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Concubine Ranma

It started a week ago, when Ukyo and Konatsu both disappeared. At first, everyone thought they'd gone to a chef conference and didn't think anything of it. But then Kodachi went missing. Nobody really cared, except her dumb brother. Then Shampoo vanished. Then the Tendo sisters soon after that.

Something weird was going on. No question of it. Ranma had taken the lead in investigating, and it had led him here. To this fancy building, it looked like a regular showroom, but it was clearly being used for some other purpose.

When he'd tried showing up as a guy, they'd turned him away, but Ranma quickly noticed they had little trouble inviting pretty girls in. So. With that in mind, *she* went in girl form. Sometimes having a Jusenkyo curse was a handy thing, huh?

Of course, she had to dress up for it. A slinky black dress. High heels. The works. Gotta look the part to get into a place like this. Whatever was going on here, she would surely get to the bottom of it. Once inside the building, she felt a bit out of place. Always did with places this fancy. The last time she'd been somewhere like this it had been the Chardins, which - Urgh, not an experience she wanted to repeat.

"Something to drink?" a girl wearing a rather revealing bunny outfit asked. Looking around there were a fair few of them. Ranma took it, to be polite. Sniffed it. "It's non-alcoholic, if that's what you're worried about."

"Thank you," Ranma said, and took a sip. Huh. Not bad. "What is it?"

"A fruity little cocktail, even I'm not sure what's in it," the girl said, smiling lightly before turning and strutting off, making sure to wiggle her hips as if putting on a show for Ranma's exclusive view. Okay, cool, whatever. Ranma might be a straight guy in actuality, but that kinda display didn't really do much for him. Or her, for that matter.

Anyway, he went inside and soon found a spare seat off to the side. Before doing anything at all, best thing was to figure out what the deal was. For the time being she'd sit down to scope this place out. See what the big deal was, and then -

The lights dimmed. The doors closed. A man stepped out from behind the curtain. "Gentlemen," he said. Then, with a more lecherous tone, "Ladies." There was a smattering of chuckles around the room. "Our auction for tonight shall begin shortly, but first - we shall run another event in the near future. Before we begin tonight's event, let us show you a small preview of what we shall have on offer the next time we meet."

An auction? Huh? What the hell were they selling on auction that was so exclusive?

The curtain raised and she had her answer. Laying around on various pieces of furniture, wearing practically nothing at all were the missing girls. A few others alongside them, too.

She could barely believe it. What were they wearing? Some sort of gold and silver chain underwear, which looped around their hips, in between their butt cheeks and looping around to barely cover their most private areas. Something similar was around their breasts as well, but it covered even less skin! Then there were the collars around their neck. With leashes attached. Almost like dog collars.

Shampoo was reclining on a bed, entirely on her side with an arm trailed down. Kasumi was sitting on a stool with her legs crossed. Ukyo was on her back playing with her breasts. Kodachi was bent over a post and looking backwards. Nabiki was leaning against a wooden structure with her leg perched up on the back of a chair, while Akane was sitting on that chair spread eagle. All of them were looking out at the audience with eyes that were glazed over, yet at the same time projected nothing but raw, animalistic lust.

"And so you can see. we have some prime opportunity for our next auction," the auctioneer said, reaching out and spanking Kasumi's butt. "Excellent merchandise, wouldn't you agree?"

Ranma rose to her feet, ready to charge the stage and whoop this guy's ass - but the instant she was up, she was toppling over. Legs felt sluggish. Arms felt like lead. Someone grabbed her body as she stumbled over. A hand grabbed her breast. Another grabbed her ass.

"Welcome to your new life, Ranma Saotome," a voice whispered in her ear. "Before too long, you'll be begging for us to present you up there, like we're presenting those girls."

And then, the darkness took her. It would be a while before she woke up.

=====

At first, when Ranma woke up, she thought it was because Akane had decked him into orbit again. Or maybe that stupid panda had been a bit rough. Or something. It was only when her eyes adjusted and she realised she wasn't in her room, or any room that she recognised, that the memories started to come back.

"Oh good, I've been kidnapped," Ranma said, a little surprised she hadn't been restrained. She hauled herself up. Found herself naked. Grunted a bit in frustration. Then went right to the door, where she waited and listened.

Knocking this door down wouldn't be much of a hassle, but it was best not to underestimate this enemy. They'd knocked her out once already. They probably have some tough fighters. She listened. Listened... There was one set of footsteps out there. Getting closer. Closer. She pushed her back up against the wall and waited, come on, come on -

The door opened up and a man stepped in. Didn't look like anything too special. Ranma leaped into action, aiming to quickly grab this guy, wrap her hands over his mouth and then -

She found herself being tossed to the floor with almost casual ease.
"What the -" Ranma yelped, finding herself sprawled on the floor, while the guy was standing over her, seeming amused by her reaction.

"Let me guess, you're a martial artist right?" the guy asked. He shook his head and chuckled darkly. "The drugs we gave you are playing havoc with your motor control, and ability to manipulate ki. If you were thinking of escaping by fighting your way out, you've got another thing coming."

Ranma sat up, feeling the truth of his words in her own movement. She felt sluggish. Slow. Weak. It was, if anything, worse than the Weakness Moxibustion because there at least she retained her speed, even if she'd lost her strength. As it was, just about any guy in the world could probably beat her in a fight right now. It was a stark, humiliating feeling, and on instinct she tried to use her hands and arms to cover herself, at least as best she could.

"You won't get away with this," she warned.

"Haven't regretted it yet," the guy replied. "We've been doing this for a while. Try to relax a bit. In my experience, the sooner you learn to enjoy yourself, the easier this'll get."

Enjoy herself? Hah! As if! How was she supposed to 'enjoy herself' in this situation?

"If you put that thing of yours anywhere near me -" she warned, but he put his hand up.

"First up, that ain't how I operate," he said. "If my junk goes near you, it's cuz you asked for it. Way hotter that way. Second up, if I *did* put it anywhere near you, you wouldn't be able to do anything except maybe a handjob. It's about the only thing your hot body is good for right about now."

Oh yeah? That didn't set her mind at ease any.

"So why are you here?" she asked.

He half stepped out into the hallway and pulled in a clothes rack, upon which were a whole assortment of fetish gear. Including the same clothes that the girls were nearly wearing on stage. He set them at the side of the room for her.

"They'll be washed daily," he said. "Have your pick, you can wear one of these, or go about naked if you prefer. It's the only choice you're getting these days. Breakfast is at 8AM, lunch is noon, dinner's at 5PM, we pick what you eat. Gotta keep you nice and healthy. As for the rest of the day, it's lights out at 10PM, lights up at 7:30. Hot bath at 9AM, and the rest of the day is... recreation."

Recreation? Ranma didn't like the sound of that. No real point to telling her all this anyway, there was no clock or window in here. They were probably trying to distort her sense of time or something.

"By the way, just so you know?" the guy continued. "If you *do* try to escape, we punish one of the other girls at random, so don't try anything funny. We don't like doing it, but it's the only way to keep you all in line."

"Yeah, sure you don't," Ranma grumbled. She balled her fists. Come on, give her an opening, anything would do. She didn't have to wait long. The guy turned his back on her to pull something else into the room, so she pounced like a coiled spring -

Only for him to step aside, and for her to land on the table with all the grace of a blind duck.

"Oopsie daisy," her jailer said, quickly and expertly strapping her in before she could pull herself up. "You've got spunk, I'll give you that. We like hot girls with spunk around here!"

"Hey! Quit it!" Ranma protested, soon finding herself wheeled out of the room, bound wrist and ankle to the bed. She struggled to pull herself up, but to no avail. All she could do was look around the hallways, try to memorise where she was, where they were going, but everything looked kinda the same. Was this the effect of the drugs in her system? Or something else? Whatever the case may be, all she could do was throw a few creative curses at this creep wheeling her along the hallway and - Oooh, he was gonna get his when she was out of this mess! They all were!

"The hell are we now?" she demanded. From the looks of it there was a bit of an audience here. A bunch of fit guys, sitting in seats around the middle of a stage, all wearing animal masks. "Oh, I see how it is. Too cowardly to show your faces, huh?"

"Not at all, Miss Saotome," one of them cackled. The one wearing a big black Tengu mask. "We simply do not wish to distract you from what you're about to experience. May I?"

The Tengu guy approached the stage with a bottle of... something or other, which he tipped out over his hands. It smelled really weird. Made Ranma's head feel funny. Then, she lost sight of him - and felt his hands on her shoulders a moment later, squeezing and rubbing the oil into them, rubbing the base of her neck in an almost clinical, yet also kinda rough way. Kneading the flesh, rubbing the oil into her skin, and -

Honestly, it felt kinda... nice. Like her worries and fears were being pushed out of her body against her will. She hated that it felt good. She hated that her body stopped fighting, stopped trying to free itself and simply let it happen.

"Does it not fill you with shame?" the Tengu mask demanded, his oil soaked hands trailing down her spine. D-Dammit, why did this feel so - Ohhh! "You are naked. In front of many men. Being touched intimately by a man you know not the identity of."

"Screw... off!" Ranma managed to grunt out, but that just got a wicked sounding chuckle from the guy. By now his hands were at the small of her back, running in big circles that seemed to grow wider with each pass, spiralling out until it felt like her entire back was being touched and groped at once.

"Well! Such a mouth on you!" the mask chuckled, and the others chuckled alongside him. "Incidentally, this oil has a very special property on women. It soaks into the skin, opens up the pores, and plays *absolute havoc* on your nerves."

As if to prove his point, the jerk pulled his hands back up to the very middle of her back, then lifted them off, until only the very tip of his finger was touching her. Ranma, to her surprise, found her arching her back as if trying to reach up, to maintain the contact for as long as humanly possible - And then, just as she reached her limit, the hands came back down and it almost felt like a *relief.*

That's not to say that his hands returned to her back, however. Instead they firmly gripped Ranma's ankles... which prompted her to realise that the restraints holding her down were no longer in place. On realising this, she tried to lift her arms, but it was like they were full of lead. That jerk must have used pressure points on her shoulders earlier! Ooh, she would get him for -

"Ohhhh, yes!" moaned a voice, an erotic voice that sounded familiar. Ranma almost swallowed her tongue when she realised it was her. The Tengu mask guy was gripping her legs firmly, trailing his hands up to her knee and back down, taking them off her only to administer more of that damned oil to his hands. Each pass went further up her legs, little by little. And when he did, something like a spark alit within the pit of Ranma's stomach.

Ranma was scared of that spark. As his hands graced her thighs, she tried not to squirm. "Fuuuuck youuuuu!" she burbled defiantly.

"I think you'll find that's quite the idea," he said on the next pass, where he went still higher up. Soon enough, even that seemed tame to where he was going, when his fingers started to brush up against the curve of her buttocks. She feared that most of all. There was this instinctive understanding deep inside her soul that the second he covered *that* part of her in oil, her body would *love it*. Adore it, cherish it, reward her with an enormous dopamine hit, the likes of which she'd never felt before.

Yet he never quite crossed that boundary. It was as if there was an invisible wall there, that he simply ran up to time after time. Ten times in total, scooping the oil all the way along her legs, up and down, around the side, but never ever once crossing that line. She felt incoherent, probably babbled a bit... And then it was suddenly over.

The jerk in the Tengu mask wandered around to her front, squat down to look her in the eyes, and she could *feel* the cocky smirk underneath his mask.

"Today is a freebie," he said. "Starting tomorrow, if you want to cum, you'll have to ask for it."

Then, he reached over her body and firmly grabbed her ass, a hand to each cheek. His fingers dug into her flesh, and to her surprise, Ranma found herself writhing, moaning, and cumming. She could feel something shooting out of her *down there* in a way she'd never known a woman could do. It was... beyond intense!

All the while the onlookers were drinking it all in! She'd never felt so - So humiliated before! This was a travesty, an outrage! Some of them were even taking pictures! How dare they! How *dare* they?! Is this what they'd done to break the other girls? Well! If they thought they could break her, they had another thing -

"Cumming!" Ranma groaned, as one last ejaculation left her body, leaving her hips shaking as if trying to make sure it was out of her.

"Like I said, that one was a freebie," the man in the Tengu mask said, then flipped Ranma onto her back, and that very nearly made her cum again by itself! The oil had made her skin so sensitive that merely lying on this flat table, on her back was leaving her gasping for air and - "Let's see how long you last when I massage your front!"

Ranma bit her lips and stared at the strong arms reaching across her figure, pouring the oil into a little pool in her navel, and letting it just... sit there, her own little movements making it spill over her body while he worked elsewhere. Nowhere lewd. At first. He returned to her feet, gave them a deep sensual rub, and even that was driving her up the wall. She tried to kick him, but the foot was easily caught, much to the amusement of the watchers.

Then he moved on to her hips, slid around her tummy, and rubbed her torso while conspicuously avoiding her breasts. Ranma's breathing grew heavier and heavier, as the anticipation, the torment, grew and grew. If anything, he seemed to be taking great pains to avoid touching her breasts at all, which made it all the worse! He'd smear the oil along her arms, around her hands, her fingers, her neck, her face, leaving it all covered in a thin layer of this mysterious goop that left her skin tingling and glistening, until every square inch of her flesh was covered, even rubbing it into her scalp! All that was left was her breasts, and -

"You're free to go."

Huh? What? Ranma blinked in genuine confusion. She looked around. A door was opened wide. Nobody was in between her and it, and on the other side she could plainly see trees and grass.

"Go ahead, walk out with your head held high," the man in the Tengu mask said. "But thisi s a one time offer! You have to be able to make it out there on your own two feet."

"No tricks?" Ranma asked.

"We won't stop you," the man in the Tengu mask said. "There are no pitfalls, nothing to bar your way, you can simply rise and leave of your own volition - if you *can*."

Yeah, of course. That's the trick right there, isn't it? They were expecting her to maybe keel over from the experience, huh? This stuff was on her feet too, wasn't it? Alright then. Okay. In that case! Ranma rolled off the table, and landed on her feet, letting out a deeper breath of air than she knew was inside her. Okay. Okay, that was bad, but she could bear it. All she had to do was bring her head up high, and - Try not to squeak or make a noise that will embarrass her! She could do this, she could do this! Alright, just bear with this weird pleasure in her feet, and then -

And then... she realised the true nature of their trap. That nature being: Gravity. She felt the oil start to drip down her body, tugged down by the Earth's pull, drawn towards its enormous mass, and in so doing... leaving thin trails of oil trailing down her breasts.

"Ah!" she gasped. On instinct she tried to stop the trickles of pleasure, but this instinct was the wrong one. Her fingers and hands were covered in the goop as well! She'd only added to it! She'd made her problems all that much worse, slathering this stuff on herself, heightening the sensation, and - And!

"See how she moans and writhes," the asshole in the Tengu mask announced to the braying crowd. "She pretends not to yearn for it, fakes that she is chaste, above it all - but see how easy it is to reduce her to this state? Come, Ranma. Rise to your feet. Walk for your freedom. Crawl for it, even!"

She couldn't. Couldn't rise to her feet. Couldn't even crawl. The instant that damned oil touched her nipples, it had all been over. All she could do was grope herself, cast herself deeper, deeper, yet deeper still into this pit of hell she'd dug for herself. Unable to stop, unable to rise, unable to speak - and it only got worse, for she realised too late that there was one last place untouched, untainted, but thanks to gravity that would no longer be the case.

That place being... her pussy. The place where her *manhood* ought to be. She had forgotten about the oil pooled in her navel, you see, and that's what was pouring down in between her legs right now, and -

"Obviously, she has no desire to leave," the Tengu headed asshole said. In front of her, she could see the door closing. "Therefore, we shall keep her here longer. Train her up, and teach her the pleasures of being a woman. Take her to the showers."

Ranma's entire body felt slack, and her tongue was hanging out of her mouth. A pair of guards grabbed her under the arms, and tossed her into a shower stall, where she lay breathing heavily, waiting for the hot water to pour over her. Heh. Joke's on them. When that hot water hit her, she'd be -

"Huh?" Ranma looked at herself. There was steam billowing out around her. That water was definitely hot enough. So why...? "I'm still a girl?

They must have done something to lock her curse. Of course they had. They knew her name. They had the other girls here already. They probably knew all about this. She rose defiantly to her feet on wobbly legs, and wiped herself down... and found herself amazed at how soft and delicate her skin felt.

"Man, that oil really did a number on - " Ah! "Nooo, why? Why can't I stop~?" She'd made the mistake of trying to scrub herself down, wipe the oil off, but in the process her hands had gone in between her thighs... And set her off once again. Her fingers wouldn't stop. No matter what. No matter what! Stop, she'd think, but something animalistic growled back *more*. Stop! *More!* Stop! *More!* Stop, stop, stop! *More, more, more!*

To her great shame, she came yet again, the third time today, and the way things were going she'd have to get used to it. The shower shut off shortly after she'd finished cumming, just barely long enough to wash away the... the discharge and not a second longer. A soft towel was ready for her. She used it to dry off, and then found herself being led back to the room

she'd woken up in. She refused to think of it as her 'room'. Her *cell* was more like it, with the bed she'd woken up in, the clothes rack off to the side...

And sitting in the middle of the floor was an oil covered sex toy. A plastic phallic object, just sitting there. Taunting her. As she was pushed further into the room - more like slapped on her butt and made to stumble forward - the smell of the oil hit Ranma's nose. To her alarm, it smelled *good*.

She felt like slapping the damn thing across the room, but instead she gave it a wide berth and collapsed onto the bed. Urgh! They were probably gonna drug her food, too. Keep her from getting the strength to fight back. Keep her soft, keep her weak, so they could continue trying to brainwash her.

Well, they wouldn't break her! She'd break *out*. There was a reminder of how they'd *punish* the other girls but - Hell, she'd break them out with her! There was nothing they could do to her that would break her!

Which left her with little to do but meditate. Try to centre yourself, Saotome. Focus on your body. Regain control over it. Figure out the effect this stuff is having on your balance and your speed, then try to overcome it through visual training. Yeah, that's right. She lay there for a few hours, easily visualising herself running through a few kata. It was a few hours doing just that, but -

There was commotion outside her room. Huh? Ranma's eyes screeched open. What was going on out there? She crept up to the door and hid up against the wall. It hadn't worked last time, but maybe - The door opened. An umbrella stuck through the doorway.

"Nobody in here," said a very familiar voice. Ryoga! "Where are those girls...?"

"Hey, lost boy!" Ranma yelped, leaping out in front of him - then to her surprise stumbling, having to be caught by him before she fell flat on her face.

"Easy there, I got you," Ryoga said. He grabbed her, scooped her up in his arms. "You've been drugged or something, right? Let's get you out of here, then rescue the others."

Phew, what a relief. She'd never been so glad to see the lost boy. It was a bit embarrassing being bridal carried through the facility like this, but hey, better than what had happened earlier, right?

"Down that hall," Ranma pointed, knowing full well he'd only get lost. "I saw a way out in that room."

"This one?" Ryoga asked, kicking the door open dramatically. The room was empty. Devoid of guards. "Which one is the door?"

"That one!" Ranma pointed excitedly. Yes, yes! Haha! Now she could put this ordeal behind her, and -

And instead, Ryoga put her down on the table from before. Huh? What? The straps on the table automatically fastened around her arms and legs, leaving her prone, unable to move, in a quite embarrassing position. Face down, legs apart, sort of bent over a little.

"Hey, what's the big idea?!" Ranma sputtered. She looked back at her would be saviour... and then saw him put on a Tengu's mask. The same Tengu's mask from before!

"I'm surprised you didn't recognise my voice back then," Ryoga said. "This place is my family inheritance, from my beloved grandfather. The facility. The people. The methods... and soon enough, you will be begging to be mine as well!"

"Get bent!" Ranma yelled, but Ryoga replied by giving her a very, very hard spank that left her yowling with pain.

"Bad slut! Talking back to your master like that," Ryoga warned. He pulled out that damned oil again... but this time, he didn't put any of it on Ranma's body. Instead, he took off his clothes and poured it down himself.

Wait, the jerk was especially rubbing it around his dick. Why was he doing that...? He couldn't- he wouldn't! But as it happened, Ranma's worst fears weren't being actualised quite yet. There was no penetration. Instead, Ryoga simply left his oil-covered dick in the cleft of her ass, grabbed her hips, and began to slowly saw his dick right in between her cheeks like he was doing the laziest, most gradual cutting of a log in recorded history.

And it felt fucking great. Ranma hated that it felt great, but it *did*.

"Did you think I would fuck you?" Ryoga asked, and Ranma burbled unintelligibly in reply. "No, no, not yet. Not quite yet. That would be a *reward*, you see. If and when I fuck you, it will be because you did something to *deserve it*."

"Yoooooou bassshtard!" Ranma sputtered, her hips wiggling around in a desperate, futile, foolish attempt to either escape, or cause yet great stimulation. At this point even Ranma didn't know for sure. "What kinda reward is -"

"You'll agree with me before too long," Ryoga said. "Today, that was just a small taste of the training you're going to undergo. Tomorrow...? Tomorrow, the real training begins! You won't recognise yourself by the time we're done with you, Ranma Saotome."

Is that so...? We'll see about that, Hibiki! If you think you can break Ranma Saotome, you've got another thing -

"Cumming!" Ranma groaned despite herself. Alright. Maybe this would be more challenging than she thought...

"By the time you're done, you'll see yourself as nothing more than a sex object that exists for pleasure," Ryoga chuckled darkly. "I'm supposed to put you up for auction, but you know? Maybe I'll keep you for myself. Wouldn't that be the best revenge for everything you've put

me through? I'll well and truly ruin your happiness - and there's not a damned thing you can do about it!"

Fairy Tail Ballet Shoes

A Mage will often get hired on to do some really dumb, petty nonsense. As the daughter of a rich family herself, Lucy Heartfilia knew this all too well. She'd seen *other* rich families pull in Mages for ridiculous sums of money purely for the purpose of catching a particularly stubborn pest in their garden.

For the best they never hired Fairy Tail for that sort of job, as the garden itself would probably be destroyed in the process. This was a different sort though. A simple transport job, which ended with only a little collateral damage. The client was delivered nice and safe to their home, nothing else to say about it -

Except that he gave her a little gift on top of the payment.

"What's this?" Lucy asked, staring in genuine confusion at the box that had been put to her.

"A special gift," the client said. "Nothing much, nothing special. A pair of ballet shoes that I thought would suit you."

"Oh, I don't do -" Lucy began, but then bit her tongue. Next thing, she'll be put into a stupid mission where she'd have to practise ballet or something. "Thanks. You take care now, okay?"

