

## Mariko's New Team - Ranma

Ranma Saotome had absolutely no interest in romantic relationships. He was a martial artist through and through, and he knew all too well that girls were a distraction from training. Which sort of makes it funny how his life was surrounded by girls on all sides. Unwanted engagements. A Jusenkyo curse that turns him into a really cute girl. To his mind, this was down to him being just that awesome a guy. So you can take a guess at how humble he is.

He'd just gotten back from his latest training trip. Back to the Tendo dojo. A place that felt more like home than anywhere he and the old man had stayed in years. It was weird really. Walking these corridors all aloof with his hands behind his head, he felt comfortable here. Like he'd been here all his life.

...

He cut that line of thinking off at the root. That sorta thing led to 'long term planning', and whenever he started to do that he kept on thinking of unpleasant things. Like Akane in a wedding dress. Like, settling down and running this dojo. Like, raising a family with the uncute tomboy. Who wanted that? What kinda long term dream was that? Ranma just wanted to train, who could be bothered with -

"Go! Team! It's your dream! Show them who will reign supreme!"

That was a really weird sound to hear from the training hall. Ranma sauntered by and peeked inside, and saw something rather peculiar. It was funny, Ranma hadn't seen her since getting back home. His uncute fiance, Akane Tendo, kitted up in an aquamarine cheerleader's uniform. Waving a baton around over her head, and generally embarrassing herself.

"Huh? What're you doing in that getup?" Ranma asked. She looked ridiculous. What kind of nonsense had she been getting up to while he'd been away?

"What, so you're the only one allowed to try an esoteric style?" Akane replied, indignant as ever when he was only asking a reasonable question. She always got like that. Always overreacted, always read into every little thing. It was why they couldn't get along, and it was completely and totally her fault. Except for the times he'd missed something stupidly obvious and put his foot in his mouth. But those didn't count!

"Uncute as ever. You'll make a lousy cheerleader." Ranma rubbed at his chin, quite pleased with the barb he'd tossed her way. Yeah, recover from that, Akane. It was weird, but he'd kind of grown to like it when they exchanged shots like this.

"It's not about cheerleading, dummy. It's about martial A-R-T-S." Yeah, that's what he's talking about! That attitude really contrasted with those clothes, which were way too cute for her rough

personality. Cheer up? How about calming her down first? "This style gave you a lot of trouble before, remember?"

Now that was a low blow. Actually, Ranma would much rather forget that fight ever happened. Everything around that was a total mess. Having to do it as a girl in one of those cute uniforms with the tiny frilly skirts, having to pretend to 'love' Tatewaki Kuno at the start, not to mention that Mariko herself was a tougher fighter than he'd been expecting. For someone who used such a weird girly style, she threw down with the best of them.

Oh, but that wasn't even the worst part about that whole thing. Akane had stepped into the fight, butting her nose into it like always. At first she'd pretended to be Kuno's new opponent in the fight, which gave Ranma an out. The idea of pretending to love Kuno was tossing his stomach worse than a three course meal cooked by Akane, so it had seemed like a lifeline.

Trick was, Ranma didn't recognise her at the time. She'd been wearing a full on Bōgu, replete with face mask. Recognising her in that was impossible. So there he was, in girl form, in front of *everyone*, proclaiming defiantly to all who would listen that she would love this person.

Is it any wonder Akane reacted the way she did as soon as she heard that? Guh! The moment she took off the damned mask and revealed who she was, that was an instant Ranma would never, ever forget! Then Mariko had to rub salt in the wound after the fight by proclaiming the love between them would be a love everlasting!

It had taken the better part of a month before the rumours died down! Hearing about them sneaking off and making out in the gym storage room, doing stuff together with his girl form, it had been like he'd agreed to get into a staring contest with Medusa!

And now, Akane had brought all of that torment back in a single dumb sentence while wearing that dumb cute uniform. The gentle teasing was gone now, he was heading in full throttle!

"How could I forget?" he asked. Oh, make no mistake he remembered. He remembered very well! "You learning it's gonna be worse."

"Oh, worse H-O-W?" Akane asked.

That was the second time she'd spelled out something. Trying a bit too hard weren't we? That was always her problem. Whether it was cooking or sewing or swimming Akane didn't know when to relax, and she gave it her all. When 'her all' meant using her above average human strength instead of controlling it, refining it. Which is why she'd cut up pieces of a chopping board when dicing carrots, or why she'd kick a hole in the side of a swimming pool when trying to start a lap.

"An uncute clumsy tomboy learning cheerleader martial arts?" Ranma scoffed. He turned his back to her so he didn't have to look at her. Seriously, the more he looked the more those

clothes were making him forget how utterly uncute she really was. "Recipe for disaster, and we know how you do with recipes."

However, because Ranma had turned his back, he completely missed the expression shift on Akane's face. He missed her anger turn into something he'd never seen before. Arousal. She bit her lip, she tracked her eyes along his back drinking it all in and licked her lips with full anticipation. He would hardly believe it to see her look at him like this, such open and naked desire. It was like conceding the game of love being played between these two stubborn idiots. By now it had been made clear to both of them that the first of them to confess their feelings would be mercilessly mocked by the other. Made to show the depths of their affection.

And make no mistake, despite how they acted those two idiots acted that was a deep, deep well to dive into. The only reason the two of them weren't already married was their own immature stubborn nature keeping either of them from saying anything. Well, that and the numerous people romantically interested in the two of them who interfered as a matter of course. But those were the only two reasons! Well... that and Ranma's general inability to keep his foot out of his mouth. Three reasons! Just those three!

Ranma fully recognised that Akane had a nice body. Of course she did. All those guys wouldn't look twice if she didn't. Hell, he'd had to catch himself out and stop staring at her exposed legs in that uniform, and the top part of it really hugged her body. Didn't leave much to the imagination. Replace that blue with a more fleshy tone...

Actually, that was the other reason he'd looked away. It was starting to get to him a little bit. It wasn't just the clothes. It was the way she was moving. Subtle little movements that were really getting to him for some reason. Making his heart beat that little bit faster.

"I think I might surprise you, buster!" Akane called out. Ranma caught something weird in her tone. It was a lot more playful than he was expecting. "Watch this routine!"

Huh, really? What was she up to now? Ranma turned around to see what nonsense Akane was up to now. He wasn't expecting much, but if he didn't look she'd just nag at him again until he did.

To his great surprise her movement was a lot more fluid. She tossed aside her baton, but it was clearly on purpose, and the way she was moving was a lot more girly than he was used to seeing from her. No stomping around, no emphasis on her strength, no clumsiness in her gait. She was bouncing around with a great big beautiful smile on her pretty face, a smile that felt like it was just for him. Only him. Only ever for him.

"Gimme a C!"

Akane suddenly put her arms straight up over her head, then leaned over while curving them, making a C shape with those outstretched arms. That expression on her face as well, it caught

him totally off guard, by the time he had it registered Akane had already whirled down until she was lying on the floor.

"Gimme a U!"

Back arched, her chin resting on her right hand while her left kept her balance, Akane lifted her legs into the air to form a U shape on the floor. Has she always been that flexible? She was barely in that pose for more than a second before rolling up, bouncing to her feet and -

"Gimme a T!"

This time she stuck her arms out to the side and kicked up with her left leg, straight up in the air this time making a small case 't' shape. Akane even winked at him! Never mind the fact that the kick was so high, it was flashing her underwear at him! Her leg stayed up a bit longer, then bent at the knee before moving around to plant that foot on her other knee.

"Gimme an E! What does that spell?"

Her arms went over again, left arm tucked into her side while the other stretched out over her head. Ah, an 'E' this time was it? The letters bounced around Ranma's brain, almost in time with the way Akane was bouncing around excitedly, each of the letters taking the form of the pose Akane took to represent them.

"C-cute."

The word tripped out of his mouth before he knew he was saying it. In response to this, Akane repeated the routine again. Wordlessly this time. Flowing from one letter to the next, right in front of his eyes. Cute. Cute. Cute. A word he'd never use to describe her. Normally. But the way she was moving now, the way she was behaving, it really was... cute.

Look at her in that uniform. He'd thought, at first, that her slightly baggy gi suited her better than that. It was rough, it was tough, it made her look like a proper martial artist. Right now she didn't look like one at all, didn't move like a martial artist, but Ranma had the distinct impression she'd give a better fight right now than usual. His heart was pounding in his chest, he couldn't take his eyes off her. And why shouldn't he? Look at those legs! Look at that waist! Her chest wasn't as nice as his girl form's - but it was still pretty good!

So why not take the time to stare? Why not take the time to drink in this C-U-T-E...

No. No, that wasn't right. That wasn't right at all. This dull feeling in his head, this rapid pounding of his heart. It wasn't normal, it wasn't natural!

"Hold on, something is wrong here, Akane's not such a -" Ranma began to protest, panic starting to overtake him. It was as though he'd been falling without noticing, and only now

caught himself. In front of hm, Akane spun around, the sudden motion flicking up that tiny skirt and revealing underneath a hot pink thong that perfectly accentuated her butt. The sight of it acted sort of like a reset switch on his brain, making his thoughts all sluggish and weird.

"- Cute, sexy chick..." he burred happily. So cuuuute! Just like when they'd first met, and she'd smiled down at him offering to be friends. Or when she'd been under the influence of the Reversal Jewel's love magnification effect, and professed her love for him openly and without reservation. Or one of those other rare fleeting times, like Altair and Vega, the two of them came to really 'see' each other...

"What's going on here? Akane would never - "

"Took you long enough to notice."

That seductive smile! Looking over her shoulder at him like that, it was totally unlike Akane. Something was very wrong here. Had she been possessed by an evil spirit again? Or had someone disguised themselves as her? Ranma watched them with fearsome eyes. If they'd hurt Akane in some way, he'd - He'd!

"It's too late now though. Now that you've had a taste of my s-e-x appeal, you can't help but cop a feel."

Akane put her hands on her hips and stepped towards him, strutting confidently over towards him like a model on a catwalk. Ranma watched her. He felt oddly paralysed. Couldn't look away. Not because she was pretty, or anything like that, it was more like - More like!

He backed off a little as she got right into his face. Smiling at him. Still smiling. Waiting. As if anticipating some sort of reaction from him. As if he would. As if he would react to Akane when she was so *cute* and *he loved her* and *even when she's smug, she's gorgeous*.

The chains of love were tightening around his heart. Squeezing it, yt not to restrain it. TO make it beat faster and faster in his chest. Nobody else would have this powerful a response to Akane's cheer routine that was amplifying the feelings that Ranma had long repressed. Desire squashed by pride, needs left untouched through immaturity. The barriers were melting, the chains growing stronger the more he looked into her eyes, unable to look away.

An effect so potent not just because of the depth of his love for her, but also from her to him. Despite their own expectations this was not an unrequited love. That love lies at the heart of cheerleading martial arts, and no matter how strong Ranma's willpower was it would inevitably shatter under the force of that mutual attraction.

"Nrgh! She's right! I can't stop myself! I have to resist... Sexy.. Tomboy! Soooo cute!"

His body moved automatically, and Akane made absolutely no effort to stop him. She let him grab her body, dip her back and lean in. It wasn't their first kiss, technically. Ranma had pecked her on the lips while under the influence of the cat-fist technique - which is a story for another time - but that had been a minor show of affection. Innocent, childlike. This was their first adult kiss.

Open mouthed, hungry, ravenous. This described not only their lips, but their hands as well. Ranma settled one hand at the small of her back to keep her balance, while the other went to the thigh he'd often criticised as too thick. On the contrary, he found it perfect in every way. Its touch was warm and inviting, it was smooth and powerful. Exactly the way he wanted it, like he imagined it would be when he carelessly let his guard down in the middle of the night and thoughts wandered to forbidden 'what if' scenarios that he quickly dismissed as something he didn't want.

How foolish that felt. How bratty he had been. He could feel Akane's leg hook around his waist, drawing him closer while her hands locked up behind the back of his head as the two fell gently to the floor. The chains around his heart were now full enclosing his heart, and so they set it free.

They say that you cannot hypnotise someone into doing something they do not already want to do. Well, it can flow the other way as well. The easiest thing you can use hypnosis to make someone do is something they truly want from the bottom of their heart, yet deny themselves out of insecurity. Yes, even those brimming with confidence can be stymied by such matters. Hidden under bravado to act as a shield Well, now that Ranma had a taste of the forbidden fruit, there was no turning back.

As for the girl under him? Giddy as could be. It had totally worked! Honestly, there had been a part of her that wasn't sure it would be that effective, and it had been super hard to keep up the tomboy act long enough to get him to lower his guard.

But in her mind this wasn't over until she made a point of it. Made him his. Or made herself his. Or made them each other's? However, that was only the start. Akane had plans. Big plans for this handsome steed she'd landed.

To start with, the next hour was going to be spent with her letting out a little tension the fun way. Cement their new relationship in his mind. Make it so he couldn't even think of her as uncute again. Then, once she had him properly tamed as her hot studly boyfriend, she'd drag him off to a certain mansion in the woods that had caused them so much trouble.

Akane smiled into the kiss. She couldn't wait. A super cute cheering partner and a boyfriend at the same time. She'd have her cake and eat it too! Now, speaking of eating... It was time for the two of them to feast upon each other.

## Mariko's New Team - Ukyo

Can anyone doubt how hard Ukyo Kuonji worked? A young woman, masquerading as a young man, owning her own restaurant business, living on her own and attending school! That's quite a remarkable accomplishment for her, is it not? How many people can do that? How many people can keep themselves afloat, and not crack under the extreme pressure?

Not many. Yet here she is. Mixing up batter, slicing vegetables, cooking up meat and stirring up sauce for the ultimate okonomiyaki experience. Made with love, made with energy, made with an okonomiyaki loving smile on her pretty face, come down to Ucchan's for a mouth watering experience!

If only she could afford that kind of advertising. Word of mouth is not enough by itself to help keep her afloat. She needed something more, as new patrons had trickled down of late. Less and less new faces coming in to give her cooking a try. Too much competition, and make no mistake the food serving business was cut-throat. It didn't matter if you catered to a different speciality than the place down the road. You were still competition! Even if it was some cheap fast food place compared to your fresher, more nutritious and tastier treat, it was still stealing foot traffic from you!

Nonetheless, when the bell over her door rang Ukyo immediately plastered a smile on her face as though it was second nature, greeting the incoming customer warmly.

"Welcome to Uch-

Only to stop cold upon realising the new arrival was very unlikely to spend a single yen from her wallet. In fact, if Ukyo did not play her cards right, that girl might walk out of here with more yen than she'd entered with. Nabiki Tendo. The older sister of her frenemy, Akane. Nabiki was the sort who didn't so much pinch pennies as strap them into a vice, then tossed that vice into a trash compactor to make sure it was extra squeezed.

Then she'd find a way to charge everyone watching for the privilege.

"Oh, it's you."

No need to keep up the pretence of customer service around this one. Nabiki would probably see it as a chance to exploit Ukyo anyway, showing that sort of weakness never ended well. Frankly, if she wasn't buying she wanted this troublemaker out of her store. Pronto! But then if you said *that*, she'd hold out the flat of her hand and insist on a hundred yen, or she'll sit on butt and wait you out.

"My, my. With that level of service, no wonder your store is doing so well."

And there it was, the infamous snark of the Ice Queen of Furinkan. Look at her there, strolling around in a snug purple jumper and an ankle length skirt. Not her usual style, and there was something kind of weird about that skirt, but - Never mind that. The way she was walking around, it was like she either owned the place or would in the near future.

"So what if business is a little slow?" Ukyo huffed, crossing her arms. Meanwhile, Nabiki scooped up a spatula and began to fiddle with it. "It'll pick up soon!"

A strange expression flickered across Nabiki's face. A bright smile that actually reached her eyes. No trace of sarcasm, no iota of disrespect, nor looking down on Ukyo. Hell, she wasn't even taking advantage of Ukyo's protestations to give a sarcastic 'sure it will' before leading into whatever she was up to.

"You need a gimmick to draw people in!"

And there it was. If she wasn't blackmailing you (would you like 'emotional' or 'photo evidence' flavoured sauce with that?) then Nabiki would try to scam you. Without fail. Make you part ways with your money through use of a scheme that sounded just a little too good to be true on the surface. Even if you didn't trust her at first, it didn't matter. She had this way of getting at a person's vulnerabilities. Exploiting them, twisting them around...

If only she could be bought off reliably enough that Ukyo could use her to get closer to Ranchan. Alas, that was impossible. Try buying her off, someone else might offer her a better deal. Then she'd take it and leave you hung out to dry. No sense of honour, no sense of integrity. All about her own personal enjoyment.

"Oh no! Last time I listened to you, I was out two thousand yen!"

She'd expected some sort of reaction to that, but Nabiki suddenly spinning around that spatula in her hand was not in there. All casual and cool, staring at Ukyo with this weirdly relaxed expression.

"Relax, think of this as a freebie".

A freebie? From Nabiki Tendo?

"Now I'm even more suspicious."

Damn right! She knew how con artists worked. They offer you something too good to be true, and it turns out - it is! They're call con artists, because con is short for confidence, and you'd better believe that Nabiki was super confident right now. It took a lot of skill to spin a spatula around like that so easily. Honestly, it was fascinating - Ukyo didn't think she had the finger dexterity to pull that off.



"T-R-U-S-T, that is what you feel for me."

Slow, even and building. Around and around the spatula went. Ukyo's vision kept on returning to it almost automatically. The way she was turning it was taking full advantage of the weight disparity between the ends - the head was much heavier than the handle. That factor should make it harder to spin them like that. Ukyo should know, she was extremely talented at using spatula like that herself.

"Yeah right, why would I... Uh..."

Gosh, it really was fascinating how easily she was doing that. Did Nabiki have a bit more martial arts experience than they'd all assumed? The whirling metal was a blur at this point, occasionally reflecting light into Ukyo's eyes. Not enough to make her wince or anything like that. But...

The skill distracting it was fascinating. Not up to Ukyo's level, of course... But still weirdly enthralling. She could almost see a sort of spiral shape growing in the middle of it, developing, swelling, swirling around and around, with Nabiki's face in the background. To the point the walls of her own restaurant faded into nothing, as though the only thing there was her, the spinning spatula, and Nabiki's floating face.

Ba-dumf! Something made Ukyo's heart pound hard in her chest. Ba-dumf! Nabiki turned around and started doing knee lifts, still spinning the spatula but now raising it up in the air. Lowering it, whirling around and around. Ba-dumf, ba-dumf. You know, she was kinda cute like this.

"I heard Ranma say something interesting."

Knee lift. Spin. Swirling. Pretty. Confident. Sexy. So hot. Ukyo's thoughts felt like they were being scattered to the winds. As though something was reaching inside her thoughts, desperate for a foothold. Then, with that statement, it found what it was looking for.

"Uh?"

Ranma. Ranma! Her second true love! After okonomiyaki, of course. It was a close thing, given how she felt about that boy. Smitten since they were little. He was so effortlessly charming. So handsome and strong. So cool and -

"He thinks cheerleaders are the cutest."

Clang! It dropped into her brain like a giant weight. Ch-Cheerleaders? Was that what he was into? She'd never really thought about that before, but -

Kneelift, spin, whirl around. Nabiki felt weirdly more girly and cute today. Cute.

"The... Cutest?" Ukyo muttered.

Nabiki was cute like a cheerleader. That was what Ranma liked. Ukyo L-O-V-E-D Ranma... but he never looked at her as anything other than a friend. He acknowledged she was cute. Hell, she was the cute fiance! But he never looked at her like a romantic partner.

Would that fix it? Would that change it? Would he look at her differently? Not just as a friend, not just as a chef, but as a girl? As a woman? As someone he could learn to L-O-V-E?

"Give it a T-RY, you'll be surprised how much you like it."

Nabiki's voice was starting to sound, like, a little weird, too. She was still confident, but there was a weird twang to it. Like her intelligence was fading a little with each and every syllable. Not that Ukyo could focus on such things, while watching this routine.

Looking at Nabiki, Ukyo felt strange. Couldn't take her eyes off her. She's having fun. So much fun. Maybe she was right? Maybe... Just maybe, she should give this a T-R-Y?

She undid her top and let it drop to the ground, standing there with only her sarashi on her top. Nabiki nodded along to this, and whipped her skirt off - revealing a much shorter skirt underneath! Ah! Look at those thighs! Oh! And that jumper was a bit shorter than Ukyo had thought as well! The longer skirt had been hitched up higher on Nabiki's waist, covering the fact that the jumper exposed her tummy!

"Come on, Ucchan! Change right here! You'll make a sexy cheerleader!"

Nabiki chanted that while continuing to spin her body and the spatula around and around. Ukyo reached behind herself, and undid the sarashi, letting her bare breasts bounce free.

"Love the way that you feel, maximise your sex appeal!"

Nabiki kicked a bag over the counter, which Ukyo caught with ease. It had a cheerleader uniform inside it. Ukyo pulled it out of the bag, held it up to her body and then without a moment's hesitation started to put it on. All the while, staring at Nabiki who was happily cheering away. Chanting. Spinning. Cutely giggling away.

"Tee-hee! Make your breasts bounce and jiggle, cheerleaders love to strut and giggle!"

"Tee-hee!" Ukyo giggled away. She hopped a little, and rocked on her heels. Yeah, that's the trick. Ranma was sure to like it if she did that. No way he'd be able to ignore her femininity now! He'd be, like, totally entranced by her when she was like this.

"Just one glance and boys want more, ditzzy cheering funds your store!"

Ah, but when her trousers hit the floor and she had this teeny tiny skirt around her waist, she wasn't sure if she'd ever be able to wear something like trousers ever again. Ohhh, she could make it a theme of her restaurant! Ucchan's Cheering Okonomiyaki! A brand change like that would make her stand out with ease!

"Nice legs, Uchan! This look suits you well!"

A genuine compliment like that coming from Nabiki was really something considering how amazing her legs were. Ukyo put her hands on her hips right away and slightly lifted her knee. She felt so totally excited, and she really couldn't wait to show off for Ranma!

"Really?" Ukyo asked. Though she was smiling, there was that little bit of insecurity. She knew she was a total hottie like this, but... "I'm not used to wearing a skirt." Knowing how to move and stand like this was going to take a little bit to get used to.

"Do you want to change back?"

Did she want to change back...? For a moment there, Ukyo caught sight of herself. Like she was staring at a far off mirror. She saw herself in her regular okonomiyaki gear. Slaving away behind a counter. The figure there was pretty enough, but easily passable for a boy. A very handsome B-O-Y, when she was actually a G-I-R-L.

Dressed like this, though? She was a G-I-R-L through and through. People would get to see her for what she really was?

"No, I feel like this could be a lot of F-U-N!"

With that declaration, any doubt she had was gone! Ukyo Kuonji was a cheerleading okonomiyaki chef! A serious C-U-T-E girl, who might not be, like, the smartest girl around but she was super nice, super reliable and would do whatever it took to fill your belly and cheer. You. Up!

"Atta-girl! I knew you'd see the light!"

And so she had. There was only one thing that could make her feel better. Helping other girls see it too.

## Leotard Madness

This might come as a surprise to some, but Akane Tendo is actually a fairly good martial artist. At the local level. Oh, don't misunderstand. She's been vastly overshadowed by Ranma and the weirdos that came after him. However, being able to take on several athletes at once is not a feat to be ignored. That's actually pretty impressive, if she did say so herself.

That's why she'd been invited to an all girl's tournament. Which she won, thank you very much! It had meant a few days away, staying at a hotel with the other competitors. Her father had wanted to come along. Even tried to get Ranma to go 'show support'. He'd denied it.

But she was pretty sure she'd seen a pigtail and red shirt in that audience during the finals. The dork, he really did care didn't he? Well, now she was on her way home with a trophy to show off. It was pretty late at night though, and by the time she got back everyone was already asleep. Fine by her. Akane crept upstairs, trophy in hand, not wanting to wake anyone up. Then she changed, left her trophy on the table by her bedside, and curled up to have a good night's rest.

She could hardly wait to see their reaction! Ah... She wondered what had been going on while she was gone? Maybe something weird had happened again, and she'd missed it for once? Whatever it was, she'd deal with it in the morning. For now she practically collapsed into bed, her consciousness fading the instant she hit the pillow.

After a minute or so, she began to thrash around on her bed. Not snoring, but still very violent in her sleep. Acting out her dream obliviously. And as she slept, a figure crept into her room with something in hand. They approached, apparently intending to drape it across her - but survival instinct kicked in, causing them to back off and content themselves with tossing the object across the room, where it landed on the edge of her bed, well within the 'not safe to enter while Akane is at rest' zone.

The figure sighed and shrugged, then turned to leave. They didn't seem bothered at failing to do what they came to do. Almost as if they already knew that the outcome was already set in stone, no matter what.

=====

With dawn the next morning, Akane rose from bed feeling refreshed and content. There's something nice about returning to your own bed after a few days away. Sleeping under your own roof, surrounded by familiar things. Slipping back into your usual routine suddenly feels a bit newer, yet more comfortable.

However, Akane found something strange sitting at the end of her bed. She hadn't noticed it last night, but for whatever reason there was a piece of fabric sitting there. She picked it up tentatively, between the tips of her index and middle finger and studied it carefully.

"A leotard?" she mused. "Looks kind of small to me." Indeed, there wasn't much material there. It would probably be sized for someone a bit shorter for her, if she had to guess. There was something else about it that was bothering her as well, but... No, never mind. "The material is pretty high quality though. Very soft, quite nice..."

No matter. She set it aside, having no intention of putting it on. From there, she dressed as normal in her jogging clothes as per her usual routine. A quick sprint around Furinkan to get the blood pumping and wake up her muscles. When she returned home she could play it all cool and nonchalant. Oh, that tournament? Why, she won it, no big deal. You want to see her trophy? Alright, alright, it's in my room...

"Good morning, Akane!"

"Good morning Kasumi!"

