk falling under his influence as well at this rate." Her eyes fluttered there, giving me the impression that she didn't much mind the idea.

"That's the fun part!" Junko said, sliding that object right in between Chiaki's legs, making it completely vanish. Her hips arched, and she let out a squeal like a stuck pig. A sound I made shortly thereafter when *ahahahaha so good so good, too good too good!* "We might fuck ourselves over in the long run! The despair of failure! Oh, so sweet!"

"This is where you give up and join the hare~em!" Ibuki sang.

"Alright, fine! I give!" Chiaki yelled. "I'll - I'll join your harem!"

"Me too!" I cried out in joy. "It's tooooo goooooood~" It really was. It's impossible to describe if you've not experienced it yourself, but once you've had a taste of this, there's no turning back!

"Glad to have you on board," Junko smirked. "Now. Roll over and make out with each other in the name of Despair. Puhuhuhuhuhu~ This turned out more fun than I was expecting!"

It sure did! My tongue was hanging out of my mouth as I rolled over and stuck it in Chiaki's mouth. The two of us got up on our hands and knees, spreading our legs open just enough that Junko and Mukuro could push and pull those fancy toys in and out our ravenously hungry, desperately wet and needy pussies.

What happened after that...? Well, I think Ibuki and Mikan joined in with us, but my memory is a bit fuzzy. What I do know is this: Coach Nekumaru could never, ever give me *it* as well as these two did!

Keijo - Hypno Harem Hijinks

Did you ever get exactly what you wanted, and then start to wonder... what next? Ah, it truly was blissful watching those girls all strut around for her amusement. Boobs out, swaying them around in an attempt to replicate titty hypnosis. Or bouncing their butts on balls while trying to make each other *cum*. All because she'd asked them to. All because Mistress Mio wanted it from them.

She had a respectable enough harem already, but... it wasn't enough. It might never be big enough. There were several hot girls in the Keijo world, and Mio wanted to taste them all! Like a food critic determined to uncover all that this restaurant has on the menu!

But! One must be careful when using a tool, and in truth Mio wasn't entirely sure how far she could go with titty hypnosis. They were all having fun and playing and frolicking around for now, yet what were the limits in what she could do with it? If she wasn't careful, she'd run into a problem. Perhaps a new harem member would not react the way they were meant to, or one of her girls would suddenly have an epiphany on what was happening to them, and bring the rest out of it as well!

That would not do. Look at how much fun everyone was having! Though be true about this. How much fun is it to cater to the whims of a statuesque blonde like her? Lots! A number too high to count! Yet Mio was being greedy, and she wanted that number to be higher still. Which meant that she should absolutely find out a bit more, shouldn't she? That way, they'd be able to play around a lot more effectively, right? Why settle for six when she can get twelve? Why settle for twelve when she can have twenty four? The sky was the limit, but - that limit might well be set by the limits behind titty hypnosis...

"Usagi," she said sweetly to the only other girl currently in the room with her. "Why don't you... spank yourself for me."

She did exactly that without a trace of hesitation. Bending over, right in front of her, then lifting her hand into the air and bringing it down with a whip crack right on her keister. Ni-i-ice! Yet this was not a very useful test. Come to think of it, Usagi had a crush on her. She'd do *anything* Mio asked as it was. Titty hypnosis was not required.

Which meant that she needed to track down the others and put them to the test. What were their limits? What would they *not* do for her? It was her intention to find that out, pronto!

To start with, she found Ai and Momo buying an energy drink from a vending machine. The two of them turned and looked towards her, letting out a big friendly smile. No trace of their suspicion or frustration. That was a good sign.

"Hello~" she said, in English rather than Japanese. Which, of course, they were all speaking at all times. Never mind the fact that this prose is written in English. Ahem. "How are you girls

doing toda~ay?" she asked, bending over and making her boobs bounce, watching their reaction closely. They were out in public now. Not in the privacy of her room. What were they going to do, here...?

"Hi Mio," Ai said. "Um, we were just discussing training, you know?"

"That's gre~eat," Mio winked, going into full on flirt mode. "Say, I know a fun little training thing you can do~ If the two of you stand breast to breast and stare into each other's eyes, then you'll surely - "

Wham! The coach hit her on top of the head with a fan. "Quite sexually harassing the other students," she warned. "Give them real advice for improving."

"Fine, fine!" Mio shrugged. Darn. She couldn't get anything done while the coach was peering over her shoulder. This would require a bit of ingenuity. Threading this needle would be very difficult. How to properly test what they would be willing to do without bringing about the coach's ire?

The answer to that came to her after a moment of thinking. Of course. That wouldn't raise any suspicion at all!

"The two of you lost to my titty hypnosis before, ri~ight?" Mio asked, gently swaying back and forth. She turned to the coach and pouted, noting the fan raised in the air. "If they don't learn how to counter it eventually, they'll get ruined by those who *do* use it!"

"That's very advanced," the coach warned. "It's not simply a case of not looking. By the time you know not to look at your opponent, it's often too late."

"That's right," Mio said, grinning to herself. "That's why... here's what you have to do to snap yourself out of it. Do you girl trust me?" They nodded. "Wonderful! If you feel yourself falling under titty hypnosis, then all you have to do is -"

Then she pinched their thighs. The two of them jumped as if trying to escape their own skin.

"We're not over water, so it should be safe to try this right he~ere, right coach?" Mio asked. How daring of her! Putting the two of them under right while a coach was watching! This would also be a good test of how strong the hypnosis was, since these two had gone under it a few times already. If they failed to snap out of it, then all it would mean to the coach was that they needed more 'training'. Which suited Mio *just fine*.

And so she began, as she had done so many times of late. While the coach stood behind her, watching carefully from a safe spot, Mio began to bob her shoulders to and fro, back and forth, causing her enormous, heaving chest to jiggle. Jiggle. Jiggle. Right where the two girls couldn't help but stare... Of course, they would stare even if they had a choice, but that was a

digression. At this point, the two of them were unconsciously following my actions, rocking their own shoulders back and forth in mimicry of my own titty hypnosis...

And here's the fun part, boys and girls! That coach was watching Mio, but there's a funny thing about human vision. Did you know that your eyes are taking in more than what you're looking at? It's true! You tend to focus on just one part of your vision at a time, the part that is important to you, and your brain sort of tunes out the rest of it. This is no less true of the coach, whose attention was wholly on Mio herself - while her eyes were still taking in the background of two very cute girls making use of titty hypnosis!

Mio herself had her eyes closed, of course. As much fun as it would be to watch her students and harem members make use of this technique, she had no desire to fall under its influence herself.

"You girls can trust me, right?" Mio asked. "No need to say it, just trust me. If you do as I say, it will make you feel *wonderful*! Okay?"

Back and forth, back and forth, their boobies bounced back and forth. Behind her, Mio was dimly aware of the coach's presence, her weight shifting a little uncomfortably as she observed this training with care - but not as much care as she should be giving it!

"Mio can be trusted," Mio repeated. "Mio knows what is best. Mio knows a lot about Keijo, and can be considered an expert! That is why you should listen carefully to what Mio says~"

Boom, bounce jiggle, boom, bounce, jiggle. The hypnotic power of her bouncing breasts already had its claws deep in their minds, but now she was - by proxy - going to brainwash this coach as well. Hrm, let's see now~

"Answer now," Mio said. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes, I trust you," all three of them said. Her harem members, and the coach alike. Wow! Now for the real test!

"In that case, show me your breasts!" she commanded. The girls in front of her moved to do just that, while the coach whapped her on the back of the head.

"Just my joke, coach!" Mio insisted before she got another round. Ai and Momo stopped going for it. "Anyway, you can trust me with them, right? There's no need to supervise me so closely, is there?"

"No, I suppose not," the coach said begrudgingly. "You can be considered an expert in Keijo, after all, and it'll do them a world of good to listen to what you have to say..."

Repeating Mio's words back to her without knowing it. Interesting. Mio would like to test this further, but she doubted it would work that well. This coach would probably notice if Mio tried to put her under any deeper...

"Anyway! Be sure to pinch yourself if you feel yourself falling under titty hypnosis!" Mio advised. "You can't use hands on your opponents, but you can use them on yourself just fine! Ciao, catch you later! Why don't you take it from here, coach?"

And with that, she quickly vamoosed, leaving the coach to talk with them and fill them in on the things she'd glossed over. Interesting. Very interesting. As the coach had shown she couldn't just snap her fingers and put someone under - but those other two were either weak willed enough to go along with it, or she'd exposed them to so much titty hypnosis that they easily went along with her suggestions... Interesting! Repeated application makes for a more potent result? That was worth testing as well! Though, controlling for the subject's willpower could be tricky.

In which case! She had to go along with her more experienced harem member, Mari, who she found running some training drills. Working those hips like a champion, thrusting that butt around fast enough to cause a backdraft. Be still her beating heart!