The client nodded, smiled and went inside. Alright then. Lucy sighed, more happy with the money than the shoes. Still, she took a peek at them and - Gosh, they were pretty. A pair of well made sparkling ruby red shoes. Very expensive looking, very well made. Goodness, they were almost *too* well made for merely dancing. She might even be able to get away with wearing them at special events!

It was an odd thought, but she couldn't help herself. There was a bench over here... why not try them on? The thought was an odd one. It sort of... crept into her head out of nowhere. Yet it was irresistible. She almost couldn't not put them on, does that make sense?

And so, on her feet they went. Remarkable. Amazing. It was like they'd been made to fit right over her tootsies, so snug, so secure, so comfortable and -

"Woah!" she yelped, suddenly finding herself on her tippy toes. Yet her balance remained... absolute. "Huh! This isn't too -" She tried to take a step, but then found herself spinning, pirouetting, elegantly and gracefully prancing down the street. At first Lucy was mortified, embarrassed, deeply concerned- she could not control her body at all!

"Come on, come on!" Lucy complained, finding herself running through an expert ballet routine against her own volition. "Urgh! That client, he gave me an enchanted pair of shoes! I shouldn't have put them on, I should have known something was weird!"

She tried to stop herself. Tried to stop dancing. But... She simply couldn't do it. No matter how she tried to exert her will, it simply... wouldn't... Work! She couldn't stop moving, couldn't stop dancing!

And yet... And yet, she could almost sort of feel it. Starting to move through her. Flowing into her. Ah. Ah! Ohh yes, the sheer elegance of it, the beauty, the grace. Her feet fluttered across the ground, she made a little leap into the air, and was left simply gliding down the street, while onlookers gave her a wide berth.

That felt like a snub, and so she stepped it up a notch, whirling and twirling, becoming the very embodiment of skill and grace. Unable to resist this enchanting pull, Lucy began to move with a tremendous burst of finesse and charm. Her every step was accompanied by a twirl, a leap, a delicate spin!

It was surely the shoes that were doing it. Her every thought and desire was flowing into them and coming out, translated in a mesmerising dance. Though eventually it did have to come to an end, as all things must, and a few people around her gave her polite applause.

But... Standing there in the middle of the street she couldn't help but feel like something was missing. Something wasn't... quite... right. Looking down at her clothes, she could see what it was right away. This black skirt and blue top were indeed quite stylish, but the skirt was limiting her ability to truly cut loose. No longer held back by her concerns over why she was behaving or thinking this way, Lucy was unchained... and through those chains being broken, the shoes could move on to the Next Step.

It began with her blue top, which made a rather dramatic alteration into a bright pink leotard. The foundation of the ensemble clung to her body as a second skin, capturing the very essence of her femininity through the soft, ballet pink, a hue that resembled the blush of a tender rose. The bodice of the leotard was adorned with subtle details, featuring a delicate pattern of intricate lace that adorned the neckline and gracefully extended down to her midriff. Her skirt quickly followed in transformation, becoming a voluminous, ethereal tutu which cascaded down in layers of frothy tulle.

And then there were the tights, which completed the look. Sheer, delicate, extending the line of her body, accentuating the precision of her movements, and through this her transformation was complete. In mind, body and soul, Lucy Hearfilia was no longer a mage, but rather a ballet dancer extraordinaire!

"Tsk, this hair is not suitable at all," Lucy tutted. She shook her head, and stared down at the shoes. "Can you not do better than this?"

Apparently it could! Her normal style was characterised by her flowing golden locks, but before the eyes of the surprised onlookers surrounding her - fascinated by her performance and the change in her clothes - the golden strands, previously falling freely around her shoulders, began to lift and intertwine with an ethereal grace. A gentle glow enveloped Lucy's hair, hinting at the enchantment at work. The strands gradually gathered at the crown of her head, weaving themselves into a meticulous structure.

The transformation unfolded like a dance of light and shadow, as if the very essence of her magic was interwoven with each strand. The beehive took shape, rising elegantly into the air while maintaining a certain weightlessness, defying the laws of gravity. It became a crown of golden waves, a testament to both the magical prowess and inherent grace of the celestial mage.

The beehive's height accentuated Lucy's already strongly appealing features, creating a regal and commanding presence. The transformation did not erase the natural softness of her hair but instead imbued it with an added sense of sophistication. Wisps of golden strands escaped the beehive, framing her face delicately and enhancing the enchanting aura that surrounded her.

Lucy, with her newly adorned beehive, appeared as a celestial queen, the embodiment of both strength and elegance. The once free-flowing locks were now sculpted into a radiant testament to the magic she commanded. As she moved, the beehive swayed with a mesmerising fluidity, capturing the attention of those fortunate enough to witness the magical metamorphosis of Lucy Heartfilia's brand new hairstyle.

"*Now* my transformation is complete," Lucy chuckled to herself. She leaned to the side and arched her arms over her head, then tutted to herself. "Tsk, but of course, my friends will think this is bad, and try to do something about it... Perhaps instead, I should do something about them, first...?"

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It said something that Lucy was able to just walk right into the Fairy Tail guild the way she was, and nobody batted an eye. These guys were flat out weirdos sometimes, one of them walking in wearing a ballet costume? Especially Lucy? Who tended to get herself wound up in weird and freaky kinda fetishy things? Far as they were concerned, it was probably Tuesday again.

Her first target was sitting at a desk engrossed in a book on magical theory. There she is. Wendy. Oblivious to the great change about to come to her.

"Hey, Wendy!" Lucy chimed, the soft jingle of her ballet shoes accompanying her graceful steps. Wendy looked up, her eyes widening in surprise at Lucy's newfound balletic elegance.

"Huh? What's with that getup?" Wendy asked, looking her over in genuine surprise. Lucy shushed her, and gestured for her to come along, she had something to show her young friend.

Back at Lucy's room, Wendy watched with fascination as Lucy danced elegantly across the room, and then retrieved a box, which she passed over to Wendy. Within which were... a pair of ruby red shoes, much like the pair that she'd been wearing.

"Put these on," Lucy said, while the shoes glimmered with a celestial sheen. "Trust me, it's going to be an enchanting experience."

"Well, okay..." Wendy said. Intrigued, Wendy slipped the ballet shoes onto her feet. "Did you buy these just for me?" Wendy asked, marvelling at how comfortable they were.

"Actually, I just made them," Lucy said. "We're a matching pair now, huh?"

"Is this for a job or -" Wendy began, but was quickly cut off as she felt... something happened to her. As the first notes of a celestial melody filled the air, Wendy felt a surge of magic coursing through her. Her outfit transformed, becoming a smaller duplicate of Lucy's change - a bright pink leotard, a regal tall beehive hairstyle, and the same ruffled skirt, complete with the same pink leggings. It was as if someone had simply copied Lucy outright and then shrunk her down to half her size, as even Wendy's hair completely changed on the spot, becoming the same radiant golden hue as Lucy herself!

"Oh, my goodness," Wendy gasped, looking down at herself. "What's happened to me?"

"Why don't we discuss that while dancing, young princess?" Lucy asked. "We have a very important mission ahead of us, and we need to practise our ballet."

"Y-yes, of course!" Wendy said, accepting what Lucy said at face value without further question. "The two of us are the very finest ballerinas around, it's only natural that we would have an important mission ahead of us."

"Indeed, quite so!" Lucy nodded in total agreement. "Those lesser ballerinas couldn't *possibly* match up to what we're going to do!"

"Quite so," Wendy nodded. "Nonetheless, if we are to put on a proper show, it cannot merely be the two of us. We shall require others to better highlight our superiority."

"You read my mind, my dearest..." Lucy blinked quickly, as her mind readjusted to a new truth. "Daughter." Yes, Wendy was her... her *daughter*. She was the Queen of Ballet, and Wendy was the Princess of Ballet, therefore - Therefore, her *daughter*. "Have no fear, with your assistance we shall recruit some mages from a particularly infamous guild, and turn them into productive, pretty ballerinas. Instead of violence, they shall be elegant. Instead of aggression they shall be elegant!"

Lucy swooned a little, in sheer anticipation of what was to come. Yet only a little. It wouldn't do at all for one of her standing to show that much weakness, now would it? Their bodies leaned toward each other, forming a harmonious arc that conveyed a sense of unity and shared magic. The tips of their beehives touched, creating a visual connection between the ballet queen and princess. Their eyes met, reflecting the joy and camaraderie that flowed between them. Not to mention the sheer anticipation both of them felt for the show they would soon put on!

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It was a bit unusual for the two of them to receive an invitation like this from Lucy, but neither of the Strauss sisters read anything much into it. From the sound of things, Lucy was interested in helping out with the photoshoots Mirajane did to bring in some money.

Well, that was fine by either of them. Why wouldn't it be? Lucy was plenty cute as well. A bit of extra money brought into the guild could rarely ever be a bad thing.

"Hrm? That's quite the unusual getup," Mira said, looking over Lucy's fancy new clothes. "Is that a ballet theme?"

"It most assuredly is," Lucy replied with a knowing smile. "Come, come. I've managed to rent this garden for our use. Please, impart your wisdom and experience unto me, so that I may learn from the very best, the cover girl of the guild."

The moon cast a soft glow over the secluded garden, hidden away from the bustling crowds of the city. Lucy led the two sisters into a truly enchanted seeming place. Once there, Lucy smiled at them. "Pardon me for a moment, but do you mind if I warm up a little first?"

"No, no, go ahead," Mira said. Lisanna though, she scowled, unsure of why she was even here. She wasn't nearly as pretty or cute as her big sister, and besides, she'd much rather show off for Natsu...

But their attention was soon brought down to Lucy's feet. The ruby red ballet shoes, pulsating with magical energy, whispered enchantments through the rhythmic taps against the soft earth. Lucy initiated a hypnotic ballet, for just the two of them, while concealed not too far away Wendy was encouraging the sister's fall.

First, a series of delicate pliés, her arms arcing in perfect harmony. The subtle waves of magic emanating from the enchanted shoes began to weave their way through the air, ensnaring the attention of Mirajane and Lisanna. Enrapturing them, enchanting them, completely ensuring their attention was stored completely upon Lucy's graceful form.

"So, how is this?" Lucy asked. "Will this grace the cover of those magazines well enough?" Her feet fluttered, rarely staying still, leaving their jaws slacked as they watched in awe. "Or perhaps you should be the ones learning from me instead?"

As Lucy transitioned into a fluid rond de jambe, Wendy stepped out, mirroring her movements, amplifying the spell with her own magical prowess. The Strauss sisters were completely enthralled. For Mirajane, it was an intoxicating display of ability, and for Lisanna, it was something she could learn from. Use to entice, seduce Natsu, draw his attention upon her.

And so, they began to try to mimic her. Oh! But they felt so clumsy by comparison! They had to take their shoes off... and fortunately, this is where Wendy stepped forward, sliding a pair of ruby red shoes practically underneath their toes.

The air crackled with enchantment as Lucy executed a flawless grand jeté, the magical energy rippling through the space like a cascade of stardust. Mirajane and Lisanna, caught in the spell, followed suit, their bodies moving with an otherworldly grace.

And that's when their clothes began to change as well. Those clothes dissolved into a shimmering violet mist, only to reassemble into matching ballet ensembles. The fabric took on a regal hue, which would be fitting for their new roles, after a fashion. A deep and luxurious violet that seemed to absorb and reflect the moonlight. The tutus flared with ethereal grace as they twirled, enhancing the magical allure of the dance.

Mirajane's ensemble featured intricate lace details, adorned with tiny silver stars that sparkled in the moonlight. Lisanna's outfit, complementing her sister's, had delicate floral embroidery, creating a harmonious blend of elegance and enchantment. The fabric clung to their forms, emphasising the ethereal beauty of the magical ballet.

Simultaneously, the once-flowing locks of Mirajane and Lisanna underwent a mystical transformation. Their hair coalesced into a silvery ribbon, weaving itself into a perfect heart-shaped arrangement that hovered just above their heads.The silver strands seemed to catch the moonlight, casting a soft, celestial glow around the heart-shaped locks.

"How do the two of you feel?" Lucy asked when the dance was done. "Are you ready to accept your new roles in society?"

"We are!" both Mira and Lisa said in unison. "We are your Royal Lovers, your Majesty!"

Lucy slipped in between the two of them, grabbing both of their hips and pulling them close. Perfect! Absolutely perfect! Now, she had one of the guild's strongest members completely under her heel! Or rather, as she was the Queen of Ballet, she ought to say she had them under her *toes* instead? Ohohoho!

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In a quiet corner of the Fairy Tail guild - Yes I just reread that part. Quiet is a relative term. Quieter than most areas of the guild, let's put it that way. This is in the library, which has walls intended to drown out the noise a bit better than other parts of the building.. Anyway, there were two members of the guild having a quite animated discussion. One had the form of a white cat, while the other was a blue haired beauty.

The air was filled with the rustle of pages and the occasional flicker of magical energy as they exchanged ideas. Levy, her blue hair cascading over her notebook, looked up with a spark of inspiration. "What if we utilise the celestial symbols as catalysts for the runic inscriptions?"

Carla, poring over a particularly ancient grimoire, raised an eyebrow. "That's an intriguing thought, Levy. The celestial symbols do carry unique energy signatures. Combining them with runes could potentially unlock new avenues of magical synergy."

Unbeknownst to them, Wendy was watching them, lurking around a corner. She approached them both, a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

"Hi there guys," Wendy pranced forward, immediately drawing their attention to her. "What're you talking about?"

"Oh, Carla found something quite fascinating in this book," Levy held up the book itself. "What about you? That's an odd thing to see you wearing."

"Are you taking up ballet?" Carla clapped her paws together with excitement. "Aha, how wonderful! I used to dabble, just a little. Would you like some pointers?"

"That will most definitely not be necessary," Wendy said, and with a wave of her hands, conjured a gentle breeze that carried the residual magic from Lucy's dance. That same dance which had enraptured both the Strauss sisters, turning them into Lucy's lovers, had been strong, too strong, and so she had been able to capture this residual leftover - and channel it into these two.

It would be insufficient by itself, but that was where her own dance came into play. As the enchanting breeze surrounded them, Wendy began her own hypnotic dance. Her movements, though less formal than Lucy's, held a natural and enchanting grace. The moonlight filtered through the guild's windows, casting a soft glow on the girl as she danced in this hidden corner of the guild, unnoticed by any who might wish to stop them.

"Hrm, that seems quite -" Carla began, then found herself blinking heavily. "Oh my. Levy, have you ever had an interest in ballet?"

"No, not really," Levy said, eyes transfixed upon Wendy as she spun and twirled and danced for their mesmerised eyes. Her slender form moving with a delicate grace. Her movements were fluid, a seamless blend of balletic elegance and the ethereal touch of her Sky Dragon Slayer magic. "Though I have to say, Wendy sure does make it seem like... Like fun."

"It is fun," Wendy said with a knowing smile upon her face. She produced a pair of shoes and set them on the floor. "Go ahead, try them on. I think you'll *love* how it feels!"

When she slipped her shoes on, Carla's clothes dissolved into a violet mist, only to reassemble into a radiant violet ballet ensemble. The fabric shimmered with celestial patterns, and the tutu flared elegantly as she twirled. Carla's body also transformed into her humanoid form, a young girl with white hair and distinctive cat ears atop her head.

As for Levy? Her attire underwent a magical metamorphosis. Her clothes transformed into a captivating shade of blue, adorned with intricate runic motifs that would sparkle in the moonlight. The ballet ensemble accentuated her movements, embracing the fusion of celestial and runic energies.

Their hair, responding to the enchantment of the ballet shoes, transformed as well. Levy's into a lustrous shade of blonde, while Carla's remained silver. Wendy, with a subtle gesture, shaped Levy's hair into intricate buns, adding a touch of classical elegance to their newfound balletic forms, while Carla's formed itself into a heart shape atop her pretty head.

Wendy slid forward, and gave Carla a chaste peck on the lips. "You are my girlfriend from now on," she commanded, then turned her attention to Levy. "And you, my tutor. Are we on board with this?"

"Yes, your highness!" both of them said in eerie unison, fully falling under her spell and in the process, discarding their identity as a mage to become ballet dancers instead.

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The night air was crisp as Cana Alberona stumbled out of the guild's bar, a satisfied grin on her face. A bit more than just tipsy, she navigated the guild hall's entrance with an unsteady yet confident gait. The flickering lanterns cast shadows on her face, and the distant sound of laughter echoed through the night.

As Cana ventured further into the dimly lit courtyard, she unexpectedly collided with a trio of familiar faces – Lucy Heartfilia, Mirajane Strauss, and Lisanna Strauss. Their eyes gleamed with a mysterious intensity, and a mischievous smile played on their lips.

"Well, well, if it isn't Cana Alberona, the life of the party," Lucy chimed with a sly grin.

Cana chuckled, attempting to steady herself. "Hey, Lucy! What brings you three here?"

Lucy exchanged glances with Mirajane and Lisanna, and a silent understanding passed between them. With a subtle wave of their hands, they conjured a subtle magical aura that enveloped Cana.

"Join us for a little celebration," Mirajane suggested, her voice carrying an enchanting undertone.

Before Cana could respond, Lucy produced a pair of mysterious red ballet shoes. With a playful smirk, she handed them to Cana, who regarded them with a mix of curiosity and amusement.

"These will make the night even more magical," Lucy declared.

In her slightly tipsy state, Cana shrugged and slipped into the shoes, not even questioning why they'd handed them over to her like this. She wasn't quite firing on all cylinders at the moment, you see.

Almost instantly, a surge of magical energy coursed through her, and a trance-like expression replaced her playful grin.

Mirajane and Lisanna, using the residual magic from their earlier hypnotic ballet, worked in tandem with Lucy to weave a subtle enchantment around Cana. The black ballet shoes acted as conduits, amplifying the magical influence and binding Cana to their mesmerising dance.

As the enchantment took hold, Cana's clothes transformed into a sleek and elegant black ensemble. The fabric clung to her form, exuding an air of mystery and sophistication. The black ballet outfit, accented with subtle silver details, complemented the newfound allure of Cana's enchantment.

Simultaneously, Cana's normally unruly hair underwent a transformation. The strands, now a deep shade of black, were styled into a sleek and sophisticated updo. The magical makeover marked a stark departure from Cana's usual carefree appearance, her black hair turned a dazzling golden yellow. No longer let loose, it was tied atop her head in a tight, petite bun that was completely against her normal style.

"Huh?" Cana grunted, while looking down at herself. "Where'd my tats go?"

"Tattoos are not appropriate for a pretty ballerina like yourself," Lucy said, tipping her hand under Cana's chin and forcing her to lift her pretty head. "Welcome to the party, Cana. The night is ours to command!"

"Yes, your Majesty," Cana replied, her drunkenness soon replaced with balance, as she put her hands over her heads into an arch, and began to let the shoes lead her on.

Under the spell of Lucy, Mirajane, and Lisanna's enchantment, Cana found herself caught in the irresistible rhythm of an otherworldly ballet. The black ballet shoes seemed to guide her every movement, and as the quartet entered the guild hall, Cana, now transformed, moved with a surprising grace. Cana's sleek black ensemble accentuated her every motion. The fabric flowed elegantly as she twirled and leaped, her movements synchronised with the enchanting dance of Lucy, Mirajane, and Lisanna. The silver details on her outfit caught the ambient light, creating a mesmerising interplay of shadows and reflections.

The once-unruly strands of Cana's hair, now styled in a sophisticated updo, remained in perfect harmony with the enchanting routine. As she moved, the black and silver ensemble seemed to enhance the allure of her dance, creating an air of mystery and sophistication.

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The guild hall buzzed with anticipation as Lucy, the Strauss sisters, Wendy, Levy, Carla, and Cana took centre stage. Dressed in their enchanting ballet ensembles, the group exuded an irresistible charm that captivated the attention of every guild member.

The stage was adorned with twinkling lights, creating a magical ambiance for the upcoming performance. The air was charged with a mysterious energy as the dancers, under the lingering influence of Lucy's hypnotic ballet, prepared to put on a show for their guildmates.

The music began, a haunting melody that echoed through the hall. Lucy, with a graceful pirouette, initiated the performance, her ruby red ballet shoes leaving traces of enchantment in the air. The Strauss sisters, Mirajane and Lisanna, twirled alongside her, their violet ballet ensembles blending seamlessly with the magical display.

Wendy, Levy, Carla, and Cana joined the mesmerising routine, each contributing their unique style to the performance. Wendy's Sky Dragon Slayer magic added an ethereal touch, while Levy's runic influence shimmered with each step. Carla's celestial grace and Cana's unexpected elegance rounded out the eclectic ballet.

As the dance unfolded, the guild members watched in awe, enchanted by the hypnotic spectacle.

Natsu Dragneel, with his spiky pink hair and fiery disposition, shouted with excitement, "That was amazing, Lucy! When did you become a ballet master?"

Happy, the blue Exceed, fluttered his wings in joy. "Lucy, you're incredible! Can we see it again?"

Juvia Lockser, usually enamoured with Gray, watched the performance with stars in her eyes. "Gray-sama, did you see how graceful Lucy was? Juvia wants to learn ballet too!"

But while they clapped and cheered, Makarov, the wise guild master, observed from his seat at the bar, his sharp eyes narrowing as he sensed something amiss. The magical energy in the guild hall was palpable, and he could feel the influence of an enchantment lingering in the air.

"Something's not right here..." Makarov muttered, while the other members of the guild watched with keen interest. "Those girls... They must be under the influence of something or other." He huffed. "Alright, best deal with that later on..."

Nodoka Transformation 2

"Tee hee, no, no, we shouldn't -" came the voice from the room next door.

"Well, why not? We're engaged after all..." the other voice tittered back.

Nabiki couldn't tell who was talking at any given juncture, as their voices were a bit too muffled for her to tell. Nonetheless, the actual conversation itself was going around and around in circles. What followed next were low, barely constrained moans - which came in right on cue- then heavy breathing, and then she wound up mouthing the next parts to herself.

"That was good," one of them would say, while Nabiki mouthed along with them, clutching a pillow over her head to no avail.

"Hrm, but only because you are far too cute~" the other would add in a simperingly sickly sweet tone. The pillow was clutched tighter around her head, less trying to block out the noise and more trying to smother herself.

The two of them had been like this for the last week already. Nabiki barely managed to get a wink of sleep. They were like angels on the outside, but inside they were letting out their long held mutual lust towards one another, and the squeaking bed was really not helping matters any.

Nor was the fact that her pyjamas had been swapped out, alongside the rest of her wardrobe. Instead of her loose fitting pyjamas, they'd been replaced with a nightgown and cap, which really wasn't her style at all! The cap was lying on the floor somewhere, where Nabiki had tossed it. The gown itself kept on getting bunched up weirdly. Nabiki might not be as bad as Akane for tossing and turning, but that didn't mean she slept like an elegant young Miss either!