For a moment Akane was lost in playing that out in her head, including the things she'd say to Ranma, needling him for congratulations until he finally gave her a 'well done' or something. But then her eyes caught up to her brain as she realised exactly what she'd almost run past without paying much attention to it.

That being, her older sister Kasumi. The woman she looked up to. Admired. Wanted to be more like. The ultimate example of femininity that she aspired towards. Was going about her business wearing a shiny leotard. Not just any leotard either. This one was quite high up on her hips, leaving not very much to the imagination.

Had Kasumi been exercising? Yoga, perhaps? It wasn't too hard to imagine, maybe she'd lost track of time and had to finish breakfast, didn't have the time to change clothes anymore? It was a little weird seeing her like this, especially since -

"Big sister?" Akane nervously called out. "Uh, your leotard is... it's a little bit wedged in there."

How embarrassing! Having to point that out to Kasumi, of all people! The older sister gasped, obviously mortified. "Thank you, Akane!" she said. Now, Akane thought that would be the end of it. Kasumi would sort herself out, and was indeed making moves to that very end. However...

Instead of tugging the leotard out and getting it to cover her cheeks more effectively, Kasumi instead tugged the material upwards - pulling yet more of it into her crack, wedging herself even more deeply than before, and in the process showing off more of her round quivering flesh. She even rolled her hips in a weird way while doing so, right before Akane's unbelieving eyes.

"There! Much better. Thank you again, Akane!"

What in the world...? Kasumi went about doing what she was doing without a care, practically skipping her way into the kitchen, humming a jaunty tune. Akane trailed after her, unsure what

to make of this. Why was Kasumi wearing something like that? Why had she deliberately wedged herself more instead of less? It was almost as if she was trying to show off her body on purpose, especially her butt. Which was totally unlike her, she normally preferred wearing long flowery dresses that didn't show off her body that much, so this was very strange.

"Morning, sis!" Nabiki said, stifling a yawn. "So? What's up with you?"

"I think something strange is going on with Kasumi," Akane whispered, watching their older sister carefully. She was standing at a counter, humming to herself, cutting vegetables and generally going about preparing breakfast. But she was also sort of shifting her weight between the notes. Gosh, that leotard really was high on her hips. In fact, it wasn't even on her hips. It was more over them than anything else. It barely hit anything from the waist down, in fact. "She wouldn't normally wear something like that."

"Something like what?" Nabiki asked. "I don't see anything strange about that."

"You don't see anything strange about - " Akane began, turning to Nabiki and only stopping when she got an actual good look at the middle sister. Stopping because she, as it turned out, was wearing exactly the same thing that Kasumi was wearing.

The colour scheme was a bit different. Kasumi had a light blue leotard, Nabiki a cash green. The design was the same though. Exactly the same.

"I don't see anything strange about Kasumi wearing a high waisted thong leotard," Nabiki said. "Are you feeling alright, Akane? You didn't hit your head at that tournament, did you?"

Nabiki casually strolled by, confirming for Akane that yes, she was wearing the exact same thing. It was a little remarkable how different the two of them came off though. Kasumi had fairly wide hips, while Nabiki had slender legs that almost made her seem taller than she really was. For both of them, the limited material of the leotard almost seemed like - like a picture frame around their exposed posteriors. Which neither of them had any shame at all in showing off.

Now, Nabiki? She could see that. If someone forked over enough cash (and it would have to be a lot of cash) she might do that. Kasumi though? No way. This wasn't just some fashion statement. They both had very different taste in clothes.

"Good morning Akane!" Oh no. That was her father. She turned to look, dreading what she might see and - thank goodness. He was in his normal clothes. The same brownish gi he always wore. "So, how did you do at the tournament?"

"Eh, she probably won and can't wait to show off," came Ranma's tone, and mercifully he was wearing his usual red shirt and black trousers.

"Ranma! Be more respectful to your - " that was Ranma's father, mister Saotome, who was quickly interrupted by a pail of water tossed over his head by Ranma, activating his Jusenkyo curse and turning him into a panda.

None of the tree of them were wearing leotards, thank goodness. For a moment there she thought she was having a really bad dream.

"Yeah, I won the tournament! I'll show you guys the trophy later, but..." Akane leaned into them and pointed at her sisters, who were speaking about something or other in the kitchen. Kasumi still shifting her weight from foot to foot, while Nabiki was rolling back on her heels. "Since when were those two wearing... those?"

"What do you mean?" her father asked. "They've always worn skimpy leotards like that."

"Yeah, it's really distracting," Ranma admitted. "I try to not stare, but - You know."

"Growf!" the panda growled. Then he held up a sign which read "Nothing odd here." When a panda being able to write and hold a sign was plenty odd by itself.

What? They didn't see anything at all that was odd about this?! Why not! It was fairly obvious to her! Unless... they were all playing a practical joke on her?

"Oh, haha! Very funny! I'll give you this, it's original!" Akane rolled her eyes. "I'm going for a jog. I'm still in a good mood from winning the tournament, so I'll overlook your teasing for now."

Hrmp! What kind of practical joke was this meant to be? More like an impractical joke! Honestly now, how did they even persuade Kasumi to go along with something like this? Akane decided to ignore it for now. If she got upset, then it would give them the reaction they wanted. Instead she was going to go for a jog. Clear her head a bit. Then come back and talk about the -

"Good morning Akane!" said Mrs Sato, a newly married woman from further down the street. "Out for your morning jog again?"

Akane didn't answer right away. Because, for some reason, Mrs Sato was wearing a pure white leotard of the same cut as the others. "Uh... yeah?" she muttered in reply upon realising she'd been staring a little too long. Mrs Sato nodded, giggled to herself, then turned around and stepped with great purpose off towards her own home, apparently quite proud that her butt was on full display.

What.... the... hell is this? Akane resumed jogging, feeling a little put out now. A feeling that didn't improve as she continued on her way. There weren't a *ton* of people out and about this early, but of those she was one thing could be said for sure.

Every single pretty woman was wearing one of those high cut leotards that exposed the hips, and for that matter practically everything from the waist down. Every single one. Without fail. The colours were different, some had unique patterns to them, but even so, this was quite the bizarre experience to have. None of them seemed to care if a man happened to obviously stare at them. In fact, they seemed to be almost encouraging it.

Not just the men either. A few of them seemed to pick up that Akane was looking at them. Then they either squat down, or bent over at the waist as if aiming their butts right at her. Deliberately trying to make her aware of the soft curve of their cheeks, the shape of their hind flesh. It was weird. Really weird!

Something weird had definitely happened while she was gone. And, if she was any judge, it was something quite perverted as well. It was far too big to be a mere practical joke. She needed more information. There really was nothing else for it. This was a bit out of her way for her normal jogging route, but it would be for the best if she checked in on a few people first.

First stop: Uchan's. Open for the breakfast rush. Of the other girls after Ranma, Akane had always gotten on way better with Ukyo. Not that this was a high bar. Ukyo was actually a pretty decent person, you know. Which might make this a bit harder to deal with. On arriving outside, Akane braced herself. She probably wasn't going to like what she found inside. Still, she could have a casual conversation with Ukyo. Subtly interrogate her on stuff that had happened while she was away.

"Good morning and welcome!"

Despite her psychological preparations, Akane was still caught completely flat footed by the unexpected sight of Konatsu, Ukyo's sole employee, who was the only male wearing one of those leotards that Akane had yet seen. Unexpected because, despite having a man's body, this suited him very, very well. A jet black model clung to his body, but because of the way he moved and the slim physique he had, it was like you didn't notice this wasn't a cute girl.

The restaurant itself had a couple of customers happily eating okonomiyaki. Again, the cute girls were wearing leotards. And... behind the counter, Ukyo was wearing an apron, but it was hard to see if she was wearing anything else. With heart beating in her chest, Akane went to the corner of the restaurant, a little bit behind and off to the side of where Ukyo was cooking up some okonomiyaki. As expected - yes, she was wearing one as well. Dark blue upper half, with the bottom half of it black. Though a decent portion of the material was disappearing in between Ukyo's pleasantly toned cheeks. She was a bit busy talking with a customer to greet Akane right away, which was fine. It gave her the time she needed to think through her approach.

"Morning, Akane!" Ukyo said, all chipper and happy. She turned around, and Akane felt a little bit embarrassed there, realising that she'd been staring at Ukyo's shapely exposed hind quarters and legs while thinking through her strategy. "So, back from that tournament, huh? Got some good news for us?"



"Huh? Oh yeah, I won that tournament..." Akane said. Funny, that didn't seem all that important anymore. "Ukyo, did anything weird happen while I was away?"

"Oh, you mean besides Konatsu and I shacking up?" Ukyo asked.

"Yeah, I mean besides - Hold on, what?!"

Akane turned to look at the adorable male kunoichi, clad in that black skimpy outfit. Gaily frolicking around the room with a girly aura that rivalled even Kasumi's, while his package was barely hidden away from the world through very limited material. Then, back to Ukyo, who was bashfully twirling her ponytail around on the end of her finger.

"The two of you are...?" Akane held up her pinky, and to her surprise Ukyo nodded in confirmation. "How did that happen?"

"Ah, well, it just felt right, you know?" Ukyo shrugged. "I mean, look at him over there." Akane looked. And saw an adorable little rabbit that was in desperate need of protection. "You have no idea how hard it is, looking at him over there, and not dragging his hot ass upstairs to clap my cheeks like he did last night."

"Ukyo!"

"What, he doesn't mind. Do you Konatsu?" Ukyo yelled. Ah! Come on now, don't do something like - Oh gosh, Konatsu was wagging his eyebrows suggestively, blowing a kiss and smacking his hot ass! Noooo, this was way too much information! The last thing Akane wanted was information on her friend's sex lives! She didn't even want to know they had a sex life! "Mm, if I put some batter on his back, he'd probably cook it right up. Don't you think he's hot, Akane?"

"Yes, okay, he's kinda cute, but - " Okay! Okay! Compose yourself! "Wh-What about Ranma?"

"Ranma?" Ukyo tilted her head. "Ah, that was a mere childhood crush. We work way better as buddies, you know? Besides, he's obviously into someone else, and it would be so... *terribly* naughty of me to even *consider* the possibility of trying to steal him for myself."

"You'd have to be punished for that," one of the customers piped in.

"Punished so badly," another added.

"You work better with Konatsu," the first nodded along.

Okay... Okay, that was really creepy. The way that they all just... sorta agreed like that, without any seeming prompting. It seemed to Akane like she'd gained a bit of information she probably

didn't want, but also something telling her - no, warning her that this was a lot more serious than a mere fashion statement.

"So, what's with the leotards...?" Akane asked. That is what she was here to find out about. "Don't you think they're a little revealing?"

"Ah, at first, but - Hell, the fabric is surprisingly good at trapping and regulating body heat." Even though it didn't cover the legs at all. In fact, it seemed to almost delight in showing off as much leg as humanly possible. All of the leg, out there on a pedestal for the whole world to see. "It's smart, it's comfortable."

"And even an unworthy manwhore like myself is given the wondrous gift of freely beholding Mistress Ukyo's lovely legs," Konatsu piped in.

"Funny, I was going to say the same thing about yours," Ukyo said. All flirty and with a little seductive yip added to the end of her sentence. This was so... so surreal. The two of them were flirting brazenly right there in front of her. While wearing such ridiculous skimpy clothing!

"Ah, excuse me, I have to go!" Akane said, not giving them time to stop what they were doing because she had to get out of there before things somehow, impossibly, got even weirder. "Nice talking with you, Ukyo! Catch you later!"

She rushed outside, took several deep breaths, then heard something from within. "She's gonna look amazing in a leotard." followed by a general murmur of agreement. Guh! Okay! Information retrieved! Now, with that information in hand, it was time to go deep into enemy territory.

Being perfectly honest, the biggest problem she had with hooking up with Ranma (aside from his ego, his mouth, their parents, her own ego, her own mouth...) that would have to be Shampoo. The sultry foreign martial artist who was genuinely as cute as a button but as dangerous as a wild tiger. She was cunning, she was skilled, she was also absolutely ruthless. But she also had Cologne, her great grandmother. A wise and very powerful martial artist, who had her own goals, which often didn't align with anyone but Shampoo's. On the other hand she was a useful ally when weird stuff did happen.

If every pretty girl in Furinkan strolling around in a shiny tiny leotard tailor made to highlight their feminine attributes, while also deliberately behaving in ways to further draw attention to their waists and jiggling exposed glutes wasn't in the 'weird stuff' category, then Akane didn't know what would be!

"Well, what a strange sight to see at this time in the morning," Cologne cackled ominously as Akane strode inside the cat cafe. In the middle of the morning rush. Whole lot of customers today. Was it always this busy in the morning? Akane was usually too busy jogging to check it out. "All alone today, are we? What brings you by? Come to gloat about your inevitable victory in that tournament?"

"Have you noticed anything -" Akane began to ask, but then she caught sight of her hated rival. Shampoo striding out there, doing her job as a waitress. One hand on her hip, another holding up a tray, and she was busy working it while working. Akane had said it before, right? Shampoo had a pleasantly curvy feminine body. Large, bouncing breasts, a toned waist, ideal childbearing hips and legs that rivalled a model.

Well, that body was standing there right now in a gleaming purple leotard. It embraced her waist for dear life, sitting snugly atop her hips while the extremely minimal fabric stretched in between her legs, straining to the point that one felt it might snap if she actually tried any exercise. All the while, each step looked like someone was pushing a pendulum in motion atop a cart. As much as Akane hated to admit it, Shampoo looked *really good* like this. Confident, powerful, sexy and in charge. Even though she was putting herself on display, it felt like she could have any man on their knees in a moment kissing her feet.

"Oops, Shampoo clumsy!" she said, letting something slip from her tray. A sugar packet? Akane didn't see it. She was too busy gawping at the unbelievable sight of Shampoo bending at the waist, practically shoving her rear right into a customer's face. Not that he seemed to mind. Quite the opposite, actually.

"Quite the cunning business strategy, yes?" Cologne chuckled. She bopped Akane on the head and in the process pushed her into a seat at an empty table. "They're sure to come back for more. Now! What business do you have with us?"

"Wh-When did Shampoo start...?" Akane asked. Ah, wait a minute here. The way that she was talking, could it be that Cologne... Even she was under the impression there wasn't anything weird about this? "When did she start wearing that?"

"Oh, the other day. At first I was unsure, but she made quite the convincing argument. Are you feeling quite alright, Miss Tendo? You seem to have turned rather pale."

Pale? Yes. She probably was a bit pale. Whatever had happened, it had somehow managed to get to Cologne too. But how? She cast her gaze back towards Shampoo, who was repeating the same thing over and over again at new tables. Step, jiggle, step jiggle. Oops, dropped the same sugar packet, then bend alllll the way over, the shiny purple leotard practically putting a spotlight on her rump before suddenly snapping back up, putting the food on the table and then retrieving the next lot of food.

What could it be? Wiggle wiggle. What could be making them act like this? Bounce bounce. What insidious mechanism could be at play here that could make them all act this way? Strut, strut. Akane racked her brain, but she couldn't figure it out! Sparkle, sparkle.

"Nihao, kitchen wrecker!" Shampoo chirped happily, arriving at Akane's table. "Is nice to see - Oops!"

And now it was Akane's turn to have the same treatment that other customers had already experienced. Shampoo practically serving up ass right into her face. Normally she would look away, butt not this time. She was going to assess Shampoo's glutes with care and get to the bottom of this, too sweet. The thing was, aside from being a particularly pleasing posterior, there wasn't anything especially strange about it that Akane could see. And Shampoo was certainly giving her ample time to perform her assessment.

In fact, she'd stayed down for almost double the amount of time she had for the other customers.

"Go ahead," Cologne said. "It's fine. Nobody will judge you."

Upon hearing that permission granted, Akane performed a more tactile examination of Shampoo's cheeks. Not bad! Some powerful muscle under that booty, which made Akane think that she was making it jiggle quite deliberately. Remarkable muscle control if that was the case. Butt, alas there was nothing here but firm prime booty.

Then maybe her legs? Akane poked and prodded her thighs, ran her hands down them and performed a mental comparison between Shampoo and the other girls she'd seen today. She reminisced of Kasumi wedgying herself. Thought at length about Nabiki strutting past her, cool aloof and exposed. She considered Ukyo, working behind the counter, and Konatsu greeting her at the door.

There wasn't anything in particular about them that stood out. Nothing... except the leotards themselves! Ah! Now, Shampoo was doing squats! This was a bit helpful in her assessment, butt it was also giving Akane herself a bit of a workout too.

"Hrm... No, I guess it must be the leotards..." Akane muttered to herself. "Ah, thank you for having me. I'm going home now."

"Oooh!" Shampoo moaned, leaning against a table as Akane left the cafe. "Shampoo no can wait to pay her back for that. It feel too too good!"

"Patience, great grand-daughter. It won't be long you'll have to wait."

Right. Okay. She was out for a jog. Let's make it an outright sprint home, shall we? The situation was worse than she had assumed. Whatever had happened, it had sunk its claws deep into Furinkan while she was away. She needed to think. Regroup. Put together everything she'd seen today and try to figure out a way to avoid the same sexy fate befalling her. By the time she was home, she'd worked up a good hard sweat, not from exertion but from sheer confused panic.

"There you are, Akane!" Kasumi happily chirped, seeming utterly oblivious to her gleaming demeaning fate. "Oh, my. You were out for longer than usual."

Akane bit her lip and looked her sister up and down, still unable to believe what she was seeing. Such a revealing costume for someone like her to wear, the thin material hiding basically nothing as its shiny sexy and probably comfortable material clung to her gorgeous body, emphasising and highlighting to all the world exactly how beautiful she was - it wasn't the sort of thing she'd ever normally dream of wearing, and yet Akane knew that if she asked she'd be willing to go out in it, without question.

"Ah, you've worked out quite a sweat at least," Kasumi said, whirling around and strutting off. Look at those legs! She had no business going out like that! "Might I suggest a bath? It would help you feel more refreshed."

A bath. Yes, a bath might be just what she needed. Akane did feel all warm and uncomfortable all over, like her skin was crawling with ants. If she could wash it off her, if she could maybe she could concentrate on something other than those leotards? Piece together who was responsible, how they'd done it, and how to undo this hot sexy fate that had befallen everyone she knew? That seemed logical. It seemed rational. It seemed like - Like that was ultimately the very best thing she could possibly do right now.

Akane entered the bathroom in a daze, stripped out of her clothes so fast she might have torn them by accident, and stood there for a moment letting the cool air wash over her body. This felt a bit better. A little less of the stress was wearing her down. Which was good. She needed to think. She needed to focus. It was basically her against the world right now.

Akane scrubbed herself down, and let a frown cross her face while thinking about it. Out of nowhere, every single cute girl she knew was wearing one of those high waisted leotard. Not to belabour the point or anything, but that was the uniquely strange thing. A sudden fashion quirk like that doesn't just spring up out of nowhere overnight. Someone had to have done something to them. But what? Why was everyone else behaving like it was normal? Well, the boys she'd seen weren't exactly behaving like it was *normal* per se. It was more like they weren't complaining about it. Enjoying the sights. Blatantly leering. The girls seemed to be aware of it. Which made sense because girls were always aware of when a boy was looking, no matter how clever he thought he might be about it.

With the dirt washed from her body, Akane sank into the warm refreshing water, her inner mind's eye cycling through them all. Kasumi's hips. Nabiki's legs. Ukyo's waist. Shampoo's butt. Something had made them leave those areas of themselves exposed. Those pretty, gorgeous areas. Framed by the shiny material. So shiny and sparkly it seemed to shift alongside them. When they moved it was like someone had spun around a disco ball. Sparks of light flickering and fading, keeping your attention even when you were so embarrassed you almost wanted to look away.

But then a thought struck her - How had Ranma been affected by this? There was no way he'd gotten away from this. In fact, he hadn't. He'd not even noticed the sexy attire that Kasumi and Nabiki had been wearing... But what about his girl form? Would Ranma's clothes change upon being splashed? Did 'she' peel those slightly baggy trousers off, toss aside her silk shirt and reveal to the world that shortstack, busty body in all its leotard clad glory...?

Despite herself, Akane kind of wanted to see that. Ranma's girl form was really, really cute as it was...

Someone had entered the bathroom. "Who is there?" Akane yelled, rushing out of the bath just in time to see the door closed. "Blast it..." She grabbed a towel and went to follow - but then stopped.

Hadn't she put her clothes in the washing basket? The shorts and shirt she'd been wearing up until now should be in there, right? Yet they weren't. They were gone. Replaced by a shiny blue leotard. Just for her. Only for her. Akane held it up on the very edge of her fingertips, breathing gradually growing heavier and heavier with each passing moment. This was... this was bad, right? This was very, very bad!

"Guh!" she yelped, tossing the offending item aside. "N-No, not a chance!" Next, she grabbed a towel and wrapped it around herself, and rushed out of the room, making a beeline right for her own. She threw the door open, went to her closet and -

Leotards. Nothing but blue, shiny leotards. All the same model and design, hanging off hangers in such a way that made it extremely obvious. Her body would be put on display like the others (and maybe Ranma would pay her some attention), and she would deliberately put her extremely cute body out there for everyone to gawp at. She slammed the closet shut next, and went to her underwear drawer. Same thing. Same thing in every drawer. Tucked up, folded leotards. No gi, no trousers, no skirts, no shirts, no jumpers - though there were still socks. Mostly blue thigh-high socks that felt and looked like they were made of the same material as the leotards.

Well, that was something right?! At least it would cover more of her body! Oh! Akane tossed it against the wall and marched out of her room.

"If you think you can beat me like this you have another thing coming!" No reply to her outburst. It was easy to make that kind of declaration, but she was still having to go around with a towel. Not really a whole lot of options. In which case, it was time to stop playing nice. She was going to find one of her sisters, corner her and then get some answers about what was going on around here once and for all!

It didn't take long to track them down. Yes, them. Both of them. They were heading off towards the training hall, practically skipping on the way. Akane followed after, scowling angrily. Not at them. At what they were wearing. That mysterious, corrupting sexy shiny leotard that kept on

catching the light whenever they moved and practically forced her to stare at their exposed buttons and well formed legs. Honestly! The person responsible for this had to be really sick in the head!

"Ohohohohohoho!"

Of course. Somehow, Akane should have seen this coming. Sitting at the back of the training hall was, of course, Kodachi Kuno. Martial arts gymnast, who always went around in her own leotard with a black rose motif. Yet another girl who was always after Ranma. Though in this case Akane was pretty sure he liked Kodachi the least out of all of them. Seeing her there was almost not a surprise at all.

That wasn't to say there were no surprises at all in the room. For one thing, Kodachi was sitting atop her arch-rival, Asuka the white lily, herself adorned in a leotard that had a lily pattern all over it. On her hands and knees, sitting there, the normally haughty rival had been reduced to mere furniture for Kodachi to plant her pleasant posterior upon without protest.

Then there was the sight in front of her. There were two rows of girls, all stretching sexily while forming what almost seemed like a corridor leading from the door to Kodachi herself. Girls that Akane knew. Her sisters, her rivals, her friends - Even a few other familiar faces she hadn't seen in a while like Azusa Shiratori and Mariko Konjo. There was also adult form Hinako being sustained by those fighting fish, and even Auntie Nodoka! Bending and stretching every which way, different poses and yet shifting their weight and moving to a general even tempo that seemed the same among the whole lot of them.

Swallowing nervously, Akane stepped into the room. Unknowingly matching that same tempo as well with her footsteps.

"Kodachi! You're responsible for all this?" Akane accused. "Don't think you're going to get away with this!"

The crazed gymnast looked down her nose at Akane, then leaned back and crossed her legs. "Do you know, I am getting quite tired of hearing you girls make such lazy proclamations, only to fall instantly to my new power. Do you honestly believe you could fight off all of us, if it came down to it?"

Nope! Even Ranma would struggle against this combo. Hinako and Shampoo alone made it almost impossible to imagine it being pulled off. She had to keep this a one on one affair. Her versus Kodachi, and nobody else.

"How did you do it?" Akane sniffed. "Go on, aren't you supposed to brag about how this whole thing works?"

"Ohohoho, so you can find an opportunity to counter it?" Kodachi laughed. And then, so did everyone else in the room. It was the creepiest thing Akane had ever experienced. It unsettled her to the core, sending a shiver down her spine so hard it bounced back up again. "Very well then, it is not as though you can do anything. It truly is too late."

Kodachi rose from her 'seat' and began to stroll idly down the corridor. Unarmed. Which was weird. She usually had a ribbon or the like. Yet instead of having any kind of battle posture, she was confidently strutting down the aisle like a model, hands on her hips with big exaggerated steps.

"It all began when I found this enchanted material with the most unusual properties," Kodachi began. "It affected the mind of the wearer and observers in the most unusual way. Naturally, I had to experiment with it further, and was able to have it mass produced. Ohohoho, it's amazing what you can do with a little ingenuity!"

"Affects the mind? In what way?" Akane asked.

"Hrmph! To put it simply, my dear, it intoxicates the mind with sexual desire. A deep rooted carnal lust that grows and grows before the victim knows what is happening. Furthermore, it seems the traits are magically bound to a single person in a way that I still do not fully comprehend! After that, I called your sister Nabiki, to speak with me under pretense of being my foolish brother. One dose of paralysis powder later and - "

Kodachi turned around and squat down, causing the material to disappear a fraction more between her cheeks. Her body was pretty much ideally suited to wear a leotard - which makes sense in a way, as she was a gymnast. Of course she'd train her body that way. It would appeal to her ego, as well as her style of fighting.

"I squat down like this, and she couldn't help but break instantly," Kodachi smirked. Then she rose and dropped that butt so hard Akane thought she could hear a drumbeat. The motion was repeated. Quickly, so quick that if Akane set bricks under her, she'd break at least five. Boom, boom, boom, boom, the phantom noise beat away in her brain. Akane knew it wasn't there, but if you held her at gunpoint and asked her if it was real she'd still insist that it was despite all reason. "She was so. So. Helpful after that. Bringing your eldest sister under my control. Then that good Doctor Tofu under hers. From there, our influence spread out a little at a time under everyone's radar. Ohohohoho! Yes, it was a shame you were away at that tournament, but now I get to bask in your despair as you realise how defeated you are."