"Wow, not bad!" Mio said, using the gusts being put out by Mari's thrusting ass. The girl stopped at the sound of Mio's voice. "No, no, keep going!"

"I... I won't - " Mari said, spinning around to confront her - and when she did, she found herself staring right at Mio's chest.

"You won't what?" Mio asked her. "Won't disobey me? Won't stop staring at my chest? Won't *wha~at*, my cute pro? Do try to finish the thought, won't you? Or...? Do you simply enjoy the sight of my bouncing, heaving bosom that much, that you cannot look away? One would think a player of your calibre wouldn't fall for titty hypnosis, right?"

"Y-Youuuuuu~" Mari's eyes glazed over quickly. "Ah, my pride as a Keijo player!"

"But they're so big and beautiful, right?" Mio asked, and Mari nodded her head almost without being able to help herself. "They're so big and beautiful, you can't help but want to join my harem."

"J-Join your - " Mari began to say, but then she shook her head. Though her eyes were pinned in place, staring at her bouncing bust. "N-No, I! I shouldn't!"

"Ohhhh? Why is thaaaaat?" Mio asked, stepping forward. "Don't you think I'm pretty?"

"Th-that's besides the point!" Mari shot back. She rubbed her hands down the side of her neck, completely lost in the gravity of Mio's boobs. Bouncing, swaying, jiggling back and forth in a

controlled and controlling manner. "Just because you have enormous, perfect boobs doesn't mean I - I want to -"

To make things really unfair, Mio tugged her shirt up, exposing her breasts without breaking the rhythm even slightly. How interesting! It was as though the sight of Mio's unrestrained breasts was sapping her will all the more effectively! Ah, but Mio knew that this had to be business before pleasure. This was an *experiment*, after all, and that meant she needed as much data as she could gather. Therefore, she tugged her shirt down.

"Cluck like a chicken," Mio commanded, and Mari shook her head, defying the command. Bad girl. Naughty girl. She needed to learn to obey her betters. So she peeled her shirt up again, tucking them over her boobs, once again without missing a beat. "Kehehee, cluck like a chicken."

"B-B-" Mari began to tuck her hands into her armpits, but at the last minute she turned away. "Ah! Stop that! Ohhhh, I wanna do it so bad!"

"Mmm, say that again?" Mio asked, hugging Mari from behind. She went rigid, and Mio took her chance to slip her hands around her soon to be harem love slave. How interesting. She's resisting somewhat, but... She's also not told anyone about any of this either. "Isn't it interesting? You're fighting it, but you've not got a coach yet. Why is that?"

"It's because - Because!" Mari stammered, squirming and pushing back into Mio's chest. Ni~ice! Very ni~ice!

"It's because you want me to brainwash you with my big, bouncing boobies," Mio finished for her. "That's it, isn't it. I've awakened something deep inside you, and you want me to push you all the way there."

"No! It's my pride as a Keijo player!" Mari snapped back. "If- If I can't resist something as *beautiful* as your *bouncing hypnoboots* then I have no right to stand on the Land!"

Mio responded by blowing into her ear, and the girl melted into her arms. Whipping around, Mio quickly jackhammered her butt back at a speed that should have caused a sonic boom, her cheeks colliding with Mari's in a precise, measured manner. The fact is, titty hypnosis wasn't even her speciality. This was! Driving girls wild by overstimulation, the precise movements of her hips making her glorious cheeks collide in just the right spot to send vibrations through her target's body, stimulating them quickly, and inducing an overwhelming feeling of pleasure!

"Cluck like a chicken!" Mio commanded. Behind her, Mari's breath was heavy and ragged. "Go on, it'll make you feel so much be~etter!"

"B-Bwack! Bwack, bwack bwaaaaaack!" Mari squealed, and only then did Mio reward her by ever so slightly adjusting her hips, and making the girl squeal happily in place. Aha, how

interesting! Her willpower was a bit more than the other two, but she was deep enough under that she could be made to do things that denied her own pride! A little more conditioning should put her under, most likely. Teehee~

Danger. Mio reacted like a whipcrack, bringing her butt around just in time to collide with a fast incoming attack. Her feet shifted a bit - remarkable power! Yet her impromptu opponent had left themselves exposed. She began her counterattack, intending to send this interloper straight to paradise - Only for that opponent to seize the subtle shift of her hips as a chance to slip behind, and nudge her harshly away from Mari, interposing herself between the two of them. It felt like she'd been struck with the flat side of a mighty sword!

Which could only mean -

"Well, well!" Mio chuckled, looking Saya Kogatana right in the eyes. A Keijo player who used swordplay techniques. How interesting. "Aren't you normally known for your breast based attacks? Perhaps you need a bit more practice before using something like that, it might be more effective next time. Would you like to... Practise with me?"

"Pervert," Saya scowled.

"Thank you!" Mio jumped. "Oh! That was meant as an insult. I'm afraid *that* edge was a bit dull."

"Are you alright, Mari?" Saya asked. "I saw her assaulting you. Should I report her?"

"No!" Mari replied, perhaps a little too quickly. "No, we were just... training. That's all. She was showing me an advanced Keijo technique, and - And if I can't handle something like that..."

Very good, Mari. That's the reason you're giving yourself, isn't it? You cute thing, you! Your body already craves the touch of Mio Kusaki, and it knows full well that a report can only lead to *less* pleasure. Hrm~ Looking over Saya, she was quite the fun dish as well...

This girl focused a lot more on her breast based attacks, so Mio whirled around instead. "If you're going to use your butt as a weapon, you need to learn more hip control," she said. "See? My butt is whipping back and forth under my complete control."

"I can see that," Saya said, wary of her butt now, lest Mio make use of it to perform an attack. Which she could, at a moment's notice. "Hip and waist movement is also important for swordplay. I am well aware of the importance of controlling one's lower body."

Oh yes, but were you aware of this new technique that Non had helped her pioneer? Booty hypnosis! As of yet, it was untested territory - but Mio was certain it would prove to be effective!

"You need to relax more," Mio said. "You're far too uptight. Far too stiff, far too rigid!" Swish, swish, swish! "Relaxing will help you feel better, relaxing will help you move better!"

Saya's eyes were darting around, following Mio's butt around and around. Magnificent! Her shoulders dropped ever so slightly, visibly starting to relax... Yet still, a part of her remained on edge. Wary of Mio's perverted nature. Kukuku, so be it.

"Why don't you give me a hug?" Mio asked, and in reply, Saya grabbed Mari's arm and stormed off. "Oh, rats. I'd hoped she would stay a while longer. Oh well, maybe next time..."

Mio slunk off looking for the last two members of her harem. Ah! Now where could they be? Those two were friends, weren't they? As if in answer, she soon found Non walking out of the cafeteria! Aha! Perfect!

"Yoo hoo!" Mio yelled, waving at the girl with the amazingly soft butt. "No~on! Hello! How are you today?"

"Hi, Mio!" Non warmly replied, waving right back. As she approached, Mio ducked down and began to swing her breasts from side to side. "How... are... you?" Non sighed happily, utterly entranced almost immediately. This girl's willpower was as soft as her butt! Now, let's see. What else should she test here...?

"Let's see if you can obey more indirect commands," Mio cackled to herself. Yes, that was just the ticket! "Listen carefully Non, every time you hear a word that rhymes with 'breast'..."

=====

Sayaka fidgeted nervously in her seat, thinking about the training session she'd gone through with Mio and the others. It had been fun. Plenty of fun. More fun than she would have thought. And Mio hadn't even done all that much perverted about it! She was certain her technique had improved.

On the other hand, it felt like a betrayal not telling the others about it. Though Mio was right. From the way they were talking about her, it was clear they didn't like or trust her for some reason. She couldn't quite place why, but -

"Hey guys!" Non chirped. "Look who I found!"

"Hel~lo~o!" said the very subject Sayaka had been thinking about, the statuesque blonde who flirted with any girl in line of sight. "Having lunch, are we? How nice! Might I join you?"

"After what you pulled with Kazane?!" Nozomi yelled, slamming her hand on the table. "You should clear off, if you know what's best - " She suddenly stopped as Non, for no apparent reason, bent over at the waist and stuck her butt right in Nozomi's face. "Hey! What's the big idea?!"

"Sorry, I saw a coin on the floor!" Non said, straightening herself up in the blink of an eye. "Guys, we shouldn't hold it against her, should we? I'm sure Mio has a lot she can teach us!"

"Hrm..." Kazane muttered, staring down at her food. "Losing like that kind of stung..."

"Now, now!" Mio said. "The fact that you backed me into a corner like that is quite am~az~ing!" She rubbed her hand into Kazane's hair. "Forcing me to use titty hypnosis to get out of it! We should both use it as a chance to learn, right?"

"Oh, give it a rest!" Nozomi yelled, pushing Mio away - and suddenly finding herself with another faceful of Non butt. "Hey! Again? What's with you today?!"