She was going to make them pay for this. Somehow. Urgh! But the first thing to do was getting some help to deal with this mess. Let's see... Shampoo was too tricky, and would demand something out of it for herself... Which meant the best person to turn to first would probably be -

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Ukyo didn't know how to deal with this. At school lately, Ranma and Akane had been acting all... weird. It was hard to put her finger on, but they were both more... girly? Yeah, girly and cute and feminine. She hadn't seen Ranma in boy form for at least a week by now, which meant that something was probably wrong, here.

But at the same time she'd been too busy at work to take care of it! Her first love was okonimiyaki, after all. As much as she might try to deny it, or pretend otherwise, she couldn't focus on Ranma when her restaurant was on the line! She'd been trying a bunch of different

things to drive up customer interest, but to no avail! Ah, what should she do? What should she -

The door rang. "Hello, welcome to - " she began, but trailed off upon seeing it was Ranma walking in. "Oh, hey there Ranchan."

"Greetings, Ukyo!" Ranma curtseyed cutely. Now, see? That's what she was talking about, here! That sort of behaviour was downright *weird* to see from Ranma! "Oh dear. Not many customers here today, are there?"

"No," Ukyo admitted. "Business has been a bit slow of late. I need some sort of gimmick to revitalise interest, but - "

"I have just the thing in mind," Ranma interrupted, and pulled out... a kimono. Pretty fancy looking one, as well. Purple with golden embroidery, and a regal dragon motif. For a moment there, Ukyo simply stared at it in confusion, but... After a bit, her hand was drawn into the fabric, almost compelled to touch it against her will. "How about cute kimono girls as chefs? That will surely bring the crowd in!"

"Huh? You sure...?" Ukyo half asked, half grunted. "I mean... That feels a bit - "

"Shush, why not try it on, see how you feel then?" Ranma asked. "Consider it a favour, from me! I'll even repay you by helping out tonight."

Well... alright. Why not? Ukyo slipped upstairs while Ranma minded the store. There was no real reason not to go along with this, she'd tried just about everything else she could think of that could pull in a crowd. Why not use her feminine appeal for a change? Besides which, it might let her show off to Ranma a little... and maybe clue her in on why Ranma was behaving so strangely?

She slid the fabric over her arms, and marvelled at the touch. Ooooh, this was... Sublime! Soft, smooth, effortlessly comfortable. It was like a second skin. Like these clothes were made to be worn by her - or like she was made to wear this kimono. After she finished tying it around herself, she turned to look in the mirror and was astounded by what she saw looking back at her.

In that one glance, she completely forgot how to behave like a boy.

Fully dressed, she slid an apron over herself. It wouldn't do to let this wonderful gift get splattered with food. Only then did she return downstairs, where she found Ranma standing at the counter, serving a fairly basic okonomiyaki, while he was busy staring at her face.

"Is it to your liking?" Ranma asked cutely.

"Oh yeah, it sure is," the customer replied. "Uh, have a tip, you've earned it."

"Sure thing, handsome!" Ranma replied, waving him off cutely. "Go get her, tiger! I'm sure with your new burst of confidence, you'll show him how you're a real man among men!"

"I'll be back, you can count on it!" he said, and then left. Happy, content, and likely to recommend others come visit too!

"Oh, Ukyo! Hello there!" Ranma waved girlishly. "Now, don't worry about getting food spilled on this. It's made of a special stain free fabric. With a little water, stains from sauce will wipe right off in an instant."

"Eh, really?" Ukyo muttered. She looked at the kimono, feeling even more impressed by it, now. "Well, alright, if you say so. Let's see how we do tonight, and -"

And by the end of the night she'd almost run out of ingredients. The sheer sight of the two of them in their kimonos had apparently awakened something in various men and boys passing by, which had lured them in like moths to the flame. Her till was full to bursting, her limbs were aching from making so much okonomiyaki, and she could feel sweat pouring down her brow.

It had already been so late in the day when they started, and yet she'd already made this much money! How is that even possible! It shouldn't be possible, right? Was it really, truly down to them being so cute that guys couldn't resist?

"Phew, that's the last customer," Ukyo said, sauntering over to the front door, turning the sign - and then all her strength left her body. "Thanks for being an extra pair of hands, Ranchan. I don't think I could have managed without you."

"Think nothing of it, Ukyo," Ranma said. "What are friends for, but to support one another in their time of need. Besides, I owe you so much more than one mere night of high profit. Why don't you go bathe, while I clean up?"

That sounded good to her. Ukyo sniffed herself and - phew! She did reek quite a bit! So upstairs she went, running a hot bath while wiping herself down, sitting on the stool in her bathing room practically glowing with bliss, while the kimono hung on a hook on the back of the door.

She stared at it. Entranced by it. So... comfortable, so serene. Her hands moved automatically over her naked body. Wiping off the sweat, the grime, and leaving herself feeling... Good all over. Really, really good. The kind of good you only feel when you've worked hard all day, and your body senses that rest is coming.

When she dipped into the water, Ukyo sighed and let her eyes flutter closed, an image of Ranma, standing there in her own kimono, rushing around elegantly and serving up meals to everyone that came in. Ah! What a nice image it was! Remembering it made her feel almost as relaxed as the hot water itself...

Eventually though, she had to leave the comfortable hot water. Towelled herself down carefully, then looked really closely at the kimono. As Ranma had said, the stains washed

right off of it. Over the course of a busy night, usually a chef would get all manner of little spills on them. Sauce spitting up, an errant slice causing a piece of meat or veg to bounce off the clothes. No matter how careful or practised, it was inevitable there would be some sort of mark or stain to show how hard you'd been working, but even her sweat hadn't gathered on it. What form of miracle fabric was this...?

Wear it again tomorrow.

Yeah, maybe she would. Just to see if it was a fluke. See how much money she rakes in tomorrow. Ukyo smiled to herself, little realising that she would never, not even one time, wear her usual chef's attire again. No more trousers, no more smock, she'd be in kimonos forevermore.

And she'd love every second of it.

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The next day, Ukyo was setting up her shop while wearing her cute new kimono, singing a little song to herself, when she heard the door open and then -

"Hello Ukyo," said Akane Tendo, her main romantic rival. Also wearing a cute kimono. She curtseyed, Ukyo curtseyed back, and then Akane leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. A tiny, friendly little peck between *friends*. They were *friends*, it was *okay that she did that* and there was *nothing at all strange about it*. "Ranma said you could use an extra pair of hands. Can I help you today?"

"Oh, well..." Ukyo muttered to herself, something wasn't right here... "Akane, did you have a new haircut?"

"You noticed, did you?" Akane said. "Ranma said she liked it."

Ranma liked that hair. Ranma liked that hair, and therefore Ukyo should change her hair to match it. Ponytail is good. Cut like that better. It looked vaguely familiar though... Why was that? Ukyo couldn't say for sure, but there had to be a reason for it.

Either way, Ukyo was shaking her head to try to clear her thinking a bit. "Alright, why don't you focus on serving customers? I'll dish up the okonomiyaki!"

"Oh, I was thinking that maybe I could help out as well...?" Akane asked.

Nope! That was a bad idea! Letting Akane Tendo cook was to invite disaster upon yourself! There were cruel little jokes about her told behind her back. That she'd made a sentient quiche, that her sweet and sour counted as a war crime, that she'd invented whole new kinds of chemical weapons. She wasn't *that* bad. But she was still bad! Had trouble following instructions, was a bit too overeager, clumsy yet also quite strong so she didn't use anything like the delicate touch you needed sometimes to cook. Letting her behind the counter would be a disaster for her business!

On the other hand, having her stand out front where everyone could see her, smiling and greeting people, that was where she'd really shine. Akane had a sort of tomboyish cuteness about her that could render a guy's heart as an imitation of a hummingbird's wings. Setting her out front -

Flooded the store in no time flat. Ah! Ah! Ukyo was being run off her feet, here! The orders were coming in faster than she could keep up! If she wasn't careful, they'd start to file out from boredom or hunger, losing her money and potentially -

"I've got you," Akane said, appearing next to her. Looking over the recipe and nodding while Ukyo's hands were too busy.

"N-No, it's fine!" Ukyo said. Panic time! If she cooked then -

Then... Then she would surely... Huh! Weird. She was being so casual about it. So... Gradual, yet efficient. Slicing meat and vegetables cleanly, in similar sized chunks without damaging the cutting board. Then she whirled around, and was stirring up the sauce without spilling any of it, yet there was a strange sort of speed to what she was doing.

It reminded Ukyo of something she'd seen once, a long time ago. Her mother had died when she was very young. She'd been raised primarily by her rough and tough father, an okonomiyaki chef by trade. She may well have seen her own mother cooking, once upon a time, and the way Akane was moving felt very reminiscent of that...

"Ukyo, can you work on the batter?" Akane sweetly asked, flashing that smile right at Ukyo now. Oh! Wow, she really got it at that moment, huh?

"Y-Yes, sure!" Ukyo felt flustered. For a moment, the loud sounds of the paying customers had flitted into the ether, she'd been wholly alone with Akane there. "Um! Okay, fine, you can continue helping me cook! It seems to be coming out great!"

"Thank you," Akane said. "Oh, let me help you with that..."

To her great surprise, Akane wound up nudging Ukyo's body here and there while she cooked. Adjusting her posture. Altering the angle of her arm. It wasn't forceful. It was gentle. Smooth. So gentle, so smooth, that she... She felt herself falling into a pattern. Chop, chop, chop...

"Ah, delicious!" a customer said, patting their belly as they left. "It feels like I just ate my mother's home cooked meal, but somehow even better than that!"

"Please come again," Ukyo said, surprising herself by how gentle she sounded. If she was able to step out of herself, and take a good look, she'd plainly see that she and Akane were behaving in a very similar way. She might have been concerned about that. She might have maybe asked Akane why that was.

She might also have asked when her hair had come undone, and styled itself into a distinct, Japanese style. Shoulder length, held up with hairpins that were carefully concealed under the folds of her hair. A proper, conservative, traditional Japanese look. Calm. Collected.

Much more suitable to enter into a relationship with Ranma and Akane, don't you think?

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It was the day after that, when Nabiki decided to pay a visit to Ucchan's... And found it bustling. Completely full, with a large line of mostly boys on the outside, with a few girls who were squealing to themselves about 'how cute' something was. Huh. This was a little bit strange. It was catching her off guard a little, and they really should try to be more proper on the outside -

Nabiki shook her head to get rid of the alien thoughts. That wasn't her thinking just now, it was... something *else*. Something she'd absolutely try her best to kill if she had the chance set before her. For now, though, she'd have to wait. And wait. And *wait*!

She started tapping her foot. She could only take so much simpering and cooing over whatever was inside. Has Ukyo dressed up again? Or maybe she had hired a new waitress who was attracting a lot of attention. Whatever the case may be, this was starting to get annoying. It was tempting to push her way in past them all, she didn't intend to have any okonomiyaki -

Then the smell hit her, and she started to change her mind. It made her feel kinda peaceful. Mmm, yeah. That did smell amazing. Maybe she should take up cooking herself...? That wasn't something she'd really ever seriously considered before. Maybe she ought to give it a try? This wasn't like Kasumi's cooking, it felt almost... motherly.

Before she knew what was happening, she was at the front of the queue, stepping into the building itself, and being greeted by -

"Oh, hello there sister!" Akane said. "Welcome to the last day of Ucchan's!"

"The... the last day...?" Nabiki blinked rapidly. She looked around, and saw... And saw Ranma behind the counter, serving customers with a smile while wearing a traditional kimono, and next to her was Ukyo herself, hairstyle done up in the same manner as the other two, wearing the same kind of kimono. Oh no.

"Yep, the last day I'm afraid!" Ukyo said. "While I do love making okonomiyaki, I simply must expand my repertoire, and also think about my future. For that reason, we shall be expanding Ucchan's into a true family restaurant!"

"The three of us shall surely wed a worthwhile man," Ranma sighed. "We shall show him such happiness, such contentment. And you, young lady, should give a thought to your own future as well..."

Like hell she did! Nabiki turned around to flee, get back home and try to work out a way to deal with this nightmare - when her stomach made a most unladylike grumble, and she sat her ass down. "I'll have the house special," she muttered darkly to herself, cursing her own body for betraying her like this. A curse which only lasted until the savoury treat hit her tongue, and sent her to heaven, where she forgot about how pissed off and stressed she'd been of late, even letting out a cute little...

"Oh my."

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Honestly now, how was she supposed to think when her room was in such a state. Nabiki tutted and started to reorganise everything. It wasn't that she was sloppy, exactly. It was more like - she'd really not put as much thought into her personal space as she should have. She didn't dust as much as she should. Didn't clean the floor itself properly. Oh dear, look at the state of these curtains... Kasumi was probably going to do them tomorrow, but - You know what, why not take them down now and get them sorted out today herself? It would save her older sister the time and the energy, and -

She was half way down the hallway leading to the stairs, curtains tucked under her arm, when she suddenly went -

"What the hell am I doing?!" Nabiki dropped the curtains to the floor. "I don't do housework!"

"Well maybe you should start," Kasumi said in passing. "Oh my, these curtains, I didn't realise they were in such a state..."

Do them yourself. Come on, girl. Do them yourself. How are you ever going to get a husband if you're bad at housework? Answer: Because you're smart and hot. But plenty of girls are smart, hot, and good at housework. Grk! It- It's not like she *wanted* a husband anyway, right?

Then how are you going to have kids.

The thought felt like a punch in the gut. She didn't want kids. Except, actually, she sorta kinda did? Nabiki's breathing turned shallow as thoughts not her own crept into her mind. She looked at Kasumi, picking up the curtains, then looked at herself.

Same clothes. The same ankle length brown skirt. The same plain white top, and she was even wearing an apron over it as well, with a cute red trim. She felt a keen, strong urge to rip these clothes off, right here and now! Go around the house in her underwear if she had to!

But... she couldn't do that, not while Mister Saotome was here, it wouldn't be proper. Besides, was it all that *smart* for a cute hot girl like her to go outside the house in her underwear? There wasn't anything else she could wear except Kasumi-like clothes! No shorts, no trousers, no shorter skirts! Just plain, boring, body covering attire which was making her feel all flighty!

"Oh my, what am I to do?" Nabiki sighed, resting her cheek on her palm, tilting her head just a little bit... Then catching herself on what she was doing .The body language and for that matter verbal language she was using. Kasumi-like, through and through!

She hurried back to her room, and tried to think. Okay. Okay! It was the clothes. They were doing this to her. Of course, she was aware that Ranma and Akane would take any clothes she wound up buying away from her. Hide them... somewhere. Replace them. So she had to be smart about this. She had to be very smart about how she did this.

To start with - how much money did she have? Plenty. A little blackmail here and there, a bit of extortion to build up her coffers... This would have to do. Retaining her sanity was worth draining her funds.

She hurried out of her home, glancing into the kitchen to see the happy couple already hard at work cooking. It smelled delicious, homey and comforting... Which only made Nabiki hurry out to the shops that much faster! She was going to buy the tiniest skirts, the snuggest shorts, the skinniest jeans that money could buy! She'd show them, she'd show -

"Oh my, half off on cooking utensils!" Nabiki gasped. She immediately diverted into the store, humming happily as she looked through them. "We don't have this, nor this... Ooh, Kasumi's always wanted one of *these*. The whisks are a bit out of date as well, we could do with some new ones, some sharper knives..."

Ah, how fortunate it was that she saw that. Tum, de dum! Nabiki strolled home with shopping bags in arms, happily strolling along home - Then half way there realising what she'd just used all her money on.

"Grk!" she grunted. "Oh my! It's getting worse! Oh my, oh my, oh my!"

She hurried all the way home with the implements in hand. Unable to bear it, unable to think. Nabiki had to get away, get out of these clothes, stop becoming her older sister and be her own person again -

"Nabiki, there you are," Ranma said, standing to her left.

"We need some help in the kitchen, and you're just the person we need," Akane said, standing to her right.

"Will you come and help us place?" Kasumi asked. "Oh, these utensils! I'll take those, why don't we all put them to good use in the kitchen?"

Nabiki wanted to say no. She really, truly did... And yet, all she could do was follow them inside. Into the kitchen, placed at a chopping board with a carrot laying on it. A knife from her bag was placed into her hand, and then -

"Cut the carrots nice and evenly," Akane instructed.

"Sis, if you don't back off - " Nabiki grumbled, but Akane simply grabbed her hand and forced her to cut the carrots. Evenly. Plainly. "Hey! Let go of me!"

"Not until you're a prim and proper young lady!" Akane said. "We clearly need to keep a better eye on you, you've been trying to be naughty haven't you?"

"N-No!" Nabiki protested, but it was no use. From that moment on, Akane, Ranma, Aunty Nodoka or even Ukyo would be on her ass twenty four hours a day. Or at least it felt that way! If she slacked off, they gave her chores to do.Strong armed her into doing them. Forced her to wash floors, wash dishes, wash, iron, hang clothes. Over and over again, with no time to rest!

But a funny thing started to happen as she was forced into this rigorous routine. Nabiki caught herself starting to... hum. She was catching herself singing along with her work pace, which helped keep her mind busy and her body in tune, and made her feel so, so... relaxed.

Before she knew what was happening, she was starting to actually enjoy herself. Sometimes, before she even finished a task she'd even volunteer to do something else.

Nabiki wasn't sure quite how it happened, exactly, but... she'd been turned into a pretty housewife before she knew what was happening. It all came to a head one day, when she returned to her room and found, for some reason, a pair of cutoff denim shorts and a bright green shirt that was loose around the collar and a little too small for her, as it would show off the navel if she wore it.

"Oh my, how inappropriate," Nabiki tutted. She looked around the room, and found a few more things just like them. Jeans that were extremely fitting to her legs, rather tiny shorts and skirts. The sort of things that a young lady like herself simply would not, should not wear! "I know, I'll have these donated to charity right away," Nabiki said, proud of herself for thinking such a thing. "Can't have these here, not when none of us young women, traditional as we are, would wear something so... scandalous and immodest."

The thought of selling them didn't even cross her mind, which rather helped to show how far she'd gone. That night, Nabiki slept soundly the second her head hit the pillow, the sounds of the flirtatious, deviant tittering from next door joined by another public angel, private devil. To her, it sounded quite wonderful. Like a promise of her future, with the man she would inevitably marry, and keep the home of... Whoever that might be.

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A few months pass, and Nabiki hears a knock at the door. She quickly puts her dishes back in the sink, pulls off her gloves, and totters off to see who it is, making sure that she's presentable when she opens the door.

"Auntie Nodoka!" she said, gasping in surprise. "How nice of you to come visit."

"Many thanks, Nabiki," Nodoka said. "I love your new hair, by the way."

Her new hair. Yes, of course. She had it up in a tall beehive style now. It felt more right. More *her*. She led her auntie inside, to the living room, where the rest of the family was waiting. Well... she said the rest of the family. What she really meant was Ranma, Akane, Ukyo... and their future husband Ryoga.

"Hello mother," Ranma said. "Nabiki, would you mind...?"

"I'll bring out the tea immediately," Nabiki finished for her, then wandered back off to the kitchen.

"Mother, this is our fiance Ryoga..." Akane said, right as Nabiki finished returning to the kitchen. Oh gosh, how happy they all seemed. The three of them, doting lovingly on their *man*... It made Nabiki wonder. It made her think. What if *she* had a man of her own as well?

It was about time she looked for one. Tee hee! Oh! She wondered how handsome he would be! She could hardly wait to take care of him.

LS Ataru

After an overly dramatic fall, the two of them were now in a dimly lit room, with aromatic candles lining the walls. There were pictures all over the place. Pictures of the two of them, at various ages, mugging for the camera. Her and Ran. Several of them were obviously cut out from group shots, the other heads removed meticulously...

And most worrying of all was the collage of pictures showing only Lum which were formed into a giant heart on the back wall.

Oh. Oh dear. Was that - was that a heart shaped bed in the corner of the room? With - with a pillowcase showing Lum's face? And a duvet that had Lum's body on it? Oh no, in this version of reality Ran didn't have a crush on any intergalactic bimbo! She had a crush on Lum!

Which felt like the really easy setup for an obvious joke, but Lum couldn't quite grasp it, y'know? Whatever, she was kinda starting to panic now, she'd wound up in Ran's love nest, and -

"Pardon me," Ran said. Then Lum found herself whirled around, with Ran pressing her lips up against Lum's, and - Ohhhh, her eyes crossed as that sweet, sweet taste hit her lips. Ran's innate alien powers kicked in, and the energy simply drained right out of her body. She'd let her guard down, and now Ran was lowering her onto the bed, leaving her technically lying on top of herself. Which felt weirdly narcissistic.

"Oh, don't worry your pretty little head, you bitch!" Ran grinned wickedly over her. "I'm not gonna hurt you. Much. I'm just gonna spank you as punishment for the little things you did to me when we were little. Then you can go. Take your pick of anything you want... Or we could spend the rest of the afternoon rocking each other's galaxies. Your call. I'd say about a hundred spankings should about cover it."

Lum squirmed on the bed. Oh no! A hundred spankings! Gulp! If - If she could endure that, then she should be fine! Ran flipped her over onto her back, forcing her face down into the pillow with her face on it, which again, weird. She felt her bottoms pulled down while her butt was in the air. Come on, just bare it until -

The flat of Ran's hand landed on the curve of Lum's butt, and she very nearly came. The loud clap echoed throughout the room, and Lum started to realise, she was in trouble. "Mmmooooore~" she sang into the pillow, using what little energy she had to wiggle her butt around in the air, in seek of Ran's hand.

"Now that's what I like to see!" Ran said. "Now, this is for framing me for wetting the bed!"

Spank, spank spank! Three times, in quick succession, the flat of Ran's hand met the curve of Lum's butt. Then, Ran continued. "How many times has it been?" Spank! "When we were little, how many times did mother have me over her knees, just like this, because of

something *you* had done?" Spank, spank, spank! She was really putting some torque into it now, bringing her arm down in a whip crack like motion. "Too many. Too many to count. I'd lost track a long, long time ago."

"Mmm~" Lum writhed around on Ran's bed. "Mmmooooore~"

"What's that? Are you admitting to being a naughty, naughty slut who likes having her cheeks clapped?" Ran teased without mercy, bringing up her hand for a nice hard cathartic clap of those cheeks. She took the time to squeeze and grope them, relishing the control she finally had over her tormentor, the sheer delight that came with finally asserting herself over this ass of an Oni! Hah! "You've made an ass out of me for the last time, now it's your turn!"