"I'm... I'm not beaten yet," Akane growled. She clutched the towel closer to herself. "Your little squat thrust show didn't beat me!"

"Of course not," said a voice she almost didn't want to hear right now. Ranma's girl form. Right behind her. "Can't break what's already broken, tomboy."



Ranma's speed was no joke. As talented as Akane might be, Ranma's ability to move was beyond anything she thought she'd ever manage. Her towel was ripped from her body, leaving Akane whirling around until she felt giddy, collapsing to her knees after a moment - And then realising to her horror that she was wearing one of those leotards.

"Wh-What?" Akane burred, confused, touching her own body, confirming for herself that there was a leotard right there. "When did I - How did I?!"

Kodachi sneered. "Foolish girl, you put it on in the bathroom! Did you not notice?"

N-No! She had to get this off herself before... Oh gosh this was super comfortable actually. Feel that soft fabric. Even the part going in between her cheeks felt really nice. The part pressed up against her pussy was rubbing it just the right way... But no! Stop that! It's the material having this effect on you! Ah! Quick, peel it off! Take it off, tear it off before - Before!

The finishing blow happened right in front of her. Ranma Saotome. Girl form. Strutting in front of her wearing one of these damned things as well. Akane didn't even register the colour scheme this time. It didn't matter. What did matter was that girl form Ranma walked right up to Kodachi, dipped her, and gave her the kind of searing kiss you don't see in real life. Only in movies. The busty shortstack letting her hands trail down Kodachi's waist, gripping her thighs and relishing what she found there.

As for Akane she found herself moving forward on her hands and knees. Now, don't do this. If you do this, it's the same thing as admitting defeat. It's the same exact thing as tossing in the towel, surrendering and announcing that you have already lost.

"This Jusenkyo curse was quite the surprise," Kodachi purred, letting Ranma nuzzle into her neck. "Ohohoho! It's hard to tell which I prefer as a lover. The hunky beefcake boy, or the adorable curvaceous girl!"

Kodachi had even taken Ranma to bed in both forms. It almost felt like there was nothing left fighting for. Akane's face hovered inches from Ranma's butt, yet moved no closer. It was almost as if - As if there was only one thing holding her back from total and complete defeat.

"Mistress Kodachi, why don't we let Akane come to bed with us as well?" Ranma asked. "She's tried so very, very hard. Right?"

"As you wish, my darling Ranma," Kodachi said. "All that she has to do is surrender now - ah, she seems to be burying her face in between your cheeks. I dare say at this point that Furinkan belongs to us, don't you think?"

Kodachi let out an uproarious laugh, which was in turn followed by the other girls in the training hall. Laughing in unison, laughing at Akane, laughing at the idea that anyone could possibly

resist them. It wasn't how anyone might expect the bizarre romantic entanglement surrounding them to resolve - but you could hardly argue that they weren't happy with the arrangement.

## Furinkan Boy's Club

Much is made of a martial artist's ability to sense danger on the horizon. Killing intent. A battle aura. In truth, it's not exactly a sixth sense. It's merely training to help one use the five regular senses one already has. Sight, sound, touch, taste, smell. All working in conjunction to warn of imminent danger.

To be pedantic humans have way more senses than six anyway, like sense of time, spatial awareness and so on, but those aren't usually all that helpful to a martial artist when trying to sense imminent danger, so let's move on.

It's all subconscious. Your brain is assaulted with stimulus on a constant basis. Picking out the important points from the noise is hard, so we all block out most of it. Focus on the things we think are relevant. Or, you know, get distracted by a pretty shiny light in the background or something. After a certain point a martial artist's brain can become aware of things that realistically anyone could notice. The stimulus is there, the brain has registered it, but hasn't the training to make the connection. That's the key point that's missing. The training.

So, what are battle auras? Well, they're-

Uh.

Nevermind that for now, let's focus on Ranma and Akane. Yes, I have an explanation for battle auras, b-but it's not relevant right now. What is relevant is that girl form Ranma and boy form Akane were approaching Furinkan High School, and Ranma had picked up on something on the wind.

It was several things at once. If you asked Ranma to pick them out, she couldn't tell you what they were. The hair on Akane's strong, muscular neck standing on end. The tension in his muscles. The creases upon his handsome face forming into a focused picturesque scowl that Ranma could stare at for hours and hours. The sound of rapidly approaching feet, the slight increase in Akane's pace.

All of which was jumping up and down on Ranma's 'hold on something's going down!' levers inside her brain.

Akane suddenly broke into a dash into the school grounds. "I... hate... perverts!" he yelled, which made Ranma sad for some reason, up until he got a really good look at Akane's broad back. Though that weird feeling went away upon noticing -

"Date me!"

"No, date me!"

"I will do things to you that will ruin you for other women! if you'd just let me!"

A whole lot of girls were rushing right towards <b>Ranma's fiance</b>. Attempting to mob him. With hearts in their eyes. Ranma sniffed a little. Oooh, a playboy, was he? Was that whole thing about being frustrated by the girls acting up itself an act? Clearly Akane had to be stringing these girls along using that hunky boy form -

"Kya!"

Or, and this was just a working hypothesis here, Akane was engaged in a really strange form of kinkplay that involved them trying to attack him, and then him throwing them on their butts. Which, in Ranma's honest estimation, weren't as nice butts as her girl form's. Or Akane's girl form for that matter.

The attacking girls were all athletes, by Ranma's reckoning. A few of them had brought weapons, too. As for Akane, he ran through them like they weren't even there. Body blows, disarming, throwing them to the ground. Each movement flowed into the next, sometimes taking on multiple attackers at once. A hip bump there while kicking another in the stomach and hip tossing a third.

Ranma could've done that in her sleep. Still, there was something about it that was very pleasing to the eye. It made her wonder a little what it would have looked like if Akane had been in girl form at the time.

"They all want to date Akane's boy form," Nabiki said. Ranma had noticed her approach, of course. "They've got this dumb idea in their heads that if they beat 'him', then he has to date them."

Huh, weird, for some reason that made Ranma kind of angry.

"She's handling it quite well," Ranma said.

"Hey, Akane! Your fiance is impressed with how you're fighting!"

The instant Nabiki called that out, it was like time had stopped in the school yard. As one, all the girls in the yard turned to look at Ranma with eyes that radiated pure, undiluted malice. All of it concentrated squarely on Ranma. This wasn't too strange for Ranma. She was used to, say, her old man skipping out on a bunch of bills

"That cute girl is engaged to Akane?" came a whisper from... somewhere. It didn't quite sound like it came from the direction of the mob of girls. It was more like it was dripping out of the shadows all around rather than projected by a human mouth. "How dare she! How dare she skip ahead, kukuku, not even dating, going straight to the engagement!"

"I dunno, she's really cute though!" one girl said. The others all looked at her, and she wilted away. "Sorry, sorry..."

"Yoo-hoo, Akane!" Akari waved from the upper room. "Congratulations on the engagement! You're as cute as a pair of pigs wrapped up in a blanket when you're together!"

Around this point was where their eyes met. Ranma's girl form looking at Akane's boy form square in the eyes. They were engaged, huh? Oh dear. Steam was starting to shoot from Akane's ears, and Ranma was pretty sure she could hear water boiling inside her own skull right about now as well. A gentle whistle growing less and less gentle as time went on.

"Oh, no, no, don't misunderstand our father decided that!" Akane protested.

"Right, right! We only met yesterday for the first time!" Ranma hastily added.

"S-So, you know, we barely know each other!" Akane said. "Hahaha! There's no way the two of us would hit it off that well so quickly!"

"I mean, we get along pretty great, and Akane's pretty easy on the eyes in either form..." Ranma muttered. "Really, really easy on the eyes."

"R-Right, and Ranma's extremely cute, <i>and</i> has the opposite curse to me - but that's hardly the basis of a happy marriage!"

Without knowing it the two of them had flipped a switch. Many of the girls that had been in pursuit of Akane looked at the two of them randomly burbling away about how they obviously couldn't actually be a couple while also sort of talking themselves into it, and at that moment set sail upon a brand new ship: All aboard the SS Akane/Ranma! So cute together they could scream! Of course, this wasn't true for all of them. Some of them developed a deep abiding dislike of Ranma for getting in their way. As if they stood a chance to start with.

Before any of them could make a move a rose shot out across the courtyard. While it had been aimed at Ranma, Akane's hand shot out to grab and crush it long before it could reach its mark. He turned to look at the one who had tossed it, and - "Good morning Kuno," he said, in a tone that made it clear 'good morning' actually meant 'You probably had a good morning up until now. That's a real shame.'

And then, he appeared. Stepping out of the doorway as if he was the lead role in a cheesy samurai drama. Swaggering out like he owned the place, a bokken at his waist and a cocky smile upon his stupid face. The instant she saw him, Ranma disliked him. Kuno, was it? Something told her they'd get on like a house on fire. There would be massive amounts of property damage, and one of them was going to get badly injured before it was all over.

"So, the rumours are true," Kuno said. "A fair visitor has graced the Tendo dojo. Your students have filled my ears with idle gossip this morn, telling of a pigtailed Goddess. Now that I see her in person, their description was markedly unkind. Please fair maiden, give me your name - Ah, but it is customary to introduce oneself first! I am Tatewaki Kuno, Blue Thunder of Furinkan High!"

Yep, that initial assessment was right on the money, Ranma would already pay through the nose to never be in this guy's presence again. What, did he fancy himself as some kind of pickup artist? Ugh. He was barely even hiding what he was looking at. Ranma's body, not her face. Be a bit less obvious in your intention, please!

"Leave Ranma alone!" Akane warned. A battle aura kicking up around him.

"Ranma, is it?" Kuno asked. "Then take heed, fair Ranma! This boy is a brute who plays with the hearts of women! Why, he continually intruders in my courtship of Akane Tendo and keeps her from my presence at every opportunity! Why, I have been awaiting since the gates opened this morning to see her approach, and she has yet to appear before my eyes! Further, look around you! All these girls are under his spell already! Pray, hold on to your will, do lot let him seduce you! Date with me instead!"

"... Didn't you just say you were trying to court Akane?" Ranma asked.

"Indeed!" Kuno said. "Ahhhh, but I see your point! I must give up one of you to date the other! But am I not so magnificent that I could date you both?"

In the blink of an eye, both Ranma and Akane crossed the courtyard and slammed their fists into Kuno. Ranma going for the gut, Akane for the face. The pompous jackass crumpled and fell like a sack of potatoes - but hell, a sack of potatoes probably had more charisma and appeal than this jerk.

"Gosh, you're popular," Ranma quipped. "You gotta deal with this every morning?"

"Every. Single. Morning."

Not anymore you won't. Ranma bit her lower lip and gave Akane another sidelong glance, drinking in that yummy masculine frame. Although, she had to admit, this new school life was probably going to get pretty complicated now that everyone thought the two of them were an item. Especially if the other cursed girls were as bad as Akane said. Oh well! Best thing to do would be to deal with it, and try not to think too hard about the implications, that's just the way Ranma rolls. Deal with one thing at a time!

<hr>

Akari sat at the classroom window watching the scene below with great interest. Ever since she'd met Akane, she'd had this sense that the girl (sometimes boy) was growing increasingly frustrated with their lot in life. Akari had been lucky enough to only begin attending Furinkan after the curse had hit the girls. This left her as a bit of an outsider at times, and the other girls didn't quite seem to appreciate her love of all things porcine.

But yesterday, Akane had been quite different. Meeting someone with the opposite curse to her must have shaken something loose. Especially when they were such a cutie! Oh, Ranma's girl form truly was cute like a little piglet!

"Eh? What's this now?" a girl nearby whispered. "Is Akane dating that chick?"

"I thought she was meant to be straight?" a boy said. "Damn, that's annoying. I was hoping the girls would give up on her, but now..."

Oh! Those gossipers! Akane probably didn't appreciate exactly how popular she was around here. Admittedly, Akari herself had initially been very drawn to Akane's boy form, but she'd gotten past that a while ago now! Mostly. Akane was pretty hot in boy form. Exactly Akari's type. Exactly a <i>lot</i> of girl's type, judging from the way others around the school reacted.

"Alright everyone, settle down!" Sayuri (boy form) said. "I'm sure we're all super happy that Akane has finally realised how fantastic this opportunity is, but just so you all know, Ranma down there has the opposite curse to the rest of us. She's actually a boy cursed to become a girl."

A loud "ehhhh?" came up among those who hadn't heard yet, and Akari winced. Way to break the ice there, Sayuri! Now poor Ranma would have that hanging over her head! His head! Ohhh, honestly this curse, it was so difficult to get pronouns right. Their head!

"Does that mean we have Ranma in the club too?"

"Surely Ranma needs the same kind of support the rest of us do..."

"But she's a boy! I mean... It's kind of hard for me to imagine a girl that cute being a boy, but..."

That was all Akari could stand, and she couldn't stand any more! She stuck her fingers in her mouth and let out a loud whistle that drew all of the attention onto her. Right! When you're training pigs in high level sumo, you've got to know how to take a stand yourself. If that pig is misbehaving, it's going to be big. Much bigger than you! So a crowd of gossip mongers isn't going to be half as intimidating!

"Listen up! Let's not harass poor Ranma just because of a curse!" Akari said firmly and evenly. "Even though Ranma and Akane are super, super cute together and compliment each other perfectly doesn't mean that we should do something creepy like - "

"Hey everyone, let's ship the hell out of those two!" Sayuri interrupted, and the class erupted into a chorus of cheers. "So first thing we do is lock them in a room together - "

Akari whistled thrice this time and leaped into the air, landing a moment later on a giant sumo wrestling pig. Her personal favourite. She rode him to school every day. Katsunishiki was her pride and joy, the culmination of her experience raising and training pigs. It wasn't just size, but also his skill at sumo that made him a true monster.

"As I was saying!" Akari chirped, lovingly stroking Katsunishiki's ear. "Let's allow Ranma to settle in at his/her own pace. Alright, everyone!"

There was no dissent after that. Good! Akari truly adored Akane, and she wanted to see her friend obtain happiness. Which wouldn't happen if everyone kept on forcing the issue. Ah! She truly hoped that one day, she'd find a young man who would look at her the way that those two looked at each other when they let their guard down!

Somewhere in Hokkaido, there was a young man carrying an inordinately heavy umbrella and an equally unnecessarily large backpack who spontaneously sneezed. He did what came naturally, blamed Ranma Saotome, and then proceeded to somehow get even more lost than he already was.



## Secret Bimbo Outbreak - Code Geass

Nunnally Lamperouge had no idea how important she was. That's important to establish right away. We must also make sure you understand that this innocent, adorable little puppy of a girl bound to her wheelchair and traumatised to the point she could not open her eyes was a lot smarter than she was given credit for.

When one stands next to a giant, one often seems small by comparison. Indeed, Nunnally spent much of her time, ah, sitting by her brother who was a rather towering intellect in his own right. Yet Nunnally was smart in ways he was not. She understood affairs of the heart more keenly than he did, for instance. This allowed her the unique talent of knowing by touch if a person was lying to her. This is no mere 'superpower gained through disability' either, as she can quite adequately demonstrate this talent even if she were to, say, get over her trauma and open her eyes.

Nonetheless, she devalued herself constantly for one simple reason, summarised by a simple word: Burden. She felt like a burden to those around her. Perhaps it began on the day she awoke after her mother's assassination, to overheard the Doctors saying that she was 'no good now'. 'She'll never bear children'. Comments like that at such an emotionally vulnerable time in her life, could anyone blame her for having a complex?

She had to rely on others to do anything. She couldn't see. Couldn't walk. Couldn't stand. Couldn't change her clothes herself. Couldn't bathe herself. Couldn't prepare her own food, get her own water, couldn't leave the house, couldn't do much of anything at all. Except depend upon others. To bring her places. To bring things to her. To pick her up and carry her. In response to this all she could give them was a kind word and a smile.

Yet there was one thing she could do by herself. She could answer the phone. By now, she'd long since memorised its location in the room and could find it by herself without any issue. It was a simple matter of wheeling over towards it by the sound it made. Nunnally scooped it up in her hand, held it to her ear and in her typical bright and cheery tone said -

"Ashford Student Council building, can I take a message?"

After all, nobody would be calling for her. Lelouch was in the kitchen making a snack, Sayoko was just next door sorting out the clothes. Their friends in the student council would more likely want to talk to Lelouch than to her. That was her reasoning anyway.

*"Hey, someone picked up! Awesome! Okay! And a girl too, this is pretty sweet!"*

"Uh, do you have the right number, sir?" Nunnally asked. Oh dear. Was this one of those perverts she'd heard about? It might be best if she hung up.

*"Bimbo!"* the voice called out. Bimbo? What? *"Hahaha! Go ahead, become a bimbo! But only in secret! Only when it's just you bimbos around! Bwahaha, come on, let me hear that giggle!"*

Now, those of you familiar with Code Geass may be thinking 'oh no, one of those I must protect is about to transform, this is really bad'. But no. Nothing happened. Except a small crease on Nunnally's forehead. "Sir, it is not very pleasant to make crank calls of this nature. Please

consider re-evaluating your hobbies. Only bad people take pleasure in getting a rise out of others."

<i>"H-Huh?!"</i> the crank called sounded really quite surprised by something. <i>"That's way too lucid... You understand that you're supposed to be patient zero of a bimbo plague, right?"</i>

"Goodbye," Nunnally said, and hung up the phone. Ohhhh, that had put her into a very slight bad mood. Why, she might scowl, she might deepen that frown, and if she had use of her legs she might even stamp her foot. Instead, she puffed out her cheeks in sheer indignation. "Why do some people have to be like that?" she pondered aloud.

Not a few seconds later the door to the room opened, and in came... by those footsteps, her big brother Lelouch. Oh, she adored him so. Such a kind boy, so selfless and doting. He really spoiled her sometimes, to the point she worried that he might never move past taking care of her. Still, for his kindness she would reward him, always, with her best smile.

"That smells delicious," she said, and beamed. "Big brother, you've outdone yourself!"

"Wait until you've taken a bite before you judge," Lelouch gently admonished, rubbing his hand into the top of her head with great affection. "Who was that on the phone, by the way?"

"Just a mean old crank caller! Hmph!" Nunnally huffed. She felt Lelouch's hand stiffen on top of her head. Oh dear, he was probably a bit miffed that someone would crank call them. "He said some really strange things."

"Really?" Lelouch asked. How strange. He was trying to give the impression he was feigning interest, but he seemed extremely concerned about something. "What manner of strange things?"

"Oh, something about me being patient zero of something or other.." Nunnally said. "Ah, what was that word again? I've never heard it before. Do you know what a bimbo is, big brother?"

All of a sudden the hand on top of her head was a lot smaller than it had been a moment ago. The smell of cotton candy and sugar filled Nunnally's nostrils, and - while she could not open her eyes at all due to her trauma, her eyes actually functioned perfectly fine. Eyelids don't stop 100% of all light. Which is why she was left with this stark, distinct impression that the world had gone very pink for a moment there, before returning to normal.

"Teeheehee, you're cute!" pat pat on top of her head. That was a girl's voice. In confusion, Nunnally reached out and - "Ooh, frisky too! Go ahead, you can play with the girls all you want, teehee!"

Those were breasts. Those were definitely breasts. While Nunnally was pretty lacking in that department herself, Sayoko had carried her enough times (and Milly was enough of a tease to the others even around her) that she had a pretty good idea of general location and what they felt like through clothes. They seemed to be pretty big as well. So far as she could tell at least -

Ah, but then something strange happened. Something very, very odd. It had never happened to Nunnally before, but while touching this girl's breasts she had this sort of... vision in her mind of what they looked like.

Long straight hair. Dark and shimmering. Violet, gentle eyes that stared down at her with great affection. The face seemed familiar as well, very pretty but she couldn't quite grasp why it seemed so familiar. Of greater concern was the body, which struck Nunnally as quite... odd. The proportions felt very strange. The chest was enormous, pushing and straining the limits of the clothes she was wearing. In fact, each breast was bigger than her head! Put atop that slender waist, it seemed almost ridiculous. How was she keeping herself standing up? The wide hips probably helped, Nunnally supposed - she wasn't entirely sure about the physics of a person standing up anymore.

Though the really strange part was the clothes they were wearing. It was some sort of dark set, a girl's uniform of some kind. A tiny frilly black skirt, with thigh high socks that made the exposed upper leg stand out all the more, with a matching button down long sleeved jacket that only actually managed to cover down to the nipples before seeming to give up outright. Everything between the halfway point of her breasts down to her waistline was laid bare.

"Ooh, I like this!" the strange girl said, looking down at her clothes with great admiration. She tapped her finger against her chin, the fake nail on the end especially standing out. "Boys are gonna be all over me ASAP, as possible! Yay!"

"ASAP stands for as soon as possible..." Nunnally muttered, still confused by where this weird girl came from. "Have you seen my big brother anywhere? He was here a moment ago."

"Gee, Nunna! Don't be such a silly billy!" the girl tousled Nunnally's hair. "It's me, I'm Lulu! Gosh, you're such a fun little cutie patootie!"

... Uh?! Nunnally might suspect her big brother of teasing her for some reason, but here's the thing about that. Nunnally really did have an excellent sense of when someone was lying to her. Especially when she was in direct physical contact with them. It was hard to explain exactly - it was like their body tensed up when she touched a liar.

This person wasn't lying. They were completely and totally relaxed. This person had claimed to be her brother Lelouch, despite actually being a girl. That was ridiculous. Were they simply that good a liar? That couldn't be! It wasn't possible! How could this possibly be Lelouch?

The door opened. "Good evening," Sayoko said, and at the exact same instant that she did, the girl in front of her changed once again. Instead of grabbing onto a ludicrously large breast, Nunnally now had her hand on her brother's much flatter chest. She felt him go rigid and tense, a chill in the air around him. And no wonder! Her big brother valued his intelligence, and quite frankly that version of him sounded kind of... how best to put this delicately? Stupid? Vapid? Very much not like Lelouch at all.

"Miss Sayoko, did you see anything strange?" Lelouch asked.

"Strange?" Sayoko gently replied. "Pardon me, but no. I have not seen anything unusual today. Unless you count Milly holding a dog-girl costume and muttering darkly to herself about how well you'd suit it."

Well, that hardly counted as strange at all. Milly was always trying to dress people up, and Lelouch was a common victim of that. But how strange. The instant that Sayoko had opened the

door, Lelouch had changed back to normal. Had it been a figment of her imagination? No, surely not. The reaction Lelouch had was proof of that.

Ah, but wait one moment. Could it be, that -

"Big brother, did you just become a bimbo?"

"Nunnally, no!" Lelouch called out, realising part way through what she was saying and trying to stop it. Of course, his brilliant mind had already put the pieces together, but Nunnally. Oh Nunnally, so naive and innocent of the affairs of the world. Not knowing of bimbos, not knowing of that particular fetish. She was a step behind, and that step had led to her making a drastic mistake.

Because the instant she asked it, the world turned pink yet again. There were a pair of giggles and titters in the room now.

"Ooh, Sayoko!" her brother said. "I, like, adore that maid uniform. It'll look way better on the floor of my room, don'tcha think?"

"I always knew you were a playboy," Sayoko tittered, sounding utterly vapid and brainless. "It's so nice to finally have confirmation, ya know?"

"Ooh, but we should make sure Nunna's all safe and tucked up in bed first!" Lelouch said. "You know she gets all cranky when she hasn't had any sleep. It's the cutest thing, you know? Mutters away to herself about how she doesn't want to be a burden, doesn't seem to notice she's doing it - Oh! It's so precious, but we must make sure she doesn't!"

"Like, of course, Mistress!" Sayoko sang, and then she must have skipped across the room from the sounds she was making on the floor. Oftentimes Nunnally had the feeling Sayoko only let herself make sound at all when walking to keep her, specifically, from panicking about her sudden appearance in a room. "Ooh! All I did was skip past and you grabbed a handful of butt?"

"Are you complaining?" Lelouch asked.

"Only that you didn't do it sooner!"

Yet more mutual tittering, sharing in some grand cosmic joke that Nunnally really didn't want to be a part of. But she was getting it now. This was a bimbo. When Sayoko leaned in to hold her hand, she could see it plainly. Again, the clothes had changed alongside the body. Sayoko had acquired a tanned skin which looked weird with her Japanese features. Her maid uniform, normally prim and proper, had most of its material cut away. Rather than a dress, there were now twin strips of black frilly cloth hanging down in front of her breasts, and attaching to her skirt. There was rather large gap between those two strips through which you could see quite a lot of flesh. The skirt itself was also quite brief, to the point it might as well have been a belt for all that it hid. The apron she was wearing, hanging from the waist, honestly hid much, much more.

Impossibly, her breasts were even larger than her brother's bimbo form, and those were already unrealistically huge. The impression Sayoko gave off was a bit different though. In Lelouch's case, it was sort of like... An older sister feeling? While Sayoko still gave off a distinctly maid-like

impression. Was it something in her bearing, her body language, or maybe just something about their bodies?

Nonetheless, Nunnally had now caught up to Lelouch's horrified revelation earlier on. Bimbos, huh? This was a bimbo? For some reason, Lelouch had only changed when she had brought up 'bimbos' to him in connection to that call. Similarly, Sayoko had transformed only when Nunnally had asked about it.

Suddenly things made sense. A bimbo plague, but only while in the presence of other bimbos. Those not in the know were safe, but those who were in the know... so long as they were only around those who were in the know, they would transform into this!

Why? Why was Nunnally immune to this? Was it for the same reason those doctors had said so long ago? That she was 'useless' and 'couldn't have children'? Was that it? Something like that had kept her from becoming that way? She hugged herself and trembled. What a frightening way to escape! Patient zero was asymptomatic!