"Sorry, my coin rolled away!" Non said... And while Non had all of their attention, Sayaka's went back to Mio, who was leaning forward slightly and wobbling her chest to and fro, right before Sayaka's eyes. Back and forth, back and forth, back and -

"I think we should let her stay," Sayaka said. Huh? Where did that come from? Nozomi and Kazane were still quite obviously sore at her for that last game, so - "So long as she behaves herself. Is that alright with the rest -"

Butt. Butt. So much butt, right in her face. Sayaka felt weird, like she was remembering something she wasn't meant to. Something wonderful, something glorious, something she absolutely had to keep from the others. It would only upset them if they knew - though if she played her cards right...

"My, what a cute and clumsy friend you have there," Mio said, quickly sitting down right between Nozomi and Kazane. "I think you girls have a lot of potential! Don't shove me away just because you get jealous of me flirting with other girls!"

"It's flirting with girls fullstop that I'm bothered with," Kazane said. "And please, don't use your shoulder to nudge my chest - Non! P-Please!"

"Sorry, sorry! I'm so clumsy today!"

Everyone at the table thought - but did not say - the word 'today?'

"The only things I want to learn from you is out there on the Land," Nozomi said. She nudged Mio with her hip, and... Ohhhh~ Mio's breasts were jiggling around again. If Sayaka didn't know better she'd swear that she was causing this *wonderful* sight on purpose. "So clear off already! I'll test your strength out on the - Non! Put that away!"

"You'll change their mind, won't you Sayaka?" Mio asked, while wobbling her chest around, making direct eye contact with Sayaka as she said it. Change their mind. Yes. She had to change their mind. "You'll persuade them to have training with me, ri~ight?"

She would. She should. She must. Train with Mio. That's what she should do. She should help them train under Mio. Just like her. Just like Non. Ah! But... Mio rose to her feet and walked away, taking big sweeping steps, while rolling her hips. She was a Goddess. A tall, buxom beauty who knew how hot she was, and knew how best to flaunt it. From that aspect alone, Sayaka felt like she could stand to learn something. Learn a lot, in fact! So could all of them! Learn under Mio! They should all learn under Mistress Mio!

"I know when I'm not wanted," Mio sniffed, though it sounded fake. "You guys have fun without me now... but if you change your mind, you know where to find me!"

"Yeah, yeah!" Nozomi scoffed. "Next time you face one of us on the Land, you're landing in the water. Got it?"

"Did you just promise to make me we~et?" Mio teased, then hurried off before a reply could be given. Sayaka blinked slowly. Change their mind. She had to change their mind, and make them want to learn under Mio.

"That girl..." Kazane muttered to herself.

"Yeah, total perv..." Nozomi grumbled.

So how should she change their mind? Sayaka wracked her brain, but couldn't think of anything. They didn't like her at all! They'd never agree to train with her! It was impossible!

Yet the breasts compelled her. The bouncing, glorious, pendulum like breasts. She had to obey. She had to! Yet she had no ideas on how to proceed! How could she possibly -

Of course. If she couldn't think of anything, she should turn to someone she trusted. She should turn to Mio for advice.

One Shot - Bimbo Rias

Rias Gremory is more than just a pretty face and astounding body. She has a keen mind, a caring heart, and an incredible amount of power for one of her experience. She is also a Devil from a prestigious family. The Gremory were indeed a family to be feared. While Rias and her brother had a speciality in Destruction, that was not the true nature of the Gremory family itself. That was an ability inherited from another family - while theirs was the capacity to find 'treasure'.

That ability had led her to discover the members of her peerage in the time of their greatest need. Rescuing Koneko, Kiba and Gasper had not been by chance, but nor had she planned it. Her instincts had led her to those locations at that time. By the same talent, she and her father's Bishop had been led to Akeno, her best friend, at the time of her greatest need. Treasures indeed, one and all, and yet...

Her greatest treasure of them all was undoubtedly her newest acquisition. Her Pawn, Issei Hyoudou. Already, she felt... something for him that was quite inappropriate when considering her unwanted engagement to Riser Phenix. Due to her beauty, many boys had made a pass at her. Others still looked on from a distance, too intimidated by her appearance to dare make a move.

Yet Issei... There was something about him. Rias already had a Sacred Gear holder within her Peerage. Kiba's Sword Birth was quite potent, while Issei's Twice Critical did not seem to have *much* use... Except she was of the opinion it was more than that. Much, much more. He had required Eight Pawn Pieces to revive, after all. If he merely had a Twice Critical then it should have been one, or perhaps two. Eight though... There must be something more there.

For the time being the best thing to do with him was to train him up. Teach him how to use his new Devil powers. Then, in time, if he had the talent his Piece cost indicated, it would manifest and blossom into something wonderful. In many ways and forms, Issei was her greatest treasure. Of this, Rias had no doubt.

He returned one night while she was alone. The others were dealing with their own contracts - ah, technically there was someone else in the building presently if we are to speak more precisely, but Gasper was also working on his contracts in his own way.

"You seem quite pleased with yourself tonight," Rias said. "Did you have a fruitful evening?"

"I sure did, madame prez!" he beamed and shot her a big thumbs up. "I made a new contract tonight! All on my own!"

"Congratulations," Rias said. Indeed, she had this feeling he'd gained something of tremendous value tonight. "So, tell me about it."

"I met this girl tonight," Issei said. A little nervous twitch formed on Rias' pretty face. "Her name was Asia. She was new to town, and she wanted to be shown around, so we spent the evening together."

"My, my, it sounds like you went on a date," Rias said, unable to control the corners of her mouth. Oh dear. How rude of her. She should be happy for him, not jealous.

"Yep! And when she said goodbye she gave me... This!"

He produced a strange looking piece of jewellery. A glittering golden... something or other. An amulet? A brooch? Rias held out her hand to look at it, and frowned. What was this...? It was clearly magical, but the effect was beyond her.

"She said it was worth a lot!" Issei said. "Even I could see it was magic, so I figured it would be better if we had it, right? An innocent girl like that could get herself hurt carrying something magic around!"

"Indeed, quite right," Rias said. "In the wrong hands a magical artefact could cause all manner of unknown mischief. Did she say what it was supposed to do?"

"Ah... She said something about 'guaranteeing me luck in love'. Whatever that means."

Is that so...? In which case she had best hold onto it. Issei was not merely an inexperienced Devil but also quite the pervert. Allowing him to run around with something that has a vague effect like that seemed... unwise, to say the least. She'd have to take care of this herself, tomorrow, with Akeno's assistance. For the time being she would look after it instead.

"Rias, can you help me train my Sacred Gear?" Issei asked. He flexed a bicep, and then his arm was covered in a red, scaly gauntlet. The kind of bright crimson that makes actual blood feel inadequate by comparison. "I feel like I'm starting to get the hang of it now."

"Certainly," Rias said, flipping her hair back and stepping forward. "This isn't just an excuse to get your hands on me, is it?" She batted her eyes at him flirtatiously, and... How strange, she felt a little light headed there for a second. Also, her chest felt strangely tight.

"No, no!" Issei waved his hand. "I just want to be more useful! You said it yourself, I have a lot of potential to live up to, right? That means I've got to work hard to reach it!"

"Give it a try," Rias said. She stepped close to him, feeling no shyness or aversion to stepping into his personal space. Actually, she was feeling kind of... weird right now. A little intoxicated, a little giddy, "Try boosting my strength, would you?"

"Okay!" Issei said. He put his hand on her shoulder, and then a loud 'Boost' filled the room. His arm was glowing with its tremendous power, giving Rias a boost in power - Oh? Except it kind of

didn't. That's strange. She definitely felt something there, but... Nothing came of it. That tightness in her chest felt more pronounced. In fact, her rear end felt strange too. What was this feeling?

"Could you try that again?" she asked. Phew! Was it warm in here or something? Kinda sticky too. What was this weird feeling in the pit of her stomach? Rias fanned herself down, but it didn't help at all. "I am not sure it worked properly."

"Eh? Oh! Okay!" Issei said, returning his hand to her shoulder. Then, moments later his arm began to glow a pretty colour again and - 'Boost!' filled the room.

This time Rias felt something for sure. This time, it felt like party poppers were going off in her brain. The dampness she'd been feeling, the cause was quite clear. The warmth, the giddy sorta drunken feeling she was having? It was very, very obvious to her what this was: Arousal. Intense arousal. Directed towards Issei. Erect nipples, moist thighs, a steadily growing

For some reason it felt like her head was filling up with cotton candy. All pink and fluffy and nice, and centred entirely around Issei Hyoudou. He was quite handsome, wasn't he? Strong and helpful and -

"I don't think that worked either," issei said. "Hold on, let me - " Another 'boost' filled the room.