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The plan couldn't be simpler. Ran had a lot of experience with a good hard spanking. She knew how to turn this kind of pain into pleasure, and had been practising it on herself! She knew full well how to turn a weak willed Oni who had never, ever received her comeuppance into a quivering pile of jelly. Oh, best give her a quick reassuring rub here to make it better, give it a quick grope, kukukuku~

She wasn't doing this because Lum made her super wet (Note: This is a lie), nor was she remotely physically attracted to Lum (another lie) nor was she doing it because she loved Lum so much it made her go insane (Ran do you know what the truth is?). She was doing it only and exclusively for revenge (okay, this is either pathological or you're swimming in a river in Egypt here).

It was time to move on to the second stage of her plan. Now that Lum had been rendered an incoherent mess, Ran flipped her over and pulled her into a great big hug. Pushing their nipples together, making sure to rub them up and down while jostling Lum's mostly limp body in her lap, causing yet more incoherent gurgles to escape her pretty mouth. Which was her next target - so she could return her energy to her!

This was the beauty of the plan, you see. For years Ran had called Lum a skank. Easy. Now she would prove it. She would prove it by making Lum beg for sex. Which Ran would give her purely and exclusively to maintain her hold over her and for no other reason (that's it I'm calling a psychiatrist, this isn't remotely healthy behaviour).

"So, Lum, you wanted to borrow some of li'l Ran's equipment?" Ran asked, while Lum gurgled cutely. Tee hee! Seeing her in this state was so precious! "Why don't you tell me what you want it for~?"

"Ummmm, something's wrooooong with reality!" Lum moaned, pushing her own nipples into Ran's at this point. Their breasts sinking into one another. "Need to fix it, need to make everyone less horny!"

"Less horny?" Ran tittered. "Why wouldja wanna do tha~at?"

That was a genuine question from her. What was wrong with reality? What was wrong with being crushingly horny for all the hot (Oni) ass all over the place? Nothing. From Ran's perspective, there was nothing wrong with that and Lum was just being a silly billy!

"N-No, Darling is acting strangely," Lum insisted, trying to push away, but she was making no sense at all, her Darling was right here, and Ran wasn't acting strange!

You see how deep in denial she is that she didn't blink twice at that thought, while maintaining that she didn't have it bad for Lum? Well! If Lum wanted to play it that way, then Ran didn't have much of a problem with it. Tee hee! She reached out to hug Lum yet again, pulling her nice and close, and -

And a wave of reality altering energy rippled across the room right at that critical moment, making something *weird* happen. Which should go without saying. I mean, when was the last time something warped reality and made it normal? Usually when stuff was already kinda weird to start with, right? Well, things weren't quite weird enough in here quite yet, but it was gonna start getting there right about now.

You see, Ran's soft, marshmallow like body had been pulling Lum in before, but now she was really starting to sink in. Lum was dimly aware something was a bit different this time, but by the time she realised what it was, it was a bit too late. You see, before there had been a limit to how much Lum could sink into Ran's body. A sensible, reasonable limit. Think of it like finding the solid ground at the bottom of a pit of quicksand. Now imagine that you fell into the same pit - but somehow that hard bottom wasn't there anymore.

"R-Ran, wait a minute!" Lum protested. She tried to push the pink haired girl away, but all that made happen was her hands sink into Ran's soft, yielding flesh. "Stop! Let me go!"

"Nah, I think this will be much more fun, don't you?" Ran cackled. Then she took a deep breath, and Lum sort of... got sucked right in. Like watching an unfortunate bird get pulled into an air turbine

But in Lum's case, it wasn't nearly so fatal. Ran wobbled on her feet, as a strange change began to spread through her body. Atop her head, a pair of horns began to poke through hair that was shifting colour, becoming a pinkish iridescent hue that soon settled into teal highlights. Her body had changed as well from the extra mass. Primarily in terms of height, but of course it can't just go there.

"Ooh, my boobs are bigger, tcha~" Ran cackled to herself, then lifted off the ground to float in the air. "I've got a little more meat on my bones all around, don't I?" Yet more cackling to herself, this was it, this was perfect, this was what she'd truly wanted! "I'm one with Lum! Hooray! How fun!"

She lifted her hands, and made electricity sparkle between them. The expression on her face at that moment would put any mad scientist to shame. It was most likely the lighting given off by the lightning in her hands.

"Power," she cackled. "Unlimited, ultimate power! Bwahahahahaha!"

She threw out sparks, and then somersaulted in the air while laughing like a true maniac, before toppling back onto her bed, hugging her Lum body pillow, and rolling around, including off the bed where she hovered in mid-air, because she had Lum's powers now, you see, just in case you hadn't worked that out.

"Oooh, this is so much better than I could have dreamed!" Ran cackled. "I have my revenge, and I get to *have sex* with Lum as much as I want! Hahahaha!"

"Um... What's going on? Why am I in your body all of a sudden?"

"Quiet, you!" Ran knocked her knuckle against her own head. "You're just a voice inside my head right now! But you can feel everything I do, can't you?"

She pulled out a full length body mirror and posed in front of it, putting her hands behind her head, and - Have you ever seen those comic panels where a hot woman is posing in such a way that it somehow shows off her tits and ass at the same time? Contorting her spine in an unnatural angle? Somehow, Ran was - Actually, never mind the 'somehow'. Due to the residual energy of the reality warping energy, Ran was able to do this without crippling herself from a spine injury.

Thus, in the mirror Ran's body was indeed twisted around. She flexed a muscle in her torso, and made her tits start to bounce, the way that sometimes a bodybuilder will make their abs shake around. Except here, it's more fun to look at because there's much more hot flesh to watch. Then, she squatted down and stood up really quickly, making her ass cheeks quiver and shake in the mirror's reflection.

"See that?" Ran asked in a teasing way. "See how fuckable I am now?"

"Oh - Ohhhh, I'm feeling your - your arousal!" Lum moaned inside her head. *"How do you stay sane like - Wait, this explains a lot actually."*

"Don't you go getting psychoanalytical on me, missy!" Ran spanked herself, leaving a red mark on her own magnificent posterior. Lum yelped inside her head, perhaps recalling the spanking session they'd had not too long ago. "I'm in charge now, and what I say goes!"

"Ran, reality is clearly breaking! If I'm inside your body, then you can surely see inside my mind!"

"Blah, who cares about that," Ran rolled her eyes. "You want your *Darling* back, do you? Well, you're not going to get, *Darling*. She's probably off flirting with anything in a skirt at this point while I'm ***out here trying to freaking save reality already from her stupid horny urges***. Oh dear, what an outburst, tee hee!"

Dread gripped Lum's heart. Though technically it was Ran's heart, actually. Not only did she have her powers, and her mind, but she was starting to integrate aspects of Lum's personality onto her rather unstable one! That... was definitely not a good thing. Yet it was also something she could potentially use to get free... Somehow.

"Oh, I know!" Ran thumped her fist into her palm. Then, she concentrated and - All of a sudden, Lum was blinking in genuine confusion. Her head turned this way and that. She was... free again?

Her hand suddenly knocked the side of her head much like Ran had before. "Ow!" she yelped. "Ran! You gave me control over my head, but not the body! What are you up to now, you - Woah!"

It was a bit surreal suddenly being dragged across the room, but there she was. Diving under the bed, pulling out a box, opening it up and revealing... A pair of oni horns on a headband (which was put to the side, as it was a bit redundant right now), as well as a tiger print sling bikini, and a pair of thigh high tiger print boots. Note that Lum's regular boots only went over her shins. And... some sort of capsule at the bottom that Lum couldn't quite see properly, and didn't get the chance to really look at before Ran closed the box up again, and began to change.

"Hey, whatcha doing?" Lum demanded, but instead of answering Ran simply spanked her. "Ow! Cut that out!" Spoiler warning, Ran would not cut that out. She had tossed aside the bikini that they were already wearing, and was now putting on that ridiculously flimsy looking tiger print slingshot.

It really was quite the ridiculous outfit. To start with, was the strap that went around the back of the neck. It left a pair of strips of fabric that extended down the middle of the breasts, pretty much covering the nipples and everything in the same line as them. Below that, strings came down from both of them that looped into a g-string that hid almost exactly everything you'd want it to hide when going out in public *and not an inch more*.

To add insult to emotional injury? Once she had the bikini on, Ran saw fit to fiddle with the g-string to make it floss her own ass. "H-Hey, do you mind?!" Lum spat, and wound up getting spanked again for her trouble. Next, on came the boots while she was floating in the air as if sitting in an invisible table, and - "Alright, alright, you've made your point! What's this all in aide of?!"

Apparently, what it was all in aide of was posing in front of that full body mirror. Both hands behind her head, leaning back slightly while sort of shifting her weight onto one leg and jutting out her hip. If not for the Very Unhappy expression on Lum's face, she'd look like a cover model for a swimsuit maga-

"H-Hey!" Lum yelped. It was as if Ran suddenly realised there were more posing opportunities available to them thanks to her ability to fly! She was now sitting in mid-air again, spreadeagle! Legs far, far apart, and making little sort of humping movements in the air. "Ran! When I get out of this, you're for it!"

Spank! Spank! Spank, spank, spank! Lum shuddered as her body kinda started to like it. Deep breath, deep breath, this will be over soon. Probably. She still wasn't sure how Ran had done it, but -

And now, Ran had put on some music. Gliding out to the middle of the room with a swagger in her step, with clear intention to dance. She put her hand on her hip - and then thrust it so hard it propelled her around and around -

"Woah! Cut that out already!" Lum demanded, and eventually she did stop spinning, even if it made her boobs collide into each other and one cheek clap into the other so hard it almost sent her around another full revolution.

Lum found her arms hugging herself while her hips ground up and she squat down before rising back up again in a single fluid motion, rolling her shoulders the entire time. Then, she stepped forward while kinda flicking her hips three times in the direction of the leg she'd just moved, and after a few steps like that she began to hop up and down.

What was she doing? This was pure chaos! But when Lum caught sight of her - of their reflection in the mirror it suddenly made sense. She was trying to make their body jiggle as much as possible, and was experimenting on the best way to do it.

"Ran! What's the point of any of this?" Lum demanded, finding herself twisting, contorting, rocking on her heels, doing knee lifts and squats and - And squats, and yet more squats. "Ohhh, cut that out! What are you - "

Boom! Down it went, like a cannonball firing! Boom, her butt bounced off the floor as, once again, Lum found herself twerking up a storm. Boom, boom, boom! It seemed that Ran had hit upon a solution to her self imposed problem! By using both the sudden movement of her rump bouncing like a basketball, with the impact of the floor, she was able to create Maximum Jiggle! Lum could feel it vibrating through their body, and the worst part of it was that it played into the spanking play they'd been doing earlier. All that she could do was bite her tongue and try desperately to keep the erotic squeal inside her that she could already feel aching to escape -

And then, just like that... it was over. Lum felt exhausted, but it seemed that Ran wasn't nearly done yet. She returned to the box. Extracted the strange thing she'd seen at the bottom. Open it up and - Oh! It was one of *these*? Who had she -

"Hi, I'm Lum!" said the collapsible robot duplicate of herself. It was pretty uncanny. You'd only really know the difference if you somehow failed to notice all the creases where the folds were, and the glassy stare was always a dead giveaway. "I'm a horny bitch that aches to be -" And then she bent over and spanked herself.

Oh no. Oh no! What was Ran making her do now? The answer, it seemed, was pushing the robot over onto the bed, and then crawling onto its face. Surrounding its head with their enormous thighs. It went to work right away, licking and teasing and doing all manner of - Oooh, why did it have to feel so good?!

"Hi, I'm Lum!" the robot said. Its voice didn't come out of its mouth, you see. Another key difference. "I'm a horny bitch that aches to be -"

And then, her hand fell upon Lum's butt! No, not again! She couldn't take it anymore! At this rate she wouldn't be able to sit for a week without cumming her brains out!

Promise? Ran's voice echoed in her head. The tease! She spanked herself again, which had the effect of causing her huge, chubby body to riiiiide forward. Its tongue was automatically working, no doubt on a preprogrammed -

"Hi, I'm Lum! I'm a horny bitch that aches to be -"

"Ahhhhh~" Lum screamed. That was it, too much, her limits was reached. "Spank me!" she demanded, and Ran complied happily. "Spank me!" Another hit! "Spank -"

"Hi, I'm Lum! I'm a horny bitch that aches to be -"

This time, both hands struck both cheeks, smooshing them together and making them clap so hard it was like she'd spanked herself. You know that kinda numb feeling you can get when you clap for too long? It was sort of like -

"Hi!" Lum found herself saying in time with the robot. "I'm Lum! I'm a horny bitch that aches to be -" Spank! Spank! Spank! The orgasm ripped through her, and it felt like she was ripping in two from its sheer intensity, and -

And suddenly she was floating backwards, away from Ran, who was on the bed still riding the face of her duplicate.

"Oh, darn," Ran clicked her tongue while her body shuddered and came all over the robot's face. Not that Lum was in a position to critique her for that, given the mess she was making right now while floating backwards. "I suppose that was too much to ask for. Nnnnnrgh..."

"I- I want that scanner," Lum warned. She pulled out some lightning, and her shaking hand aimed it square at Ran. "Give it to me, or else I'll-"

"Tell you what, Lum," Ran smiled, sweet as honey. "You can either have the pick of my equipment, or you can have the pick of my equipment, if you get what I mean." A beat of silence. "I mean that you can have sex with me."

This was the perfect opportunity, and like hell Ran was going to let it slip through her fingers. She climbed off the robot's face, turning it off in the process, then turned to the real deal, who was trembling so hard she probably couldn't hit the broad side of a spaceship door.

"No, no, I got that," Lum blushed and looked away. She could barely even stand to look at Ran right now, she was... far too cute! But wait, now she knew exactly how to deal with this! Of course! "To be honest, I'm not even sure if you do have anything that would be super useful, now that I'm thinking about it, so..."

"Huh?" Ran grunted. "You don't think I got the goods?"

"Well, I mean, that is why you're trying to distract me with sex, isn't it?" Lum asked. "I figured you were too proud to admit you didn't have what I was looking for."

Ran grit her teeth. Pride was a core part of her personality, after all. Pride, wrath, lust, pretty much all of the sins were in there at some point right? She took a deep breath, stomping across the room, dragging out a box of random shit she didn't need anymore and beeeeent over the box with her butt right up in Lum's face in an action she'd have been beaming about for her smarts about two minutes ago, but now she'd just sort of done it without thinking.

"Sex toy, sex toy, sex toy..." Ran tossed out various well used items, many of them with adornments on them that would inevitably remind of Lum. Like horns or tiger stripes or her pretty smiling face, or the one vibrator that was shaped like Lum sunbathing. "Aha, here we go!"

"What's that?" Lum asked, drifting over her shoulder to take a peek.

"If you must know, it's a scan-u-lot 2000!" Ran huffed. "Which sounds really impressive here in the late 70s/early 80 but really isn't when you're well past the turn of the millennium!"

"Oh, I'm sure that's just marketing fluff," Lum twiddled her thumbs. "What can it even do that the regular scan-u-lot can't?"

"Plenty!" Ran huffed. "It can track reality warps down to the subatomic level for three miles around, and then track it right back to the source!"

"What?" Lum gasped. Hah, she really had fallen behind hadn't she? Living in this backwater had really caused her to lapse in her knowledge of the latest tech. "No way! Let me see."

"Fat chance!" Ran said, sticking out her tongue. "I should spank you again for -"

"Oh no, Ran! Look out!" Lum gasped, pointing over Ran's shoulder. "It's two clones of me having a mud wrestling contest and also making out, while another clone of me masturbates!"

"Where?!" Ran gasped, whirling around and seeing nothing but her montage of Lum. She heard a 'yoink', and the sound of a door opening and closing but that didn't matter right now, she had to find those clones of Lum before - before they caused an awful mess! And she'd need to punish them as well, can't forget that!

"Wait a goshdarned minute..." Ran muttered to herself. "Lum! You tricked me! You gave your clones invisible mud, didn't you! Sneaky bitch, I'll get you for that!"

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Ah, that was far too easy. Oyuki had a whole routine in mind to deal with them, and they went and passed out before she could get it underway. How pitiful. Merely cumming from that, before she could even get to the rice pudding shaped like a pair of eternally quivering cheeks, or even put the auto-twerking icicles to good use? Merely shivering themselves to mutually climax?

No matter. Another time, perhaps. For now, she allowed them to awaken, dazed, confused, and horny, and with no memory of her being against them at all.

"I believe that I saw Lum, she was looking for you out here," Oyuki said, She led them away, while Benten padded after her on all fours. "Oh! There she is! Lum, dear, would you mind taking your friends away, before they touch something they're not meant to?"

"Come on, let's get out of here, quickly!" Lum said. "Before Ran -"

"Luuuuuum!"

They took the hint from that and left very quickly, in turn leaving Oyuki alone with Benten. A weary sigh escaped her lips, and she patted Benten playfully on the ass.

"Good slut," she said, smacking Benten's ass. "I knew returning your intelligence and awareness was the right thing to do, it was much more fun breaking you in with orgasms and bending you to my will when you at least had the option to refuse."

"Y;know, you could have just... stopped them right there," Benten grumbled, liquid trickling from between her legs. "Why didn't you?"

Why didn't she stop them there and then...? What a question to ask. Oyuki sighed and shook her head, patting Benten on the butt once again. "Where would be the fun in that?" she asked. "Now, come along. Unlike us, Ran has no awareness of the changes, and she's likely a touch grumpy after Lum ran off before she could have fun with her."

As Ran approached, looking suitably pissed off, Oyuki tilted her head and tweaked reality just a bit so that Ran was bouncing Benten's butt like a basketball, pat, pat, patting it off the floor. Even passing it between her hands, while Benten simply stayed there on all fours, eyes crossed, unable to move. Ah, yes. What fun would it be if you played a game you could only win? Sometimes, you need to have at least a chance to lose.

Danganronpa - Oblivious Kyoko

Something was tickling at the back of Kyoko's brain. She couldn't put her finger on it, but something wasn't quite right. As the Ultimate Detective, that was a mystery she absolutely could not bear.

The feeling was strongest when she woke up in the morning and stood in front of the mirror in her room. Naked, of course, because that is how she preferred to sleep. Like this, she could properly inspect herself. Locate any and all clues that were relevant, and make full use of them to discern the truth.

That was the detective's reason for existing, after all. To find the truth. No matter what it is, or how it presents itself. The truth is the truth, and the layers of mystery must be peeled back no matter what form they might take.

So what truth did she behold staring back at her in the mirror? Why, what else? A silver haired beauty, with pale soft skin. Six and a half feet tall, with breasts the size of her head, and a pair of cheeks on her hind quarters to match. Her waist was slim, her body described the curves of an hourglass, and her hips were structured in such a way that if she didn't walk with an insatiably horny gait, she'd topple over.

"Nothing strange here," she said, and smacked herself on the ass, for no good reason at all. She frowned. That feeling was really strong. Was she missing something? "I'm the Ultimate Detective..." she said to herself. "Therefore, if there's something missing here, I should have already seen it."

That seemed to satisfy her somewhat. Alright. In that case, the best thing for her to do was... Engage in her normal morning routine. She'd checked her body out for clues in the mirror. Except for one place. One very annoyingly insistent place.

"Are there any clues in here?" she asked her own dribbling pussy. Her fingers tiptoed around her hips, striding down and around until they found her entrance. There, they slid inside, and - Ah! So moist! So... Delicate! "I must investigate further!" Kyoko insisted to herself, investigating with great care and diligence, thrusting her fingers in, exploring deep, deep, deeper, deepest until at last she found a clue called 'climax'!

With that part of her morning routine taken care of, she went off to shower. She'd made quite the mess of herself while investigating her body for clues. A detective must always take care to tidy up after them, leave the crime scene exactly as they found it... and baby, her body was one hell of a crime scene! In the sense that it was a crime she'd only used it for her own pleasure.

Standing under the hot water, she tried to rack her brain, figure out why she had this weird feeling. When had she first had it...? She remembered meeting with the other students in class. That was it, right? Her first day at Hope's Peak Academy. Most of the students were, by any measure, unusual - with the only normal one being that Makoto Naegi -

"Mmmm, Makoto~" Kyoko groped her breasts, making sure to sud them up as much as possible, then threw her head back so that the hot water could rinse them off. The boy was shorter than her, but genuinely nice. He didn't seem to expect anything in return for his smile. At first, she'd thought him suspicious, but the more she learned about him the more she *wanted to make him her fucktoy.*

Her hand turned off the shower, and she took a deep breath. No, it wasn't anything to do with Makoto. She was pretty sure of that. It didn't quite fit the timeline. She left the shower, dried off, and then proceeded to dress herself in her particular flavour of the school uniform. Hope's Peak had a fair bit of leniency for its students.

In her case, Kyoko liked to wear a big slutty g-string under a skirt so short you could plainly tell what she was wearing, alongside a dark purple collared blazer jacket with six brown buttons over a zipped up long-sleeved white blouse and brown tie with a bird-like symbol on it. The blouse and the blazer alike both had to have the top half of the buttons undone, though. Her enormous heaving tits wouldn't fit inside otherwise. The fabric would rip, and tear, and she'd have to go about topless which was bad because -

...

She'd figure out why it was bad later on. It wasn't like she really cared if anyone saw her *naked*. Actually, it kind of turned her on a little. Hrm. Was that a clue? Hard to say. She pulled on her gloves, and -

Her gloves... Kyoko stared at them for a moment. A long, hard moment. She remembered... she remembered the pain from back then. When she'd been young. Inexperienced. A rookie detective who got in over her head, and then got her hands horribly burned. She wore these gloves, both to protect the scars from infection, but also to protect herself from the stares people would give her if they saw her hands. Which were burned horribly, covered in terrible scars that would never ever heal.

"Like, those scars on your hands are soooo ugly, let me deal with those for you, tee hee~"

She remembered something soft enveloping them. Covering her hands as surely as it engulfed her mind. Then, suddenly, her hands were... normal. No sign of a scar. Not a blemish, nor a scratch, nothing to show they'd been in that accident. Kyoko examined her hands with care, the skin was immaculate, soft, feminine...

"I need to look for clues elsewhere," Kyoko whispered. "Something is amiss. Something is *wrong* here in Hope's Peak, and as the Ultimate Detective - as the daughter of the Kirigiri family, I swear that I will find it."

For a fleeting moment she pondered if she was ripping off Young Kindaichi, then decided that it didn't really matter. What really mattered was that she find as many clues as possible, using any method that she could. That was what it meant to be a real detective.