But that meant there was a chance, didn't it? That meant there was the possibility that she could stop this from spreading further. She had relied on her big brother all this time. Well, now her big brother would have to rely on her! If only she wasn't such a burden, that might actually give her some comfort.

## **Fairy Tail Obsession/Fascination:**

Is there anything quite as horrible as a case of writer's block? If there was, Lucy didn't want to know about it. The ideas were there. She could almost reach out and grasp them. And yet, when she tried... nothing. The blank paper sitting on her table was taunting her, tormenting her. Form the thoughts into words. Come on, stop getting hung up on the little details. You can do it if you try.

Just write something. Anything. It doesn't matter what at this point, so long as you *write*. Everything else will take care of itself. Lucy reached for the pen, and gently lay it down on the paper, and then -

"Lucy! I need your help! Right now!"

All of a sudden a strangely manic Levy yanked her away from the table and hauled her physically out of the room. Huh?! Huh?! Huhhhhh?! What lit a fire under her all of a sudden? Had she found a rare book? Was Juvia on a mad hunt because Levy accidentally winked in Gray's general direction? Did Gajeel finally admit he wanted to nail her, and not in the way he did when they first met?

She soon found out upon reaching Levy's room, which was a bit more of a mess than normal. Which sure as hell said something considering there were normally books everywhere. On every wall, every surface, on top of each other. Stacks and stacks of books all over the place.

That wasn't the issue today. Lucy wouldn't have blinked twice if there was a mess of books. Instead, there were... charts. Pinned to the wooden dividers on the bookcases, with bits of threads connecting disparate sections together. Including, for some reason, blown up pictures of various waists of girls from the guild. There was Erza, that was Juvia, there was one of Lucy -

"Hey, when did you take that?" Lucy protested, reaching out to tear it down. "Honestly Levy, I never took you for a pervert!"

"I'm not the pervert here, no, no, not me, not I!" Levy said. She took out a marker pen's cap with her teeth and strolled over. "Of course, of course, I should have seen the connection! The food delivery to that store down the street? Fifteen minutes later than normal!" She drew a circle around a picture of that little corner shop. Okay? "Haha, yes, yes! And of course, food is to satisfy only one thing right? An appetite! To fill your belly! Your waist! That's where it's to go! Oh! Oh! Then, we can throw in that the Ancient King Mermon had fifteen belly dancers performing in his court every day! You see? It's all connected! Everything loops back into belly dancing!"

"Uhhh?" Lucy bumbled, eyes spinning in utter confusion under Levy's relentless assault of nonsense. "What are you even saying right now? You might as well be arguing that since the first point in tennis is fifteen, and that tennis is played in sets like abs -"

"Then even the tennis courts are in on it!" Levy interrupted, quite missing Lucy's point. "Yes, yes! I need to interrogate the local tennis clubs thoroughly as well. They must know something. I never trusted those athletes, running about all day being smug about hitting a ball, with the women having to wear teeny tiny skirts while they engage in jumping and running. I know what they're up to! Those perverts won't escape my gaze!"

If this was anyone else Lucy would be slowly backing out of the room and then leaving them alone forever. But this was Levy. Breathing heavily, manic in her attempt to connect everything together. To bellydancing, for some reason. As such, and as a close friend of hers, Lucy did the only reasonable and responsible thing that a person like her could do in this position.

Grab Levy's ear and tweak it until she drops to her knees.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!" Levy whined. "Oh no, Lucy's made me go to waist level! Grngh! She must be in on it as well! How did they get to you? What did they bribe you with! I'll have to lick her belly to get her to let go of me~"

"I think you should start from the beginning -" Lucy stopped a moment. "Uh, that last part was what exactly again?"

"Damn you, I'll lick that belly into submission, just you watch me!"

Ew! Lucy let go and stepped away after that, then put her hand on Levy's forehead to keep her from doing anything weird. Shame it didn't stop her sticking out her tongue. She was really going to lick her belly?!

"Are you drunk?" Lucy asked. "Is that what this is? Or did you eat something weird? Discover some arcane knowledge that broke your brain? You didn't try to read the King in Yellow again, did you? You remember what happened last time, you tried to give Erza a wedgie!"

"No!" Levy yelled. "I didn't read anything weird! I've uncovered an insidious conspiracy that is striking at the beating heart of our beloved guild! Cana is already unknowingly under its sway, and who knows how many else!"

Right. Lucy leaned down against her better judgement and - no booze on her breath. "Are you getting enough sleep? You've not been doing all nighters again, have you?"

"It's not sleep deprivation!" Levy snapped. "Look, when I went to see Cana last night she was acting really weird. She was... belly dancing in front of her mirror."

Right. Okay. Lucy had a sort of 'oh no' reaction when Levy mentioned Cana behaving strangely enough to warrant this sort of reaction. Had she been attempting dark sorcery of some sort? Engaged in forbidden magic? Doing something lewd? Had she walked in on Cana pleasuring herself? Or maybe she had someone with her? Something like that.

But no. She'd just been belly dancing.

"So...?" Lucy shook her head in disbelief. "Lots of people belly dance as a hobby. It's not a big deal. It's a viable fitness routine."

"Oh, but she only started to do it after taking that job at the cafe," Levy said darkly. "After being exposed to their hussies in the basement, who grind their waists and give it some of this!" Levy then mimicked the kind of motion herself for maybe slightly too long. It was so awkward that Lucy didn't have the heart to interrupt. "Isn't that suspicious?" Levy asked, continuing to dance without seeming to notice she was doing so. "That she'd suddenly do that?"

"That she'd suddenly try copying something she'd likely been watching all night out of curiosity for how she'd look doing it?" Lucy deadpanned back at her. "Oh no, the horror, best stop the presses. We have a front page story that will sell out this issue. I mean, really Levy. If I was forced to do a mission in a strip club all night, when I got home I'd try to find a pole to see what it looked like and - "

"That's not all!" Levy interrupted. Oh gosh, she was really grinding her waist aggressively now. Really starting to put her all into it. "Then, this morning, I encountered one of those staff members myself 'by chance' in the library! There's no way that was a coincidence!"

"... Baader Meinhof syndrome?" Lucy asked. "You hear about the cafe and its staff, you see Cana belly dancing, so they're on your mind and you run into one of them while you're thinking about how weird that is. So, it seems even weirder than it normally is. You've not really said anything too weird about this yet - and besides which, if belly dancing is this corrupting force you seem to think it is, do you think you should be doing it right there in front of me?"

"I'm not belly dancing!" Levy insisted while yes, indeed, she was most definitely belly dancing. She was standing there with her arms clasped behind her back, rolling her tummy in a figure eight. Very rhythmic, very eye-catching, very hard to ignore. "A-anyway! I need your help to work out what they're up to! Trying to do this alone is doing my head in, I can't keep track of it all!"

"Can't keep track of what, exactly?" Lucy asked.

"Belly-dancing, obviously!" Levy said. She suddenly grasped her knees and squatted so low to the ground that her backside nearly touched the floor. Then she bent forward so that her torso nearly touched her legs, an act that, unfortunately, was only viable because she was so flat compared to 90% of the rest of the guild. Then she shimmied her body from side to side as she slithered back up into a standing position, as her hands moved from her knees up to above her head, which showed off not just the rolling motions of her belly muscles but also the smoothness of her underarms and the appeal a slender figure had that a curvaceous one might lack. "I've studied its history, its techniques, its roles within society, the costumes worn, everything you can think of, I've speed read it this morning!"

Aha. Okay then. Somehow, this might actually be much worse than Lucy was expecting.

"... Alright, fine, I'll help you investigate," Lucy said, though she could already feel that she would regret it.

=====

Lucy was rather different from the majority of Celestial Spirit mages, who often treated the Spirits they contracted with as mere tools or weapons. To Lucy, these spirits were her friends. Compatriots that she could call upon at a moment's notice. She would not use them as shields, not use them as tools. Instead she would fight alongside them where she had to, and back them up where possible.

Enter: Gemini. Once used by an enemy, and now contracted to Lucy. A pair of twin spirits, Gemi and Mini, full of joy. Outgoing and whimsical, it so happened that on this day they were contracted to be summonable by Lucy, which she took as a chance to ask them for a favour. Yes, a favour. Not a command, but a request. One for which they were quite well suited.



"Spy on this cafe. We think they're up to something."

They hemmed. They hawed. They pretended they didn't feel like it. But actually, they were already quite happy to do so from the moment Lucy asked. Why wouldn't they? It sounded fun! It sounded interesting! Besides which, Lucy loved Spirits with all of her heart, so they knew this request was a fair and reasonable one!

So with a happy "piri piri!" they darted out of her room and into the streets, quickly finding a person to copy. This was the reason Lucy had likely asked them to do this while she and Levy continued their research. Well - that, plus they had the impression Lucy didn't actually believe there was anything for them to report on. It was just to make Levy feel better!

"Miss Lucy is so thoughtful," Gemi said.

"Yes, yes!" Mini nodded along. "So worried about her friend's behaviour that she'd ask us to do something like this!"

"Piri piri!" Gemi happily and excitedly squeaked. "Not to mention we get to see some cute girls belly dancing!"

"And eat yummy human realm food!" Mini added.

The two of them laughed heartily while approaching the cafe. They only had five minutes in these forms before they'd change back, but that was fine. It would be long enough for them to, let's say, duck under a table and find someone else to copy. If they played their cards right, they could even manage to touch a staff member and get a sneak peek into their heads. If they were up to something sinister, they could warn Lucy all about it.

Just to be safe, they lingered outside the cafe and waited for someone to come out. It didn't take long. This place seemed quite popular. Gemi and Mini bumped into a random customer on the way out - and promptly transformed into them, resetting the five minutes they would have to take a look around. In the hustle and bustle, nobody would even notice the change, kukuku! What clever little Celestial Spirits they were!

"Ah...? Welcome back, sirs?" a busy waitress bowed to them. Nice, nice! "Is something the matter?"

"Oh, we just realised we had forgotten something," Gemi said.

"Yes, yes! We'll quickly retrieve it before you seat someone else!" Mini added.

Of course, they remembered full well where they had been sitting before. It was -

- At the table by the back corner. The two of them had a fairly boring lunch, though the food was quite nice.
- The pair had joked that they would probably want to go downstairs at some point to see the hot belly dancers sometime.
- Ah, but they knew their wives would kill them if they found out, or if someone happened to see them go downstairs.
- This didn't stop them from ogling the waitresses, but the twins could hardly begrudge them that. So cute!

Gemi and Mini ducked under the table to 'search' for the item in question. In truth, their purpose was much simpler. Change back to their normal, cuter selves and then use that smaller form to move more freely and less obviously under the tables. With all those people coming and going, the maid would quickly lose track of them, think those customers had left, and then put it out of her mind. Brilliant, huh? This is why their ability was so ideal for infiltration and data gathering! Pretty clever, right? Pretty sneaky, right? Miss Lucy would love them even if they were useless, but that only made them want to be more useful to her! That's the kind of relationship they had! It's why they were more than happy to do such a simple favour!

"Those maids are really cute, piri piri~!" Mini muttered quietly. Aha! One was walking by right then and there! The two of them quickly reached out and brushed her ankle. Quickly now! She stopped to look down at the moment of contact- and then continued on with her duty. It wasn't like they'd grabbed her or anything, she'd probably assume it was the tablecloth brushing up against her or something.

The two of them transformed underneath the table, having achieved their objective - touch a member of staff! Now they could access her memories to help them figure out if there was anything strange about this store! Let's see, let's see -

- The store's owner was called Marcus. He was nice. Treated his employees well. Always seemed ready with a smile.
- The head waitresses were Lily - who was a little bit passive and hands off - and Amber - who was pretty aggressive and competitive. They also functioned as the bellydancers for downstairs.
- The waitress had worked the bar downstairs while the two were onstage, and they did look positively delightful.
- The routine was repetitive, but never tiresome. The natural beauty of both girls came out in different ways, like the difference between staring at a snowy field or a sunset. Both beautiful, but the atmosphere is different.
- Lily would be graceful, gliding across the stage and into each fresh movement.
- Amber would be forceful, showing off how athletic and flexible she was.
- The contrast between them came together to create a true piece of art.
- The two of them had magnificent control over their bodies, able to make their breasts bounce seemingly on command.
- The muscles in their stomachs were like - it was like watching an artist draw their brush across the canvas. Magnificent control, articulate and precise.
- Their legs were glorious, practically shimmering in the spotlight. Their posteriors shapely and round, ideally shaped for this kind of dancing.
- It felt nice to watch them dance.
- Not in, like, a gay way or anything. It was just... nice. You know?

Obviously, from our point of view, what the twins were experiencing was this maid falling under the effect of the mystical spell inducing a keen fascination in belly dancing. One might assume that this memory would be enough to cast it upon the twins as well - but that's not quite how this works. You see, the above points weren't in bullets without good reason. That's how they experience these memories. Bullet points. The important salient matters are bulleted out in their minds. Those weren't experiences the twins were personally experiencing, they were merely summaries gleaned from the memory of the maid they were copying.

"Hrm.. do you think we should take the time to check out this show before we go back to Lucy?" Gemi asked.

"Yes, yes! It seems quite important!" Mini added. "For research purposes, yes!"

That being said, the fact that the maid had such 'good' memories of the show was enough to spike their, uh, interests a little. For research, don't you know? It wasn't too difficult for them to stealth their way through the busy cafe towards the downstairs area. Ducking under tables in their normal forms, then making use of another aspect of their power - being able to transform into someone they had recently become, so long as they were nearby, but only being able to become the appearance at the last moment of contact. Hah! Here they were! Able to stroll downstairs without anyone the wiser, as if they were yet another member of staff on duty!

From there, pretend to clean a table and then - duck right underneath! Stay hidden away, and watch the show. Was it as pretty as the maid seemed to think? Would there be anything to gleam that they could share with Miss Lucy? Ah, they could hardly wait to see it for themselves!

"Ladies - but mostly gentlemen!" a man that was probably the owner, Marcus, announced. "I present to you, the reason you're here today, Lily and Amber!"

"Hey, Mini!" Gemi nudged his twin. "Isn't that Cana and Mirajane over there?"

It was. Cana was already applauding, while a fairly large pint of almost probably beer was sitting in front of her. Mirajane was sitting there politely smiling, but she seemed a trifle confused about why she was even there to start with. Interesting! Hadn't Levy been saying something about Cana and this place?

No matter - the dance began, and the twins could tell right away that the maid's memory had not been mistaken. It wasn't hard to tell which was which. The fiery Amber, the almost cold Lily, both alluring, both a treat for the eyes, both of them masters of their craft. The twins nodded along, studying the bodies in front of them with great interest. Kukuku, transforming into either of those would definitely be a lot of fun!

The routine started off fairly simple and slow. The two girls would hold their arms out to the side, stepped out with their bodies turned so that their left hip was slightly facing the audience. Then, step forward. Turn their head. Bounce their breasts and then immediately shake their left hip towards the audience. Step back, repeat. Chest bounces, tassels fly around, hip thrust, step forward and one last time. Then they stopped and let the audience build in anticipation before commencing with their full routine.

The pair of them started to circle around each other, dancing in a way that was almost like a mirror. Almost. Amber's motions were a bit more violent than Lily's, more pronounced, while her subtle grace shone in its own way by contrast. They turned so their backs were to one another, Amber on the left side of the stage, Lily to the right. They stepped away with big, sweeping exaggerated struts, arms forming a triangle over their head, and once far enough away from each other, they whirled around in opposite directions, then turned to face the audience and looped their breasts around in a figure of eight. Their arms waved to the side, and slowly, gradually fell down until their palms reached their thighs, and then they both squat down while still rolling their chest in that same figure of eight motion.

Upon rising back up to full height a strange optical illusion took place that left the twins gasping. It was as though they had passed the movement of their chests down into their suddenly grinding tummies. Ah! Beautiful! This is what the maid meant by masters of their craft! Yes, yes!

They could truly appreciate the beauty behind this now, and had to honestly wonder why Levy was so dreadfully concerned about this place.

After all, what harm could such utterly gorgeous belly dancing do? None at all, to their reckoning! Piri piri! Why, Aquarius and Aries might be able to pull off something that looked half this nice - though Virgo would be too stiff. They could hardly wait until they got back to the Celestial World to tell everyone about it!

## Secret Bimbo Outbreak - Code Geass

Nunnally Lamperouge had no idea how important she was. That's important to establish right away. We must also make sure you understand that this innocent, adorable little puppy of a girl bound to her wheelchair and traumatised to the point she could not open her eyes was a lot smarter than she was given credit for.

When one stands next to a giant, one often seems small by comparison. Indeed, Nunnally spent much of her time, ah, sitting by her brother who was a rather towering intellect in his own right. Yet Nunnally was smart in ways he was not. She understood affairs of the heart more keenly than he did, for instance. This allowed her the unique talent of knowing by touch if a person was lying to her. This is no mere 'superpower gained through disability' either, as she can quite adequately demonstrate this talent even if she were to, say, get over her trauma and open her eyes.

Nonetheless, she devalued herself constantly for one simple reason, summarised by a simple word: Burden. She felt like a burden to those around her. Perhaps it began on the day she awoke after her mother's assassination, to overheard the Doctors saying that she was 'no good now'. 'She'll never bear children'. Comments like that at such an emotionally vulnerable time in her life, could anyone blame her for having a complex?

She had to rely on others to do anything. She couldn't see. Couldn't walk. Couldn't stand. Couldn't change her clothes herself. Couldn't bathe herself. Couldn't prepare her own food, get her own water, couldn't leave the house, couldn't do much of anything at all. Except depend upon others. To bring her places. To bring things to her. To pick her up and carry her. In response to this all she could give them was a kind word and a smile.

Yet there was one thing she could do by herself. She could answer the phone. By now, she'd long since memorised its location in the room and could find it by herself without any issue. It was a simple matter of wheeling over towards it by the sound it made. Nunnally scooped it up in her hand, held it to her ear and in her typical bright and cheery tone said -

"Ashford Student Council building, can I take a message?"

After all, nobody would be calling for her. Lelouch was in the kitchen making a snack, Sayoko was just next door sorting out the clothes. Their friends in the student council would more likely want to talk to Lelouch than to her. That was her reasoning anyway.

*"Hey, someone picked up! Awesome! Okay! And a girl too, this is pretty sweet!"*

"Uh, do you have the right number, sir?" Nunnally asked. Oh dear. Was this one of those perverts she'd heard about? It might be best if she hung up.

*"Bimbo!"* the voice called out. Bimbo? What? *"Hahaha! Go ahead, become a bimbo! But only in secret! Only when it's just you bimbos around! Bwahaha, come on, let me hear that giggle!"*

Now, those of you familiar with Code Geass may be thinking 'oh no, one of those I must protect is about to transform, this is really bad'. But no. Nothing happened. Except a small crease on Nunnally's forehead. "Sir, it is not very pleasant to make crank calls of this nature. Please

consider re-evaluating your hobbies. Only bad people take pleasure in getting a rise out of others."

<i>"H-Huh?!"</i> the crank called sounded really quite surprised by something. <i>"That's way too lucid... You understand that you're supposed to be patient zero of a bimbo plague, right?"</i>

"Goodbye," Nunnally said, and hung up the phone. Ohhhh, that had put her into a very slight bad mood. Why, she might scowl, she might deepen that frown, and if she had use of her legs she might even stamp her foot. Instead, she puffed out her cheeks in sheer indignation. "Why do some people have to be like that?" she pondered aloud.

Not a few seconds later the door to the room opened, and in came... by those footsteps, her big brother Lelouch. Oh, she adored him so. Such a kind boy, so selfless and doting. He really spoiled her sometimes, to the point she worried that he might never move past taking care of her. Still, for his kindness she would reward him, always, with her best smile.

"That smells delicious," she said, and beamed. "Big brother, you've outdone yourself!"

"Wait until you've taken a bite before you judge," Lelouch gently admonished, rubbing his hand into the top of her head with great affection. "Who was that on the phone, by the way?"

"Just a mean old crank caller! Hmph!" Nunnally huffed. She felt Lelouch's hand stiffen on top of her head. Oh dear, he was probably a bit miffed that someone would crank call them. "He said some really strange things."

"Really?" Lelouch asked. How strange. He was trying to give the impression he was feigning interest, but he seemed extremely concerned about something. "What manner of strange things?"

"Oh, something about me being patient zero of something or other.." Nunnally said. "Ah, what was that word again? I've never heard it before. Do you know what a bimbo is, big brother?"

All of a sudden the hand on top of her head was a lot smaller than it had been a moment ago. The smell of cotton candy and sugar filled Nunnally's nostrils, and - while she could not open her eyes at all due to her trauma, her eyes actually functioned perfectly fine. Eyelids don't stop 100% of all light. Which is why she was left with this stark, distinct impression that the world had gone very pink for a moment there, before returning to normal.

"Teeheehee, you're cute!" pat pat on top of her head. That was a girl's voice. In confusion, Nunnally reached out and - "Ooh, frisky too! Go ahead, you can play with the girls all you want, teehee!"

Those were breasts. Those were definitely breasts. While Nunnally was pretty lacking in that department herself, Sayoko had carried her enough times (and Milly was enough of a tease to the others even around her) that she had a pretty good idea of general location and what they felt like through clothes. They seemed to be pretty big as well. So far as she could tell at least -

Ah, but then something strange happened. Something very, very odd. It had never happened to Nunnally before, but while touching this girl's breasts she had this sort of... vision in her mind of what they looked like.

Long straight hair. Dark and shimmering. Violet, gentle eyes that stared down at her with great affection. The face seemed familiar as well, very pretty but she couldn't quite grasp why it seemed so familiar. Of greater concern was the body, which struck Nunnally as quite... odd. The proportions felt very strange. The chest was enormous, pushing and straining the limits of the clothes she was wearing. In fact, each breast was bigger than her head! Put atop that slender waist, it seemed almost ridiculous. How was she keeping herself standing up? The wide hips probably helped, Nunnally supposed - she wasn't entirely sure about the physics of a person standing up anymore.

Though the really strange part was the clothes they were wearing. It was some sort of dark set. Black trousers and a black button up jacket over a white shirt. This strange girl was also looking at herself and frowning, creasing her pretty brow over something or other.

"Gee, this is more like what a boy would wear," she said in a weirdly nasally accent. "I totally need to change out of this, like, ASAP as possible."

"ASAP stands for as soon as possible..." Nunnally muttered, still confused by where this weird girl came from. "Have you seen my big brother anywhere? He was here a moment ago."

"Gee, Nunna! Don't be such a silly billy!" the girl tousled Nunnally's hair. "It's me, I'm Lelou! Gosh, you're such a fun little cutie patootie!"

... Uh?! Nunnally might suspect her big brother of teasing her for some reason, but here's the thing about that. Nunnally really did have an excellent sense of when someone was lying to her. Especially when she was in direct physical contact with them. It was hard to explain exactly - it was like their body tensed up when she touched a liar.

This person wasn't lying. They were completely and totally relaxed. This person had claimed to be her brother Lelouch, despite actually being a girl. That was ridiculous. Were they simply that good a liar? That couldn't be! It wasn't possible! How could this possibly be Lelouch?

The door opened. "Good evening," Sayoko said, and at the exact same instant that she did, the girl in front of her changed once again. Instead of grabbing onto a ludicrously large breast, Nunnally now had her hand on her brother's much flatter chest. She felt him go rigid and tense, a chill in the air around him. And no wonder! Her big brother valued his intelligence, and quite frankly that version of him sounded kind of... how best to put this delicately? Stupid? Vapid? Very much not like Lelouch at all.

"Miss Sayoko, did you see anything strange?" Lelouch asked.

"Strange?" Sayoko gently replied. "Pardon me, but no. I have not seen anything unusual today. Unless you count Milly holding a dog-girl costume and muttering darkly to herself about how well you'd suit it."

Well, that hardly counted as strange at all. Milly was always trying to dress people up, and Lelouch was a common victim of that. But how strange. The instant that Sayoko had opened the door, Lelouch had changed back to normal. Had it been a figment of her imagination? No, surely not. The reaction Lelouch had was proof of that.

Ah, but wait one moment. Could it be, that -

"Big brother, did you just become a bimbo?"

"Nunnally, no!" Lelouch called out, realising part way through what she was saying and trying to stop it. Of course, his brilliant mind had already put the pieces together, but Nunnally. Oh Nunnally, so naive and innocent of the affairs of the world. Not knowing of bimbos, not knowing of that particular fetish. She was a step behind, and that step had led to her making a drastic mistake.

Because the instant she asked it, the world turned pink yet again. There were a pair of giggles and titters in the room now.

"Ooh, Sayoko!" her brother said. "I, like, adore that maid uniform. It'll look way better on the floor of my room, don'tcha think?"

"I always knew you were a playboy," Sayoko tittered, sounding utterly vapid and brainless. "It's so nice to finally have confirmation, ya know?"

"Ooh, but we should make sure Nunna's all safe and tucked up in bed first!" Lelouch said. "You know she gets all cranky when she hasn't had any sleep. It's the cutest thing, you know? Mutters away to herself about how she doesn't want to be a burden, doesn't seem to notice she's doing it - Oh! It's so precious, but we must make sure she doesn't!"

"Like, of course, Mistress!" Sayoko sang, and then she must have skipped across the room from the sounds she was making on the floor. Oftentimes Nunnally had the feeling Sayoko only let herself make sound at all when walking to keep her, specifically, from panicking about her sudden appearance in a room. "Ooh! All I did was skip past and you grabbed a handful of butt?"

"Are you complaining?" Lelouch asked.

"Only that you didn't do it sooner!"

Yet more mutual tittering, sharing in some grand cosmic joke that Nunnally really didn't want to be a part of. But she was getting it now. This was a bimbo. When Sayoko leaned in to hold her hand, she could see it plainly. Again, the clothes hadn't changed - but the body sure had. Sayoko had acquired a tanned skin which looked weird with her Japanese features. Her maid uniform, normally prim and proper, looked like it might pop open at the chest and rear, tearing apart to reveal the goodies within should she so much as eat a wafer thin mint. Impossible, her breasts were even larger than her brother's bimbo form, and those were already unrealistically huge. The impression Sayoko gave off was a bit different though. In Lelouch's case, it was sort of like... An older sister feeling? While Sayoko still gave off a distinctly maid-like impression. Was it something in her bearing, her body language, or maybe just something about their bodies?