"Nnnnrgh~" Rias bit her bottom lip as a surge of power flowed through her body - and suddenly, quite without warning, her top popped open and her skirt ripped as her body morphed and changed. Right before Issei's unbelieving eyes! "Oooh, like, that was amazing! Do it again!"

Issei smiled at her. "Okay, sure thing! Since you asked!" Issei said, and yet another 'boost' rang out through the room. This time, her clothes stood no chance at all, as her body went all the way to the point where it surpassed the supposedly ideal feminine form and became biologically absurd. Breasts so large that her spine should be powder, a waist so slim you wonder where her internal organs fit, and a butt so large it must ruin her sense of balance. Yet she held herself upright in a strong, healthy way, leaning forward to show off for Issei without a trace of shame. "How do you feel?"

"Soooo much better like this, don'tcha think?" Rias put her hands behind her head, posing for the hunk right in front of her. "C'mon, Issei. Do it again! Don'tcha wanna see, like, how big they can get? Teehee!"

She stalked forward, while he turned red. Aw, really? What kinda pervert was he meant to be, getting all shy when a hot babe like her, like, went on the advance? Shouldn't he be taking the chance to paw at her titties some more? Shouldn't he be putting the obvious tent in his trousers to better use than hiding it away under that drab, boring uniform?

"C'mon Issei, boost me again," Rias whispered, pushing her chest right into his. Though given the sheer size of her bust now, she'd almost have to work to stop herself from doing that.

"Pwease? I wanna see, like, what happens if you do it again? It's, like, basic maths and stuff. Each time you double something, the next time is even more huger, y'know?"

"Well, I - Uh... don't want to take advantage when you're not yourself," Issei said. Though Rias thought he was looking behind her for some reason? Hrmph! He should be looking at her, and only her!

"Silly boy," Rias peppered his jawline with kisses in the blink of an eye, and then went for his neck. Making sure that her boobs were pushed up against him as she did so. Squishing them in, as close as she could get them, making sure that he could feel every curve. "You're not the one taking advantage he~ere!"

"Okay, that's enough of that now," a new voice said, and all of a sudden a whole bunch of ice cold water was dumped on them out of nowhere! Oh! Akeno had come back! She'd been, like, so turned on by Issei and stuff, that she hadn't even noticed! "Issei, can you please leave us be for a while? Rias and I have a few things to discuss."

"Sure thing!" Issei jumped his feet together, then scarpered from the room as fast as his sexy legs could carry him. "I'll let you take care of her, Akeno! See you later!"

"Mmmm, I hate to watch him go, but..." Rias tilted her head. "I love to watch him leave. Tee hee! Such a cute butt he's got there, don'tcha think?"

Akeno took a slow, steady breath and looked Rias up and down. No doubt enjoying the sight of her massively improved body. Once Issei had left, her Queen began to speak.

"Rias Gremory, you're under a spell of some sort," Akeno said.

"Um, S-O-M-E, space, S-O-R-T!" Rias said, counting it off on her fingers, and then jumping for joy when she finished. "Yay! Did I get it right?" Judging from Akeno's expression, she must have got it wrong! Oh no! But she was sure that's how you spell 'some sort'!

"It's worse than I thought," Akeno sighed wearily. Awww, a cute babe like her shouldn't ever let out a weary sigh. She should be happy, like, all the time! The same way Rias was! She should be using that insanely hot body of hers to satisfy the carnal needs of those around her, especially Issei... But especially Rias! Teehee! "It seems as though you've been transformed into a bimbo. A common fetish, ditzzy airheads with libidos like infernos and bodies like Jessica Rabbit."

"Oooh, I got that reference!" Rias said. Despite being quite the fan of Japanese culture, there were some things that everyone knew about. "Aw, you think I'm *that* hot? Teehee, you're too kind!"

"And you're too ditzy for your own good," Akeno said. "While there is some enjoyment to be found in your current behaviour it simply would not do, to allow you to behave like this. Let me take a look at you."

So she could stop her from having fun? Fat chance! As if Rias was going to let her do that! All her chains had been slipped. Her worries about the future? Gone! Her eyes cast upon the sexy creature approaching her and -

Perhaps it was because her new simpler state of mind was making it easier for her, but for some reason Rias could see something very special about Akeno's body. That it was hot? Uh, yeah duh she had working eyes. No, no. She'd found something more wonderful than that. When Akeno stepped closer, Rias caught her wrist and whirled her around, pushing her back against the table, pinning her down with her enormous heaving breasts alone. Now, her next words had to be considered with care. The emotions she was feeling had to be conveyed efficiently, directly and unambiguously.

"You're pretty," Rias said. Perfect.

"And you're empty headed," Akeno sighed. She pushed back, but Rias was just a little bit stronger from this position. Akeno would free herself in time, but not soon enough. "Really now, stop with this horseplay and - Ah?"

There we go! Just as she thought! Akeno was a truly beautiful woman, really. She had bigger boobs than Rias *used* to have, a nice slender waist, wider hips, a bigger butt, and was even taller to boot! She had the total package when it came to being sexy, but now Rias outclassed her in every one of those ways! But do you know something else?

For all her life Rias had focused on the Power of Destruction that her family had managed to inherit from her mother. It was a more obviously useful power, one that her brother excelled in to the utmost degree, making him an excellent contender for the strongest Devil in the modern era. Of course she should follow in those footsteps, right?

Well, it turns out that was wrong. It was not where her natural talent lay. Rias was much more adept at the aforementioned Gremory talent to locate treasure. It was an ability she had unconsciously used to gather those with the most tremendous potential under her, binding them to her forever at the moment of their deepest need. She'd not consciously made use of it before, it was a difficult power to properly utilise due to its seemingly random nature... But if you already have a decent idea of where the treasure you're looking for is, and focus entirely on finding it, then even a non-Gremory has a decent chance of locating that treasure, yes?

"R-Rias, your nipples are - Ah! Ahhhh~" Akeno gasped, writhing around as Rias mercilessly teased the treasure she'd found. Yes, that's right! Akeno's weak spots! It might seem obvious that they would be hiding in her breasts, but they were quite sensitive. Especially the nipples.

"Yeah, I know!" Rias teased. Her hands were free to do what they liked, so they grabbed onto Akeno's wrists and guided them down her back. "That little whimper you make is soooo cute! Make it for me again!"

"Now that's quite - Mmmmmf~" Akeno bit her lip in an attempt to stifle what she could not fight off. By now her hands had reached Rias' delightful rump, and her fingers almost couldn't help but sink in. Bimbo booty has that effect on people. "Rias, you need to -"

Akeno was talking too much. There was an easy way to fix that! Rias darted forward and slipped her tongue under Akeno's tonsils, finding yet more treasure in her mouth. At first, her Queen was shocked. She nearly jumped out of her skin! But then those shocked shouts slowly quieted down, and then just as quickly became louder again. Though the tone was different. Going from pleading for it to stop, to pleading for it to never, ever stop!

Akeno suddenly wrenched herself free, but did not push Rias away. Instead, she reversed their positions, which was fine by Rias. She hooked her legs around Akeno's waist just to make sure she didn't try to escape.

"Say, you like Issei too, right?" Rias batted her eyes at her former romantic rival. Former, because - "How about we, like, share him? Although... Mmm... Maybe it would be more like he's sharing us with each other?"

"Rias, something is strange - " Akeno tried to protest, so Rias took a deep breath and shifted her shoulders back and forth. Whatever Akeno had to say next was lost to an incoherent orgasmic moan that left her body limp and helpless.

Feed.

Rias blinked and giggled to herself. Gosh, where did that thought come from? While Akeno came and came and came some more, Rias put her arms out and cradled Akeno's head onto her shoulder. Her tongue flicked out, licked around her Queen's earlobe - And then darted inside.

"Oh!" Akeno gasped. "Oh! What - What's happening to me? I - " She stopped because Rias began to bounce her body up and down, rubbing their nipples together. Tracing a circle around them. Overwhelming Akeno with pleasure the likes of which she'd never experienced before. "Ooooh~" She went cross-eyed. "Tee hee! That feels soooo good! Do it mo~ore! Loads and loads more! Tee hee!"

Rias pulled her tongue out and smiled at her fellow bimbo. Ah... Her body hadn't changed, but that was fine. She was hot enough already. "So, uh, wanna have a threesome with Issei?"

Akeno responded by holding up her fingers. "Uh... Issei... Me... Rias... And me..." she held up four fingers. "Isn't that, like, a foursome?"

Rias patted her on the head. How cute that was! "You're right, so it is!" Rias giggled away, and Akeno soon joined her. The two of them are completely gone now, gone full bimbo with no turning back.

Oh! But then, the door to the ORC burst open, and who should come in but their hunky piece of man meat... and he brought desert along with him in the form of Sona Sitri. A glasses wearing babe, who might not have the chest that these two did but her overall coolheaded demeanour and slender body provided a different sort of appeal. It was like having a different preference in taste between ice cream flavours.