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Having dressed in her uniform, and stuffed her breasts into her clothes (albeit barely) Kyoko tottered out of her room trying not to hip bash anyone that passed her by. For some reason, every student that walked by her smacked her fine ass, which was a trifle distracting when she was on the hunt for clues.

The first place she could think of to check on was the boy's dorm - which she wandered towards, and quickly ran into a very familiar face departing from Makoto's room. Sayaka Maizono, the Ultimate Pop Sensation. A pretty face, with a slim body and a sensational voice - Although, was she normally as curvy as this?

"Oh, hi there Kyoko~" Sayaka tittered away. "Sorry, sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait in line. It's Junko and her skanky sister's turn to ride Makoto's dick right now."

Skanky sister...? A flash of Junko's enormous, heaving, bare tits flashed through Kyoko's mind, and the blanks filled themselves in. Of course. Her skanky, stupid sister, Mukuro Ikusaba. Those two would certainly leave Makoto too worn out for her to interrogate him at all, which was something of a shame.

On the other hand... Looking at Sayaka like this, maybe she could find a clue here? Yes, her voice was a true national treasure. Capable of uplifting any who heard it. Or dragging them into true sorrow, or making you feel that she might be singing just for you. If anyone could understand what Kyoko was feeling, it was probably her.

And so, she slammed her hand into the wall next to Sayaka's head, and leaned in close. Close. Closer still. Their boobs squished up against each other, but for some reason they provided zero resistance, as Kyoko leaned in as close as she could. That mouth. What mysteries did it contain...?

There was only one thing to do, and that was investigate. Closely. By using her own mouth. Her own tongue. Explore every inch. Every tooth. Every nook. Every cranny. Taste test her tonsils, spelunk into her oral cavity and ensure that every single clue was gathered up for her later analysis.

"I see," Kyoko said, smacking her lips. "You sucked his dick today. Lucky girl."

"Yeah, I sure am!" Sayaka tittered. She reached around Kyoko to grab her ass, giving it a nice big squeeze. Hrm. Was that a clue...? It felt like one - but she couldn't say why. "Maybe if you wake up earlier tomorrow you'll get a turn to suck on that meatstick? Or maybe if you're really lucky you'll get to motorboat Junko~"

Motorboat. Junko. Motorboat. Junko.

"Hey sluts, guess what your girl Junko fo~ound!" Junko said, prancing into the room holding a weird looking book. Everyone in class turned to look, as she flicked the book open to the first page, and said two ridiculous words -

Kyoko blinked, and found herself walking out of the school all of a sudden. Right. Of course. It wasn't actually a day for classes, was it? There were obviously no further clues in the school, therefore she needed to go... elsewhere. Find clues. Somewhere else.

It didn't take long for her to reach the local train station. She frowned. Where was she going, again? Honestly, she couldn't even remember, and that was a little worrying. Her instincts as a detective rarely ever failed her, and yet she had this pervasive sense that something wasn't quite right here...

The train itself was also a little unusual. Half of it was black, and the other half was white. Furthermore, she was the only girl in this particular car. Where was it going again? Why couldn't she think? Why couldn't she -

"BTW, every so often you're gonna, like, briefly remember part of this," said the owner of the most perfect, wonderful tits in the world. "But only briefly. Then you'll forget again, with only, like, a totally fleeting frustrated feeling you're on the verge of figuring shit out."

Urgh! She pinched the bridge of her nose. Right there, it felt like she was on the verge of an epiphany! A little further down that chain of thought, and she would have realised something truly vital! What could it be? She couldn't tell, and that... That annoyed her to no end!

All of a sudden, the lights in the car went dull. Huh? They weren't off exactly, it was more like mood lighting. All the windows shuttered as well. What was this, now? What was this?

"Goooood morning everyone on your daily commute!" a bright and cheerful voice called out over the intercom. *"This is your old buddy, your old pal, series mascot extraordinaire, Monooooookuma! Pause for applause..."* Nobody clapped. *"Really guys? No applause? Even after you're getting a super special **wonderful** gift?"*

General confusion filled the room. Kyoko stared at the monitor at the front of the train, which showed a bizarre black and white teddy bear, posing with a drink. Was this... Monokuma?

"Anyway! You guys are all locked up in this train car, and there's no way out - Unless you find the super secret clue hidden on board! Puhuhuhu~ The first to find it will also get a super secret awesome reward, courtesy of yours truly! Ah, I do so love the motive part, it always lights my jet black soul!"

"Clue...?" Kyoko heard someone mutter to themselves. "What sort of clue could it be?"

"Calm down everyone!" Kyoko said. "I may not look like it due to my enormous heaving tits, and an ass so large it can't be contained by any skirt known to man." She stopped, waited a second and wondered why she'd phrased it like that. Maybe another clue?

*"Then, when you get on the train, and you hear Monokuma's fun, fun, announcement, you'll say something like..." The girl with the enormous heaving hypnotits, smooshed around Kyoko's face, said for the hundredth time. Drilling it into her brain. Embedding it onto her subconscious mind. Ensuring that even should she forget, she wouldn't truly **forget**.*

"But in truth, I am the Ultimate Detective of Hope's Peak Academy!" she said. "If anyone can find this clue, then it is surely me! Relax, and allow me to investigate, pronto!"

The men in the car looked at her and shrugged. Alright, they would leave it to her. Kyoko reached into her cleavage and pulled out a tiny magnifying glass, then got right onto her knees, planted the handle of the magnifying glass into the top of her cleavage so the glass part stuck out in front of her face, then started to crawl around the train car on her hands and knees, ass up in the air, searching for the mysterious clue the bear had mentioned.

"Is it over here~" she sang, arching her back and thrusting her enormous ass up, right where the men could all plainly see. She peered under the chairs, seeming oblivious to how her enormous rump was on full display for them. The men licked their lips, and could anyone truly blame them? What a delicious treat was on display for them, here!

There was nothing under the seats. In which case, Kyoko climbed up, sat on a chair in the middle of the car and grabbed onto one of the holding straps up above it, that is meant to be used to keep people from falling over if they were standing. Then she spread her legs wide open while looking around. No sign of a clue from this angle.

Next, she examined the poles in the middle of the car, which were used for much the same purpose as the straps. She hooked her leg around one, then spun around it to examine it efficiently, hanging on with one hand while the other used the magnifying glass to let her study it. Nothing there. Maybe if she - Turned around, grabbed the pole with one hand while the other continued using the magnifying glass, and squat down with her legs split apart. No, not here either!

The windows! Of course! She pushed her breasts up against them and studied them and the doors as closely as humanly possible, though this did cause her frankly absurd tits to push up against the glass, and - Unknown to Kyoko, on the monitor where Monokuma had been, there was now an exterior shot of Kyoko's tits pushed up against the glass.

All the men were now very, very painfully erect right about now. While Kyoko remained completely and totally oblivious.

"And when you've exhausted searching the train car-"

Of course! How could she be so blind! The passengers! Kyoko strutted across the car, while the other passengers were enraptured by her, and then she picked one out at random to -

"The best way to investigate a suspicious person, bee tee dub? Is to -"

"Excuse me," Kyoko tugged her uniform open, letting her enormous tits fall right out of them. "I need to examine you. Closely."

Without waiting for a response, she trapped his leg in between her cleavage and rubbed it all the way up and down. Then she went to the other leg and repeated the move. This was the best way to investigate a suspicious person. Rub them all over with a truly sensitive part of your body, and among the most sensitive parts of Kyoko's body were her slutty, hopeless

tits! The logic was unassailable, obviously. What else might do the job half as well? Nothing. There was nothing that could do it anywhere near as well as her *tits*.

With the legs securely checked, she moved up to his hips, pushed her tits into his back, his chest, squeezed his arms, hands, fingers into her cleavage while staring him in the eyes. For some reason the guy was starting to grunt impatiently, as were the other passengers. Before long the only thing left to explore was his head, which she tugged into her bosom with great aplomb.

"Not you," she tutted. "Who is next?"

They all raised their hands at once. Alright, that was helpful, after a fashion. If it was one of the passengers then they didn't know about being the clue. That meant they'd all likely cooperate.

So she went around them all, one at a time and rubbed her tits all over their bodies. Every inch, without missing anything. She found house keys, wallets, phones, in one case a comb, but no sign of anything she could call a clue. In no time flat she'd examined all of them, but... Nothing. No clues on any of them.

Which left only one place left that there might be a Clue. Only one place left to check, to have searched. That place was...

"The clue must be me," she said, flopping back up against a pole and using nothing but the power of her ass cheeks to hold herself up. "Boys, I need you to examine my slutty body as thoroughly as humanly possible."

They didn't need any further invitation. They all moved in, with mechanical yet determined precision. Each of them went for a different part of her body, grabbing her thighs or her butt or her chest. One of them took special interest in her feet. To each their own.

She let them do what they wanted. Grope her. Kiss her. Had they the balls to try, she'd even let them stick it in any of her holes. That was the duty of a true detective, you understand: To do anything to find a Clue.

"Mmmm, don't forget my tummy~" Kyoko said, and sure enough one of them leaned down to examine her tummy using only his tongue. "Ooooh, yes! I feel like we're on the verge of a breakthrough, here!"

"Puhuhuhuhu!" Monokuma laughed from the monitor. *"Is that what you call it these days?"*

She shot the bear the dirtiest of dirty looks. She would not lose (she already had), she would not give in (she already had), she would not let the perpetrator beat her (you know the story). The clue had to be *somewhere* on her oversexualised body, and these men were the perfect way to find it! The only way to find it! Because she was the Ultimate Slutty Detective!

"Mmmmm, yeah! That's the stuff!" Kyoko yelped. "Come on, investigate me harder! Harder!" One of them had worked up the balls to explore her most special, private place. One exploratory finger, but it was something at least!

It went deeper, deeper, yet deeper still inside of her. Exploring, searching, seeking out the truth that could only be found deep within her *slutty pussy*. Exploring her moist, tight inner chambers, which suckled greedily at the fingers. So much the detective was she that her own body was trying to assist in the investigation, any way it could!

And then! A clue was found! A clue called 'climax', as she gushed all over his fingers, an enormous lewd smile appearing on her face. Of course. The answer was obvious. The truth was apparent!

That truth being... that she was the Ultimate Slutty Detective! Perpetually horny, while in search of the truth! That was the mystery that was keeping them locked up in here! With that epiphany, the door was opened, and Kyoko could only stumble out, finding herself back at the station right outside Hope's Peak.

She'd gone a full circuit with them. All the way around the loop, winding up back where she'd started. It reminded her of the Red Queen's Race from Alice Through the Looking Glass: Running very, very hard to stay exactly where you were. How amusingly droll.

With her newfound awareness of her true identity, there was only one thing left to do now. Return to the dorms. But not to her own room. A slutty detective doesn't have her own room. She has to stay in someone else's.

As such, she slunk through the corridors, noticing that none of the students were paying her any mind. The second any of them lay eyes on her, theirs grew glassy and they specifically turned away, with blatant signs of arousal left on them. It was true for the girls as surely as it was for the boys, and -

"Kyoko!" a voice whispered. It was Chiaki Nanami. She grabbed Kyoko's arm and pulled her aside. "Hey, hey! Are you okay? Junko really did a number on you, didn't she -"

Without hesitation, Kyoko opened up her blouse, exposed her enormous heaving tits to Chiaki, whose eyes went wide, and then -

"You are the Ultimate Slutty Gamer," Kyoko said, her tone sounding almost... Junkoesque. As if she was repeating something she'd been told, rather than saying her own words. A script jammed into her head. "Devote yourself to the Despair of Titnosis, and fuck Hajime Hinata into submission!"

"N-No!" Chiaki groaned, but it was too late. Despair was contagious, and soon enough she was walking away like the easy girl that she was, a roll in her hips and a pair of tits that melted brains at a glance. Kyoko blinked, coming back to herself - and then continued on her path to her rightful destination.

The door to Makoto's room was not locked. She pushed her way inside, and upon seeing what lay within she very nearly creamed herself again.

Inside that room was Junko Enoshima, still riding Makoto Naegi cowgirl style. She was even wearing a stetson. Her back was turned to Kyoko, but she could plainly see Makoto's face. Enraptured in delight, staring brazenly at Junko's tits, while Mukuro was under him, letting him use her tits as a pillow.

Junko was peering over her shoulder while piledriving her body down onto Makoto's dick. The bed itself had been altered. Half white, half black, and reinforced to take the sheer force of their rutting. A salacious smile crept upon her pretty, cute, too well proportioned to be real features as she looked Kyoko up and down like she was a piece of meat.

"Well, well, well!" Junko slapped her own toned posterior, seeming to mock Kyoko for her arrival. "Look what the cat dragged in! Have fun on your daily train journey, little miss detective?"

Kyoko entered the room and closed the door. She had to use her hips to do so, as her hands were too busy roaming over her nipples. They were erect, hard, and needy. Not just that. There must be Clues inside them. Yes. Absolutely mind melting Clues that Kyoko could only retrieve if she played relentlessly with her nipples, teased them, maybe even begged for Junko to suck on them until, at last, she -

She didn't know where to look. Junko Enoshima had well earned her status as a famous model, to the point that even her bare back was among the top ten most seductive sights you could see.

And then there were Mukuro's drool-worthy tits. Indeed, Mukuro herself had obviously drooled over them quite a bit herself. Or maybe she was drooling because she was staring at Junko's naked chest? Kyoko herself couldn't see it, but she knew already that it was definitely worth that kind of response.

"Heheeheeeee~" Makoto tittered, his hands wandering across Junko's chest. From this angle, Kyoko couldn't see it clearly. Merely the edges of what must be a truly enormous bust. Even that fleeting glimpse was enough to make her pussy quiver with anticipation -

And it seemed that Junko herself had decided to stop playing around. She rose from Makoto's dick, and turned around, riding him reverse cowgirl. Utilising truly masterful control over her torso and her hips, she stirred up that dick like she was whisking eggs. Her hands were on top of her head, arms spread out like wings, and her tits -

Her tits... Her tits were bouncing away without anything at all hiding them. Kyoko practically fell forward into them, pushing her own tits right into Junko's - and then the two of them let out a contented sigh of happiness.

"Mmmm, I know these tits are fucking with my head," Junko tittered. "But you know what? Seeing the whole world gradually fall into a titty themed heaven might be even better than Despair!"

"I can't argue with that," Kyoko said. Which she would probably agree with even if she wasn't completely mind whammied by Junko's enormous, glorious mammaries. While it would be a rather lewd world, it would be better than one where everyone wallowed in endless despair! Mesmerised, entranced, perpetually aroused! Much better, much more fun! Kyoko's mouth darted forward, and she tasted Junko's mouth, no longer tainted by the bitter taste of despair while their tits squeezed and pressed up against each other. Kyoko, ever the detective, made sure to use this opportunity to trace them with her hard, hard nipples. Investigating them. Committing them to memory, all while making out with Junko Enoshima~

Junko's hands slid down Kyoko's back, drawing her in closer while tracing her curves, then her fingernails dug right into Kyoko's ass. "So, babe, ready to get your mind fucked, and forget allllll about all of this tomorrow?" Junko sneered wickedly. What else could Kyoko do but nod her head, while her tongue flopped out of her mouth. "After all, that's how it's been for the last week! Puhuhuhuhu! You slut around as per my commands, then you come right here..."

This is where Junko climbed off Makoto's dick, which was erect, throbbing, and *delicious* looking. The sight of it left Kyoko salivating instantly.

"And then you get to see the prize you'll never have," Junko whispered, then licked Kyoko's ear. Her tongue circled around the lobe, then slipped into her canal, tickling at her ear drum briefly before scooting out. "See that dick? I've got him well trained by now. If I snap my fingers he becomes a wild beast. He'll mating press you up against the nearest wall before you even know what's happening."

That sounded *amazing* to her ears. Kyoko lifted a leg, planted her knee on one side of Makoto's body. Then the other knee on his other side. Positioned herself up above him. Prepared to lower herself, finally, at long last, feel the penetration - the raw, untapped dicking - that she rightfully deserved!

Only for Junko to clap her hands, and Makoto to wilt on the spot.

"Noooo~" Kyoko whined, grabbing the shaft and trying desperately to make it hard again. "Gimme dick! Want dick! Please! Don't keep the dick from me, I *need* it!"

"Puhuhuhuhu! That's what I've been waiting for," Junko cackled. "I didn't command you to say that. Every day, up until now, you'd give me this defiant look, like you still had some fight left in you. But now that you're a good girl, take your reward!"

This time Junko snapped her fingers, and the next thing Kyoko knew there was a powerful pair of hands underneath her thighs, lifting her entire body into the air, and then lowering it with the force of a jackhammer onto - Ohhhh,yes! Her head snapped back as an inhuman howl escaped her mouth. Makoto was frothing at the mouth and- And he was mating pressing her, pushing her back up against the wall, and -

"Now that you're on team?" Junko chuckled, hugging onto Makoto from behind. Pushing her tits around his head. Engulfing him, pushing him forward into her tits, and then their nipples

touched and it was like she'd stuck a fork into a live socket. "I'm super interested in the horny ideas of an Ultimate Detective! Bound to be much more fun than anything my dumb, whore sister could work out."

Meanwhile, Mukuro was laying back on the bed, watching this display while playing with her nipples. The Ultimate Soldier was happy with this outcome. Really, she was. She liked both her sister and Makoto, even if in different ways, and so... this felt great for her.

It was a good thing she found that book before her sister did. Who knows what sort of wicked things she might have done to the world, to Makoto, if Mukuro hadn't brainwashed her first...? Ah! But that is a story for another time.

Urusei Yatsura Level Upper

Have you ever noticed that the more mature Oni women go around in tiger-suits rather than bikinis? Lum's mother, her aunt - basically, keeping us from beholding mature, MILFy goodness crammed into a tiger print bikini. How unfair. How unreasonable!

Fortunately Miss Sakura was here today to make up for it! Granted, she's not a mother. Yet. But she is a touch more mature than many Oni are when attracting a potential mate. That *is* the reason they dress like that in public, you know. It's a form of advertisement, and the thing about advertising is that once someone has bought your product, and is a buyer for life, you don't need to try to sell to them anymore. Especially when the product is sold out.

Why was Lum still wearing a bikini, then, when she had Ataru? Because they were not married yet. Obviously. Not to mention that he hadn't settled down with her yet (though given ongoing events that would change very soon), so she clearly still needed to advertise what he was missing out on. Worth noting- the Oni themselves don't think of it this way. It's just something they do. Out of instinct.

As for Miss Sakura, she *does* have a fiancee... But since Lum does not, the Level Upper was currently putting her in a tiger print bikini against that instinct. What was worse, her willpower was a fair bit stronger than Shinobu's, as such while she was flying through the air -

"What the hell am I doing?!"

She suddenly came back to herself when she was a good solid thirty feet high. This is not a great place to suddenly find yourself after a lapse in sense of identity.

"For that matter - the hell am I doing all the way up here?!" she yelled, arms and legs flailing around wildly without the slightest shred of an idea of what she was doing.

After that initial burst of panic, Sakura calmed herself. She was a priestess. This wasn't too out there. All she needed to do was focus. Relax. Centre herself. She closed her eyes and meditated, bringing herself to peace, then opened her eyes and was even higher in the air than before.

"Wrong direction!" she tried doing a breaststroke to get back down, but found herself pushing up instead, so she stopped cold. Alright. Fine. Let's think this through *rationally* then, before she ascends into low Earth orbit or gets hit by a plane or something.

This all kicked off because she'd taken this strange alien device from Shinobu. The instant she'd taken it, she'd spontaneously grown Oni horns and shot off outside looking for her 'Darling'. Which she dearly hoped did not mean Ataru Moroboshi.

She was still holding the device now. The solution seemed obvious: Let go of it. Except there was a big problem, namely the big drop between her and the ground. If she let go then she would presumably lose her new powers of flight, which would be perfectly okay if she was a little bit closer to terra firma.

Then what should she do here? She had no real experience of flight, but - Wait a minute! Was that Tsubame down there?

"Darling!" she cried out, and heard the device go 'ding'. She immediately felt a surge of... something flow through her, and she started to drift downwards. Yes, yes, this is it. "Darling! Darling!" she called out. It seemed to help. Focus on her 'Darling', Tsubame. Call out for him over and over again, keep your focus on him and -

And was that a woman speaking to him there? Electricity started to burst out around her, causing her raven hair (which had little flecks of green in it) to rise up, making her seem bigger and more threatening. Sort of like a cat rearing up when it sees another cat in its territory. The description is more apt than you might think, becuase -

"Darling!" Sakura shrieked, sending an arc of lightning straight down at him before she knew what she was doing. "No hitting on other- What am I doing?! Tsubame!"

The device went ding yet again, causing her teeth to sharpen a little, and for the green in her black hair to grow a bit more prominent. On the plus side, she was better than flying now.

Tsubame was a twitching mess by the time she'd arrived down at the pavement. Oh! How horrible! She'd shocked him the way Lum shocks Ataru! She looked over at the other woman, and asked the rational question.

"Ah, how do you know my fiance?" she asked.

The woman pointed at him. "I was about to hire him for a job," she said. A client. Someone in need of expert help from an exorcist, or a sorcerer. Either of which he would be quite superb at. Sakura wailed, then clutched his head.

"I'm so sorry Da- Tsubame! It's this device that's to blame!" she put it on the pavement, and felt her clothes, hair and body shift back to normal. Also, she dropped slightly, as it turns out she was very slightly hovering above the ground. Then, with those accursed boots being replaced by her normal heeled shoes, she lifted them up into the air intending to drive the very point right into the device -

"Sakura dear, you shouldn't litter," her Uncle said. Cherry. A diminutive, elderly wrinkled monk who had a bad habit of staying in everyone's business whether it was wanted or not - and it was a rare thing indeed when it was wanted. Especially in a case like this where he was holding a device that had started to turn her into a copy of -

Oh no. Oh very no. Sakura watched in horror as her uncle started to grow bright green hair out the back of his bald head. His clothes began to take on a tiger print pattern, and he was also starting to levitate in the air. Were those horns atop his head...?

A brief, vivid, and awful premonition struck Sakura out of nowhere. An awful fate would befall the world if this was allowed to continue! She snatched the device out of his hands, felt

herself undergo the chance instead, and breathed a sigh of relief that she had averted catastrophe.

"I'll need to find some other way to get rid of this, tcha!" Sakura tutted. On the bright side, Darling was back up. She let loose a bright smile and hugged him. "Darling, you're all better now!"

Zap! Good thing Shinobu had wrapped the Level Upper in plastic to protect it from this very thing, huh?

"S-Sakura!" Tsubame sputtered, shaking and trembling from the electricity coursing through his body even then. "Ah, were you going to the beach? Dearest, that's quite a showy outfit for the middle of the street, aren't you cold?"