Nonetheless, Nunnally had now caught up to Lelouch's horrified revelation earlier on. Bimbos, huh? This was a bimbo? For some reason, Lelouch had only changed when she had brought up 'bimbos' to him in connection to that call. Similarly, Sayoko had transformed only when Nunnally had asked about it.



Suddenly things made sense. A bimbo plague, but only while in the presence of other bimbos. Those not in the know were safe, but those who were in the know... so long as they were only around those who were in the know, they would transform into this!

Why? Why was Nunnally immune to this? Was it for the same reason those doctors had said so long ago? That she was 'useless' and 'couldn't have children'? Was that it? Something like that had kept her from becoming that way? She hugged herself and trembled. What a frightening way to escape! Patient zero was asymptomatic!

But that meant there was a chance, didn't it? That meant there was the possibility that she could stop this from spreading further. She had relied on her big brother all this time. Well, now her big brother would have to rely on her! If only she wasn't such a burden, that might actually give her some comfort.

### **NGE Dreamscape**

It was an ordinary morning in Tokyo 3. The sun was rising over the advanced city. Its people rousing from their slumber, set to go about a brand new day with their usual reluctance. One figure in particular didn't want to get out of bed to face the new day. This person was shy. A little withdrawn. Lacking in self confidence. Thrown into a situation outside of their control. In large part due to their absent father, who was a controlling asshole. Could anyone blame them for not wanting anything to do with waking up? Especially when their roommate was -

"Get your perfect ass out of bed, Shinji Ikari!" yelled an irate redhead. Who had stormed into someone else's bedroom without permission. As usual. Storming around like she owned the place. Acting all high and mighty, as if she knew what was best for everyone. "Alright, I gave you enough time!"

Just like that, the bedsheets were whipped off, revealing Shinji's naked form. That is to say, her naked form. Yes, because Shinji was a girl. Always had been. A boy? Don't be silly! Why, she'd dreamed that she was a boy last night and it had seemed pretty vivid, but Shinji had definitely always been a girl. With a big bubble butt that was sensitive to the touch. A brilliant booty that seemed intent on bouncing whether she was standing or lying still. In time with her breathing, its flesh was so sensitive that the merest act of exhaling made it go boom-da-da-boom-da-da, while her merely walking down the street made it seem like a fast paced solo, going ratatatatatata with each passing step.

"You asked for this," Shinji's room-mate Asuka said, grabbing and squeezing the flesh of Shinji's posterior, then raising up the flat of her hand and bringing it down, ready to crack like a whip. In anticipation, Shinji bit into her pillow - only the smack never came. Instead, Asuka nibbled on Shinji's ear. "Pervert."

"Asuka...please, spank me..." Shinji whined. Oooh, it had been so close!

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Asuka asked. Instead, she shifted her position a little so that her own remarkably massive (though not quite as bubble-like) booty was perched precariously atop Shinji's. "Instead, you get one of these!"

Imagine what would happen if someone picked up a pair of drums and smashed them into another pair. Smacking the material into each other, over and over again. The rhythmic smacking of flesh created an echoic, regular thump, thump, thump. The bedsprings made some

threatening noises, but after a bit they seemed to settle in and almost start to sound as if they were an audience following the beat. Boom bada thump, with Asuka's rump bouncing off Shinji's like a tennis ball off a racquet.

That isn't an entirely fair metaphor, alas. Their butts were far too large to be compared to tennis balls. Perhaps it would be better to go with basketballs drumming down the court on the way to a slam dunk?

"Nnnnnngh!" Shinji actively bit into her pillow. "Asuka, do you always have to wake me up like this?!"

Yes, always. This was how Asuka always always always woke Shinji up. By tormenting her. With ass. Shinji definitely wasn't a boy with complicated feelings towards the pretty but kinda bitchy redhead he lived with. Shinji was a girl. A girl with a big booty that she couldn't help but want to flaunt at every single opportunity. An enormous, gravity defying ripe pair of melons attached to the top of her legs that should, by rights, make her have absolutely no sense of balance at all.

The part about having complicated feelings towards the pretty bitchy redhead was still on point though. Asuka was pretty. Really pretty. She had an exotic appeal to her, being part German and part Japanese. She had those pretty asian features coupled with striking natural red hair. Not a combination you saw quite often, and you likely couldn't make it work better.

"It's what you get for having such a teasable booty!" Asuka sniffed. To anyone else, the hint of jealousy and lust would have wafted off her voice the way that sugary sweetness wafts off an apple pie. To Shinji, who lacked the emotional stability or self confidence to recognise such a thing, it was just another aspect of her bullying ways. Asuka rose to her feet and trailed her hand down her back until her palm reached her right cheek. The other hand stayed on her hip, and she peered over her shoulder, groping and squeezing her own behind as if putting on a show for Shinji. As if there could be any doubt that's exactly what she was doing. "I mean, when you have an ass like mine, people normally trip over themselves for that sort of treatment, you know? Be more grateful, little miss spineless!"

The blatant lust that Asuka was feeling towards Shinji was so dense it could take the form of a harem protagonist. But at the same time, if you tracked Asuka's eyeline you could guess what she was thinking. You wouldn't say it out loud, but you could think it. If you whispered it, or whatever the thinking equivalent of whispering is. Don't think it too loud, she might pick up on it via body language or something.

In truth, Asuka was proud of her butt. For good reason. It was as brilliant as her mind. A gorgeous booty, sculpted by the gods for the purpose of letting her strut her stuff and show off how amazing she was. Yet another vector for doing so out of many. Then, one day, she meets Shinji. A girl with a badonk that badonkadonkadad while Asuka's merely badonkad.

In any event, the morning continued as normal for the pear-shaped pair. Shinji would prepare breakfast for the two of them, while Asuka stared at that ass, trying to figure out how and why it was able to be so... appealing. Believe it or not, this was closer to regular reality than one might imagine. They would eat breakfast, with Asuka sitting in Shinji's lap. Then they would shower. At the same time. To preserve water. And they would use each other's bodies as loofas. And then lick each other clean. There was nothing sexual about it for either of them, it was just something they did to save on money. Just two big bootied girls getting wet and naked in a tight enclosed

space, rubbing up against each other's bodies and then running their tongues along each other, it was all purely for the purposes of making sure they were both properly cleaned up.

If there had been anything erotic about it they would have kissed. Which they didn't. Obviously. Because they weren't into each other like that, don't be such lewd idiots. They only kissed when they were fully dressed in their uniforms, and that was only as a good luck charm to help ward off the horny boys and girls they knew wanted a piece of their ass. If they pretended they were a couple then they could get on with things without having to be hit on a hundred times a second.

This, of course, had been Asuka's idea. Which Shinji had gone along with because she was quite a bit timid like that - but anyway, let's turn our attention to that uniform now that they were dressed. And it was - a totally normal girl's uniform. Yep! Completely and totally normal in every way. Sized to girls of their frames, their heights, and of course their weights.

Therein lies the problem. Their heights and their weights rather misled about one particular aspect - or should that be aspect - of their bodies. The junk in their trunk could be called an environmental hazard. If they went for a school trip they'd have to call the local authorities to let them know that some big booty was coming to town. What chance did a mere uniform have to cover those cheeks? Come to it, what right did it have? None, on either account. Where on other girls those skirts went to their thighs, on Shinji and Asuka they might as well have been wearing miniskirts. The very bottommost curves of their cheeks were as exposed as the lust the entire school had for those two fat rumps whenever they jiggled a centimeter within the campus grounds.

"Ugh, jocks drooling at three o'clock," Asuka whispered as they entered the school grounds.

"I don't see -" Shinji began, but was interrupted by Asuka's tongue.

There were no jocks.

There were never any jocks.

Asuka had already threatened everyone on campus about what would happen if they touched what belonged to her.

Those threats had increased the rate of insomnia among students and faculty alike by approximately 75%.

Do not mess with that which belongs to a horny quarter German redheaded tsundere with a butt that could smother you while you're both standing upright. All she'd need to do is touch her toes while standing in front of you, and the gravity well combined with her sex appeal would do the rest. A true instant kill move with absolutely no escape.

The two of them joined their class. Once again, there weren't enough seats for everyone, so Shinji and Asuka had to double up. As usual. They flipped a coin to see which would be sitting on top of the other's lap. This time around, Shinji won, so she got to sit on Asuka's lap. Which would she have preferred? Depends on her mood. Which is why today she brought out the coin with two heads on it. Tomorrow, it might be the one with two tails. Let's see how she feels then.

Say, have you ever had that erotic dream about your teacher? Nobody in this class could say they had. After all, their teacher was an old man who droned on and on about the same topic

over and over again. Second Impact this, Second Impact that, here's how the world ended and here's how we recovered from it, yap, yap, yap.

"Urgh... I bet Miss Booty's just gonna go on and on about the history of ass again," Asuka griped.

"Asuka!" Hikari gasped. "Our education is absolutely vital! We must ensure we all understand the nuances and details of ass if we are to survive in our everyday world!"

Asuka rolled her eyes, but Shinji kept her mouth shut. This, too, was normal. Perfectly normal. There was nothing at all weird about how their teacher was accompanied by a team of swimsuit models wearing high leg leotards, one for every colour of the rainbow. Nor was there anything strange about the teacher walking the line of those models as they turned around and squatted down. Back and forth he paced, looking at the students. Who were staring at the models. Because why would you stare at the old man who was balding and had glasses when you could stare at pretty girls? Even the straight girls found that a more appealing sight to focus on.

"Alright class!" the teacher said. "Today we focus on what?"

"Ass!" the students all cried out as one.

"Very good!" the teacher said, smacking one of the models with the flat edge of a ruler. Don't worry. The model seemed to like it. No marks were left or anything like that. "The pillar of modern human culture! The posteriors! The booty! The hindquarters! The tush! The tuchus! The rump! The peach! The keister! The derriere! The can! Flesh pillows!"

With each one, the teacher smacked the quivering cheeks of one of the models. The girls all squirmed, feeling genuinely envious. They hoped against hope that they could be smacked like that one day. By someone more handsome, obviously. Or... they could maybe get a crack at Asuka or Shinji's behinds.

Today's lessons were a rigorous round of assademics. In history, they learned of the butt's role in human development. The need to sit. The need for comfort. The way it was used to distract leaders at critical moments. Of course to those who actually know of history one would imagine that they would discuss things like, say, dysentery and how many people died because of it (a lot, holy shit, a lot) over the course of humanity's past. Mysteriously it didn't come up. Only the practical and sexy aspects received even an iota of attention. Peculiar!

Within Mathematics (mathemassics, am I right? No? No high five? Oh... fine!) they covered calculus. What? Calculus, you ask? Why yes. Calculus. Did you know that this was the name once given to the entire field of mathematics, but Newton and Liepniz's discovery/invention of what we now know of as calculus was so all consuming that the name became associated with that specific (and extremely broad) sub field? It has a lot of applications. Calculating orbits, helping with rocket launches. You can also use it to find the areas under curves, like - say, how much volume is in that fleshy cheek? You can use it to gauge the rate of change, for example how much jiggle does that twerking keister have going on? It would allow you to calculate how much area an ass would take up when it sat in a chair, so you could construct a seat to fit one properly. Note the use of the word 'could', because if a booty is massive enough to overflow a chair, what right do you have to stop that?

Then literature, where they would study haiku devoted entirely to a series of women describing their own butts in a mirror, then moved on to discuss the deep nuance and symbolism contained within dirty limericks which revolved around butts. Shinji's personal favourite was "There one was a girl from Shadooty," which had a quite unexpected punchline. To think she'd make that much money from getting her skirt caught like that.\*

"To the world, my ass, I announce  
Makes it sure when I walk that I flounce.  
I will treasure each bounce,  
Every pound, every ounce.  
And to all that go 'Weird' I denounce."

Shinji read that aloud while standing up, and Asuka's face was being completely trapped between her cheeks the entire time. Still, the redhead stared straight ahead with a thousand yard stare, and a slight smirk on her pretty face. Until she was called to read a limerick as well, which she only did the second time she was called because her mind was on other things, in other places.

From there, the students went on to Ass Education, which involved them pairing up with the models wearing thongs and tight cropped, long sleeved shirts. They all had to put their hands on their knees and squat down.

"And shake that rump! Bring it up, then slam it down like you're using it to slam a door! Then rotate it round and round like you're turning a dial. Then up to your feet and rock those hips, rock those hips."

Shinji, being Shinji, wasn't quite able to manage it as well as the others. Asuka was showing off, of course, because she had absolutely no trouble at all. This, of course, meant that Shinji had to get a bit of extra help. Which meant that two of the models stood on either side of her, hip to hip, and used those hips to guide and control Shinji's every little move. Training her. Teaching her. Practically forcing her to learn how to strut like a slut while working that butt.

"Oooh, that Ikari!" Asuka seethed at the attention her roommate was getting. "She's supposed to be the natural, too! "

For a moment she wondered what she meant by that. Natural at what...? Piloting the evas? Killing Angels? What did that have to do with ass training?

"Everything!"

The gym twisted and warped away. Melted. Reformed. Transformed from a normal school gym into the entrance to the Geofront. Asuka and Shinji were in their regular plugsuits as well with Shinji in his light blue. Asuka, her blood red. Snug. Fitting to their bodies like a second skin. As a lingering effect of the ass education the two of them seductively writhed and wriggled in place. Striding forward like supermodels on a catwalk. Walking with swaying hips as if they had forgotten any other way to walk.

Now, when one thinks of 'top military facility that exists solely to protect humanity from enormous eldritch kaiju-esque monsters that can regenerate from advanced nukes and shrug off conventional weapons' one might imagine the very pinnacle, the peak of professionalism.

Which was still the case, of course. Everyone was taking their duties to the utmost seriousness. How could they not? Humanity itself was on the line here! This was not the time nor the place to mess around! It was absolutely vital that they focus on their jobs, and ensure that the world was saved through the power of <s>the Evas</s> dat ass, for which Shinji and Asuka were especially well suited.

Yes, that's right, dat ass! It was the sole weakness of the Angels, the only means by which humans could fight back against them! Only a select few could make effective use of this power, and this entire facility was devoted one hundred percent to maximising booty through any method available to them.

"Good morning!" a passing researcher said. Then stopped. "Hold on, something's not right here. Why do those two have such massive, biology defying -"

The researcher was then interrupted by none other than Rei Ayanami. Yes, Rei. Her own personal Rei Ayanami, as it happened. She was a vital role, in that clones of her were throughout the facility, everyone assigned their own Rei to help ensure that they did not lose sight of the importance of ASS. In this case, Rei interrupted the comments made by the researcher by using her own butt to do a standing version of what Asuka had done to Shinji that very morning, bouncing her butt up against the researcher's until she was left a quivering, moaning bitch with her tongue hanging out like a dog with its head out a car window.

In turn, her uniform transformed and changed. Not a lab coat anymore. A white thong leotard, high cut on the hips, boots that crept all the way up to her thighs, and jackets that were cut off at the waist while also pushing up their breasts as if it were a wannabe wonderbra. A similar sight could be seen all along the corridor, with various members of staff frowning as if noticing something weird and then immediately being set upon by a Rei, which seemed to mysteriously coincide with a drastic transformation of their wardrobe.

"Ugh, you'd think the fact of our perfect, massive asses would have been properly covered in training," Asuka grunted in dismay. "Why do they keep on forgetting?"

"Booty jealousy!" a new voice intruded before Shinji could put any thoughts to that question. That voice, of course, belonged to none other than Ritsuko Akagi, riding in on the back of Misato Katsuragi. As usual, Misato was naked, and her own rump acted as the most splendid back rest for Ritsuko to lean back upon. No discomfort was felt by either of them in this unusual setup. This was simply the way it was.

The way it should be.

The way it must be.

"Since your behinds are so remarkable, it's inevitable that some staff get jealous," Ritsuko sighed wearily. "I've developed a process called the Junkinator -"

"Is that based on your Dreamscape project?" Asuka interrupted.

Dreamscape...? Yeah, something about that rang a bell to Shinji. Couldn't quite place it. Something about helping staff sleep? She remembered something like a pod that she climbed into, or something like that, but... Nah, it probably wasn't a big deal. Those memories were nothing important. Shinji's lack of self confidence kept her quiet for the time being.

Though it didn't hurt that Ritsuko was flanked by her personal pet Maya and favourite Rei clone. Both of them waved seductively at Shinji. This was the sort of thing that would distract just about anyone, considering they were wearing tiger print bikinis and had butts the size of exercise balls.

"It's an offshoot of that project, I suppose you could say that," Ritsuko mused. "However, the final stages of that process require a few further tests."

She snapped her fingers and the five of them were in her lab all of a sudden. Because they had walked there. No, wait, it would be hotter if they rode there on Maya and Rei's backs the same way Ritsuko was riding on Misato's. Leaning back into their massive posteriors. Occasionally smacking them to make sure they were going at the right pace and speed. Yeah. Yeah, that's what had happened. That's what had always happened. Shinji remembered it quite vividly. Just like she remembered them suddenly appearing here quite vividly until a moment ago, when that memory was replaced by one of them walking down the corridor, which was in turn replaced by this new one.

Of course, that memory also now included Doctor Akagi explaining why, exactly, it was absolutely crucial that the two of them change into cat print plugsuits and twerk for her. Twerk like their lives depended upon it. Something to do with readings or measuring things?

"You're drooling," Asuka sniffed. Shinji dabbed at her mouth with her finger. No trace of drool. Asuka stuck her tongue out and smacked herself, taunting Shinji for being such a blatant pervert.

"Miss pot, paging miss kettle," Rei muttered to herself while maintaining her usual stoic expression.

"Did you say something, little miss sex doll?"

"I insinuated you were a horny hypocrite," Rei said without missing a beat. She looked towards Shinji and bit her lip. Huh? What did that expression mean? "Doctor Akagi, may we begin the experiment?"

"You may, at your leisure!" Ritsuko said. Her jacket fell to the floor, and her leotard alongside it. This left Shinji and Asuka staring in abject disbelief at a twin headed snake. Erect. Ready to pounce at a moment's notice. Which was funny because that leotard left little to the imagination, and you'd think they would have seen that, but no they hadn't. It had only just appeared there out of nowhere. "Clap those cheeks for me, would you girls?"

"Yes, Doctor!" both Maya and Rei said in unison, and then the two of them firmly gripped the hips of Shinji or Asuka (Rei to Shinji, Maya to Asuka) and flopped their big hard dicks right into the valley of flesh the two of them called their butts. Letting those impossibly large vibrant cheeks feel a solid rod resting right there. For a moment there was stillness, with Shinji and Asuka going as rigid as the members stuck between their cheeks.

"Eh?!" Asuka grunted in a mixture of surprise, anger, arousal and the sounds she made after that wasn't either of the first two for very long. "Eh?! Eh?! Ehhhhh?!"

"Does this feel good, Pilot Ikari?" Rei asked, then lifted up her hand to let it fall flat, the palm striking the dead centre of Shinji's right cheek. The effect was like a glass of water left atop a table in the middle of an earthquake. Flesh rippling under that skintight plugsuit, while muscles reflexively tried to squeeze as hard around the shaft as they could.

"Yes! Very good!"

"Oooh, dummy! You give in to this shit waaay too easily," Asuka moaned erotically, in total defiance of her apparent, er, defiance. Once a tsundere, always a tsundere it seemed. Even when you're letting another girl's futa dick tease your butt.

As for Ritsuko, she was now standing directly in front of the two of them. Both of her penis shafts aimed squarely at the mouths of the two of them, while she herself stood just out of reach.

"Here is the test," Ritsuko said. "It is absolutely vital for our data that you hold off on sucking this dick as long as you can bear it. However, the only way that either of you will cum is if I do."

"Ah! I'm not going to sssssuck your big hard futa coooooock!" Asuka moaned. "I mean, Maya's barely doing, mmmmp, anything at all back there! I barely even ah aha aha, notice it at alllll, she' d cum long before I did, s-so I!"

"Don't worry Asuka, we get it," Maya said. She punctuated this by pinching Asuka's bottom, an act that should carry the death penalty as retaliation. "You don't want Shinji to see how terrible you are at wolfing down senpai's cock like a maniacally hungry cumslut."

"If you think such blatant manipulation is going to work on someone like me - Then you're right on the money, give me that dick I'll show you what a real cocksucker looks like!"

Ah... was this really okay? Shinji didn't want to risk biting Ritsuko or anything. Especially with the way that Rei was making her moan in this wanton way. Asuka was so brave being able to do that. Look at her there, going for it like a champ! Shinji didn't have the guts to try something like - Wait what was Asuka doing with her hand?

"This isn't a contest if you don't do anything!"

The answer to that question was, apparently, 'shoving Shinji's face onto that cock with surprising strength'. Now Shinji was in a quite unique situation. Asuka kept her hand at the back of Shinji's head, and Doctor Akagi had her hands on top of Shinji's as well. The two of them methodically guiding Shinji's head back and forth as she sucked on that multishaft for all it was worth. Meanwhile Rei was humping her futa dick hard into Shinji's butt-cleavage like a pneumatic drill

Then, suddenly, a familiar alarm blared out. Shinji gulped on reflex. Not exactly smart when giving head as it made her gag for a second. "Th-that's the Angel detected alarm!" Shinji gasped. They should - they should immediately -

"Ah, ignore it!" Ritsuko shrugged. "When was the last Angel attack? You know how that thing has been going off and giving all sorts of false positives, right? This is probably another one."

Oh. Right. That... that made sense. Now that Shinji thought about it, hadn't it been <s>24 hours</s> almost a year since the last Angel attacked?



"Besides which, wouldn't someone come running if there was actually an Angel?" Maya asked.

"They would," Rei added. <s>"Unless they were all too busy getting butt humped by their personal Reis to give two shits about silly things like Angels. Because they are silly, weak humans. Lillm who are completely controlled by their need to reproduce, making them ridiculously easy to manipulate.</s>

It felt like Rei had just said something important, but... No, never mind. This test was too important to stop now for something like a false alarm. It probably wasn't a real Angel attack at all. If it had then someone would have come to the laboratory for Doctor Akagi as she was a vital part of the senior staff. It was far more important for Shinji to <i>suck this dick</i> and <i>twerk her cheeks</i> and <i>submit to ass</i>, and so -

"Shinji wins!" Ritsuko said. "She made me cum first!"

"Ooh, I'll beat you next time!" Asuka warned.

Yeah. Sure. Whatever. It was just a fluke anyway. With that test done Shinji and Asuka returned to their apartment together. Holding hands. But only because Asuka had said that Shinji's head was in the clouds today and she might wander off. Get lost.

"That was a pretty normal day, huh?" Asuka asked. She squeezed Shinji's hand, perhaps a little harder than she meant to. Girl was stronger than she looked, given how thin she was.

"Yeah, nothing weird at all happened," Shinji shrugged. "I guess we should just turn in for the night when we get home. It's pretty late."

And so, that's exactly what they did. In the same bed. Because they had always slept in the same bed. Especially this morning when they had been sleeping in separate rooms and Asuka had to wake Shinji up by barging in. The two of them found a large double bed waiting for them in their room, and a pair of Rei's laying across where the pillows should be.

Without a second thought, or comment, or any kind of hesitation at all the two of them lay their heads upon Rei's cheeks, curled into each other and went to sleep. Or... Maybe it should be said that they had already been asleep this entire time? Perhaps now they were waking up - or perhaps they were going yet another layer down into the dream world.

Only one person truly knew. And Ritsuko Akagi, the Queen of this world of ass, wasn't saying anything.

<hr>

\*I leave, as an exercise to the reader, the chance to write that limerick themselves. Have fun!

## Rito the Pervert

The next morning, Rito rolled out of bed feeling like the living dead. He'd slept eventually, but it didn't feel like he'd been out for very long. Actually, it was one of those situations where, at first, he had this vague feeling it had all been a dream. A beautiful alien from outer space drops into his bath out of nowhere. She's innocent, she's cute, she has no problem at all about flaunting her beautiful body. But then it turns out that if he lays a finger on her in anything like a sexual manner, the Earth itself could be doomed.

It sounds like a typical nightmare born from the stuff of dreams, right? Be careful what you wish for, etc? The difference being that Rito knew full well it was not a dream. He could already hear that alien's melodious voice speaking downstairs with his little sister. Besides which, he rather imagined that he had a good handle on what was real or not real, thank you very much!

"So! So! This thing lets you wear anything you want, anytime you want?! That's so cool!"

Ah. His little sister was getting along well with their new houseguest, it seems. Look at them both. Sitting at the dinner table wearing nothing but a towel each. Rito's right eye twitched. Grk! This was a situation that practically called for a lewd accident, and yet he couldn't do anything at all!

Mikan noticed him, of course. Then cast him a sly glance. Oh no. Oh no! He'd trained his little sister to help him with his perverted antics! She was to be an accomplice in establishing his harem! And now she was going to use her own ingenuity to that very effect with Lala Deviluke, whose father could casually blow up a planet!

"Here, why don't you show me..." Mikan began, then whispered conspiratorially in Lala's ear.

"Ahem! Mikan, please don't harass our guest -" Rito began, but it was already too late. Lala's expression told the whole story. She was going to do it! She was absolutely going to - Ah, no, he didn't want to imagine what Mikan had suggested!

Suddenly, Peke transformed right there on Lala's glorious body. He should look away. All of humanity might depend upon him looking away! But damn his eyes, his traitorous eyes, for prioritising booty over humanity surviving another day. It was perhaps the ultimate irony - the very instinct meant to preserve the species, ultimately dooming it!