Ooh, actually Rias could really do with some ice cream right now! She could even eat it quickly, because there wasn't much brain to freeze anymore! Yay!

"Issei has filled me in on what's happening here," Sona said, stepping into the room while adjusting her glasses. She looked Rias over and quirked an eyebrow. "I thought he was exaggerating, but obviously not."

"Huh? Eggs?" Rias asked while tilting her head in confusion. Akeno shrugged, she obviously had no idea either. Rias took a good long look at Sona and frowned. "You know, black doesn't work for you at all."

"Yeah!" Akeno fistpumped the air. "We oughta, like, spruce up the uniforms with pinks and yellows and stuff like that! Ooh! Better yet, make the tops the same colour as the skirt! It'll make them much more lively! Yay!"

Sona's eyebrow quivered even harder and she gave Issei a look. In turn he shook his head and shrugged. Oooh! Issei must wanna bang her too! Not that Rias could blame him. The three of them were the hottest babes in the school, anyone with an ounce of common sense wants to get down and nasty with the three of them!

"It seems that whatever it was has started to affect her as well," Sona said. "Issei, you say this began when you gave her a gift...? Very well. Rias, could you put that gift on the table over there?"

"Tee-hee! Okay doke!" Rias said, pulling out Issei's present and gingerly, gently, placing it on the table where Sona could easily see it. "Um, so are you gonna, like, cure us?"

"That is the idea," Sona said.

"Okay!" Rias said. Then she and Akeno rushed Sona from either side, pinning her in between their breasts. Ah! Now, you might think 'But Sona is a tactical genius', right? That's right, you

would think that! Which is why this plan was so effective. It was simple, it was direct, she didn't have the time to think of a counter to it, and so here she was with her arms pinned in the mighty cleavage of two complete airheaded ditzes!

"Hey, back off!" Sona warned, and in response Rias went right for her treasure - and squeezed Sona's butt in a way that absolutely nobody in school was brave enough to try. "Eeeep!"

"You have a sensitive bu~utt!" Rias sang, playfully spanking it. Treasure found, and she was gonna play with it for all that it was worth! Which, in Sona's case, *was a lot*. "It's a very nice sensitive butt."

"Ooooh, so it is!" Akeno added. She was now groping Sona's other cheek, though not nearly as effectively as Rias. Which was actually fine, though that might not seem the case at first. Think of it like this. If you hold your hand under a cold water tap long enough, you stop noticing how cold it is. However... The contrast between two experiences, holding your other hand under a hot water tap? You'll notice the difference for much, much longer! It'll become harder for your body to acclimate. Which meant that Sona was constantly being overwhelmed with pleasure, which meant she couldn't focus nearly enough to do little things like 'cast magic to free herself'.

"H-Hyoudou, stop watching! Help me!" Sona yelled.

"Eh?" Issei asked, putting his hands behind his head and letting loose a big, warm grin. "Why would I do that? Oh, girls. You're getting *hungry*, aren't you?"

"Hungry~" both Akeno and Rias said in unison. They leaned in, towards Sona, tongues out, circling her ear before shooting inside. Sona seemed ready to complain, but once those tongues were in, her eyes rolled up, and drool began to pour from her mouth as her body convulsed.

"Hrm... I guess I could boost your body to match theirs," Issei said, reaching out to trail his hand down Sona's back, before instead reaching around Rias and Akeno's waists. "But then, you won't be able to help me bimbofy the rest of the school, and that's no good for anyone!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh, yesssss," Sona moaned. She was a stark contrast to her usual self like this, the mask of a stoic cold calculated and stern leader shattered in that instant. "The girls here will be soooo much happier as bimbos!"

Issei nodded and gave her a big thumbs up. Then he let the girls get on with whatever they were wanting to do already, he'd have plenty of time to join in once everything was set out. Instead, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

"Yo, Asia. It worked just like you said it would," Issei said. "Why don'tcha bring your hot bimbo butt over here, and bring those Fallen Bimbos with you too?"

"Yay, *that's so good!*" the bimbofied voice of Asia Argento sang out on the other end of the phone. No, not the real life model with that exact name, this is the former nun who was expelled from the Church because she healed a demon, simply because she's too good a person to let anyone suffer within her line of sight if she can help it. *Wonderful! Our plan is going well, Issei! Like, with Raynare's help we'll totally turn all the Fallen Angels into happy, horny bimbos in no time flat!*"

Indeed, on Asia's end of the phone, Raynare was on her back, Kallawarner sitting on her face while Mittelt was crouched down between Raynare's legs, all while Asia was using Raynare's tummy as a seat. Crossed her legs and she was using Mittelt's head as an armrest. Oh, but this wasn't cruelty - it was the Fallen Angel's idea in the first place!

"And through Rias, we'll get the Devils all horny and happy," Issei nodded. "Yeah yeah, you don't need to keep telling me the plan." It was because she was a bimbo, and was getting a bit overexcited. "Though I'm not sure how we're gonna deal with the Angels? Seems like they'd all just... you know, *fall* if we tried to do this to them."

"*Like, don't you worry your hot studly self about that,*" Asia said, wagging her finger at the phone, as if Issei could see it. He felt it, but could not see it. "*We'll cross that bridge when we cum to it. Did you get that? Did you get the funny I made?*"

"Yeah, I got it," Issei said. He tilted his head and whistled, admiring Rias for her flexibility. In turn, she noticed his appreciation and blew him a kiss. "Hurry over here as soon as you can. Koneko's a strong girl, and Kiba's going to need convincing too. Your plan for these three worked out a treat, I can't wait to see what you come up with for everyone else!"

Rias reached across and snatched the phone from Issei's hand, tossing it aside before pushing him back onto the bed so she could make out with him. It was amazing really. She felt happy, she felt content, she felt truly, genuinely serene. More so than she could remember ever feeling before.

Wasn't that what treasure was meant to do, in the end? Make you happy? In which case, becoming a bimbo was perhaps the greatest thing to ever happen to Rias!

Mariko's New Team - Finale

Page 1

An alarm clock rings on a table next to a bed

Narration: Nobody ever really got it, y'know?

A hand comes down to hit it.

Narration: For me, cheerleading isn't just, like, a hobby or whatever.

Mariko jumps out of bed in her pyjamas

Narration: It's not some fad, it's not something I'll totally grow out of.

Mariko: Hup!

She triple spins in mid-air, tossing her pyjamas aside. Her body is a blur

Narration: Cheerleading is so much more than that.

Mariko: Hyup!

Mariko lands, in full cheerleader garb

Narration: Cheerleading is, like, my life!

Mariko: Ta-da!

Page 2:

Mariko heads out onto the street and encounters Ranma, who is walking arm in arm with two Akanes, one on either side of him.

Mariko: Hey, girlfriend! Looking fine!

Akane 1: Good morning Mistress Mariko!

Akane 2: So, uh, we might be tired at cheering practise today.

Both Akanes: Our Ranma kept us up all night last night~

Ranma rubs the back of his head nervously: Ehehehe. Soooo cute!

He then kisses one Akane, while the other nuzzles his neck. They're both being very affectionate with him.

Narration: Cheerleading got these idiots to stop being totally dumb and admit they like each other.

Page 3:

While Ranma is making out with one Akane, an offscreen voice!

Offscreen: Airen!

Ranma: Huh?

He's then glomped by Shampoo, while the other girls all do 'Takahashi shocked poses'

Shampoo: Shampoo L-O-V-E airen!

Ranma: Yipe!

Akanes: Woah!

Mariko: Y-I-P-E!

Shampoo snuggles into Ranma's chest.

Shampoo: Hmmm... Airen have too too much fun with Akane and Kiema last night. Shampoo turn tonight?

Ranma: Ah, I guess? Is that okay with you, Akane?

Akane rolls her eyes and shrugs.

Akane: As if you, like, need to ask, dummy!

Akane tips up Shampoo's chin

Akane: The more the merrier, right Shampoo?

Shampoo: Is right, Akane!

The two of them kiss, while the other 'Akane' slips Ranma some tongue.

Narration: Cheerleading also made these two stop being such, like, bitter rivals.

Page 4

In separate panels - Ukyo has enraptured Konatsu with a hypno cheer, Mousse is making out with Pink and Link, while Ryoga has Akari sitting in his lap.

Narration: Cheerleading has, like, helped all of these people realise who they're better suited for!

Konatsu: M-Mistress Ukyo! I only went away for a day!

Ukyo: You like my new look, cutie?

Konatsu: Ah! I sense hypnosis, but... But I can't stop staring at her thighs...

Mousse: Hehehe, two Shampoo for the price of one! I'm so lucky!

Pink: Mousse should hold us much much closer!

Link: Hug us 'til it's really over!

Ryoga: Ahhh, Akari, we've both been hypnotised!