"I'll snuggle up with you to warm - I mean, now that you mention it, I'm not actually cold at all," Sakura said. She looked herself over. Huh. How strange. Also, the way that he was looking at her was a little bit... strange. Normally he was far too focused on his job to really give her that kind of gaze. When they were on a date, then he'd still tend to talk about magic, or something exciting he'd experienced, or *something*. Being looked at like this was not the way he normally reacted to her.

She kinda liked the attention. While she still wasn't quite used to people ogling her all the time (having grown up sick due to being infested with disease spirits), she'd make an exception if it was her Darling looking.

"Ahem?" the would be client coughed. "If you're in the middle of your own business...?"

"Ah, no, no! Not at all!" Sakura said. "Please, tell us your problems, I am certain that we can resolve whatever is happening."

"Well... My son is being possessed by a wicked spirit," she said, and looked away. "My husband doesn't think it's a big deal, but I'm rather concerned about his health and wellbeing."

Of course. Sakura could understand that. Though she was not a mother herself - She looked to Tsubame, and mentally added the word *yet* - she could certainly appreciate her worry about her offspring. After working as a nurse for her side job (actually her main job, based on how much money she was pulling in) she understood well what it meant to care for other people's health. Whatever issues she was having with... *this weird device*, she should put it aside for now and focus on assisting this family.

Besides which, this would be a chance to see Darling at work, and that was definitely something she wanted to see.

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Tsubame felt very strange. Distracted. Ever since Sakura had arrived dressed like *that*, he had been finding it very difficult to tear his eyes off her. Now, granted, anyone with a pair of

eyes could see that she was a very attractive woman. Absolutely. She was very, very easy on the eyes. A prime example of a healthy feminine physique, possessed of all the attributes that a woman *should* have to be physically appealing to the male gaze.

Clinically, he knew this. He had known about it for a long time. But he didn't *know* it until she showed up in a skimpy tiger print bikini out of nowhere. Do you see the difference? He felt keenly aware all of a sudden, of all the men around them. Where were their eyes going? What were they looking at? He wanted to put his cloak around her, cover her up... but that would mean he wouldn't be able to see her as well, and -

There was definitely magic involved here. Something about her was warping his mind, and it wasn't just her natural beauty. Something unnatural was seeping into his mind, twisting and turning his thoughts towards her. Which made it more and more clear to him what was going on around here!

Tsubame was a sorcerer who specialised in Western magic. This meant that he didn't rely upon Shinto practises, or the purification techniques of Harae. Instead, he relied upon the wealth of knowledge of various other schools of thought. Summoning spirits to do his bidding, binding demons and devils to contracts at his leisure, and he was also more aware of other things that were not well known at this time within Japan.

For example, he knew full well of the demon called the Succubus. A type of demon that used the lust of man to seduce the unwary and steal their souls or life essence. Through sheer sexual magnetism they can make lesser men dance to their every whim. Some men seek them out, to satiate either curiosity or their libido, uncaring of what comes of their own lives, but Tsubamee would not be seduced by -

By.... Oooh, she was stretching out her limbs, so long, so luxurious, she was so beautiful - No! Do not allow yourself to be distracted. If Sakura has been possessed it must be a mighty Demon indeed... So take your time, spy an opening and take it with both hands. Take it... with both hands... Because it would be so, so satisfying to grab that body with both hands, and -

"Darling, what do you think?" she asked, peering over her shoulder at him. Oooooh, when she looks at him like that, it made him feel like he was standing in a ring of fire!

"What do I think?" Tsubame mused. "Are you sure you want to be involved in this, Sakura?"

"Of course, Darling!" Every time she called him that, it made something inside him... wake up! "By the way, I'm sorry for shocking you before. It's hard to explain... I had this uncontrollable feeling like you were ***flirting with another woman***."

Flirting with another woman. For some reason those words were echoing in his brain. It was the way she said them. He shook his head. Why did that... sound so good right now? Never mind that! Focus! The client was leading them to her home. Where her son was being possessed by... some spirit or other.

"I would never flirt with another woman," he said firmly. "I am your future husband, it would be rude of me to - "

"What, not even that girl over there?" Sakura pointed, and Tsubame looked across to see that there was a very cute young housewife with an extraordinarily full figure. "Look at her breasts, Darling. Those don't ***draw your eyes to them***? You're not ***curious*** about her at all? Want to ***learn more about her***?"

Actually, now that she mentioned it, he was a little curious. She seemed so - so nice! A pretty young thing walking around like that. Did she have a boyfriend already? A husband? Looking at her hand, there was no wedding ring. Not on the left hand. Nor the right. Such a shame, she really should be married -

No, no, what was he thinking? Sakura was his fiancee, they were engaged! He shouldn't look at other women -

"Or that one over there?" Sakura asked, pointing at a jogger going by. "***Look at the way her shorts cling to her body, so snug and secure***."

Indeed, they were rather brief weren't they? My word, that young lady was going to draw all manner of attention going out and about like that! He really should have a word with her, and - No. No, yet again, his thoughts were being intruded upon. He needed to banish these wicked, sinful thoughts and remain focused on Sakura! Sakura... in that extremely revealing bikini, rolling her hips around in a manner that would mesmerise the strongest willed man.

"I'm just so glad you're not ***hitting on every cute girl you see***." Sakura said that with a breath of relief. "Darling, it's so good that you're devoted to me."

What was happening, here? Well, it's to do with the inherent limitations of the Level Upper. You see, most alien races have a hard limit on how much they can take a level up through this device. It's why it's considered a toy. You can barely do anything much with it, really. Humans? We can do things far beyond that. Call it untapped potential, call it making up for our lack of special ability, call it whatever you like.

The problem here is to do with the fact that Sakura, due to her increasingly high level of 'Be Like Lum' was becoming rather less human, and rather more like an Oni. Which meant that she was tapping up against the hard cap for Onis, despite the device's in built limitations. However! If it lowered her cap on levels, then it would make her *less* Oni, which would in turn mean that her levels could be increased again!

You see the problem, here? It's called reflexivity. The most commonly known examples of this are the bandwagon and underdog effect. Let's say you know that a particular politician is popular, likely to win the next election, and this influences your decision on whether to vote for them or not. Your knowledge of the likely outcome has changed your opinion on what to do. If enough people think the same way you do, then it could very well have an effect on the very outcome itself!

In essence, it's the idea that knowing the likely outcome can influence the actual outcome, though that is simplifying it a great deal. In this case it was manifesting as a paradox, and we all know how machines react to those, don't we? At least, those that have watched enough classic Star Trek do! They break!

And so, this device was... *sort of* breaking, but in a rather interesting way. It couldn't quite properly determine what Sakura's level of Being Like Lum was at any given moment due to her being varying percentages of human vs oni at any given moment... But what if it didn't change her, and instead changed the world around her?

Yes. That would work. That would work very well! Thus, Tsubame- poor Tsubame - was being modified. Changed. Corrupted to become more and more like Ataru Moroboshi. After all, Lum was 'engaged' to Ataru, and this was the man that Sakura was engaged to. This seemed like the safest approach for the device to take... at least for now. Before too long, though, it would have to find another means. Another method. One can only hope, for her sake, that nothing strange happens to have further consequences for this 'happy couple' that rarely ever saw each other and only tended to talk shop, while typically experiencing weird misunderstandings any time they went on a date.

...

In case it's not clear, this particular writer does not ship these two, at all.

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She should really put on a priestess robe right now if she was going to do this - but at the moment Sakura was concerned that if she tried to wear any item of clothing it would transform into a tiger print bikini! That wouldn't do, she'd have to get a replacement!

Alas, disposing of this accursed item was proving to be challenging. Breaking it would be the best thing to do. Throwing it away risked someone else picking it up, and if it was her Uncle... Or the Principal... Or Ryuunosuke's father...

A horrible image passed through her mind, one more evil than any spirit she'd had to purify. It was promptly banished, instead she would focus her attention on this poor woman's son. Try to determine what sort of spirit was haunting him, and resolve it amicably.

"What made you think that your son was haunted, tcha?" Sakura asked.

"It's a little hard to put into words," the mother said. She opened the door to their living room and gestured for them to enter. Oh. Well, she might be having trouble putting it into words, but with her superior sense of the supernatural Sakura could see it perfectly well.

There was a young man sitting there in the middle of the room, bleary eyed, shirt open, with more than a few spirits whirling around him. All girls. A normal person wouldn't be able to see this, but it was clear what was going on here. Lust spirits were draining his life force. In which case, her appearing here like this was very much not helping matters - but she'd ensure their purification in no time -

"Hey babe!" Tsubame suddenly rushed past her, sliding up to the spirits and grabbing one of their hands. "What's your name? Phone number? Address?"

"Huh?" Sakura yelped in surprise. "D-Darling, stop hitting on those spirits!"

"Well well, aren't you the delightful dish?" the son said, sleepily rising up towards here and grabbing onto her waist. "So cute! Soooo hot!"

Sakura shrieked in surprise and elbowed him on top of his head, desperate to pull him off. To no avail! He was clinging on a little too tightly. She shocked him for good measure (ding!) and tried to float off the floor, but - Damn! He was very much under their spell, wasn't he?

"Darling, I need your - " Sakura yelped. Then stared across the room, at the sight of her fiance surrounded by lust spirits, who were all blatantly feeding off him. "Darling!"

She aimed her finger at him and opened fire, striking him bang on. Lighting up the room, and for a moment even letting her see his skeleton! Ding. Yes, immediate level up again. Is there anything in the universe more Lum-like than hitting your significant other with a bolt of lightning while he's hitting on other girls right in front of you?

"Ah, I need some sympathy~" Tsubame called out. Very Ataru-like, huh? "Girls, protect me from my bullying fiance~"

"Darling!" Sakura warned. "You're not some horny playboy! You're a sorceror -"

"Ooooh, that's right, I'm a sorcerer!" Tsubame interrupted. "Perfect! One second, let me try this..." There! He was taking his job more seriously now. Drawing a summoning circle on the floor in salt, like this he'd be able to banish those spirits, purify them, contain them, just like they were meant to - "Summon! Succubus!"

Summon what now? Sakura's eye twitched, and she watched in muted horror as a trio of scantily clad *demons* appeared right there in the living room. Bright red skin, bodies that were about as realistic to the human female form as Jessica Rabbit. Wearing naught more than leather bikinis, big leathery wings flapping out of their back, and - Ooooh!

"Darling! Leave those demons alone, or our engagement is off!"

"Okay, fine with me!" Tsubame said, pulling in a succubus to suck on her face. Electricity was really flowing from Sakura now as she seethed and -

And Tsubame was no longer her significant other. Which created a problem for her, as you can imagine. More, it created a problem for the Level Upper. She was currently possessed of a very, very high level of Be Like Lum, far higher than any Oni should be able to manage, and she was basically more Oni than human currently - without an outlet for the device to make her more like Lum without letting her be an Oni.

Thus, it flashed, and unnoticed to Sakura, its monitor now read "Downloading Excess Levels." She wobbled on her feet, feeling... very strange all of a sudden. The Level Upper was doing its work now, engaging in an emergency release - a final, ultimate emergency option put in place by its designer in case of events like these, where the device itself could be damaged if a certain ability or skill was causing internal issues, like a reflexive feedback loop.

In simpler terms: Miss Sakura was now effectively half Oni all the time now. Half Oni, half human, and that meant that her Level Upper was now capped to have no skills higher than 35. Which is still pretty respectable, all things considered, but nowhere near the full heights of what it could do if she was fully human. The levels up above that...? Well, they were still being stored in the device, and she was still accruing experience for them, but if she hit that max cap she could proceed no further. Remember that the problem only existed in the first place due to the reflexive reaction causing the level of a skill to fluctuate wildly.

Sakura looked down at the guy still hugging her belly, and slapped an ofuda on his head. Shocked him again for good measure. He slid off her body this time, and she turned him around to look at Tsubame.

"That is what you looked like just now," she warned. "Don't be like - Don't be like my former Darling! Got it?!"

"Got it!" he yelped. "Wow, that's... really sleazy looking, huh? Wow! Was that what I looked like?"

Perfect. That should sort this mess out, for sure! Satisfied with this outcome, Sakura left, not really feeling anything for Tsubame anymore. Instead, she should seek out her true Darling, who was -

Ataru Moroboshi. Wait, was that - Ataru Moroboshi is Lum's Darling. Yes, that's right, but - You are like Lum. Therefore Ataru Moroboshi is your Darling too. Hold on, this thought process was a little - Ataru Moroboshi is your Darling. Wait, this was the device making you think this! She put it down on a surface to compose herself -

But it was too late. The levels had been downloaded into her body by now, she was too much like Lum to get rid of it like that. "Ataru is my Darling," she said. It sounded... Right. So she picked the device up again, and her feelings didn't change. "Better take this with me anyway, t'cha! Don't wanna turn any of these other humans into Oni by accident."

From there, she elegantly flew out of the house, high into the sky, calling out "Darling! Darling, where are you Darling! You'd better not be hitting on other girls right now, Darling!"

Little realising he was doing a lot more than merely hitting on a girl. In fact...

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Here's a dirty little secret for you. Ataru was in love with Lum. Oh, you knew that already? Well, he didn't know it! Was in total denial of it, in fact. He wanted to sow his wild oats before

getting chained down, and that's exactly what would happen with Lum if he showed her the slightest bit of affection, and so -

And so, the fact that he was currently railing her nice and deep in this special chamber built by Ryoko for a bit of privacy was a fairly significant event for both of them. Now, he wasn't quite going at the same intensity as he had with Ryoko not too long ago. Not because of stamina reasons. Hell no! The guy might have more stamina than Corwyn from Chronicles of Amber! And if you don't know that work, the guy once had his eyes burned out and *grew them back* because of how insanely durable he is.

Of course, in Ataru's case, that level of stamina applies only to lewd things. He has a bottomless well when it comes to being a pervert, and boy oh boy could he not half *go* when it came to sex.

Neither of them had realised he'd dropped the Level Upper. The two of them were too lost in the moment, lost in each other in that way only a young couple can manage. Lum was too beautiful for her own good. Though her features were alien, they came together in a way that somehow appealed even more to the human aesthetic than a human girl's face.

And then there was her body, curvaceous and enticing and on full display within that fairly small bikini. A trim waist, wide hips, larger than average breasts, and that skin, which *looked* ridiculously smooth, warm, soft, practically begged for you to touch it, caress it, feel it, worship it -

Which was nothing to actually feeling it.

Then there was Lum herself, lost in the emotional impact of this moment. She'd been trying to wear him down over the last few nights, through her little time trick. Making out with him, making him think it had been for less time than it had really been. Trying to condition him into finding her attractive - but instead, finding herself even more attracted to him than she already was.

Why did she find him attractive, though? She was a ten, he was - what, a six or seven on a good day? It was because he made her laugh. Was that silly? Was that stupid? Alright then! Her last boyfriend was a ten, but his personality was the same as his name: Rei meaning zero in Japanese. He showed her no love. No affection. He only ever used her for food, because the only thing he cared about was his bottomless stomach.

Thus, she had latched onto Ataru. Not for his looks, but for his *passion*. Which she was certainly feeling now! She'd *needed* this for so, so long! Her lips had trapped his. Their tongues were duelling, their bodies intertwined, and it barely even mattered to either of them that he'd dropped that little device, nor that Ryoko was looking it over with rapturous fascination.

Hold on a moment, that last part felt kind of important.

"I see, this explains quite a bit," Ryoko muttered to herself. She stood by, watching the two of them with no small amount of interest. "Fascinating. No wonder you were able to overwhelm my senses so easily..."

"Ah! Ah! Darling~" Lum sang, as Ataru nuzzled her neck. The two of them trembled and convulsed, cumming together. Holding each other close. "Oh, Darling, I love you, I never should have doubted you!"

"Uh... yeah, sure..." Ataru muttered, turning a bright shade of scarlet. "I mean... We did kinda get lost in the moment there, so this and that happened, and then -"

She shut him up before he could say something stupid, by putting her tongue in his mouth. He kissed back, with a bit more reluctance than most would in his situation, but this tender moment could only last so long before -

"Ahem?" Ryoko coughed. Reminding them both that she was here too. She bounced the Level Upper in her hand, and seemed amused when Ataru turned white at the sight of it. "Fascinating little toy you have here, Master Moroboshi."

"Huh? Isn't that a -" Lum began to ask, but Ryoko was fast, pouncing on her, grabbing her chin and giving her a searing kiss that made steam shoot out of her ears. After a moment, Ryoko pulled away. Lum had gone cross-eyed, and the smile on her face was one born of sheer mindless instinct.

"What did you do to her?" Ataru demanded.

"Do? Me?" Ryoko replied. "I'm just breaking her in. We are both members of your harem, Master Moroboshi. I am Ryoko Moroboshi after all, and I would very much like to turn her into Lum Moroboshi right away."

Was she genuine in this, or...? Was she back to her normal self? When dealing with a girl like Ryoko Mendo/Moroboshi, it was never easy to tell one way or the other! Either way! Ataru was getting the feeling that something really bad/good was about to happen, and that there was little he could do to stop it!

High School SxS

Riser Phenix had an image to uphold. Image is quite important in the world of Devils, second only to power... No, actually, lineage matters a bit more as well. Still, third place isn't too bad for any particular property. He already had power, he already had lineage, therefore focusing on his image was the logical thing to do.

He wanted to portray himself as a cool bad boy. A ladies man, the guy that surrounded himself with all sorts of hot babes in his Peerage. Not because they were his harem, per se - after all, his own sister Raviel was a member of his Peerage currently - but rather for the *image* of it. He wanted people coming to see him be a bit on the back foot, seeing him surrounded by all those pretty faces, wondering at his charisma, distracted by the beauty around him.

Alas, there were those such tactics would not work on, and today he was being visited by one of them. Sona Sitri. Sister of one of the strongest Devils currently alive. It was typically not a good idea to insult Sona and let Serafall Leviathan find out about it. It was a worse idea to harm her and leave the slightest trace of evidence leading back to you. If you did something nasty to Rias, at the very least Sirzechs would show some restraint right before he ruined your life. There would be less collateral damage. Serafall didn't generally give a damn. She'd go on an icy rampage that even the Phenix family would find nerve wracking, and very little actually harmed them permanently.

"Alright girls, best if you wait outside," Riser said. "Except you, Yubelluna. It would be strange to meet her without my Queen... And Ravel, dear sister, your keen mind will be very useful in reading the situation for me. Remain silent unless something urgently requires my attention."

"Yes, yes, you want to show off," Ravel said, waving away his concerns. "Alright fine, I'm watching from the sidelines and -"

And she was interrupted by the summoning circle. Here we go. Sona Sitri. One of the smartest Devils of her generation, a true terror on the chessboard. A force to be reckoned with, and a likely political adversary, who he could potentially neuter right here and now by assisting her in -

In...

Goodness but those were tight denim shorts. Snug. Very, very snug. As in, he could tell every contour of her behind even though she was currently facing him. That's very, very snug, you understand? You can tell because of how little sense it actually made. As for her top, a tied off chequered shirt. Red and white squares. Top three buttons undone, meaning that she was showing off both her fit tummy and some healthy cleavage.

"Greetings, Miss Sitri," Yubelluna bowed for her. "Quite the unusual attire you are wearing today. Is the blonde wig part of some cunning disguise?"

Sona blatantly stared down Yubelluna's own exposed cleavage. Hard to blame her, really. Riser's Queen was a truly gorgeous woman, with a body that most women would surely envy. Though it is also important to note that he held no true romantic attraction towards her, personally. More important was Sona's reaction. Blatant gawping at the nearly naked chest hanging before her eyes. No attempt at all to maintain eye contact. She was staring as blatantly as any stereotypical teenage boy.

Not that Yubelluna was complaining. If anything she was enjoying the attention. She always did.

"Yes, that is why I'm wearing the wig," Sona said. "It's a disguise. A disguise I do not need right now. Therefore..." she pulled it off and held it behind her back, then coughed into her fist. "So, Riser. As I said earlier, there is something strange going on with Rias and her Peerage currently."

"Sometimes, the one who says something is strange, is the one that is strange themselves," Riser said, looking her over with greater appreciation than before. While his preference was still Rias... He could certainly see why some young devils were beating their heads in trying to beat her in chess to earn her attention. "You would not mind explaining, would you?"

"Of course," Sona said, furrowing her brow and beginning to pace around the room. She must have realised she was staring at Yubelluna. Trying not to look directly at her. "There have been a rise of bizarre perverted incidents around Kuoh Academy of late. My investigations took me back to a new member of Rias' peerage, one Issei Hyoudou. He was noted for being part of the school's Perverted Trio -"

"Mystery solved..." Ravel muttered under her breath. Sona shot a look at her, and then Yubeluna stepped in between them, pouring a glass of water down her exposed chest and winking at her.

Sona stared at her for a long, quiet moment, then turned her back and continued. Wow those shorts weren't just snug, they were like a second skin! How could she even move in those!

"It goes beyond that," Sona said. "The rest of her peerage have been behaving strangely as well as my own." Then, for absolutely no reason that Riser could fathom, Sona put her hands on her hips and started to slide her hands down, down her hips, down her thighs, keeping her legs completely straight until she'd grabbed her ankles.

And it's worth repeating: For absolutely no good reason.

"Normally they are the epitome of respectability, and loyal to me as any Peerage should be," Sona said while still bent over. She then bent her knees, just a little, and just as suddenly straightened them up again. "But they've been blatantly going behind my back, and engaging in much lewder activity than normal."

"Maybe you should try letting them cut loose once in a while," Yubelluna said, half turned around, with a leg perched on Riser's chair. She was, at present, rubbing cream on her exposed thigh. "After all, it's not healthy to be so pent up and - "

"Mmmmmph~" Sona grunted, and then... something peculiar started to happen. Her butt was rather nicely shaped. It was. It's true. There was nothing wrong with Sona's ass. However, right before Riser's eyes... her cheeks were starting to swell. And grow. Alongside her thighs. Some more meat was going on dem bones, and - furthermore it seemed like she was getting taller? At least, her legs were getting longer and longer and -

"It's not merely pent up sexual frustration," Sona said. She rose to full height, hands behind her head and began to swivel her hips, as if she was humping against the invisible man. "I'm the student council president for what used to be an all girl's school. I've *seen* pent up sexual frustration getting acted upon." Sona suddenly, randomly, smacked her own bottom, while her face remained as stoic as ever. "Their behaviour is extremely *naughty* and *deviant*, and besides which, I overheard some of Rias' peerage talking about making heavy use of sex magic."