"How do I look... Master?" Lala asked, now wearing a sexy French maid uniform. Perfect in every detail. A low neckline to show off a healthy dose of her healthy cleavage, a black dress with white frills. Hugging the hips, leaving no hesitation to the figure. Then, just to torment him that little bit extra, she produced a feather duster and began to swipe away at the floor. Ah. Ah! Ah! The skirt was riding up! The skirt was riding all the way up, and her tail was also swishing around in an enticing way!

Would it really be so bad if humanity ended tomorrow? That dangerous thought crossed his mind. All things come to an end, after all, and what good would it be living to one hundred years old if you live a life of misery the entire time?

No, no, no, no, no! He had a harem to build first! A harem! A harem! Ah, his little sister and Lala were going to unknowingly make his life a living hell!

<hr>

"Hey, wanna screw with your brother's head?"

With one sentence, Mikan had fallen in love. Looking at this gorgeous alien girl that had inexplicably arrived in their home, it was hard to see how she couldn't. That face, that body, it almost wasn't fair! Mikan had been trying really, really hard to maximise her cuteness of late, and this outer space bimbo saunters in and knocks her socks off! On the one hand, tremendous envy and boundless jealousy. On the other, she could stare at this girl all day long.

"Always," she replied. "So, what's the plan?"

"I've convinced your brother that, if he touches me, my father will blow up the planet."

Pfffft! Was she trying to kill him?! If she kept on running around like that and sleeping in his bed, then her big brother's balls would burst! This was creating quite the conflict in her. On the one hand, she wanted to see how far Lala would push it. On the other...

How best to explain it? Mikan was her brother's wingman. Rito had taken the time to teach her how he did what he did. The method behind his madness. How he set up his little 'accidents', and how he knew exactly where to touch to get the response that he wanted. Most of it was instinct, but some of it was trial and error. She'd soaked it up like a sponge, finding the whole thing quite fascinating. Way more fun than the stuff she learned at school!

And then, he trained her. Oh, don't misunderstand. It was nothing more than a series of backrubs. Methodical, addictive backrubs. Which became thigh massages in due time. His touches are sometimes gentle, sometimes rough, always setting her nerves alight. Whispering in her ear promises to teach her how to do this to any boy or girl that she wants.

Provided that first she helped him build a harem.

Best deal in recorded history. She snapped that up like a shot. That part about 'or girls' never really bothered her, as she was pretty sure that she was straight... Although this alien chick was really tugging on her kinsey scale something fierce. A perfectly proportioned cute face that projected innocence, even if her behaviour so far was making it clear she was anything but. And that body! That towel was making her feel jealous right now, being held to the girl's chest like that! Technically nothing was visible, but it was completely lewd nonetheless. You could absolutely trace her figure underneath that towel from the way it was clinging to her, and this babe could make an hourglass jealous.

"So what brings you to Earth in the first place?" Mikan coolly asked, diverting her eyes elsewhere, having already committed that glorious image to memory. "It couldn't be just to screw with my pervy brother's head, right?"

"Oh, no, my father was saying he was going to set up an engagement with 'the most suitable man to marry me', and I bugged out." Lala giggled. "As if I'm going to settle down for a political marriage with someone I never met. So, I ran for it! The ship I took practically made a beeline for Earth, then I was chased by some of my father's men, so I used a teleporter and wound up in your brother's bath without a stitch of clothing on my body."

Right. Okay. That felt like it was missing a few salient details, yet it also covered everything Mikan could really want to know.

"So... are we in danger, or...?" Mikan asked.

"No, no, not at all!" Lala said. "I'm sure that my father will see sense soon enough. Then this nonsense can be called off without a problem. Okay? Somehow Mikan doubted it would be that simple, but okay. "Anyway, I'm pretty sure he'd like Rito, and I can probably talk him into letting me marry him as well once he's a bit calmer."

"And how long might that take...?" Mikan asked.

"Around the same amount of time it'll take for me to have my fun with him," Lala said. "So? How about it? Are you in?"

"I dunno..." Mikan mused, rolling on her heels. "I might just spill the beans at any given moment. I mean, this is stabbing my pervy big brother in the balls, here. That's a fairly large betrayal, which he might never forgive me for. What's in it... for... Me?"

The hesitation at the end there was because, mid-sentence, Lala had let the towel drop from her body. All Mikan could do was stare at it in total, abject awe. Okay, that was good to know. Bisexual. Definitely bisexual. Growing less straight from moment to moment.

"Did I mention I had twin sisters, about your age?" Lala asked. She leaned in and pecked Mikan on the lips. "I'm sure they'd love to be your... playmates."

Mikan was in. She was in on this plan so hard that if anyone managed to pull her out they'd be King of all England. Besides, it was about time someone put Rito in his place. If anyone could do it, then surely it was Lala!

=====

Oh dear would you look at that, his hand was trembling. Why, he was almost acting like that persona he put up for others, of the sort of shy dork who was nervous around pretty girls. All that was happening was that the extremely beautiful and sexy alien girl had pulled up a chair a bit too close to him and now their shoulders were touching meaning that he could feel her warmth and smoothness and, if he held his breath, felt her pulse.

The urge took him yet again. To touch her. Inappropriately. Though he knew that such a thing would only end with apocalypse. The temptation was present and strong. Very, very strong. Maddeningly strong. To the point he suddenly realised that he'd been dipping his spoon into his cereal at least three times without pulling anything up because he'd already finished.

"Ehhh? So you randomly warped into our bath while my big brother was in there?" Mikan batted her eyes innocently at Lala. Just like he'd taught her to, in order to maximise her innoc- Wait, was she? "Well, it's clear that he's already seduced you, right? Showing up naked in front of him like that, kya, how naughty and adult!"

"Oh, no! It's not like that!" Lala said, suddenly clutching his arm. Boobs, boobs, boobs! Gah! "Rito's just a friend who helped put me up for the night! Why, he even let me sleep in his bed!"

"You slept in his bed!" Mikan gasped. No, no, no! Stop, stop, stop! "Dressed like that? Kukuku, it's obvious what you're after, right?"

"M-Mikan, it's really not like that" Rito insisted. "We just slept!" Well, to be more honest she just slept. He was too busy being used as a body pillow and trying desperately to not end the world by accident to relax an iota. "That's all that happened, nothing more!"

"Uh huh, uh huh!" Mikan said, shooting him a thumbs up to the side of the table in Lala's blind spot. Damn her! She's taking his lessons far too much to heart! "So, are you going to get him to show you the sights? Maybe take you to the movies, there's a cute cafe around the corner - Oh, and you really have to see the sunset at this one place by the forest! When the sun hits just right, it's like you're walking into heaven!"

She was listing off all the romantic spots he was planning to use! And worse yet, Lala was still clinging to his arm while nodding along, sounding genuinely interested! Concentrate, Rito! Imagine what her father must be like! A giant demon, the size of the moon, descending to land upon Earth. His mere presence causes earthquakes and tidal waves. He rips the roof off their house, finds Lala naked on her hands and knees while Rito is behind her, and then - Boom! No more planet Earth. Everyone he knew or cared about was gone, and so was everyone else.

All because he couldn't keep it in his pants.

"You're really pretty, Lala!" Mikan cooed. Trying to keep the conversation moving onwards. "I'm jealous! So pretty!"

"Well, my mother is considered the most beautiful woman in the galaxy." Oh, what a boast. What a totally believable boast. Though if she was more beautiful than Lala then - "It's been said that the mere sight of her body drives men completely wild, to the point they can't contain themselves."

"No need to worry, my dorky older brother has more than enough self restraint to hold himself back!"

Don't you dare give him repeated thumbs up under the table! What are you trying to do, make him NTR Lala's father?! In that case they would be lucky if he merely destroyed the planet! The things he would do to Rito personally would be a thousand times worse than that, and he might even take out some of his frustrations on any other humans he could get his hands on!

"Ah, I know that now," Lala said. "I misunderstood when I first appeared in his bath. I thought he was a pervert and slapped him a little. Sorry about that."

"D-Don't mention it!" Or you might remind him of the sight of your glorious naked body again!

"Hehhhh," Mikan let out a breath. "You know, there's a good way for you to make it up to him. You slapped his face, right? You can do this thing we do on Earth called 'kiss it better'."

Rito, at that instant, turned to stone. From head to toe, all colour faded from his body. The warmth of his flesh became dull and muted. His motion became nil. His eyes whited out, and he completely stopped breathing. Mikan. Oh Mikan. He had taught you too well. Those lessons are now damning all of mankind. He had to speak to her alone, but that would prove impossible so long as Lala was clinging onto his arm.

"C-Can I speak to my sister alone for a bit?" Rito asked.

"In a moment, I want to hear about this aspect of Earth culture!" Lala said. "I might need to know it at any time!"

"Do you know what a kiss is?" Mikan asked. Don't. Please. don't. Think of all of humankind. "Well, all you have to do is offer him a kiss. If he accepts, he has forgiven you. If he declines, then he has not forgiven you."

Oh no! That was even worse! Now he couldn't refuse the kiss for even polite reasons without it seeming like he was still sore about her slapping him, when in all honesty he'd forgotten it had even happened! D-Devious! His little sister might have surpassed him in being devious! Oh, when she finally set about building hre own harem she'd have those boys and maybe girls all in line before they knew what was happening! He was so proud, and yet so -

Lala tilted his head towards her. She was surprisingly strong, actually. "Do you accept my apology?"

Damned if you do, damned if you don't. Well, in such a case you have to go for whichever gets you the most out of it. In this case, the outcome of humanity's extinction would be set in stone. So, Rito might as well go for the one that gets him the most fun out of it.

Smooooch! A big open mouth kiss. She practically fell into his lap, and after that frankly Rito's mind entered a haze. His hands explored a glorious field of fleshy curves, drew a map across them and found that this place must surely be the Holy Land they had been promised. Instincts took over. Make girl feel good. Yeah, that was the thing he would normally do in this situation, so his hands went onto autopilot. Testing her back. Using his fingertips to roughly, then lightly tease out her sensitive spots. Judge her response. Map out her sensitive zones.

Then, shift and adjust, and begin the journey. Trail those hands up and down her body, drinking in her curves, revelling in her smooth skin. This girl's cuteness level and sex appeal were practically a cheat ability! Not to mention her lips! So tender to the touch, with a tiny little hint of tongue. Then, on top of that add the cute little whimpers she was making as he pulled her closer to him until her breasts were pushing into his chest, in much the same way her father's overwhelming strength would push into the Earth -

"Ah! Is that the time?!" Rito yelled, not even looking at the clock. "Sorry, running late! Got to get to school! P-Please stay indoors, Lala, I'll be back later!"

Just like that he made a break for it, keenly aware that he was more erect than a tent pole and not especially caring. Like hell he'd be responsible for the end of days! Even if that body would almost make it worth it. Aaaargh! Damn his horniness, just this one time he'd like to damn that aspect of himself for thinking that way!

=====

Back in the kitchen, Lala and Mikan stared at the door Rito had just run out of. For Mikan? Funniest shit she'd ever seen in her life. Her big brother, wannabe casanova, freaking out because he was getting too handsy with a babe? Priceless, absolutely priceless!

"You're already having a bigger effect on him than I was expecting," Mikan said. "He'll be eating out of your hand in no time flat!"

"Hhhrrrrrrrrnnnnnng!" Lala grunted, trapping her arm in between her thighs. "What was that? When he touched me, it felt like my nerves were all waking up after a long hibernation!"

Oh, right. His natural talent to reduce a woman to a quivering mass of lustful pleasure was still a factor here. Even though she was a gorgeous alien, that didn't mean she would be unaffected by it. Mikan dropped to her knees and grabbed Lala's shoulders, staring her in the eyes.

"Don't give up now! You've only just started!" Mikan said. Like hell she was giving up this entertainment so quickly. "Tease him! Make him submit to your - Oh wow, your skin is like silk! Is that genetics, or some kind of moisturiser?"

"A bit of both. Would you like a free sample?" Lala asked.

"Yes, please! Ah, maybe check it is safe for human consumption first...?" Wait, hold on, they were getting sidetracked. "Anyway! You should surprise him at school. Show up in the uniform. They have these tartan skirts that are really short, and you'll practically spill out of the blouse. Tell him you were checking out the local area and needed a disguise so you borrowed one of mine!"

"Not to worry! Peke! Turn into a local uniform, just like she described!"

"At once, Miss Lala!"

Huh? What? Not even fair, she had a device that acted like a walking wardrobe? Hrmph! Mikan pouted, and watched with great concentration as Lala was suddenly wearing an ever so slightly sexier version of Sainan High's uniform. Although, the colour was a bit off on the skirt. Uh...

"It's more greenish than that," Mikan said. And Peke changed the colour to match what she was saying. "A little darker there, with lighter patches - There! Perfect! I mean, aside from the part where it looks a size too small for you."

"Thank you so much, Mikan!" Lala said. Mikan took a really good look at her. Those thighs practically qualified as deadly weapons. Combined with that frilly skirt, the effect was magnified all the higher. The middle button on the shirt stood as much chance of being buttoned up as Mikan did skipping to the moon, and there was a little peek of tummy in a gap between the bottom of the shirt and the top of her skirt. "Now! I'm going to head out there and seduce your brother until his lust overwhelms his desire to not see the world blow up! Then I'll rock his world in a more fun way! Teehee! This is going to be so much fun!"

No kidding. If she was being totally honest, Mikan didn't know which of them was likely to break first... But she supposed that would be part of the fun in this little contest of wills. If only she could be there to see what would happen today at Sainan High - but she'd be sure to hear all about it later on. From her brother. From her new alien friend.

## Fate Skill Grinder

The school day dragged on longer than usual. Normally Shirou didn't mind, but today he was a little bit anxious to get away. Why did he have to have a class with Fuji-nee of all people this afternoon? If it was someone else he might be able to feign sickness, head home and check on that copy of Rin he accidentally pulled into existence! Or maybe if he still had the Skill Grinder...

The final bell rang out, and he was the first up out of his seat, making a mad dash for the exit. Never mind how the others looked at him right now. Hell, even Shinji was caught off guard by this! But Shirou was adamant about one thing alone - getting home quickly so he could find out the truth!

Normally he wouldn't be in such a rush. He'd take a more leisurely time getting home. Reflect on the day, make plans, think about what to make for dinner that night. Oh, that simple pleasure sounded like paradises right now! He'd screwed up, hadn't he? How was he going to handle this? Come to it, what should he call her? Rin didn't seem appropriate. What about when Sakura or Fuji-nee came for a visit? Ah, then there was the fact that, as a sentient being (apparently?) she might do something weird at any time.

He rushed inside, unsure if she was even here. If he'd been at the residence upon her entry then he'd have heard the bell due to the protective spell Kiritsugu had set around the place, but since he was at school - "Rin? Hey, Rin! Are you -"

"Quit yelling!" a girl's voice snapped, coming from the living room. Shirou turned towards it and threw the door open. Inside, he found Rin, surrounded by a stack of leather bound books which looked dusty and old. The Skill Grinder sitting on the floor in front of her, and Rin herself -

Was wearing a snug red jumper, a black miniskirt, thigh high socks and glasses. Shirou closed the door, and only then remembered that he had to breathe. "Grk!" he grunted. Then took several more deep breaths because running this way from school like that, and then letting his breath catch in his throat... not exactly good for your oxygen supply.

Still, you could hardly blame him. Rin was sitting in his living room wearing casual clothes. It felt like he'd peeked into a forbidden world. Those thighs - No! Don't get distracted. Control yourself. Compose yourself. Be cool, then talk to her about this situation, come up with a plan, and it'll all work out.

Shirou took a deep breath, composed himself, and opened the door with his biggest, widest smile -

"Dummy, dummy, dummy, dummy!"

And wound up repeatedly smacked on the head by a rolled up newspaper for his trouble.

"Do you have any idea what you've done?!" Rin yelled. "No! Probably not! You're a wannabe Magus that stumbled upon the most versatile Mystic Code I've ever heard of! *Then* used it to turn one of the most weak and pointless magic spells into the absolute strongest! Urgh!"

"Uh, hi?" Shirou managed before she grabbed his collar and threw him to the floor, peering at him over those glasses. Pretty! Angry, but very pretty! This was nothing like the Tohsaka he



knew from school, but still very pretty! This response from her was very much not what he was expecting. Nor was he anticipating her suddenly sitting in his lap!

"So! I. Should not. Exist." She settled herself in, getting nice and comfortable. On his lap. Pressing her body up against his. It felt like Shirou's soul was trying to escape his body. "By definition, I am an aberrant existence that is constantly being rejected by the World. That is the normal reason that things created by Gradation Air - or Tracing, as you've taken to calling it - usually wind up weaker than the original."

By way of demonstration, she punched herself in the cheek.

"See that?" she said. "Should have popped me like a balloon. The World should be trying to make me not exist, so you should be supplying me with a *shitton* of magical energy. All the time. Every second. Enough to sustain a whole other human being. Full mind, full body, full *soul*." Next, she pulled down the sleeve on her left arm and showed something off. That looked like - "This is the Tohsaka family's *magic crest*. You *copied it* when you made me. Gungnir!"

She pointed her finger over his shoulder and fired something off into a corner of the room, where it hit nothing and dissipated. Shirou suddenly felt quite woozy. That was indeed the Tohsaka family's Magic Crest. He stared at it for a second. Really stared at it. His eyes blinked reflexively as arcane knowledge that he didn't have yesterday, came into his head like it was second nature. From books he'd never read, from experiments he'd never been involved in, spells he didn't know existed, principles of magic that defied his limited understanding - And he'd known none of it yesterday. It all made sense to him, at that moment.

When had he picked that up? *When he'd traced her.*

"Creating and sustaining a whole human being, duplicating in full their soul, mind and magical ability perfectly with no further magical assistance required," Rin continued squirming in his lap as she lectured him. "The Einzberns would be vomiting blood if they knew someone outside their family could pull this off. I don't think it counts as Third Magic, but it *can't* be far off."

And the weird thing was, everything she was saying sort of made sense to him. The more she spoke, the more it slotted in. Had he somehow gained access to all of Rin's life experiences as well when he'd Traced her? Sometimes when he copied something. Let's say he'd Traced a knife. Well, he could sometimes tell when that knife had done something interesting in the past, or been used in an unusual way. The history of the knife sort of... popped into his brain. That was a horrifying thought to have. Had he accidentally taken in all of Rin's history as well when he'd used this power on her?

If so, it was amazing he hadn't been overwhelmed by it. Perhaps to keep himself sane, he had put it away somewhere else? Deep in his subconscious mind. Stored away for if and when he ever happened to need it.

"Listen to me very carefully, Shirou!" Rin said. "You have to be extremely careful with this. Most Magus would kill for an item like this Skill Grinder. Especially if they get a whiff of its true potential. No. More. Using. It. For. Silly. Things."

"Ah... I get what you're saying," Shirou said. When she'd mentioned that most Magus would kill for it, he got the sense that she was kind of underselling it. They wouldn't only kill once. They'd

maybe kill hundreds of times over for something interesting. "Although, I have to ask why you're sitting in my lap."

To answer that, Rin tugged her jumper over her head, revealing a black lace bra underneath. A nervous air overtook the room while Shirou stared at the pale skin, contrasting magnificently with that dark undergarment.

"I am the physical manifestation of your sexual desire towards Rin Tohsaka," she said. "And if I'm right, you already know that the real Rin has a crush on you."

A high bar flitted across Shirou's mind for some reason. He gulped, feeling his heart skipping a couple of beats.

"W-Wait a minute, hold on here!" Shirou protested, and received a kiss for his trouble. Of all the things that Shirou might have expected from the day, being kissed in his own home by Tohsaka was definitely not something he saw coming! No, wait. This was a fake Tohsaka, wasn't it? Th-The fact that the real Tohsaka apparently had a crush on him was immaterial, this wasn't her!

For that reason, even though he had been kind of enjoying the kiss - no, especially because he had been enjoying it - he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her away a little. "S-sorry, can we please focus on why this is a problem? I'm not sure I quite understand it yet."

That was a bit of a delaying tactic. He had a fairly decent idea that he'd accidentally, uh, done something or other that had made him absurdly powerful in some nebulous way. It was fairly obvious already that he was quite a bit more potent than he probably should have been. To be honest, he'd kind of assumed that most mages didn't use magic the way he was using it because they were more interested in the theory behind it rather than the application - though, thinking of it that way, wasn't that just arrogance? Surely he can't have been the first person to want to do this kind of thing?

It was also arrogance of him to be so obsessed with the fact he had made this second Tohsaka without also thinking about what she would want. Namely, him. That made him feel kind of... guilty? Like, he'd made her purely for his own use? He had no respect for a man who would force himself on a woman (elsewhere, Shinji sneezed violently and wound up headbutting a wall) so the idea that he'd made her, even by accident, solely so she could rock his world... Granted, that accident part was easing his conscience ever so slightly, but it was still sinful! Though it would also be devastating to her if he rejected her outright!

"Oh? You don't get that part yet?" Tohsaka asked. "Hrm, I did try to use Lies to Children to explain it to you. Keeping it simple, not telling the whole truth and focusing only on the salient points so you could understand it later, that sort of thing... I guess it might be easier if I showed you."

Show him? Ah! Get off his lap already! This wasn't making anything easier for him! In fact, it was making things quite a bit harder! Her hand reached down to her skirt, and for a moment he thought she was going to take it off as well. But no, instead she went for a pocket he hadn't even noticed and pulled out the skill grinder, tapping it while smiling at him.

It took Shirou an embarrassingly long time to realise the problem. When he'd entered the room there was a skill grinder on the table. At no point had Rin picked it up, never mind put it in her

pocket. In fact, looking over her shoulder (and trying not to breathe in the scent of her hair) he could see it lying there still. Yet there was another one in her hand.

Ah... Hold on. Did that mean...?

"You projected the skill grinder itself?"

Rin nodded in great, smug satisfaction at his question, and patted him on the head like a dog learning a trick.

"But wait, there's more!" Rin declared triumphantly. She climbed off his lap at last, thank goodness. "You see, normally this kind of magic can only create a copy of what you've traced. However! At the top level you can make alterations to what you're about to create! Any kind of change you want! Which is why I am so wet for you right now, you have no idea."

Actually he had a pretty good idea. He'd better make sure to change his trousers before Fuji-nee or Sakura or anyone else came by for a visit. When she noticed him looking down at his trousers, she bopped him on the head.

"The normal Rin wouldn't be like this, you know?" the copy said, slipping into some manner of baby talk. "Outright telling you how she feels? She's too much of a magus to do something like that - and too human to just take what she wants. Luckily, I don't have either weakness, which is why I made a skill grinder with 100 levels in 'seduce Shirou'."

"You did what now?" Shirou asked, right as Rin picked up the skill grinder on the table and -

A Goddess appeared before his eyes. Shirou melted off the seat, landing on his knees, staring up at her in unadulterated supplication. She smirked down at him, then undid her skirt and let it drift to the floor, letting him see her in her undergarments. The sight here was truly glorious. A splendidly slender body. A divinely inspired face. A chest that might not be the biggest he's ever seen, was nonetheless splendid upon her frame. A waist he might beg to kiss, if not for the fact his unworthy nature would despoil it at the moment of contact. Her hips demanded worship. Her thighs demanded fealty. Her feet must surely cause plantlife to spring wherever she walks.

Her wonderful foot reached out and gripped the top of his trousers, and tugged them down just enough to free his erection. It was throbbing, impossibly hard. Like an unsheathed sword, aimed squarely up at her. She leaned down, and he turned away, unable to bear her radiance, but remained where he was seated because he could not bear to be away.

Then she blew in his ear and he ejaculated spectacularly. Right into a tissue she had been holding, that he had somehow not noticed.

"You see?" the Tohsaka copy asked. Shirou blinked, breathing hard, sweat dripping from his brow. The skill grinder she'd been holding was sitting on the table. "Hypothetically I can do this with *anything*. Martial arts, cooking, studying, any kind of magic you could think of, any skill. Stealth? I'll be invisible even if I'm in front of you. Mathematics? I'll be beyond a walking calculator. Seduction? I'll have you in bed before you know what's happened, and you'll beg me for more."

"More please..." Shirou groaned. F-Fuck, that had been good! She'd barely touched him and it had been like that? A religious experience! That's the only way to describe it!

"Down, boy! That was just a demonstration! It's a good thing someone like Shinji didn't get his hands on this. Urgh, what a headache that would cause..."

Shirou shook his head trying desperately to clear the cobwebs out. Ooh, he felt giddy all of a sudden! That had been far too intense! She'd done nothing more than stand there, and it was like she was suddenly instinctively, keenly aware of how to touch all of his buttons without saying or doing anything! Level 100... did that basically mean 'cannot fail'? And this copy had the ability to flat out create one of these things that could let someone do that with *any skill*?

Oh yes, he was starting to see the potential there. It was a frightening yawning chasm opening up underneath him. He'd inadvertently created what might be one of the finest cheat skill combos in existence. There were probably other better ones out there. He couldn't think of them. That was more down to his own limited imagination, though, rather than anything else.

"Anyway!" Rin said, dropping down to her knees. Still in just her underwear, incidentally. "You want to date the original Rin, right?"

A heavy silence.

"Right?" she scooted closer.

The silence grew heavier.

"Right? Right?" she scooted closer and closer."

"Y-yeah, I guess..." Shirou muttered under his breath.

"Yahoo! Perfect! Then all you need to do is ask her out! With my help, you'll be able to seduce her without even needing the skill grinder! Oh, but you should probably wait about a month. You see, very soon she'll be quite busy."

Busy...? Shirou furrowed his brow. Oh yeah. Like picking a book out from a shelf in the library, the fact fell into his head the moment he was looking for it. Rin was going to participate in - "The Fifth Grail War?"

Oh yes, that information also started to come to him. The Holy Grail War was an event where seven Magus summoned Heroic Spirits to act as Servants. The last one standing gains access to a wish upon the Holy Grail. There was a whole bunch of other minutiae related to it that didn't especially interest him right now, specific rules and history.