Akari: But we're both super H-A-P-P-Y, right? Forget allll about Akane and Ranma and make out with your cute piggy cheerleader!

Ryoga: I can't resist!

Page 5

Nabiki is playing around with Kinnosuke, Kasumi is aggressively flirting with Doctor Tofu, whose head has fallen back limp, his glasses are steamed over, and little wisps of steam are shooting off the top of his head.

Narration: It's helped these sisters go for the guy they have a C-R-U-S-H on!

Kinnosuke: I must say Nabiki, this isn't how you were the last time at all.

Nabiki: It's so right, it's so funny, work with me let's make some M-O-N-E-Y!

Kasumi: Oh my, Doctor. Are you sure you should be behaving like this~?

Tofu: Hehehehehe.

Kasumi: Whatever is a hot, ditzy cheerleading housewife to do without a husband to spoil~?

Page 6

Azusa has seduced Mikado through an elaborate cheer routine. Rouge has seduced Pantyhose Taro. Theirs should be split in two, with the first showing them in their human forms, and the second in their cursed forms.

Narration: It's helped pull together couples that thought they hated each other.

Azusa: Yay, Mikey! I'm so fine! Now Azusa's stole your mind!

Mikado: D-Damn! I must not succumb! And yet... And yet she's far too cute!

Rouge: I hear you were looking for a girlfriend, right? Shouldn't you be going for one that's more up to your speed?

Pantyhose: Hrmph, you're not my type at all! Get lost!

Rouge: Is that so...?

Cursed form scene, with Rouge's cursed form cheering away while Taro's is sitting watching mesmerised.

Rouge 1: How about now, huh?

Rouge 2: Can't look away!

Rouge 3: He's completely smitten, hehehe!

Page 7

Asuka and Kodachi are now a couple. Herb is cheering away for Mint and Lime

Narration: It's helped resolve rivalries, it's helped a flagging Kingdom find its place in the world...

Kodachi: You see, Asuka dear? I'm a much better cheerleader than you, by miles!

Asuka: Oh please, Black Rose! Need I show you again what L-O-V-E truly entails?

And in a smaller panel, they kiss.

Mint: I see, I see, so girls like to do this kind of dancing?

Lime: Ah, it makes me feel so energised watching it! Like I could run to the moon and back!

Herb: Very good, boys! If you take my lessons on well, I might even let you touch my boobs!

Mint and Lime: Hooray!

Page 8

Hinako is cheering away for Soun, while Genma is transfixed by Nodoka

Hinako: It must have been so difficult raising three girls like that all by yourself.

Soun: Ah, it was! It was! My beloved wife -

Hinako: Shush, now Soun. Your daughters are all grown up and H-A-P-P-Y now. Let me take care of you from now on~

Nodoka: Now Genma. You S-W-E-A-R not to take away our son, our daughter, or any grandchildren for training, right?

Genma: Anything you say, dear!

Page 9

And lastly, Cologne has stayed true to her word and transformed her village into the Village of Ditzzy Cheerleaders.

Narration: it's even helped this old fashioned, remote village become much happier.

Cologne: There we go! So much better! Now you'll have no trouble finding M-E-N!

Villagers: Hip hooray, far and near, every girl loves to cheer!

Narration: But do you know what else it's done?

Offscreen: Greetings, Miss Mariko! I am pleased to see you used that scroll well!

Mariko: Ah?

Page 10

Narration: It's given me the one thing I truly wanted over everything else.
And lastly, Mariko herself meets up with her boyfriend Kuno and girlfriend Ranko for one final cheer!

Ranko: Teehee, she used it super well!

Mariko: Uh huh! Your suggestion to use it on Akane was super S-M-A-R-T!

Kuno: Hrm, a shame she seems to have remained with Saotome... and created a twin of herself...

Ranko and Mariko shoot each other a look.

The two of them start to cheer for Kuno

Ranko: But we're more than enough for Y-O-U, right?

Mariko: Kuno, Kuno, feel our L-O-V-E!

Kuno: W-Wait, you're using the technique on -

Narration: It's got me a super studly boyfriend... and a super cute girlfriend too!

Ranko and Mariko wink through the fourth wall at us

Offscreen: Ah... girls... I can feel my heart fill with love for both of you!

High School DxD Breast Boost - Ravel and Rossweisse

1. Ravel is lurking at a corner at school, holding a present.
Ravel: Alright! This should do it. I'll have his attention this time for sure!
2. Peeking around the corner, we can see Issei approaching.
Ravel: That boy will be putty in my hands in no time at all!
3. Suddenly, a wild Koneko glomps onto him!
Koneko: Issei~
Issei: Yipe! Where did you come from?
4. Ravel stares on in shock
Koneko: Play with me, Issei.
Ravel: Why that devious little -
5. Close up on Koneko's breasts as they push into Issei's body.
Issei: Hehehe, I guess we could play a little.
6. Ravel steps out around the corner.
Ravel: Alright! That tears it!
Issei: Huh? R-Ravel?
7. Montage of all the girls hanging off Issei all the time, flaunting their big boobs.
Ravel: No matter what I try, you're always surrounded by big breasted vixens!
8. Koneko is clinging to Issei.
Koneko: It's hardly our fault that you're flat chested.
Ravel: I am not flat chested!
Issei: Hey there, Koneko!
9. Issei gently admonishes his kitty demon
Issei: You know that everyone's breasts are as big as they are because of my ability, right?
Ravel: Huh? His... ability?
Koneko: Yes, I suppose that is true.
10. Issei and Koneko step closer to Ravel
Issei: We're sorry you've been feeling left out. Isn't that right, Koneko?
Koneko: Hrmmm... I suppose...
11. Issei brings out his Gear and puts his hand on Ravel's shoulder.
Issei: Here, let me make it up to you.
Ravel: Huh? What are you -
12. Boob boost!
Ravel: Ahhh!
Issei: Here we go!
13. Ravel revels in the experience.
Ravel: It's - It's not *just* my breasts! It's also my - My feelings for him!
14. She puts her hands on her new chest.
Ravel: I love him twice as much as I did already! Love him lots and lots and -

15. Issei steps aside for a moment
Issei: Now, I hate to see a disagreement between you two. Why don't you kiss and make up?
Ravel: Yes, dear!
Koneko: Understood.
16. The two lock lips while Issei watches.
Issei: Ah, this is the best! Let's find somewhere nice and quiet to play around, okay?
Offscreen: Ahem!
17. It's Rossweisse! She's standing there with hands on hips, scowling at them.
Rossweisse: Just what do you think you're doing?
18. She continues to scold them for their behaviour.
Rossweisse: Honestly now, you should not be doing this kind of thing. Especially out in public where anyone can see!
Ravel: Hrmph! Killjoy!
Koneko: I sense jealousy.
19. Rossweisse grabs Issei's hand to pull him away.
Rossweisse: You're coming with me, we need to discuss-
20. Boost!
Rossweisse: Wh-whaaa~
21. Rossweisse recovers from that.
Issei: Ah! Sorry, I didn't mean to do that!
Rossweisse: Ohhhh, yessss...
22. She turns her attention towards Issei.
Rossweisse: Hrmph! Is that so? In that case, the four of us need to discuss this more privately!
Ravel: That sounds like a wonderful idea! Let us journey to the ORC, shall we?
23. Meanwhile at the ORC, Rias, Akeno, Asia, Irina and Xenovia are having a discussion.
Rias: Now ladies, it's clear that Issei's harem is growing much too large.
Akeno: Like our heaving bosoms, you mean?
Xenovia: This is hardly the time for jokes.
24. Still at the ORC
Asia: It means we're all getting less time on his dick!
Irina: There's something strange about the way you can say that so easily...
Akeno: Ahahaha, it turns out that Asia is the dirtiest minded of all of us!
25. Still at the ORC...
Rias: Then it's settled! We can't let Issei seduce any more women, and he definitely cannot be allowed to make their boobs bigger either!
Everyone else: Agreed!
26. Issei enters with Ravel, Rossweisse and Koneko.
Issei: Hey girls! Ravel and Rossweise wanted to have some fun!
27. Rias shrugs.
Rias: Ah... I guess we should have seen this coming.
28. Rias and Akeno look to one another. Xenovia and Irina are already unbuttoning their tops while Asia is topless already.

Akeno: Orgy time?

Rias: You need to ask?

29. Ravel gets her turn first.

Ravel: Ah! Ah! With a harem this big, you'll need some help managing it!

30. Then Rossweisse gets hers.

Rossweisse: Issei... Issei! Promise me! You'll never stop!

Issei: I promise, you won't be left alone anymore!

31. The harem lies together on the floor, naked.

Rias: Really now though, you need to have a bit more self control.

Issei: Hey, I can't help it! You all seemed so unhappy until I boosted your busts.

32. The newest acquisitions to the harem snuggle into him tightly.

Ravel: Sounds like someone needs organising!