"And you didn't lead with that because?!" Ravel yelled, then slunk off behind Riser to sulk.

"Pardon my sister, she is a bit agitated at the moment by your irrational behaviour," Riser said. "Out of curiosity, do you see anything strange about what you're doing right now?"

"Strange? Me?" Sona asked. She looked away, and bit her fingernail nervously while her breasts began to swell and grow, and grow, until they were easily Yubeluna's equal. Somehow, her clothes remained intact despite the rather rapid growth her body had undergone. "To be frank, I have been concerned that I might have been affected somewhat by their sex magic. Are you saying that I am doing things that are... lewd? Inappropriate?"

"Let's put it this way," Riser said, while pulling his Queen into his lap. She settled down, enjoying herself as she always did when they put on a play for the amusement of others. "Does this seem strange to you?" And then he tugged at her dress to expose her breasts. Let them out, let them out free for all to see. And by all he meant Sona. Who was rather blatantly staring at them, while drool formed on the corners of her mouth. Not a little drool either. Quite a bit.

"Not especially," Sona said. "She's your Queen, you've been together for quite a while, so you have that kind of - Mmmmf~"

She'd had to bite her index finger, because Riser had begun to play with Yubelluna's breasts. Rolling them around in his palm, not for his own enjoyment but to gauge her reaction... Well, okay. Not for his enjoyment *at first*. While they did have a working relationship rather than a romantic one, Yubelluna was quite an attractive woman. She did seem to be enjoying herself though.

"Your logic doesn't make much sense," Yubelluna said. "I am his Queen, therefore it is fine for him to play with my breasts? My heaving, enormous, magnificent breasts?" Ravel rolled

her eyes not too far away. Tut tut, not having fun? "Tell me Sona. When was the last time you played with Tsubaki's breasts?"

"That's -" Sona began, but quickly formed a blush on her pretty face and turned away. "I see your point. Why did I think that was normal. Wh-What happened to my body?!"

"Passive shapeshifting," Ravel muttered, though loud enough for all to hear. "Devils can passively alter how they look, based on their self image. For example, a Devil that was attracted to a guy that liked big breasts might go up a cup size or two as part of a subconscious attempt to get his attention. Since you're currently showing at least three... No, make that *six* signs of female arousal, I dare say that your subconscious has grabbed onto the simple fact that Yubelluna -"

"Is a slamming hottie," Yubelluna finished for her. "My, my, mimicry is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, is it not? My diagnosis, intense arousal. The only cure that I'm aware of would be a thorough ravishing. Riser, do you think you might be able to persuade her -"

"I have no intention of becoming a notch on his bedpost!" Sona protested, perhaps a little more intensely than she intended. "So? Let's get down to what really matters here: Are you going to help me deal with Rias, or aren't you? She is your fiance after all - shouldn't you be more concerned about her behaving like this?"

"Of course, of course," Riser said. He pulled his hands off Yubelluna's boobs for the time being, that was enough of *that* fun. For now, at least. "Although, as the engagement with her is a matter between the Gremory and Phenix families, it would be for the best if I discussed the matter with my Queen and my sister. In private. You wouldn't mind waiting outside, would you?"

"I won't wait long," Sona said, turning on her heel and sashaying off towards the door like a model on a catwalk. By model, he meant 'stripper', and by catwalk he meant 'stage with a few poles on it'. And by like, he meant as if she was told there was a contest for a million yen if she impressed him personally. Given the way that rump was shaking, she was certainly earning it!

"Ah, I'm taller than usual," Sona said, then bent over at the waist yet again, quite needlessly, she could easily - trivially - reach the handle if she wanted to. Nonetheless, she grabbed it and slipped out of the room, a hint of a blush on her cheeks, as she no doubt realised what exactly she'd just done.

"So, what's your assessment?" Ravel asked.

"Ten out of ten," Riser said with a cocky smirk. "I can see why people call her Rias' rival, now. I used to be unable to see it, but -"

His little sister nudged him, quite hard, and every bit as unnecessary as Sona bending over to grab the doorhandle. Alright, alright, fine, he'd take this seriously.

"Her behaviour is obviously being affected by *something*," Riser began. "It's potent, whatever it is. A Devil's mind is not easily influenced. It does make me curious - If my adorable bride to be has developed that kind of power, then..."

"Then your honeymoon will be quite the active night," Yubelluna replied. "On the other hand, it could mean that the Gremory family would have more influence over your decisions than they should. While this is a political marriage..."

Riser grunted at that thought. He knew Rias wasn't especially taken with the arrangement. She'd go through with it for the purpose of family obligation, but she didn't feel any real romantic attraction towards him. That stung his pride, but... he was determined to win her over.

This is something important to note. Riser is an antagonist within the story of High School DxD. That does not mean he's a bad person. I mean, he *is* a bad person. Sorta. Cocky, condescending, looks down on Issei - at first - and is determined to marry Rias regardless of what she wants. Still, compared to some other antagonists in the series, he's not really *that bad*, all things considered. Had he married Rias, he would not have mistreated her. Okay, that's a low bar to cross, so let's put it this way instead. He would have treated her like a Queen. He would have done his best to be a good husband for her.

She would have been happy with it. In time. Eventually. Because she would have to, in order to survive. Not exactly a ringing endorsement though, is it? The funny thing? As Rias was the actual heir to one of the Pillars, and the younger sister of a Maou, while Riser himself was merely the third son of his family's Pillar... He wasn't going to inherit much. If anything *she would be the one in charge during their marriage*, but she'd *still* not be too happy with it. Riser knew this. Didn't really care.

This, though... This put quite the wrinkle into things. He had been keeping an eye of her on and off since the engagement began, but had been pulled into other matters recently. Those matters were coming to an end - and he had intended to resume his surveillance within the next few days. Especially as the wedding was due to be moved up.

"This Issei Hyoudou, what do we know about him?" Riser asked. Ravel shrugged, strode over to a filing cabinet (that was in essence her property, rather than his) and flicked through it.

"A second year student at Kuoh," she read. "Unremarkable grades. He's gotten in trouble a few times. As Sona said, he's a known pervert. Him and his friends have managed to get themselves into trouble more than once. Word through the grapevine is that he's been brought in as Rias' newest Peerage member."

"Which pieces?" Yubelluna asked.

"Pawns," Ravel said. Oh, is that - "All eight of them."

Riser let out a breath there. Eight Pawns? One or two, or maybe even three or four and he'd have laughed it off. Shaken his head, dismissed this as a non-issue. Five or six would get his

attention, seven would get yet more of his attention - but all eight? According to chess theory, a Queen was worth nine Pawns, a Rook was five, while the Knight and Bishops were both three. To need all eight pawns to recruit him into her Peerage hinted at something deeper beneath the surface. As a piece, the Pawn was most typically linked to 'untapped potential'.

"His grades are subpar... Does he have any notable athletics achievements?"

"Unless some have manifested in the last two weeks, no," Ravel said. Really now? Not athletically gifted, not especially smart either? "Before you ask, apparently he was not popular with the ladies either, so he can't have that much charisma." Darn. Once again she'd seen right through his next question. "He must have some latent supernatural potential, that was unlocked when he became a Devil -"

"In which case, he probably used that potential to corrupt my blushing bride to be," Riser interrupted. "How shameful. And yet, how dangerous. If he's taken her virginity, then it would likely cause problems with the arrangement." Tut, tut. "We must investigate him."

"You want me to do it?" Ravel asked.

"What, send my cute little sister out to investigate a known pervert, using sex magic powerful enough to make Sona Sitri practically give me a lapdance?" Riser chuckled. "No, no, that does not sound like a good idea. We need to explore other options."

"Letting you get near Rias or her peerage sounds like a bad idea as well," Ravel said. "Those girls have about as much shame as your Queen there, and are about as beautiful. If they're using sex magic capable of bewitching someone, then -"

Then he'd be best off talking to Issei himself. He waved his hand to interrupt her, but he already knew that she was right. This did create quite the conundrum. It's very likely that Sona herself had wound up like that following her own investigation, hence her request for assistance.

"What really worries me is this," Ravel said. "Sex magic is... pretty much unheard of among Devils. Which is strange, don't you think? We have destruction magic, our own fire and resurrection abilities - a whole host of powers well suited for Devils, but none of us make use of sex magic. Not for anything more than making ourselves more beautiful, or casting simple illusions. Nothing that can warp a person's mind the way Sona's been warped."

"Really now? Nothing at all...?" Riser muttered to himself. "Surely there's something capable of such a thing."

"Maybe a Sacred Gear of some sort, or something of that level," Ravel said. "If this Issei had something like that, it could explain why he took eight Pawns."

"There is another factor to consider," Yubelluna quickly added. "Riser, what if this is a trap to lure us in? Send out Sona, clearly in a state of distress, to make us poke our noses in, and then -"

"Wind up brainwashed ourselves...?" Riser mused. "An interesting idea. An enemy of some kind could be using this as a way to gain a foothold in Devil society - but that way of thinking leads to rampant paranoia! If you think I'm going to back down because some average intellect, charismaless neonate with no athletic potential or true experience is going to cow me into inaction, you don't know me very well at all!" Hrmph! Which was another thing to think about. "I don't believe for a moment that Issei Hyoudou is the root of this. He's too new. Too under the radar. Something else is going on here, and I do not believe that Sona has enough evidence either way to determine the truth."

He drummed his fingers on his chair.

"It is entirely possible that the only danger is at Kuoh itself," Riser said. "Then how about this...? It wouldn't be so strange for me to invite my dear fiance to discuss matters, would it? If we isolate her alone from the others, under conditions we have under our own control, then surely..."

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There was a full length mirror on the hallway. While she was waiting, Sona had made the mistake of walking up to it to see what she looked like, and - And what looked back was beyond her wildest expectations. A stunning, beautiful woman, with frankly ridiculous curves. It was a miracle her clothes hadn't ripped at the seams, or perhaps her own innate shapeshifting had unconsciously tweaked things to prevent them from reaching that limit.

"Remarkable," Sona said, adjusting her glasses with one hand while the other stayed at her hips. "I'm so..." hot. Sexy. Attractive. Alluring. Such matters normally never bothered her. She was aware of her own beauty. Aware that she was among the top most physically desired girls at Kuoh. Never let it bother her. Never let anyone close. There was a reason she'd always intended to hold off on anyone that couldn't beat her in chess.

But right now, if you put a dick in front of her, she'd climb on top of it. No questions asked.

It was a stark realisation. A rather terrifying epiphany, and yet the evidence of it was right there in front of her eyes. Her breasts were like a pair of watermelons. Her hips were so wide she was amazed she could fit through the door. Her legs could probably crush coal into diamonds by placing them between her thighs, and her belly had so little fat she almost felt like she should probably go get herself a sandwich.

Her unconscious mind had turned her body into Yubelluna - and then gone further still. Apparently her newly awakened libido wasn't satisfied with merely having one of the hottest bodies among the Devils. Hell. Grayfia probably didn't stack up to her anymore! And that babe was a complete MILF through and -

"No, no, I will not drool over Rias' sister in law." She shook her head violently, as if trying to banish a wicked followup thought. "N-Nor her mother! Even if Velena is just... Guh, she's way too sexy! What's wrong with me?!"

"Nothing's wrong with you," her reflection said back to her. While groping her chest and making a very lewd expression. "You've been pent up for so long, you've never known how to express your lust. So now, your lust is going to express *you*."

"So, what, are you going to make Yakov Smirnoff jokes now?" Sona grunted, then slapped her hand away from her breast. "We are being influenced by an outside force. I will not become some... Some *rutting beast* that is only satiated by - By!"

"By the most base of urges," her reflection jeered back, right before smacking her firm, round ass. Sona whimpered, feeling her own fingers grope her barely covered behind. "Come now. You know full well that ignoring the needs of your own body can only end badly. Look at yourself, you're having an argument with your own reflection."

That's true, this was not the behaviour of a healthy mind. If not for the fact that she was a Devil living in Japan, a therapist could get very, very rich from this little development.

"Alright, then I need to figure out -" Sona began.

"Masturbate," her reflection insisted, fingers trailing around the waistline of her shorts. "Go on. It'll feel really good, and you won't be horny anymore."

"I'm at the Fenix place!" Sona hissed in reply. "I can't - I'll be caught!"

But to her horror, her reflection merely put a finger to her lips, rolled her shoulders in an almost mocking manner, while her other hand unbuttoned the top of her shorts and slid slowly, slowly, irresistibly down and -

Oh no. It *did* feel good!

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Ah! Rias stretched out her limbs and let out a great big giggle while she rose to her feet. No sooner than she had, but Akeno took her place, quickly mounting Issei's dick for her turn at the wheel.

This was great. This was really, truly, honestly *great*. She loved the way things were turning out. Her Peerage was happier than she could remember them being, having accepted their role in their revenge upon Devil society for trying to eliminate Succubus -

Ah, but her amusement couldn't wait. There was a knock at the window. She grabbed a towel, and skipped across to it, biting her lip in anticipation. A familiar delivering a message, who could it - She peeked out through the curtain, which she'd kept closed for... pretty much this exact reason, and saw a little red bird sitting there. An envelope in its mouth. Alright, fine. She knew who this was. Urgh. She'd have to deal with him sooner or later, wouldn't she? Rias opened the window a crack.

"Akeno is having a shower, so don't come in," Rias warned the bird. She opened the window a bit further, and the bird handed over the envelope. "Let's see what my dear *fiance* has to say..." she grumbled to herself, peeling it open, and -

"We cordially invite you to meet with us, in person, to discuss our pending nuptials," the letter inside read. *"In particular, we would like to meet your newest Peerage member, Issei Hyoudou."*

Really, they'd heard of Issei already...? Rias ought to ignore this. Get on with what she was doing. Build up their base, their resources, set their plan so they could mount their revenge at a moment's notice!

On the other hand, that was the surest way to get her family's attention firmly placed on what they were doing, and when they realised she wasn't a virgin anymore...

"Alright Riser," Rias said, sitting down and crossing her legs, peering down at the wondrous sight of Akeno, naked as the day she was born, mounting Issei's cock and riding it for all it was worth. "You want to see me? Very well. I'll show you more of me than you can handle!"

Keijo Hypno Harem Hijinks

While it's tempting to think that Keijo players train twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, the human body simply cannot keep up with that. You gotta rest those muscles sometime. Your body needs to occasionally relax, so it can properly adjust to the routine you've been putting it through after an intense workout. Ai and Momo understood this as well as everyone else, even if their bodies were itching to train.

Besides which, it gave them a prime opportunity to gush about their favourite topic.

"Isn't Mio wonderful?" Ai asked. "Sharing her hints and tips with us, her competition!"

"Obviously, she's realised that the only way to push herself to yet greater heights is by helping those beneath her," Momo nodded, this made perfect and total sense to her. The logic was inescapable, infallible, practically a tautology for how tight it was.

"I don't know why everyone tries to avoid her," Ai pondered. Her brow furrowed as she thought about how the majority of the girl in the training camp turned down Mio's flirtations, and didn't let her even grope them, or make out with them, or anything! "I mean, sure, she's a pervert -"

"A massive, massive pervert," Momo agreed.

"But her hands feel so good when she's grabbing you," her arms wrapped around her shoulders and she shuddered with delight. Momo, meanwhile, began to drool just a little bit. "And when her lips meet yours~"

"It's heaven~" Momo swooned. "Though, you know, I do seem to remember avoiding her myself."

"That was before you felt her magic touch," Ai said. Though come to think... "I was the same way too, wasn't I...?"

Uh oh! Now these two brainwashed babes were doing the most dangerous thing that a pair of brainwashed babes could do. They were starting to think! That's not good. A brainwashed brain isn't meant to think. It was meant to be obedient, happy and - generally speaking - horny and definitely compliant!

"I guess I changed my mind when she started doing... You know," Ai said, then put her hands behind her back, dipped down, and began to sway her boobs back and forth right in front of Momo's frowning face.

"Yeah, that makes sense," Momo said, mirroring Ai's stance perfectly. Ai, of course, let her gaze wander down to Momo's bouncing rack. "Ever since she did this in front of me, over and over again, I've realised how wonderful Mio is."

"She really is wonderful." Bounce, jiggle, sway. Back and forth, forth and back. Both of them deliberately methodically, made full use of titty hypnosis on one another, leaving them both in a state where neither one of them could move in any way except for putting each other under this spell. "We shouldn't question why we love her."

"Of course not. Why should we do that?" Jiggle. Boobs. Bounce. Twin globes swaying underneath their shirts. The little flick up they gave when the momentum of the shoulders stopped was where the real kick was. That tiny little application of physics added so, so much to the effect. It captured the eyes, it enraptured the mind, it made you really, truly think about the nature of reality.

Or, more precisely, it made you think of boobies. Boobies are nice. They are pleasant to look at, pleasant to touch. Fun toys for the hands, treats for the eyes. And Mio's boobies were the best of all, because they were toys that played back...

Ah, but before they could fully reinforce the spell upon one another once again, there was a knock at the door. The two of them snapped out of it just in time to see a coach entering their room. "There you are, come on, you've rested enough."

Huh? They had? Neither Momo or Ai felt especially well rested. Their backs hurt a little bit, and - Huh?! Where did that last half hour go?! Well. You and I both know, dear reader, but let's not tell them that they were spending a full half hour practically drooling all over themselves, staring at the other's gently swaying bust.

They were lead out by that coach, and as they went a frown appeared on Momo's brow. You can't just *lose* a whole half hour like that. Had they fallen asleep? Ai seemed as surprised as she had. The last thing that she remembered was talking about how absolutely wonderful Mio was and -

Her thighs clenched on reflex. Just thinking about Mio made her wetter than if she'd fallen off some Land. Couldn't talk about it in front of the coach. She'd wait until after their training session.

"It's our opinion that the two of you have the natural talent you need to succeed as a pro," the coach said. "But natural talent is only half the game. If you rest on your laurels, you'll never improve - and there are plenty of girls out there with both natural talent and the drive to break through the glass ceiling. If given the choice? I'd rather have the latter than the former. So! Extra exercises for both of you! No distractions, let's see what you can really do!"

What sort of exercise waited for them out here? Hip thrusts, perhaps? Jumping jacks? Pushups? Pullups? Why, no, not at all! While such things were useful for helping an athlete remain fit and healthy, you must recall that Keijo is a game where you attack with your hips more than anything else! Yes, even when you attack with your breasts it's vital to have some potent hip action! If your hip game is lacking, you will lose your balance - and that's it, game over.

Thus, they were not all that surprised to find a pair of exercise balls waiting for them. What did surprise them were the apples hanging up above them, about ten feet in the air.

"Uh...?" Momo muttered, pointing at the apples in genuine confusion. Which gave the coach the chance to slap the cuffs on one wrist, bind them behind her back, right before pushing her onto the exercise ball. Ai had just enough time to gasp, cover her mouth with her hands, and then find herself in a similar situation to Momo before she could blink.

"By the way, that's your lunch up there," the coach said. "You hungry? Well! You'd better get bouncing. If I catch you trying to jump up without the exercise ball, I lift the apples even higher."

The two of them, simultaneously, had their stomachs growl right then, at that very moment. Of course. Of course they did. Which left them with nothing else to do but squat down over these stupid exercise balls and try to bounce them, jiggle them, sway them. As if they were a pair of titties. Mio's hypno titties...

"Bet I can get it faster than you!" Ai teased.

"Oh yeah?" Momo replied, but in the time that she had Ai had already started her rhythm. Hopping on her feet, using her butt to make that ball bounce using the raw untapped power of booty, whipping those hips down and then using the ball to lift herself higher into the air. From there, whip the ball back down into the ground and then use it to gain still greater height, up and up, higher and higher - Until!

Her teeth grazed the apple, but she couldn't stay up there long enough to get a good bite. A little higher, then! But she'd thrown off her rhythm, meaning she'd have to find her rhythm again. This really was good training, huh? Effective! Makes you use your hips, building up power, speed, control.

It also had the effect of making a girl shake her ass, which is important because - as we all know - the true appeal of Keijo is cute girls fighting in the lewdest manner you can get away with while still being technically softcore.

Just at the moment Ai had regained her control, she saw Momo suddenly shoot up past her like a rocket. She was going too fast! If she expected to catch the apple like that, then she'd better react quickly! As it turned out, her plan wasn't to catch the apple in her mouth at all.

Instead, she had leaned forward - and caught the apple in between her boobs. From there, she simply flicked it up into her mouth and began to munch away without a care in the world, while giving Ai an enormous smug expression, the sort you can only really pull off while eating an apple.

"Oooh, you!" Ai hissed. She wanted to show off, did she? Okay then! She bounced up higher than the apple herself, then slipped right off and whirled around in mid-air, striking the apple with her keister so hard that it split into four equal pieces, each of which was quickly nabbed out of the air and munched on. By the time she landed, she'd already finished.

"There we go, that's much better!" the coach said. She clapped her hands and nodded at the pair of them - And then pulled on a rope, revealing a pair of yummy looking chocolate chip

cookies hanging on a line, secure and safe, and very, very delicious looking. "Now, normally we wouldn't let you get food like that, but you'll burn off more calories than -"

"Mine!" Ai yelled, wiping her mouth on her shoulder.

"Like hell it is!" Momo yelled back, twerking on her exercise ball to build up some speed. Ai was taking a different approach, going quickly but leaping with the ball to add more momentum to it - but Momo was building up her momentum before shooting off like a rocket!

Powered by ass, the two of them were lifting high into the air, making a beeline right for that yummy treat while ignoring the various laws of physics they were breaking, but really, for a pro Keijo player laws of physics were more like *suggestions* than laws, per se.

But they had underestimated the level of training! As if they would be content with merely making it *higher*, when they could throw further obstacles at them too! Like, for example, suddenly pulling the rope to make the cookies three feet to the left of where they should be! Thus ensuring they would completely miss them!

Their stomachs growled in warning at this sudden betrayal. What was more, the ropes were starting to move back and forth at a steady rate all of a sudden. Aha, so that's what this is? Trying to make them time it, were they? How devious! Insidious! And yet, given how hungry they were and how delicious those cookies looked, there was nothing here that would hold them back!

If anything, their glutes were working overtime! The best thing to do first was shift their weight! Ai leaned right, Momo leaned left, each of them using the power of one cheek to hammer their ball into the ground. Thrum, thrum, thrum! Change the direction, control the ball, it took some time, it took some practise, but they were sufficiently motivated to get the job done *right*.

Ai was first to get her cookie this time, snatching it in her mouth in a startling displayer of precision, accuracy and speed. Momo overshot her mark - but then, grabbed the rope in between her cheeks and used the sheer power of ass to swing around the rope. From here, she made use of her hands - still bound behind her back - as well as her thighs and butt to inch along the rope, moving onwards until - Cookie!