But one thing did stand out to him. It was a dangerous event. Not only for the Magus participating, but also for the civilians living in Fuyuki. The wars had apparently become more and more violent as time passed by. Rin's father had died in the last war.

He couldn't stay out of that. Thanks to this development, he could do something about it. Keep people safe. He'd been doing that already, hadn't he? Why not do it a bit more locally this time? His heart skipped a beat. Another chance to save people. A chance to feel the same thing he had felt when Shirou himself had been saved.

"... Fuji-nee and Sakura will be here soon," Shirou said. "Can you please hide somewhere? I have a lot to think about."

A slightly wicked grin fell upon the copy's face. "I'll wait in *our* room until they've left," she said. "I'll keep my stealth skill on so they won't know I'm here. Then, we can discuss what you'll do to make it up to me for keeping me hidden away."

He didn't get this girl. Did she want to have sex with him, or set him up with the real Tohsaka? That display earlier - it couldn't just have been to show him the potential of the Skill Grinder, could it? No, probably not. She was trying to show him what he was missing out on. The fun they could have together. How him dating the original Tohsaka factored into that, he had no idea. For now, he'd keep a tight grip on the original skill grinder and try to keep himself from accidentally projecting something or someone else.

Ah, but he hadn't realised it quite yet. The skill grinder he was holding was not the original. Rin still had that one, as well as the second she had shown him. The one that Shirou was holding possessed a skill that he already had a high rank in, but never made use of before.

A skill called 'Harem protagonist'. Set to level 100.

## LS Kallen

If one were to describe Shirley Fenette, then one would be able to use several viewpoints. She was open, warm, and friendly to everyone. An athlete with a focus on swimming, and an ideal frame to the sport. She lay somewhere between the girl next door and a model in terms of beauty, but wasn't the sort to have boys clamouring over her despite that. Largely, this was because it was extremely obvious to anyone that paid attention to her for more than ten minutes that she only had eyes for one boy. The school heart-throb, Lelouch Lamperouge.

An affection that wasn't exactly showing at this very instant.

"Lelou! Take this seriously!" Shirley yelled, pinching the young vice-president's cheek. "You've been slacking off quite a bit of late, don't think I haven't noticed you falling asleep in class!"

"He's a master of it really," Rivalz quipped, earning him a bonked head for his trouble. "Well, he is. Unless you know what you're looking for, there's no way to tell!"

"Not exactly a habit I would encourage out in the workforce," Suzaku added. "If you like, can I recommend some exercises to help you get a better night's sleep?"

"From a fitness freak like you?" Lelouch replied. "It probably involves a hundred or so pushups as a warmup."

"As if you could manage a hundred," Suzaku rolled his eyes. "Don't get me wrong, you're not bad but -"

"Oh really? You wish to see me try it out?"

Boys! Oooh! Shirley couldn't stand this about boys! Even the smart ones could get really sensitive about the dumbest things! Who cared that Lelouch couldn't manage a hundred pushups or whatever! His appeal was that mysterious allure, that... pretending he didn't care, when actually he cared a lot more than most people. That's why she always got so upset at him when he was being lazy. She knew he had the potential. He was simply squandering it!

Then again, she was squandering something too. How was she supposed to get Lelouch looking at her? Honestly, she'd been kind of hoping this outfit would do it. She'd picked it out because it looked absolutely adorable. It showed off her fit, trim swimmer's tummy, it accentuated her curves without being lewd, it had seemed the natural way to make him finally, *finally* notice her.

"Ta-da, we're all done!"

But then, at the instant Kallen stepped out wearing that pink bunny suit, Shirley knew that any such hope of him looking at her was well out of the window. Those heels and tights made her legs stand out like a dead pixel on a monitor. The low cut leotard (lower than Shirley remembered when she'd seen it) made her boobs look positively enormous, and her curves were so pronounced she could probably use either her hips or her chest as live preservers in an emergency.

Shirley had always known that Kallen had a Body. While the boys didn't hit on her (and she'd not figured out why yet) so much, they drooled over poor, sickly Kallen. The pretty rich quiet nobleman's daughter had a body that knocked even Milly's out of the park.

"So, girls? What do you think?" Milly asked, on her knees presenting Kallen as if she was offering up a prize in a game show. "Come on, tell us what you think?"

"N-Not bad," Nina piped up first. "It - It suits you well."

"Yeah, really well," Shirley muttered. Really, ridiculously well. It was like she'd been poured into it. A nice yummy treat poured into a yummy, scrumptious packaging. Although...

"She looks fine to me," Rivalz said, turning to look and then immediately going back to what he was doing.

"Did you have trouble getting that on?" Suzaku asked, totally unphased. "It looks a bit complicated to wear."

"I'm more worried about those heels myself," Lelouch said. "Careful not to trip, Kallen."

"Yeah, I'm sure you boys would *love* it if I tripped," Kallen grouched. Actually, now that she mentioned it Shirley almost kind of hoped that Kallen did trip. Her thighs pressed together on reflex. Oooh, that would be quite the show. Weird that the boys weren't interested at all though. Did they not have working eyes? Could they not see what was on display right in front of them? "So, what are we working on today?"

"Meow!" Milly cheered, fistpumping the air with great enthusiasm. As always, she was the central energy point in the room. If you hooked up a generator to Milly Ashford, you'd solve the world's energy crisis, there wouldn't be a need for Sakuradite anymore. "Now that we're all properly attired, we can discuss the upcoming summer festival!"

This was the part of running the council that Milly loved the most, and it showed. Not that Milly ever hid how she felt about anything, that girl wore her heart on her sleeve. It was a big heart too. She had a way of getting everyone pumped up. Super excited to go along with whatever the day's task was through her upbeat attitude. Her smile was contagious and bright, just the thing needed to keep everyone on point!

"Meow!" Milly repeated, rubbing her cheek up against Kallen's exposed shoulder. *Envy*. Towards which one? Milly for getting to touch Kallen's shoulder, or Kallen for getting such affection from Milly? Shirley's cheeks turned a tinge of scarlet, oh, what was that? Why did she feel that way all of a sudden? "This year's theme has been decided already! This year, it will be... Wonderland!"

Ah yes, Alice in Wonderland. Written in this world with a different history because Lewis Carrol still had lived, and still got a bug up his butt about Imaginary numbers and symbolic algebra. No, really, he was a pretty conservative mathematician and those concepts really bothered him, look it up, it's real. Of course, this story was every bit as famous here as it is in our own world, thus the council reacted accordingly.

"Isn't the rabbit supposed to be white, rather than pink?" Lelouch quipped. Nodding at Kallen and seeming to confirm Shirley's fears.

"Milly's smile is better than the Cheshire Cat's any day!" Rivalz quickly added. "Even when she leaves, it still hovers in the air."

Urgh, boys. Shirley rolled her eyes at the attention the two of them were getting. Though, weirdly enough neither of them were looking at either Milly or Kallen that much. Which didn't make any sense to Shirley at all. Look at those two! Surely they were the very pinnacle of female sexuality, oozing from every pore. Look at the way they moved, Milly lithe and seductive like a cat, Kallen powerful and domineering in exactly the way that a rabbit wasn't.

"Wonderland?" Suzaku asked. "Oh, right. That story was known worldwide, but might not be as well known in Asian countries as in the English speaking world. Or maybe it was because Suzaku was a bit of a self confessed meathead, who probably didn't read all that much."

"Not to worry, we'll get you caught up in no time flat!" Milly said, slinking onto the table and crossing her legs. It reminded Shirley of a cat crawling into its owner's lap and falling asleep. "While we do that, Shirley, Kallen. I want you to check on our inventory to make sure we have everything we need."

That sounded good to Shirley. She wanted to get a bit of alone time with Kallen anyway. Somewhere they could stand in a confined private space, where they could talk about - and even do - whatever they wanted without being disturbed. The prospect of finally sorting this out once and for all was making her heart go pitter-patter.

Though perhaps not for the reasons that she was imagining.

=====

Milly didn't know what Kallen had done to her there, but she loved it. Every bit of it. From head to toe, she'd adored it and would cherish it forever. It was like - Like an awakening. She'd always had a keen interest in feminine sexuality, but Kallen had thrown a switch in her head that had thrown it into overdrive. All her interest in men? Gone! Interest in women? Turned up to eleven!

She almost regretted sending off Kallen with Shirley to check on the inventory - until the two girls left the room. Mmph, look at them in those outfits. Perfect tens from head to toe. Those heels made Kallen's legs pop right out, and that swish swish swish of that poofy bunny tail was surely a gift from God. Throw Shirley next to that as well, and - Magical! Absolutely magical. That swimmer's waist, those healthy legs! A yummy pair of treats were walking away from her, and she felt certain somehow that when they returned Shirley would have had the same sort of awakening as Milly herself.

Which left her alone with three (ugh) boys, and Nina Einstein. Now, Nina wasn't ugly or anything like that. No, no. Her body wasn't quite as well developed as the other girls in the council, but she was pretty enough. It was her attitude that was doing it. Probably her hairstyle as well. Twin ponytails is a look a cute girl can pull off if they're trying very hard to look cute, but Nina tried to avoid attention like she was allergic.

Although... Something within Milly was telling her that Nina was already fully into women. Which was part of why she kept to herself. Buried herself in her research. She was too shy about that getting out. How adorable! She viewed it as a weakness, and in a society like Britannia any weakness was the same thing as showing your underbelly to a predator. You'd get eaten alive before you know what's happening.



*Give it time*, a voice whispered into the back of Milly's mind. A voice that she wished to go on her knees to worship, a voice that sent a pleasant chill down her spine with every syllable. *I shall teach you how best to mould her the way you want. Bring her out of her shell.*

That sounded pretty great to her! Milly could hardly wait.

As for the boys...

"So you see, there's this girl Alice who has a very curious nature, and she winds up following this strange white rabbit holding a pocket watch."

That was Lelouch patiently trying to explain Alice in Wonderland to Suzaku. The poor boy already seemed confused.

"Hold on, why is a rabbit holding a pocket watch?" Suzaku asked. "Can a rabbit hold one? Maybe in its two front paws, but wouldn't it be too heavy and awkward in a paw? Especially while hopping around."

Or maybe he was screwing with Lelouch. Which didn't sound like such a bad idea... Assuming certain changes weren't made first. Milly hauled the (urgh) boy to his feet, having a much better idea of how to explain this story to Suzaku. Much more *fun* than merely telling him.

"Obviously, a more direct approach is needed, don't you think, Lelou?"

Now, Lelouch knew Milly quite well by this point. When she was getting hands on like this, it always meant something bad for him over the horizon. She seemed to almost delight in 'putting him in his place' or some nonsense like that. Regardless, she wasn't going to give him an inch today. Nope, not today! Before he could make some witty observation, or wry remark that changed the topic of conversation, she'd already dumped a dress over his head. A light blue smock, in the form of the one worn by Alice during that fateful story.

"Let's act it out!" Milly said, planting a blonde wig on Lelouch's head as well. "The only way it'll make sense is if he gets to see it unfold before his very eyes!"

"Somehow I doubt that," Lelouch retorted. "I'm not sure the centipede scene will make a great deal of sense, for example."

As if something like logic or reason could dissuade Milly! Or have much of anything at all to do with Alice in Wonderland!

"I'll be the Cheshire Cat! You'll be Alice, Nina can be the Red Queen and Rivalz can be the White Rabbit. We'll figure out the other roles as we go, okay?"

"Come on, buddy! It'll be fun!" Rivalz said, obviously enjoying himself quite a bit. Well, why wouldn't he? It was all in a bit of fun. Besides which, it would be a good distraction from the work they were meant to be doing.

"Um... I guess we could do that..." Nina muttered to herself. She'd make an amazing Red Queen. No, really! Once she got into character she'd be amazing at it. Of course, you know, it went without saying that Milly would be pushing her to really get into character in the first place.

"And action!" Milly declared, fistpumping the air. "Come on, Lelou! Tell us all what sort of girl you are!"

Lelouch took a deep breath. "I'm the kind of girl who believes in six impossible things before breakfast."

Indeed, quite so. That's exactly the kind of girl you are. Or rather, the kind of girl you *will* be. Milly herself didn't consciously realise it, but the power of the Lesbian Shard that had been gifted to her by Kallen now had a hold of this boy. All it needed was that little spark, an entranceway to cast its influence over him. Now it has that. Which meant it could start to work its magic in a more direct way.

Normally it would be limited to making boys not pay attention to the hot lesbian action going on all around them. But this way, it could have its cake and eat it too. Especially since the Shard could sense that Lelouch was a significant threat to its long term plans. The best thing to do would be to eliminate him nice and early.

Now, how best to go about this...?

<hr>

Kallen was not stupid. Her grades could attest to that. She had basic pattern recognition. So far today, whenever she'd been alone in a room with a hot girl, the same thing wound up happening. She seduced them. Did something kinky with them. She had literally just finished doing that with Milly a couple of minutes ago and now? Here she was dressed up like a horny little bunny, all alone in the storage room with Shirley.

And she could tell you that Shirley was not a step down from Milly. It was more like a different flavour of 'smoking hot'. Milly simmered like a steak, teased like a cheeky imp. The cat costume she was wearing was very appropriate for her. Slinky, seductive, teasing, playful. On the other hand Shirley was in a sort of dog costume. It was a darker red than the outfit Kallen was wearing. A snug pair of trousers, a crop top that exposed her tummy... Her delicious, fit, athletic tummy... It suited her personality perfectly. Peppy, outgoing, affectionate, brimming with energy.

Part of her wanted to drop to her knees and kiss that swimmer's belly just to see how she would respond. Most likely embarrassment before submission. The rest of her was dreading it. She didn't want to seduce Shirley. Hell, she hadn't wanted to seduce any of the rest of them either! Gritting her teeth, Kallen became quite determined. This time, she would have some self control. This time, she would not seduce Shirley even though they were alone together and it would be so, so easy!

She liked Shirley too much to do that to her. She was sweet and innocent, she shouldn't be brought under this weird twisted power that had been forced onto her. Ah, wait. Liked her? Yes, she liked her. But it wasn't like she like-liked her! As a friend! That's all! Wrong kind of like, get that out of your -

"By the way Kallen, do you have anyone you like?"

Kallen had pretty good motor control skills, but hearing that question made her fall ass over tea kettle. Checking herself, Kallen found herself in something of a seductive reclined position, butt

up in the air, legs sprawled apart, half twisted around to give Shirley a good look at her body... Well, actually to be honest it would be kind of hard to land in a non-sexy pose when wearing something like this. The bunny outfit Milly had put on her was far too ridiculously sexy to have any other sort of effect.

Shirley offered her hand to help Kallen get up to her feet, and in turn Kallen took that hand. Such soft skin she had - and when she pulled herself up, she accidentally bumped into the other girl with her boobs. Kallen recoiled away like she'd touched an open fire, and blushed to the point her face almost matched the hot pink of her costume.

"Ah, me?" Kallen answered. "Someone I like? Not really, why do you ask?"

Please don't say you're into me, please don't say you're into me. That mantra pounded through Kallen's skull, the way things had gone today she'd be unable to help herself if Shirley said something like that. Ah, if only she had a better idea of what was happening she could at least warn Shirley off! Telling her that 'any woman I spend time alone with winds up worshipping the ground I walk on and I don't know why' would come off as a ridiculous thing to tell her! You couldn't call that a warning at all!

"W-Well..." Shirley said. Ah, oh no! She was looking Kallen's body up and down! Not that Kallen could blame her. Ever since this morning when she'd woken up, she'd been keenly aware of how her body had been changed! Already on the sexy side, now she was pretty over the top in terms of how hot she was. "Are you sure? It seemed as though you and Lelou were..."

"Huh? What about Lelouch?" Kallen asked. And then, the penny dropped. Actually, Kallen was sort of the last one to figure this out except Lelouch himself. The other council members had long since noticed. It wasn't as if Shirley was very good at hiding it. Talk about the most open secret at Ashford Academy, right? Shirley had a crush on Lelouch. So did a lot of girls attending, as it happened.

That penny dropping was like a weight off her bare shoulders. If Shirley liked Lelouch then there was nothing to worry about. The girl was still straight, and not drooling over Kallen. Phew, that was good! Although, for some reason part of her kind of didn't like the fact that she was straight? Whatever, it didn't matter.

"Oh, I get it! Relax, I'm not interested in him at all." As in, at *all* at all. Very much not her type. Kind of a lazy genius who could be using his intelligence to make things better, but didn't seem to be all that bothered about it. Also, he was a boy, and she suddenly found herself very much not interested in boys that way at all anymore. Oh. But then, if Kallen looked down at herself, she could see why Shirley was concerned.

If she was still into boys, then Kallen would be worried about another girl who looked like this. Especially if they were walking around dressed in an outfit so revealing. It was bound to draw attention.

However... This was a great chance, right? She could use this to fight against this weird lesbian compulsion! Help Shirley hook up with Lelouch, get him interested in her. Help this girl embrace her own sex appeal!

"Alright, listen up!" Kallen said, grabbing Shirley's hands and cornering her at the back of the room. "Lelouch is the kind of guy who won't notice you're interested unless you're already sitting in his lap sweet talking him. Smart, but dumb. You got it?"

"Eh?" Shirley chirped. "Who says I'm interested in -"

"Girl, please. Don't make me bluff that I'll start flirting with him -" She stopped for a moment. Ew! For some reason, flirting with a boy felt like the sort of thing that would make her sick to her stomach. "Urgh, or maybe I should just show you how to flirt instead?"

Kallen grabbed a folded up chair and kicked it open, while her other hand had a grip on Shirley's wrist. She whirled the girl around, and then planted her butt right on the seat, with Shirley left sitting on Kallen's lap, stunned and confused.

"You're not getting away from my lesson," Kallen coolly said. Shirley looked like the lost little rabbit, how adorable. "I'm going to teach you thoroughly how to have that Lelouch eating out of your palm."

Of course, what neither girl managed to notice was the alterations already starting to take hold of Shirley's body. Her breasts, already a respectable size for her frame, swelled up half a size, while the fragment of a lesbian Goddess chuckled ominously inside Kallen's soul. Try to fight her fate, would she? The girl would soon learn there was no opposing destiny.

## Pride and joy

It said quite a lot that, upon finding Ryoga in the cave fending off Happosai, Akane's immediate thought was "tonguefuck Ukyo up against the cave wall." To say that the two of them had grown close of late would be quite the understatement. Ever since Ranma had been giving them the deep, deep dickings that they didn't know they so desperately needed, the two of them had started to open up to one another. There was no more need for that little bit of a guard up, worried that the other might try to steal Ranma away.

No danger of that. They both knew full well that no one woman could satisfy that dick. Their lust had partly turned outwards, with each of them finding themselves drawn to women who were once their hated rivals. Resulting in a spark of flaming lust that burned within their group. A keen awareness of how utterly sexy each of the other members were. The perfect means to sate their new hunger when Ranma was incapable of doing so, for whatever reason - even though it could only sate for a very short time compared to what that mighty oak could do to each of them.

Though, none of them had found it strange that they had not been sexually drawn to Kasumi until after she'd taken Ranma's penis. Try not to be too shocked here, but not a single one of them was truly capable of rational thought when they thought about the matter of the harem or the penis.

At this very moment Akane had pushed Ukyo back against the cave wall and was kissing her quite forcefully. The same way she did most things, throwing her all into it. Ukyo seemed to like it that way. After a moment of surprise, the chef's eyes fluttered and her splendid left leg lifted up to hook around Akane's waist, drawing the girl closer. Her arms snaked around Akane's head as though trying desperately to hold on for dear sweet life, while Akane's hands held fast to Ukyo's sides, as though assessing her curves. If the noises she was making into Ukyo's mouth were any indication, the assessment was - approval!

"buhbuhbuhbuhbuh!"

Oh yeah, that's right, they were smooching to keep the old man distracted. The two girls kind of got lost in the moment there. Honestly, the way Akane was feeling she almost wouldn't mind if the old pervert watched her ride Ukyo's face until the two of them came.

Almost. She's not that far gone yet. The fact she had to think about it was, admittedly, quite worrying, but...

Splash! "Oh hell! It got all over me!" Aha! Ryoga had taken their cue and -

<i>"I've heard people say that too much of anything is not good for you, baby."</i>

Ukyo pulled away from Akane's lips, in the process making a rather loud 'plop' sound.

"It's not just my imagination, is it?" Ukyo asked. "You hear Barry White too, right?"

<i>"Oh no, but I don't know about that."</i>

Now that she mentioned it, yes. She could definitely hear Barry White's smooth baritones echoing throughout the cave. She looked around for the source. There was no sign of anything

anywhere. No speakers, no record player, and certainly no sign of a black American singer with a lengthy career in singing love songs.

What was in the cave was beefcake. Ryoga had taken off his shirt and jumper to ring them out, and - woof! He was a slab of muscle the likes of which Akane had never seen before. Wow! She'd never really looked at Ryoga as a potential partner before, but you'd better believe she was looking now.

"Nooo, my Spring of Drowned Playboy water!" Happosai yelled. "All those girls I was going to play with, now that idiot will get them instead!"

"Ladies, please forgive this elderly pervert's behaviour," Ryoga coolly said. His voice had this weird bass to it all of a sudden, that pounded its way down Akane's spine. From the way she was squirming it was having the same effect on Ukyo too. "Don't expect all men to be like him. Some of us, at least, respect you for more than your good looks - though make no mistake, you are both among the prettiest girls I've ever known."

"I think Ryoga's flirting with us," Akane whispered to Ukyo.

"You think?!" Ukyo yelled back. "How can you possibly have less of a sense a guy's interested in you than I do?!"

"Well, I mean, the only guys that have ever shown interest in me before were either not shy about it, or Ranma." Gosh, put it like that... "My sense of guys being interested might be ruined for life."

But she was certainly interested in Ryoga now. That body looked like it had been sculpted out of clay after some ancient God bet another they could make the perfect man.

"Please do not gaze upon me in such a manner," Ryoga said while flexing his body. Posing like a bodybuilder. Nnnnrgh, this wasn't helping with Akane's horniness! "Any desire you feel is surely the curse, and not your true feelings. Contain yourself. Control yourself. I respect you both too much to see you fall so easily."

Akane honestly felt giddy. It was easy to imagine herself walking over there, taking off her clothes and ditching them on the ground. Then, tackling Ryoga to the ground and mounting him the way that she'd intended to mount Ranma. Ryoga would sweet-talk her some more, ask if she was sure, and then once he got the idea that she was all in on this she'd turn her head and beckon towards Ukyo to join them.

Ukyo would be a bit shy about it. Question about Ranma- but after seeing a little petting between the two of them she'd relent and join them. The two girls lying atop him, heads nuzzled into his pecs, feeling his strong body and peeling down his trousers to reveal...

A penis that wouldn't be anywhere near as impressive as Ranma's. It wouldn't fill her up anywhere near as much. It wouldn't satisfy her the way that his could. But Ryoga would be so smooth and charming and *hot* that she kind of wouldn't care and would give it a go anyway. Because she was horny and needy. Because he had a curse that made him irresistible to women. Because those two factors were making her logic and reason go on vacation.

"H-Hey, Akane! Snap out of it!" Ukyo said, grabbing Akane by the arm. "That's Ryoga over there. Ryoga Hibiki."

"Didn't you try to set me up with him when you first arrived?"

"Yeah, but that was before - You know!" Ukyo blushed. "I don't want you cheating on us. Even if he is so hot he could melt steel. Even if I am so wet I could drown an elephant. Ryoga's right, it's just the curse."

Just the curse. You could say the same thing about Ranma's penis. Ohhh, if only Ranma had been hit by this curse instead! Sure, it would mean no more of that adorable shortstack, but you'd get a hunky well hung piece of meat that could likely go for hours. And hours. And hours. Wearing you down. Making you cum, and cum, and cum...

"Would it be cheating if I talked both boys into a threesome?" Akane whispered. But that avenue didn't get much chance of exploration because that was when Happosai pulled out one of those bombs he called a Happo-Fire-Burst.

"I'll bury you alive for - " the old man began, but he didn't get the chance to finish.

Must protect the beefcake.

It had happened once before. Back when she'd first learned about Ranma's enormous penis. The fear and fright of Happosai obtaining the same thing and using it to seduce women had sent Akane into a dark, scary place where all her talent became fully unlocked, and then just for fun an extra dollop of potential was plopped in there, making her temporarily the best martial artist on the planet.

Once again, she tapped into that quite terrifying, dark and scary place. From her perspective, she blanked out right as Happosai was diving towards Ryoga, and the next?

She was licking water off Ryoga's manly chest while Happosai was nowhere to be seen. Brief moment of panic: This was probably cursed spring water - but whatever magic inflicted the curse seemed to have been used up by afflicting it upon Ryoga. Because the only effect it was having on her was making her too fucking wet to think clearly.

"Such enchanting maidens," Ryoga said. "You are both stunningly beautiful, flowers without compare. I am unworth of your affection, and would ask you to reconsider - Am I truly the man you wish to spend your precious time with?"

Akane's brain auto-translated for her: Ryoga was trying to tell them that this was the curse at work, and they're not thinking clearly, but the curse was making him say it in a way that was all seductive-like. Weird that she could see through the bullshit, but it was kind of working for her anyway.

"nnnngh," Akane grunted, straining to pull herself away. She was struggling against two forces at once. Her own desperate need for sex, and the curse on poor Ryoga. "U-Ukyo, help! Get me away from him before I do something dumb!"

"Why stop?" Ukyo asked. "We can splash Ranma, pull in Shampoo and make it a fivesome."

...

Actually that sounded incredible. When you put it like that there was absolutely no downside with that *<i>at all</i>*. Although... There was the question of how Ranma was faring against that monster. That guy was truly a terrifying beast. An enormous weight and size advantage like that was a massive benefit in a fight no matter the skill level, and throw in his ability to fly -

She could only hope that Shampoo was enough to turn the tide. Otherwise things were going to get very bad, very quickly.