Rossweisse: I was thinking it was a discipline issue.

Issei: Guuuuh!

Ravel: Organising!

Rossweisse: Discipline!

HHL Fairy Tail

In the town of Harujion, a beautiful young girl walked into a magic shop. That probably sounds like the setup to a bad joke, but no, it is anything but. Lucy Heartfilia took a good look around, flicked her fingers through her bright golden hair, then put her hands on her hips in a most undignified manner and let out a weary sigh.

"Is this really the only magic shop in town?" she asked the elderly, wizened shopkeeper standing behind the counter.

"Afraid so," the shopkeeper shrugged. "We primarily sell to travelling mages, you see - the majority of the population cannot even use magic. Please, do take a look around, you might find something interesting."

Lucy mused on this for a moment, and then asked a simple question: "Do you have any Spirit Keys?"

One was held out for her in the blink of an eye. The shopkeeper was really trying to make a sale here. Hardly any wonder, relying on travellers is not a great way to run a business.

"It's White Doggy," the shopkeeper said, holding it out for inspection. "It's not very strong, but -"

"That's fine, it's just what I was looking for," Lucy said. She tugged at her top, exposing a little cleavage, and then... "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand jewels," was the answer. A steep price for a not terribly strong Spirit Key... But such things are rare, and for those who seek them surely such a thing would be a trivial ask?

Yet Lucy leaned forward, seeking the Feminine Wiles discount, as she seductively asked "How much is it really?" in an alluring tone.

Now, here, you might be thinking that she would get a mere 1000 Jewels off. Right? After all, this old man was probably used to pretty young women passing through, trying to flirt with him to lower his prices to a more, ahem, 'reasonable' level. Indeed, he was intending to make that very offer, except -

Except... There was something about Lucy that was speaking to his libido, long since a tamed beast. It was starting to awaken inside his heart. There was no obvious reason for it. What's more, he had resistances to all the most widely used charm and mental spells, so she couldn't possibly be manipulating his emotions... could she?

It was the little things she was doing. The angle she was leaning over, the amount she'd tugged down her top, subtle, tiny movements she was making almost constantly to draw her physical

beauty to the forefront of his vision. It was mesmerising. Hypnotic. Despite himself, he simply could not look away. No matter what, no matter what...

"Um..." he squeaked out. His heart was in his throat. Goodness. Ahem! He hadn't felt like this in years! "I-It's actually 15 tho-" Lucy rocked on her heels and his vision turned blurry for a moment there. Then, she stretched out her arms and leaned back, drawing attention to her entirely womanly figure. Gosh! "I mean, it's ten thousand Jewels," he said, wobbling a little on his feet.

"Here you go!" Lucy said, handing the money over, snatching the Key up and strutting out of there with her head held high, and if he was being quite honest the shopkeeper felt she was being very generous. There was a nagging feeling at the back of his head that if she truly wanted to, she could have had that Key for free. Or even made him pay her to take it.

Once she left, he closed up shop for the day, went off to his bathroom and spent the rest of the evening rubbing one out.

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Lucy strutted down that street smirking ear to ear. It worked. It worked super, super well. She could hardly believe how well it worked. Honestly, she was kinda scared to push it further - besides which, paying a fair amount is okay. Who is going to complain about half off? Not her! That guy probably doesn't get that much business, best to let him have *some* cash, right?

Besides, if she used this 'power' far too much it would get noticed. That was the last thing they wanted, either her or her new 'friends'...

"Eeeeh!" she heard a nearby girl squeal excitedly. "Salamander! It's Salamander!"

Oh? Really now? This might be easier than she expected. Lucy pushed through the crowd to take a peek, and saw... A fairly handsome guy, surrounded by women and -

Thump thump! Her heart skipped a beat. Huh? Could this be...?

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Finally! He'd finally found traces of Igneel! Who else would be going around getting called Salamander, huh? Natsu and Happy rushed through the streets towards the gathering crowd, eager to see the old dragon. Lots of girls here, plenty of chicks! They pushed their way through.

"Hey! Is that you?" Natsu asked, pushing through until he found - Some guy that was very obviously not Igneel. The first clue was the lack of scales and the generally humanoid appearance. He hadn't noticed Natsu. Was too busy chatting up some blonde haired beauty, who had managed to completely capture his attention.

"Ah... never mind... it's not him..." Natsu grumbled, turning his back and heading off to look elsewhere. Never mind. It shouldn't take too long to find -

"So you're part of Fairy Tail? How exciting!" the girl said. Natsu stopped in his tracks. Huh? Fairy Tail? Huh? What was that? "Salamander of Fairy Tail! Amazing!"

Huh? Hold on now - huh? What did that guy just say? He was part of Fairy Tail...?

"That's right, I am indeed," Salamander said. "How about you meet up at my ship tonight? I can get you membership if you want, a pretty thing like you would fit right in!"

Hold on. Hold up a moment. Something wasn't right here. Natsu turned around to take a better look at this guy. For sure, he had definitely not seen that face before. Was he a new member, or...?

"Actually, why don't we head there... right now?" the girl asked. "I'm in the mood for a bit of fun first. How about you, handsome?"

"Hrm... I'm game if you are!" Salamander replied. Tsk! The way they were hanging off each other, that chick was making it too hard to see his face. Natsu couldn't get a good look at all! Something about this whole situation stunk, and -

"Wait until they get back to his boat," Happy whispered. "I sense it too. Something is very, very wrong here. If we're right, we might be about to catch a bad guy in the act."

Natsu nodded in agreement with that idea. Besides, Given how his fights tended to turn out, with all these women around someone might get hurt. Nothing wrong with busting up a bad guy's base somewhere away from civilians and -

Did that blonde chick just wink at him? Huh. Weird.

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From Salamander's point of view, he'd just hit the jackpot and won the lottery at the same time. Lucy was her name, huh? They'd have to come up with a new one for her if they were gonna sell her on - but damn when they did she would fetch a hell of a price. Something about her was lighting him up, something fierce. Cute body, cute face, very keenly aware of her sex appeal and how to use it to get what she wanted. As for what she wanted? Apparently to enter the most destructive guild around - Fairy Tail.

Before too long the chick was perched on the chair, blatantly under the effect of his Charm spell, a sitting duck for them to kidnap and sell on. An easy mark, a pretty mark, and since she was so eager and willing might as well sample the merchandise as well. First up: One sleeping drug in some wine, and then -

He felt a pair of feminine arms wrap around his chest, and her hands slipped inside his clothes. Playing with his nipples, oh yeah, that's the stuff. One hand trailed south, quickly grabbing onto his dick and squeezing it in just the right way to make him completely and totally defenceless. Oh yeah! This prime piece of meat would fetch a high, high price for sure!

"You're not Fairy Tail, are you?" Lucy asked while maintaining a firm grip on his dick. "That Charm spell you used was pretty good. Illegal, but not bad."

Salamander tensed up, but before he could do much of anything at all he came in his pants. Come on guys, you try standing up when you're climaxing. Never mind picking a fight. The chick couldn't have picked a better time to make that accusation. It's like she knew she could make him cum at a moment's notice, and chose just then to make her statement.

She pulled out some kinda gizmo, held it up to her ear and pinned it there with her shoulder. "It's Agent Lucy, I have a mind controlling Mage here using some sort of Charm spell. I want a full analysis of it, pronto. If we can reverse engineer it..."

And that was when the wall exploded, revealing a complete doofus mounting a daring rescue. Normally, this is where Salamander would have brought in his goons from the next room, but right now he was kind of out of it. Not in any condition *at all* to give such an order. He couldn't even order a glass of water in a restaurant given his current state of mind.

Lucy quickly tucked away her gizmo, then turned towards the guy who had come to save her and run right into his arms. "Oh, thank goodness you're here!" she wailed, clinging onto him desperately, and pushing her boobs right into his chest. Lucky sod. "Luckily, I was able to hit this creepy with a stun spell, but -"

"Ahem!" the voice of one of his henchmen very loudly and obviously went and made Salamander wince from how fake that was. "Uh, Miss? Can you hit me with that stun spell too, please?"

"Quiet, Bob!" another henchman hissed. "All we gotta do is beat the two of them up and then we can make them do whatever we want!"

This, as it would turn out, was not a smart thing to say.

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Natsu was a pretty hotheaded guy. Certain things could simply set him off, you know? One of his big triggers, the enormous button in his brain that said 'do not touch' in big, red letters was 'Thou Shalt Not Fuck With Fairy Tail'.

When he'd learned that there was a bunch of mages going around saying they were part of Fairy Tail, he got curious. He looked into it. Didn't recognise any one of them. Meaning they were pretending to be his brothers in arms. Meaning they were up to something shady. Meaning they were making fun of something dear to his heart.