<hr>

Taking everything into consideration, Ranma had to admit to himself that today kinda really sucked. I mean. How good a day could it be anyway, considering Akane got kidnapped and he was now holding on for dear life on top of a giant winged bull. Who was also such a colossal dick it was a wonder the girls weren't all over him. Seriously, what a complete cockhead this Pantyhose jerk was turning out to be! Trying to give that old pervert a curse like that! What was he thinking?!

"Hey ugly!" Ranma slapped the back of Pantyhose's head. "Betcha actually like the name Pantyhose, huh?"

Now, don't think too poorly of Ranma here. His go to strategy is, was, and forever shall be 'piss off thine foe and push them into making sloppy errors', but that only really worked within certain tolerances. If the enemy's skill and strength level was comparable to his, then a reduction in skill could be a deciding factor in a fight.

This fight was not one of skill. It was David vs Goliath, where David lacked a sling and God wasn't paying attention. Speed, agility and dexterity vs raw brute force. Pissing Pantyhose off was only making him more aggressive, which was honestly not the sort of thing that would go in Ranma's favour.

Case in point, since he couldn't reach Ranma on his back Pantyhose was content to fly backwards into a cliff. Ranma was, unsurprisingly, not content with him doing so and leaped out of the way. This had the unfortunate effect of putting him in reach of Pantyhose's fist, which was a very unpleasant position to put himself into. The fist swung out with surprising speed given its size, helping to cement why this beast was a real threat. Ranma twisted in the air, barely dodging, but the air pressure from the punch was enough to send him flying.

Damn! If only he'd been able to grab some pantyhose, he could've used this to rocket back up to strike that bastard down! As it was, he was on the ground while that guy was up in the air.

The funny thing was that he was probably having the easier fight. Ryoga was probably already out cold because of Happosai. Actually, it was a miracle the old man hadn't come out here yet. He couldn't risk draining that water away by trying to steal it, and he needed Pantyhose to tell him which was the real one.

So, what should he do in a situation like this? No way would Pantyhose let him lure him into a spiral, and with that sheer size and weight his signature attack might not even be all that effective. He needed another idea, but nothing was coming to him -



"Mroooooowr!"

That is, until Shampoo in cursed form jumped onto his back. Perfect! By which he means -

<i>"CAAAAAAAT!"</i>

<hr>

Of all the dumb things he'd thought he might see today, this had to be the dumbest. Here he is, trying to beat down a crossdresser for getting in the way of his name changing plan, and all of a sudden the guy starts freaking out about a cat.

On the one hand, Pantyhose was kind of enjoying watching that cocky idiot running around like a headless chicken screaming about a helpless little kitten that was, in actuality, one of the sluts who thought he was the hottest thing going.

But he wasn't here to enjoy himself. He was here to get his name changed. If that idiot wanted to run around screaming about a cat, then let him. Pantyhose was heading back to the cave to sort this matter out once and for -

...

Huh.

Pantyhose Taro didn't have a lot of martial arts training compared to other heavy hitters that Ranma encountered, but he had enough to be dangerous. While he preferred to use his cursed form to overwhelm his enemy as a kind of cheat ability, he knew that wouldn't always be possible. He might not have water near him, or he might be in a confined space. Normally these were two situations he'd try to ignore, but a cunning enemy might trap him in such a way.

So he did a little training. Not really all that much, just enough to get by. Mostly centered on dodging and the like. Let him survive long enough to transform and then smash his opponent into the dirt.

This was enough to give him an inkling of a danger sense. That sense was throwing a party right about now. He was in danger. Grave, mortal danger. Something even his cursed form couldn't -

"Mroooooowr!"

Oh, the idiot had stopped screaming about the cat and had leaped right up to his level. Pantyhose swung his fist, intending to smash the idiot off into the horizon - but before the blow could land a sharp pain overtook him. Something had sliced into his knuckles! Something invisible and very sharp! While Ranma dropped to the ground below, Pantyhose nursed his hand and tried to figure out what the hell had -

"Nyaaaaaaaaa!"

Ranma lunged for him again, and this time instead of trying to counterattack Pantyhose quickly flew to the side. When he did, the rocks behind him suddenly had several deep gashes appear in them from out of nowhere before outright crumbling away. It was him doing that?!

Time to evaluate this situation. Whatever he was doing, it was obviously lethal. He'd been able to dodge it so far, but his enemy was pretty fast. Greater height seemed to be the key element here, but that meant staying away from Haposai. Tsch! He didn't want to change his name so badly that he'd be okay with getting killed or losing a limb! Fine then! The old man was meant to be so damned dangerous? Let him sort this out himself! For now at least, Pantyhose would retreat and come back when he had less of the fear of god put into him.

Was that why Ranma had been afraid of that cat? He'd seen what it was capable of at its worst? How utterly revolting. Although... Heh. Maybe if he looked into it, he could learn that fighting style as well? If there was anything Pantyhose liked, it was a quick and easy powerup.

<hr>

That was risky, but against a foe like that Shampoo really didn't see much of a choice. Her beloved was too too strong when he got like that - even great grandmother said to be wary. She could have beaten it, of that Shampoo was sure, but the fact that she surrendered upon seeing Ranma go cat like that - it spoke volumes.

She tipped over a hot water flask on top of herself - please don't ask where she got it from - and returned to her human form. Mostly naked, once again, while Ranma hissed at the retreating beast. Off to lick his wounds. Probably come back with a plan. That sort was like a bad penny, they never really went away.

"Airen!" Shampoo called out. His ears twitched. Then he looked around towards her and cocked his head. Here we go. Whenever Shampoo had seen him snap out of this state, it had been Akane getting him to rest upon her lap. As such, she'd prepare the same thing here. Sitting on her knees, patting at her lap, she invited him to relax here for the time being. Why not take him off to deal with Haposai? That fight was at the cave. Have you ever tried taking a cat somewhere you specifically wanted it to go? It's not easy, never mind when it can form ki claws capable of slicing through solid concrete.

Ranma beamed at her. Ah, good! She wasn't sure he would give that reaction. She was afraid he'd only do it for Akane. Hehehe, this was nice! She could hardly wait for this tender moment. Just the two of them for once. None of the others around. This was her other reason, a little selfish rather than tactical, but... She could pat at Ranma's head, tell him 'there there' and score some real points with him. Technically that wasn't necessary anymore, but...

"Mrowr!" Ranma growled. Reaching her- and then pouncing on her. Pinning her shoulders to the ground. "Purrrrrr!"

"Oh, that spark in airen's eyes..." Shampoo said. Hrm. yes. The impossibly large lump in his trousers was starting to grow in size, wasn't it? That being the case she used her hands to fiddle with his belt, and then lifted her thighs to wrap around his waist, letting her tug them down inch by inch - "Hrm... well, okay. Shampoo have a little time for deep dicking from aireeeeeen!"

Pillowtalk was not on the table today. She'd been lucky. Able to get his trousers off enough that he didn't shred them to pieces. Ranma was usually quite tender about this sort of thing. He tended to get them worked up first. Kissed them, touched them, maybe said a few things to them to get them in the mood - and even then he didn't usually go balls deep on the first thrust. Maybe half way in for the first couple, then push in once things started really heating up.

Not so much this time. He went in all the way and let out a feline yowl. Shampoo did too, come to it. Couldn't help herself. That sudden feeling of fullness made her eyes roll back in her head. Then he began to *really* fuck her, and Shampoo had this startling realisation that all this time, he'd been holding back to try not to hurt them.

Each thrust was strong enough to force her back a bit on the ground. Lucky she'd found a grassy spot, because doing this on the rocky terrain would have *sucked*. It felt like the breath was being pushed from her body from the sheer force of it. Nothing was being held back, he was being almost brutal. Compared to his previous efforts? They felt like a gentle breeze while this was a tornado in progress.

It took no time at all for both of them to reach their release, and as he shot inside her Ranma's yowl became less and less feline and more and more human, before he ultimately collapsed on top of her - And Shampoo felt her entire body go limp and numb from the wild experience.

"Huh...? Shampoo...?" Ranma burbled. "Uh, are you okay?"

"Airen hold nothing back," Shampoo said. "You fuck Shampoo with all of strength."

"I didn't hurt you did I?"

"No," Shampoo said. "But maybe not fuck other girls like this, they might get hurt. Shampoo tough enough to take it, so you can go all out."

Well, actually since she had felt literally nothing but ceaseless massive immeasurable pleasure from the experience Shampoo was pretty sure whatever magic was working on that dick kept him from actually hurting girls with it. No need to tell him though. It would mean he'd use this on the others, and Shampoo did want at least this one thing to herself. For a little while.

## CG Dreamscape

Something was bothering Lelouch. Eating away at the back of his mind. This new power he'd been given by Morrigan, an extension of his Geass - was it having effects that he didn't know about yet? Every so often he'd get this feeling that something was happening that wasn't quite right, and it was bothering him. Were others aware of this? Perhaps he was somehow being kept from seeing it? If so, how?

Call it paranoia if you like but he'd been on the run from the Empire for quite some time, having to hide himself and his helpless little sister for the last seven years. All the while concocting a plan to upend the society built up by said Empire - which had conquered around a third of the planet by this point, by the way - in an attempt to build a better world for said little sister. One does not undergo that experience without a healthy dose of paranoia.

The best thing to do would be talking with someone he had not used this new power upon, and he was able to find someone quite promptly sitting by himself in the student council room. His oldest and dearest friend, Suzaku Kururugi. The two of them had an odd relationship. They'd been there for each other during a very tough time in both of their lives. There's something about surviving a war together that unites people, turns them into blood brothers, with a fearsome devotion to one another. Even though they had not seen each other in seven years, the connection was still potent, still there when they met by happenstance once again.

"Good morning, Suzaku!" Lelouch said. Now, how best to approach this in a natural way? "Ah, have you stepped up your workout regime? You seem especially buff and handsome today."

"Good morning Lelouch," Suzaku replied and flexed a bicep. Oof. "No, nothing new on my end. What about you? New haircut? It really suits you, brings attention to your pretty purple eyes."

Nothing unusual so far. Lelouch pulled up a chair and studied Suzaku carefully. Nothing odd in his body language. He was sitting there, like always, being all hunky and dreamy. Just like usual. There wasn't anything remotely abnormal about him.

"Oh hey, is that a hole in your trousers?" Suzaku asked. He put his hand on Lelouch's knee. Oh yes, there was indeed a hole in his trousers. "You'd better take those off... Ah, here!"

Lelouch whipped off his trousers in an instant. Blast, it must have been that chair. He could see a rough point where he'd probably ripped them while sitting down. Oh well. He donned the apparel that Suzaku had found lying around, and then sat in the one and only place that he could think of to sit. Once again, noting that nothing abnormal had happened today yet... though his instincts were screaming otherwise for some reason.

"By the way, have you noticed anything unusual of late?" Lelouch asked.

"Unusual...?" Suzaku asked. "Well, Kallen and Shirley are getting along better of late. I'd always sensed that Shirley didn't like Kallen for some reason, but it seems like they've gotten over that."

That was probably due to Lelouch, actually. He'd had sex with both of them, and just yesterday they'd had a threesome in the nurse's office. He'd spent hours getting railed by their stiff futa dicks, letting them ejaculate all over his increasingly feminine body... but no, that wasn't too unusual either.

"Why do you ask? Have you noticed something strange?" Suzaku asked, running his hands along Lelouch's bare thighs. Yes, this skirt that Suzaku had handed him was quite a bit shorter than Lelouch was expecting. It complimented his thighs quite well, but... Ooh, honestly why this school's uniform felt the need to have them be so short was behind him.

"Not really," Lelouch honestly answered. "I've just had this strange feeling eating away at me these last few days that something isn't quite - My, my! You have been working out! You've definitely gone up a size since I saw you last, Suzaku."

By this Lelouch was referencing Suzaku's chest. Was it his imagination, or was it more defined, perhaps even... Meatier than usual? Why, it was so muscular that Lelouch could almost mistake it for a pair of breasts. Yes, a feminine bosom, which might well be growing and swelling as he stared and stared, growing larger, larger as if his gaze was somehow injecting flesh directly into them.

"Thank you for noticing," Suzaku said, leaning forwards a little and pinning his breasts between his upper arms. If Lelouch didn't know any better, he'd swear that Suzaku was trying to show off both those powerful arms and that chest at the same time. Which was ridiculous. Suzaku had no reason at all to do that. None whatsoever. To suggest otherwise would imply a potent mutual sexual interest between these two close friends, which would be absolutely absurd. Whoever heard of two extremely close friends, who happen to be fairly attractive people in their own differing ways, who have different viewpoints of how the world should and does work, drooling over each other the way that Lelouch and Suzaku currently were?

In any event, Lelouch was finding this seat quite comfortable. The fact that said seat was also Suzaku's lap was quite beside the point. It also was not unusual in the slightest that Lelouch was sitting here, admiring Suzaku's by now quite obviously large breasts, which were still growing, still becoming rounder and less masculine moment to moment until, at last, they were the size of his head.

"By the way, have you decided to dye your hair?" Suzaku asked. "I mean, black absolutely suits you, darling, but I'm digging the lighter hair colour too."

"Your muddy brown is also a bit lighter today," Lelouch mused. He patted at his hair. It did feel fuller than usual. Almost as full as Suzaku's shirt, which was threatening to tear at the seams. "It's verging on being blonde." Now, hold on a moment. This did seem quite unusual as well. Lelouch frowned, why was his brilliant brain throwing out warnings about something or other about his hair. "Do you think our hair has anything to do with anything weird happening?"

"No, it could just be sun exposure," Suzaku said.

"Sun exposure?" Lelouch twirled a strand of hair around his... his finger. His. His. Masculine pronoun. He was a boy. He was always a boy. Sitting in Suzaku's lap. Wearing a skirt. With amazing killer legs, slender waist, hips that didn't quit, a pair of breasts that - now that he thought about it - were about as large as Suzaku's, and a distinct lack of anything swinging between his legs. But he was still a boy. Who kinda wanted to be a girl. "I've never heard of sun exposure turning hair as dark as mine this shade of colour before."

A puzzle wrapped up in an enigma. Heh. That particular imagery always made Lelouch think of something like a crossword placed inside a mixed up rubix cube. Still, that feeling of something

being strange was getting worse and worse and worse. It had been happening every so often the last few days. A fleeting feeling that something was terribly, horribly wrong.

Luckily Lelouch had deduced a solution - take off her shirt. Her shirt. Her feminine pronoun. Because she yearned to be cute, ached to be hot, looked better in girl's clothing than a boy's set any day of the week. She had the body for it, she had the mind for it, and you know what? Suzaku kind of had the body for it as well.

"You know Lelouch, I've been thinking about our friendship a lot since you walked in just now," Suzaku said, also taking off her shirt. For the best really. No way was that going to fit. In fact, how did she even get it on in the first place? "You know that I totally value your, like, friendship and stuff. Right?"

Typical meathead Suzaku! All body and no brain! If Lelouch wasn't around, why, the poor thing would have been picked on relentlessly. Taken advantage of. Ah, wait? That was a little cruel of her to think wasn't it?

"What of it?" Lelouch asked.

"Well, you see, there's this girl I like, and... I really wanna bang her," Suzaku admitted. "But I don't know how to make the first move, because we sorta work together, and there's a lot of gossip about us being in that kinda relationship which might, you know, ruin her position if it got out it was real - "

"Oh, you want to fuck Euphemia," Lelouch said. Yep. Not hard to see. Seeing little Euphie all grown up was a big shock. She'd always been cute, but now she was *<i>fuckable</i>*. Had that been the impression Lelouch had at the time? Hold on, she remembered thinking something like 'as pretty and innocent as ever' or something like that. Thinking such a thing about Euphemia didn't feel -

For a moment there Lelouch reeled, as the image of Euphemia flitted by his vision, accompanied by Miss Morigan. The two of them wearing what would very soon, so soon, become the actual, factual uniform for Ashford Academy. Yes, that's right, the attire of the succubus. A bat modified leotard that hugged the body, showing off and emphasising the femininity of the wearer, and all but compelling them to wear an evil, seductive smirk upon their pretty faces.

"Don't think about that," the image of Euphemia whispered.

"Don't think about anything," Miss Morigan added. "Just let yourself be swept away by lust, and surrender yourself..."

The door to the room opened, and leaning against the doorframe were Kallen, and opposite her Shirley. They were wearing the new uniform of the Academy. Test running it. Trial running how it wore on them. The answer to that, incidentally, was *<i>holy shit</i>* it's a miracle the room didn't catch fire from them standing in it. For that matter, their leers at the pair of them alone should have set something ablaze, it was certainly making Lelouch feel hot under the collar!

Look at them. Just look! Kallen's tights were more pinkish, but light red hues fit her much better than dark colours anyway. Her leotard was a touch darker, maybe only slightly lighter red than blood. They say that red is the colour of passion, in which case Kallen certainly exemplified that.

In her personality, in her body language, and also in the way that the leotard framed her big hard futa dick.

Then there was Shirley, whose leotard was as blue as the typical school swimsuit. She was a bit more flexible, most any colour suited her - but if you put a gun to Lelouch's head and demanded to know what colour she thought suited her best, the reply would be "seriously, you put a gun to my head to make me answer that? Fine, blues and maybe bluish greens suit her well!" Otherwise, it was the same kind of cut as Kallen's, though the colour difference did give off quite a different impression. Shirley felt kinder to look at, was a bit less intimidating but absolutely no less sexy.

"So, what were you guys talking about?" Kallen asked, all seductive and alluring, though somehow Lelouch imagined that she'd have a hard time doing something where those adjectives failed to apply.

"Lelouch was wondering if I'd noticed anything weird going on," Suzaku happily chirped. "My, my. I love the new uniforms!"

"Thanks!" Shirley sang, slinking into the room with her hands behind her back and her futa dick throbbing under her leotard. Pulsing like a blocked hose. In time with the beating of her heart. "What do you think, Lelou? Do I look <i>fucking sexy</i>, or what?"

"Oh yes, you both look like a feast on legs," Lelouch said. She clutched at her breast as though bracing herself for what was to come. "No man could resist you, nor peel their eyes off you when you dress like that. They'd be spellbound. Helpless. Utterly entranced."

Kallen coughed, and proved Lelouch's point earlier on. If you filmed her coughing while dressed like that, you could put it online and there would be men flocking to pay through the nose for it. "If we're a feast, then the two of you are a banquet."

"So, you're an abundance of food, while we're a large celebratory meal?" Lelouch quipped.

A scowl fell upon Kallen's face upon hearing that. "Okay, I was going to be all seductive, but backtalk gets us past the foreplay. On your knees."

The world seemed to warp and shift around, and before Lelouch knew what was happening she was indeed on her knees with her butt sticking straight up in the air. The skirt was discarded, off in some corner of the room. Huh? Eh? How had this happened? Lelouch didn't remember -

Something pressed up against Lelouch's pussy. Something hard and quite insistent. It pushed inside without any resistance, filling Lelouch up in an instant - then began to piston in and out of her with relentless force, pushing and pulling Lelouch's whole body back and forth with each violent thrust.

It felt fucking incredible and she wouldn't want this to stop even if the world was going to end.

"That's right, lowly worm!" Kallen snorted back in a haughty, snotty and snobbish way. "Feel the relentless tides of pleasure that only one such as I can bestow! I shall drive you to the brink of madness through pleasure, and then - "

She stopped. Right at the moment that Lelouch was going to climax, she stopped cold. Leaving the cockhead pressed up against her outer lips, not quite penetrating but tantalisingly close enough. Lelouch tried to push back, but Kallen had her hands in place to stop any such action.

"I will leave you hanging like this long enough to cool down... and start again!" Which she did, right at the perfect moment where resuming sex would no longer give Lelouch the respite she so desperately needed. "Hohohoho, your vaunted intelligence comes to naught under my grasp! While your friend Suzaku is helpless before Shirley's kindness, heedless of strength!"

"Does this feel good?" Shirley asked, seated where Lelouch was, gently thrusting into Suzaku's pussy. "Teehee, you're so innocent, Suzaku! That is what makes it fun to do this!"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Suzaku grunted and moaned. "Sh-Shirley! Thank you so much for helping to train me!"

Training. That's what this was. Training. For both of them. Making both Lelouch and Suzaku okay with this. Okay with being fucked like this. Treated as sexual objects to be used for the purpose of corrupting others. Enticing them with their bodies, and then enslaving them to their lusts. When Kallen smacked Lelouch's butt in the midst of each thrust, some wanton voice from nearby begged for more. Pleaded for more. Would do anything for her to give her more, more, more of this! To let Lelouch feel Kallen's body against hers, let her touch those breasts, let her worship those hips, let her hold her close and enjoy her warmth and taste and smell! Surely Suzaku was experiencing the same thing with Shirley?

"Oh, Lelou, you don't mind taking care of this do you?" Shirley asked, letting her rock hard dick flop in between Lelouch's breasts. Lelouch stared at it for a moment, a little confused. Mostly horny, but also quite confused. Wasn't Shirley, at this very moment, making sweet tender love to Suzaku over there? Actually, on looking over it seemed as though there was another Kallen over there too, thrusting her own enormous futa dick right into Suzaku's apparently quite eager gob. "Shush now, don't think about it. Just suck and enjoy, for once don't overthink everything."

Well, she had to admit. Shirley was right. She did tend to overthink things a little bit, didn't she? What was wrong with occasionally shutting your brain off and living in the moment?

*Nothing* whispered a voice that sounded a bit like Morigan's. *That was always your problem, Lelouch. You overthought everything, and it wound up costing you everything. Shush now. Enjoy yourself.*

"That's right, Kururugi! Suck my dick!" the second Kallen said, roughly grasping the back of Suzaku's head and forcing her to swallow that dong roughly, forcefully, while Shirley gently and tenderly screwed her from behind. It was basically the opposite of what Lelouch was going through. "You might as well show talent in one area at least!"

"Hrm, what's this?" the Kallen rutting Lelouch asked. "Would you perhaps enjoy a taste of my penis through your upper lips instead?"

"Kallen, don't tease Lelou," Shirley wagged her finger. "Dear sweet Lelou is lost in a wonderful dream of sucking my shaft."

Whose dream was it? Lelouch's, or Shirley's? At this point there wasn't much of a difference anymore, was there? The only ones who should suck dick are those who are happy to have



their dicks sucked! Or something like that. Something about that felt familiar to Lelouch, but she simply could not place it for the life of her.

At some point Lelouch found herself turned around, still on her hands and knees, finding Suzaku as a reflection of herself. Being rutted from behind by Shirley, who was being more methodical and gentle than Kallen's rough rutting. Which did Lelouch prefer? An impossible question to answer. A puzzle wrapped in an enigma wrapped in a conundrum tossed into the very heart of the ancient labyrinth.

"That's right Suzaku, fall into lust," Shirley was whispering. "Look at Lelouch. Look at how much they're enjoying it. You can't fight it anymore. You don't want to fight it anymore. Just give in. Go ahead, give in already. Help Miss Morrigan achieve true and lasting world peace."

"B-But that kind of peace! Ah! Ah! Lelouch!" Suzaku grunted. How strange. For the first time in a while, Suzaku's eyes had a sort of clarity in them. "Tell her Lelouch that kind of world where lust rules would be- would be!"

"Fucking awesome," Lelouch sighed and all but fell into Suzaku's lips. Tasting them. Savouring them. Pouring herself into them. *<i>Corrupting them</i>*. Some instinct or other was telling her how to use her tongue to best make Suzaku feel great. Probably the same instinct, the same little voice whispering in her ear, was whispering in Kallen's to know exactly how best to bring Lelouch to the brink of climax and then stop cold.

Kallen grabbed Lelouch's waist and hoisted her up a little, and Shirley did the same with Suzaku. Guiding the two of them closer and closer together until their enormous breasts pushed and squished together, the flesh moulding and moving around in ways that real boobs don't, but looks pretty damned amazing anyway. Who cared about reality anyhow? Aesthetics are what mattered! That's something Lelouch had long since learned. The aesthetics are the most important thing and - And!

"Are you sure you haven't seen anything weird"? Lelouch asked, sitting at his seat. His seat. Dressed in the typical girl's uniform. A tight tiny skirt that didn't quite fit right around his waist, and a rather snug top that was all wrong for his frame, spilled open to expose his breasts. Sitting opposite Suzaku. His male friend. Also dressed in the typical girl's uniform, which had also proven to be a size or three too small, causing it to burst at the seams and expose his breasts to the naked air as well. Not that it mattered. Exposed male chest wasn't lewd. "I have this strange persistent feeling that something is terribly amiss."

"I've had that same feeling, now that you mention it," Suzaku said. Then, after a moment he asked a different question. "Do you know what I think would help us figure it out? Rubbing one off."

Ah, that was good thinking! Sometimes Suzaku was quite adept at coming at a problem from an angle Lelouch hadn't considered. Usually because it involved physical activity of some sort. Nonetheless! The two boys reached underneath the skirts they were wearing and began to furiously masturbate, neither finding it odd at all that instead of a big hard shaft and swollen testes, there was a slick, moist and needy pussy that practically sucked their fingers in the moment they got close.

The pair of them thrust in two fingers at a time, pistoning them in, watching each other's bouncing breasts for inspiration. To help each other remain wet. This was normal. This was a

completely usual, everyday thing. It was absolutely and totally normal for the pair of them to stroke it off while staring at each other's exposed bosom. It was absolutely mundane for them to lean back in their seat and tease their own dripping pussies while imagining the other was the one doing it. It was beyond ordinary for them to quickly reach the height of absolute pleasure, causing their backs to arch and - Ah! They shot out their cum all over each other's faces!

Oh well. Nothing else for it. They'd have to clean it up. Lick it from their own lips, scoop it up with their fingers and wolf it down.

"Did you think of anything?" Suzaku asked.

"No, nothing," Lelouch shrugged. Mm, nice and salty! "I'm sure if there is something amiss, I shall notice it in the due course of time."

Or be so thoroughly brainwashed that you won't even notice the possibility that anything is strange anymore. Either or.