Finding out the truth, that they were selling off pretty girls as toys to be used by the rich and immoral? That rankled him something fierce! Look at this innocent young - Wow, actually she is kinda pretty - blonde haired girl with... with an enormous rack and absolutely sinful curves...

...

What was he thinking about again? Oh! Oh yeah! There were a whole bunch of thugs rushing into the room who were in need of an ass kicking! Do note, dear reader, that the very fact he had been so distracted by Lucy's assets should have been taken as an enormous red flag by our fire breathing hero. However, as they were in the middle of a combat situation, he had other things on his mind currently. Completely understandable, I think you would agree.

"Hand the girl over, and you don't have to suffer," one of the henchmen said. "No way are we passing up someone like that! If she can do that to the boss, then -"

Natsu then noticed that the whole lot of them were sporting wood. Pitching tents. Very obviously. It took him a while to notice that because, frankly, they were all pretty tiny compared to him, so the bulges barely registered. Nonetheless, now that he'd noticed he couldn't unnotice it. That... made him even angrier!

"You guys, pretending to be Fairy Tail," he whispered angrily, steam rising from his body, his voice starting to grow louder and louder as time passed. "When you're all a bunch of perverts! Fairy Tail ain't like that - " he stopped for a moment. "I mean, Gray takes off his clothes all the time, I'm pretty sure Erza actually likes the attention she gets from the more revealing suits of armour she wears, Mira does those photoshoots, and don't get me started on Loke -"

"Hey, focus!" the girl whispered. "Life or death situation here, y'know!"

Right! He shouldn't get distracted when there are people besmirching Fairy Tail's good name! Eh... It's *alright* name? They did have a reputation for massive collateral damage so their reputation wasn't *that* stellar really... But that's besides the point! Natsu took a deep, deep breath as the henchmen approached, and -

Immediately barfed on the floor because the boat was in motion and he got seasick really, ridiculously easily.

"Urgh!" the girl yelled. "Okay, fine! Taurus! Kick their ass!"

A giant bull man appeared out of nowhere, and all of a sudden the henchmen were a bit less excited to get involved in a fight. Funny how that works, huh? This guy towered over the tallest of them, to the point that his horns were... Getting stuck in the ceiling. Not that this seemed to be a problem, as he grinned and moved forward, tearing chunks out of the ceiling as he went.

"So, Lucy wouldn't tell me to kick your ass unless you were trying to pull something on her," Taurus snorted steam out of his nose. Oh boy! Even Natsu didn't wanna be in their shoes right now! "Aaaaooooo! I promised to protect her body, and so -"

"Uuuuurgh~" Salamander grunted, hauling himself to his feet, on very shaky legs. The stun spell this chick hit him with must have worn off already! "You idiots... Letting something like... like this... Ohhhhhh~ Let something like this intimidate you? I was about to take your Spirit Keys, girl. Your instincts are sharper than you let on!"

"I can sense perverted intent at a thousand paces," the girl said. "Not that you were being all that subtle about it."

"Well, let's see if your Spirit can block my fire!" Salamander roared, pulling out an enormous fireball. He'd stepped around the room so that even if he missed, the shot would go out the hole that Natsu had made. "Eat this!"

The girl smirked to herself, held out her key - and then Taurus flat out vanished right as the fireball streaked across the room towards them. Ah...? It was as if she knew his ability already somehow! No matter! Natsu lunged into the path of the fire, and let it hit him. A foolish move, you might say? On the contrary. Fire was the worst thing to hit him with! He caught it, stuffed it in his mouth and then -

"Eccch!" he grunted in disgust. "Worst fire I've tasted." A mortal fear fell upon Salamander's face at that moment as he realised exactly how much he had just fucked up. "Listen asshole. I don't care if you're a good guy or a bad guy, but if you're using the Fairy Tail name - I won't ever forgive you!"

With the girl supporting him, Natsu stepped forward towards the terrified asshole. Then he drew back his fist, trying to ignore the moving floor underneath him... and finding it weirdly easy for some reason. This girl was somehow managing to hold onto his body in just the right way that she was completely negating the effect of the rocking boat. How was she doing that?

No matter. He was in front of this jerk right now. "How - " he whined. "How did you - How did you eat my fire? Who the hell are the two of you?!"

"I'm Natsu Dragneel of Fairy Tail!" he yelled, clobbering the guy so damned hard with an uppercut he went straight through the roof. "Hey, what was your name again?"

"Lucy Heartfilia," she said, using a kinda weird tone. It sounded nice. Like she was trying super, super hard to be extra nice to him. "I thought so. You're really Natsu, huh? Come on, let's rescue the girls and -"

"In a minute, I gotta finish beating this guy's ass first!" Natsu said, leaping out through the hole he'd made in the roof. There. Much better. Off the moving floor beneath him, he could really go to town on this clown, and teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget!

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Primary target located and met. Lucy smirked to herself, and pulled out her communicator, while the various henchmen bugged out. They didn't want any part of this anymore - and who could blame them? Nobody with an ounce of common sense, that's who!

"This is Lucy," she said. "Did you get that analysis?"

"No, that guy interrupted before we could finish," said the voice on the other end. "Proceed with your primary mission. Enter Fairy Tail and corrupt it from the inside."

Corrupt it. Such a rotten word. It made it sound like she was doing something *evil* or *wicked* in some way. Except she wasn't. Lucy knew she wasn't. She'd seen it firsthand when they'd approached her a year back right after she'd run away from home. She'd walked among their streets, seen the people, and beheld a true utopia. Granted, it was a utopia of total perverts, but it was still a paradise.

Technological advancement beyond her wildest dreams. Magical capability that put anything she'd ever seen to shame. They had the ability to invade any reality they wanted and conquer it militarily - but why would they do that? The HHL was a group that was perfectly capable of defending itself from all attackers, but they never went on the attack themselves. Instead, they collaborated for the sake of the greater whole.

Sigh! Yes, there was still capitalism in there, because they were fully aware that some level of healthy competition is important within a society. Their society simply absorbed what worked from different worlds they'd visited and integrated, used what worked and discarded the things that didn't. You could call them invaders after a fashion, but not in the traditional sense. It was more like - They'd pick out agents of the worlds they'd like to integrate, ask them about their world, help them realise the wonder that lay beyond.

And then, once they'd taught those lessons... They would train their new recruits in the art of seduction. Their primary weapon of choice. Sex appeal. Sexual knowledge. Lucy was still a virgin at this point, but she'd gone through such an intense training regimen that she could fuck like a porn star, and had the right sort of body and face to make anyone interested in girls cream themselves with a few simple touches. She wasn't the first Lucy they'd met. Nor was this the first world with a Fairy Tail guild they had encountered.

Which meant that she had a full and complete understanding of the madness that lay ahead of her. She knew who Natsu really was. She knew what he was about, his capabilities, his preferences. Though meeting him in the flesh was making her hotter under the collar than she'd anticipated!

Oops! She quickly put her communicator away when Happy flew in. "Are you okay?" he asked. "Natsu's gone a little attack happy, we should probably get off the boat before it sinks."

"Not without rescuing the girls on board!" Lucy yelled. She pulled out her Aquarius key, and brought the mermaid forth. The perfect Spirit to use here! "There are girls on board this boat who were going to be sold as slaves. Let them out!"

"Tsk," Aquarius rolled her eyes dismissively. Still can't get on with her, huh? "Fine, I'll get them to land. But be warned, I do have a date to get ready for. With my boyfriend. My... Boyfriend."

Yeah, yeah, she didn't have to repeat that. For now she'd let Aquarius get on with doing what she did best. No, not being sarcastic at her. Swimming! She was great at swimming.

"Can you... get me out of here?" Lucy asked. Happy obliged by grabbing onto her shoulders and lifting her up in the air. "Hahaha, so you guys are Fairy Tail right? How does a girl like me go about joining a guild like that?"

"Oh, I'd say you're a shoe in," Happy said. "I mean, a Celestial Spirit user? Not to mention you went out of your way to -"

"Don't lie about being part of Fairy Tail, asshole!" Natsu yelled, throwing a flaming fist right into Salamander's big dumb head, sending him right into the port where his landing caused a lot of damage. Started a small fire too.

"Ahem!" Happy coughed. "As I was saying! You went out of your way to rescue those girls on the boat instead of just bugging out, so you clearly have enough presence of mind to -"

"Remember the name!" Natsu screamed, and goodness that kick! Hrm... Once Lucy had settled into joining the guild properly, she was going to have to get herself some time in his bedroom, stat. A shame that he ruined... one... two... three buildings in a single go. "We're Fairy Tail, dammit!"

"Oh they're gonna chew us up for dinner when they hear about this..." Happy grumbled. "The bills, the invoices, the reprimands..."

No doubt about it. Lucy grinned to herself, eager to get this show on the road. She could hardly wait. Fairy Tail was full of beauties and hunks, and she could hardly wait to turn them all into total perverts! All in the name of the HHL!