The yummy treat melted in their mouths. How much time had passed since they'd started to train? The two of them were covered in sweat by now, a true workout that had put their bodies through their paces.

"Hit the showers, that's enough for now," the coach said. "Get yourselves rested up, you've earned it."

"Thanks, coach!" the two of them said in unison, and so they wandered off to the showers, where they peeled off their swimsuits and were soon standing under the hot spray that washed the sweat off their naked bodies, leaving them both thinking. Thinking. Thinking...

"Hey, Ai?" Momo began. "What were we talking about again before the coach showed up?"

What, indeed? It was a good question. Huh! Ai frowned and tried to concentrate. They were thinking about -

"We were talking about how Mio was helping us improve," she said, slowing down a bit as she continued. "Although, to be honest, the more I think about it, the more it feels like she was kinda... I don't know, using it as a chance to make us do lewd stuff for her amusement?"

"Yeah, now that you mention it," Momo stopped rubbing soap on her body for a second and leaned against the wall, really trying to think here. "She did make us do a bunch of stuff that was more, I dunno, lewd? I guess?"

It had been a fair while now since they'd been exposed to titnosis. While the above may have made it seem like they had achieved their training fairly quickly, that's not quite true. There were several failed attempts, especially at first, at finding the right rhythm, at the right power level, finding the right control to drive themselves up, and up, and up. It took a while to get there. And in that time, they had not been exposed to even the slightest iota of titty hypnosis.

"Why the hell did we make out with Mio like that?" Momo shuddered. "That pervert, I let her touch anything she wanted!"

"I gave her a lapdance," Ai frowned. "Why did I give her a lapdance? Hell, I *let her give me a lapdance*, what was I thinking?!"

"I don't think we *were* thinking," Momo slowly sounded out. "I mean... I remember something weird. For some reason, every time we ran into her, Mio was doing that titty hypnosis thing, making her titties bounce and sway and jiggle and bounce -"

"And sway and bounce and jiggle," Ai picked up without missing a beat. The two of them staring off into space with a far off expression. But then the two of them shook it off, shaking their heads. "You don't think she hypnotised us or something, do you?"

"Hypnotised us...?" Momo asked. "Nah, come on. How could she have done that? Maybe used her boobs to knock us out?"

"I mean, it did work when we were on the land," Ai said. "Who knows, maybe there's more to it than it seemed?"

They put the showers off, and stood there naked, wondering at what might have happened to them. Had they really been hypnotised into doing lewd things with Mio because of titty hypnosis? Was that really possible? No. Couldn't be. Surely not. Right? It was absurd, it was ridiculous!

Yet at the same time it was oddly... Arousing.

"Okay. Look, we need to make sure before we do anything stupid," Momo said. She turned to Ai, leaned over, put her titties behind her head and began to sway the girls back and forth,

making sure to put that little flick at the end of each and every turn. "If I can put you under, then - "

"Why do you get to put *me* under?" Ai scoffed right back at her, copying her gesture right away. "Maybe I should test it out on you, huh? How about that?"

"Don't be daft, you're a better test subject than me," Momo didn't stop, just because Ai was swaying her breasts like a pendulum. "Come on, let's see you go under."

Her sopping wet breasts glistened, light sparkling off them, catching Ai's eyes. Worth pointing out at this time, this writer felt the compulsion to say that last sentence in a pirate's voice and add the word 'captain' at the end. But more importantly, Ai was wincing a bit, knowing that her back was turned to the light source, which meant her titties didn't have that same glistening appeal, that same dazzling glare that would surely help Momo put her under her trance.

Of course, she could always just. Not look at the naked bouncing tits swaying like a pendulum in front of her. But that would involve *looking away from those tits.* You can see her dilemma here. Thus, she hadn't even considered that possibility and was, instead, using her brain to seek out far more productive means of overcoming Momo! Right here and now!

"You are getting very sleepy," Ai began to intone, lilting her voice to match the sway, sway, sway of her tits. "Feel yourself falling down, falling down..."

"Cut that -" Momo began, but then got caught by a yawn. "I'm not... Gonna let you make me Mio's slave."

"Oh, but you already are," Ai continued, seeing a chance to push forward and seizing it with both hands. This was it. Yes, yes, don't give her an inch, don't let her use the moist, enticing flesh she was dangling in front of you distract you from what needed to be done. You had to test her. You had to make sure, one way or the other, does titty hypnosis truly work...? "You are Mio's sleepy, sleepy titty slave!"

"Sleepy... titty slave..." Momo muttered, eyes fluttering, but... she shook her head. Lip trembling, she opened her mouth to speak, but in response to that Ai simply opened her mouth and let out a fake yawn. Yes, yes, that's right. It was a dirty trick. Yawns are contagious like that, you know? Kukukuku!

"That's right, see how tired you are?" Ai continued on while Momo yawned. She wasn't going to give her an inch. Any time she started to speak, Ai would yawn to interrupt her. Keeping her from saying anything, doing anything, leaving her completely powerless to -

Suddenly, Momo darted forward and pinned Ai up against the wall, pushing their breasts together... and then forcefully began to push their titties together, swaying them while smirking triumphantly.

"In case you didn't notice, we're not on land," Momo said, then grabbed Ai's head and forced it down into her tender cleavage, while continuing to sway and bounce and jiggle from side

to side. "I'll show you who is Mio's sleepy slave! A sleepy, obedient, horny slave!"

The words penetrated deep into Ai's unconscious mind. She could almost hear them rattling around inside. She could feel herself being dragged around by Momo's tits, slapping her in the cheeks as she rocked those puppies back and forth, back and forth, a perfect beautiful arc, and the fact that they were wet and soapy made it somehow all the better. The flush the hot water gave her skin made it feel so much softer than it already would, so much smoother to the touch, it almost felt like suds were creeping into her brain. She was going to lose, and Momo would surely prove that Mio's titties had, indeed, brainwashed them.

But the most important point here was: She was going to lose. For a professional, that's the moment in any contest where you knuckle down and push back! Letting yourself lose shouldn't be in your vocabulary!

Momo had been right. They weren't on Land right now! This wasn't a game of Keijo where using your hands or feet on your opponent were forbidden! With that in mind, Ai reached around Momo's waist, and grabbed her fit, tone ass, and used this grip to lift her off the floor, toppling her over and straddling her waist! Heh! From here, Ai was now facing the light source, and both her titties and the floor were both still wet, so she quickly rubbed some water on them and resumed swaying them back and forth.

"Aw, can't quite do it from down there, can you?" Momo teased, mocking her through pouting. Just to make sure, she parked the palms of her hands right on top of Momo's titties, pinning her down and letting her tits hover mere inches above her head. "That's right, lie back, relax. You can feel yourself becoming Mio's horny, compliant, obedient slave." The words sent a shudder down her spine. Would she get to see it? Would she get to experience the moment that Momo surrendered?

Momo reached up to put her hands on Ai's breasts and began to grope them, play with them, but Ai wasn't going to let her assume control *that* easily! Hehehe! She was watching too closely to fall for something like that! On the other hand, Momo lifting her legs, hooking them under Ai's arms and then using that to drag her down to the floor was also on the cards.

"Sleepy, horny compliant, obedient, willing slave to Mio Kusaki!" Momo chanted, looming over Ai with her *very nice titties hanging right over her face*, ahhhh, so nice, she - She snapped out of it and pushed Momo over, reversing their position.

"Acknowledge how wonderful Mio is," Ai commanded, her breathing growing shallow. Was it because of the training? No, surely not, by now they'd recovered their stamina a bit. Their muscles had relaxed considerably, they'd had more than enough time by now to recover, and what they were doing now wasn't anything near as intense as the training they'd been doing.

The trick was, they were getting excited. Distracted. Very distracted. Their hearts were racing in their chests, even as they swayed to and fro and bobbed their boobies over each other, back and forth, and back, and forth, and -

"Titties nice," Momo burbled. "Mio's are better though."

"Yeah, Mio has an amaaaaazing rack~" Ai agreed. Somehow the two of them had wound up in the same position they'd started with, standing opposite each other. Rolling their shoulders from side to side, flicking their breasts like the sway of a pendulum.

"Um, what were we doing again?" Momo asked after a little bit.

"Uh..." Ai muttered. "I guess... we were talking about how we are Mio's titty slaves?"

"That's right!" Momo sighed happily. "We are Mio's titty slaves."

"Her obedient, horny titty slaves."

"So horny," Momo bit her lip. "For that busty babe and her impossibly nice rack."

The two of them let out a lusty gurgle, their eyes were looking but not seeing. The lights were on but nobody was home. The two of them had come so, so close to freeing themselves from Mio's grasp - but had put each other right back into it. That competitive nature of the Keijo player came right back to bite them. Often, that drive can push someone to do something amazing. Surpass their limits. Become better today than they were yesterday.

Other times, it makes you fall instead of rise. A lesson these two should learn... if their minds were capable of processing such lessons. Which I can assure you, they absolutely were not.

=====

Hum, what should she do next, then? Mio Kusakai was reclining on her bed, staring up at the ceiling, cackling away while considering her next move. Oh, there were so many cute players that she should seduce! Far too many, she couldn't simply have one of them, or even two. They would all have to come under her control sooner or later, in a great big lesbian harem!

Right, for example, Usagi was giving her a footrub. Hohoho, her cute little stalker was turning out to be quite useful in more ways than one, wasn't she? Perhaps she would have a good suggestion for -

There was a knock at the door. Hrm? A visitor? Very well then. "Usagi, would you mind?"

"Of course I don't mind, mistress!" Usagi said, turning on her heel and then jumping from side to side, wiggling her short-short clad butt on the way. My, my. She could move much faster than that if she wanted, but she didn't because she wanted to give her mistress a show! How fun, how compelling, how -

The door opened and her first two harem members practically spilled into the room. The two of them landed on their hands and knees, then began to crawl over to her. Mio could practically see the hearts in their eyes. Usagi quickly closed the door.

"Mistress, we love you!" Ai burbled. My, my. This was quite the progression, wasn't it?

"We adore you, with all our hearts!" Momo added. "Please, please show us again! The power of titty hypnosis?"

"Wow! You came here just for that?" Mio asked. She rolled off the bed, landed on her feet and stared down at them with a truly cocky, slightly sadistic smile. She tugged at her shirt as if to lift it up, let them see the underside of her bare breast -

Then fast as a whipcrack, rolled her hips around and struck them both across the nipples! The two of them shrieked in pleasure, and so she did so again, a hundred times in a second with the amazing power of her precise, powerful ass!

"Are you sure you want titty hypnosis?" Mio asked. "Wouldn't you rather I gave you some more *direct* stimulation instead?"

The two of them gurgled happily in reply. Their eyes were rolling up into their head, neither one of them was capable of giving anything close to a coherent answer. My, my, what fun she was having! Playing with her girls like this really made her feel alive!

"In that case, here's a better question for you," Mio said. She shot a look to Usagi, blew her a kiss and smirked when the girl caught it and held it close to her heart. "Which girl do you think should join our harem ne~ext?"

Danganronpa Ultimate Playboy

As the Ultimate Detective, certain responsibilities weigh down upon me. While it's true enough that Makoto Naegi had used his talent as the Ultimate Playboy to bend my will to his, it was truly with the very best of intentions. Perhaps that's wishful thinking. Perhaps he's worked me over so thoroughly that I'm not thinking clearly. Nonetheless! I'm increasingly convinced that he was right about the threat that Junko Enoshima posed.

Let's start by trying to look at this objectively. If he was wrong, then why was he doing things in this way? Junko was - Frankly, she came across as a flighty bimbo. Someone like that shouldn't be any hassle for him to seduce if he was able to make me *love* sucking his dick. I could write essays about how much I like sucking that schlong of his, gobbling on his nuts, licking his shat and -

And I'm getting away from myself. Apologies. The point is, it doesn't make sense that he'd go about it in this way. He hadn't for me. He hadn't for Celeste. His next target was likely Aoi, and he didn't seem to be doing anything like this for her. Wouldn't Sakura logically be the biggest threat? She's got maybe three times his body mass, he should be trying to find *her* weakness if all he wanted was was to bend girls over the nearest table and make them beg for him to have his wicked, sensual way with her, reducing her normally brilliant mind to an animalistic state of being that craved nothing more than copulation -

I really need to try to control myself more. Alright, Kyoko. Deep breath now. Junko and Mukuro were more than they seemed. It wasn't *just* Makoto's observations that made that plain. There was... something off about them. It's sort of like a magic eye puzzle. If someone tells you the answer, and points it out to you, all of a sudden you can't *not* see it.

Like the fact that they weren't around for afternoon classes. I looked across the classroom. Makoto was talking with Sayaka, Sakura and Aoi right now. He did seem to get on much better with girls than he did with boys. No matter. I stepped out of the classroom, fully intending on finding those two. What evil might they be up to?

It was my fullest intention to find out quickly. So I could report back to Makoto and join him, Sayaka, Celeste, and... Probably Aoi in celebration.

To start with: I investigated the hangout spots where students usually go. The cafeteria, the garden, the shop. There were indeed several students in those locations, but no sign of Junko or Mukuro. With those places scouted, I began to enquire about Junko. Discretely, of course. I made it sound more like I was looking for a friend than enquiring about a target. The first thing a detective must do is learn discretion.

Nobody had seen her. Which was a little worrying, but...

Out of nowhere my investigations bore fruit. One of the skills any detective learns is how to tail people. Another skill is learning to detect when *you* are being tailed. I could feel them on me now. A pair of eyes. Watching my every move. When I turned to look, they stepped out

into the crowd, but I caught them on my peripheral vision, so I pretended that I wasn't trying to look in their direction.
And then, I started to walk away.

"I guess she's not here," I say to myself. Nonchalantly. "Oh well, I must have missed her."

In truth, I was scouting the crowd carefully to see who moved in my general direction. I didn't have to wait long. A girl with very distinctive hair - Apologies, for a half second I forgot what school we were in. That doesn't remotely narrow it down, does it? In this girl's case, it was because her hair was multicoloured, with a pair of prominent hornlike shapes on top of her head.

It didn't take me long to figure out who this was: Ibuki Mioda is a very distinctive personality. While I do not much care for her music, apparently her style had impressed enough people that Hope's Peak acknowledged her as the Ultimate Musician. An impressive seeming title, but she was a little too obvious about following someone.

On the other hand, Chiaki Nanami, the Ultimate Gamer, was certainly more subtle about it. Not subtle enough to evade my notice, but certainly better than Ibuki. So that was their game? Ibuki draws my attention by being more obvious, while Chiaki -

"Yipe! Oh, noooooo!"

A student had tripped further up the hallway, and had landed in a very compromising and embarrassing position. Honestly, while I have a lot of composure myself, it was hard to look at her. Especially when I recognised her as coming from the same class as the other two. I held off on going to assist her, it would be too dangerous to approach the Ultimate Nurse at a time like this.

And then I turned, beholding another obstacle in my way. The Ultimate Gymnast, a large tanned girl who looked like she was ready to throw down at a moment's notice. While my own skills as a fighter are fairly good, my ability to assess an opponent before a fight is even better, and this girl was above my league.

She'd be a good addition to Makoto's harem, though perhaps now was not the time to go on a recruitment drive.

A tutted, and changed directions once again. So they were trying to block me off, were they? I was being herded like a sheep by a pack of wolves. Don't think I hadn't noticed they were all very pretty girls as well. It was hard not to in Mikan's case, with her skirt slipped up over her butt, and Akane's case, with her cleavage exposed like that. It was pretty amazing she was allowed to attend like that. If Makoto was here, I was confident he'd have them all melting at his touch.

But... The ways out of the school were now being blocked off by these four girls. Which left me with precious few options. However, there was one possibility. It was risky. Very risky. But I went for it all the same, by making a beeline right for... the girl's bathroom.

That's a strange decision, isn't it? Rushing into this porcelain dead end. What if there was someone else waiting for me? I had few other options left available, in which case I was caught anyway. Besides which, I had a pretty brilliant idea.

Namely: The storage closet at the back. I'd done a fairly thorough investigation of the school the first night here, and found something interesting in both the boys and girl's bathroom on the ground floor. The storage closets for *both* of them had concealed exits at the back which lead to joined rooms at the bottom of a flight of stairs. What was it for? No idea. Couldn't say. But it did make for a most useful hiding place. Of course, there was a great risk here - they might well know about this place already. In which case... I was careful to be quiet, but also placed a chair from down her up against the wall to keep it from opening.

"Hey, Kyoko~ Watcha doing?"

The voice in my ear was a surprise, to say the least. It takes a lot to rattle a detective of the Kirigiri family - but this must have made the colour drain from my face on the spot. I whirled around, and saw Junko's smiling face upside down, her body hanging from the ceiling. Before I knew what was happening, a rag full of chloroform was being shoved into my face.

I was out cold from there, but likely not for long. When my vision returned, I found myself on the dark side of a two way mirror. In case you don't know how they work - one side is given an extremely fine coating of a metal, usually magnesium. Then, one room is lit up and the other is made dark. Anyone sitting in the dark room can plainly see into the light, while all the one in the light room will see is darkness.

There was a gag in my mouth. Looking around, I could see Junko and Mukuro standing nearby. Junko with anticipation. Mukuro with... nothing.

"Sshhhhh~ Junko put her finger to her lips and wiggled her eyebrows. "Ready to have some fun?"

The other room was the hidden room we'd just been in. Ah... It seems that Junko had portioned off one side of the room to make another even more hidden one. As far as I could tell the entrance was built into the mirror itself.

"Mmmf~" I grunted into the gag, but Mukuro put her hand to my throat, and I felt a knife pressing up against it.

"You wanted to know what we're doing right?" Junko whispered. The sound of a door opening soon followed, alongside footsteps. The smile on Junko's face was reflected, just faintly, in the two way mirror... and it looked absolutely insane.

"Remarkable!" I heard a voice, refined, feminine. "To think that this school would have a concealed room like this!"

The one that appeared was Sonia Nevermind. The Ultimate Princess. She was followed down the stairs by Akane Owari and Chiaki Nanami. The Princess from another land looked

around the room with genuine intrigue and awe, eyes sparkling with innocence, while the only thing Chiaki and Akane were looking at - was the Princess herself.

"I wonder what they keep down here?" Sonia asked.

"I dunno," Akane said with a strange smile on her face. "Looks like there's a jar of somethin' down here? Let's take a whiff."

She picked up a strange jar full of something that looked viscous and mostly clear. What was that? Akane popped it open, held it out for herself and Chiaki, and then the two of them shuddered.

"That has a strong odour," Chiaki said, but I caught her thighs clenching and her cheeks growing flushed. She'd enjoyed it. More than one should enjoy a scent. "Hey, hey, what do you think it is?"

Before Sonia could protest, the jar was thrust in front of her face... and she went instantly cross-eyed. Akane held it there, and Sonia soon started to sink to her knees, as a strange smile crossed her face.

"It is... rather potent..." Sonia said. Akane slowly pulled the jar away from her face, and Sonia followed after it, as if pulled by an invisible force. "What -What is that?"

Chiaki dipped a finger in the jar, and then smeared some of it on Akane's exposed cleavage. The tanned girl threw her head back as if she'd just tasted ambrosia. Sonia gasped at it, which Chiaki took as a cue to stick those fingers in Sonia's mouth, and the Princess suckled on those fingers, licking and slurping them, and when Chiaki started to draw her hand away she moved her entire body to follow after.

"Tastes good, right?" Chiaki asked, while Sonia grabbed her wrist to keep her still, her tongue flicking out to taste Chiaki's fingers even more, while Akane took her turn. Dipping her fingers in, and stepping behind Sonia to smear the stuff on her legs. "Let it seep into your skin. The idea of going without this for even an hour will fill you with Despair."

Akane's hands grabbed Sonia's thighs, smearing them, leaving them dripping with the strange gunk. Spread them down to her knees, then back up again. Her skirt was flipped up over her butt, then her underwear tugged in, making her wedgie herself, then going right for absolutely slathering the stuff on her ass.

"At this point, you can talk all the fuck you want!" Junko said. "The three of them are so strung up on that stuff that they won't notice us."

Sure enough, Chiaki was using her free hand to take off Sonia's top. Exposing her breasts. Then she gently, oh so gently, took Sonia's right hand by the wrist, guided it to that damned jar, and then I was watching a topless Princess smear this stuff all over her breasts like it would give her immortality.

The weird thing about all of this? The part that was making my detective instincts really, truly start to scream at me? I was starting to get *very, very turned on* by all of this, for reasons I didn't understand. A feeling that didn't get any better when Akane produced a sex toy, dipped it in the gunk, attached it to a strap on belt she was wearing and -

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Sonia screamed, and in the next instant Chiaki had her own strapon thrust into her mouth, which Sonia took with relish. I... I envied her. I was extremely envious of her in that moment. Watching her get taken from both ends like this was setting off things inside me that I never knew existed - And for some reason, when I closed my eyes, I imagined -

I imagined it was Makoto at both ends. Not two very cute girls, but Makoto Naegi.The image was extremely vivid, hard to shake, and if I was being honest it was hard to even *want* to shake in the first place. What was going on here, why was I so turned on? Only Makoto had ever been able to make me feel this way, and I couldn't see him - Yet I could almost, strangely, feel him.

"Really potent shit, huh?" Junko tittered, suddenly waving her fingers under my nose, and in that instant I ruined my underwear. "It's based on Makoto's scent, y'know. Except way more concentrated. I bet all he'd have to do to turn a nun into his personal whore is sit in a room with her for a week without bathing, she'd worship his cock like she should worship God."

She pulled the gag out of my mouth, and I tried to speak, but all that came out was a truly needy, pathetic whine. Junko held the fingers right in front of my face, mere inches away - I stuck out my tongue, leaned forward as far as I could, but it was to no avail. I couldn't reach. It was inches away no matter how I tried.

After that tease and torment, she pushed the fingers in my mouth, under my tongue, then used her thumb to hook my mandible. Hurt like hell, but - If that was the price to taste this ambrosia, it was a price worth paying! I watched as two more girls entered the room. Mikan and Ibuki. They put some headphones over Sonia's ears. I see, so they were -

"You've probably figured this out already, little miss smarty pants," Junko said, tousling my hair with her free hand. Her tone of voice had become strangely regal, a totally different personality to what she was showing before. "But yes, we are brainwashing her with pleasure and sensory overload. Just as we shall soon brainwash you as well."

Whatever it was they were doing, it didn't take long. Or possibly my sense of passing time was way, way off. It felt like mere seconds before Sonia pulled her mouth off Akane's strapon - Wait, wasn't Chiaki at the front and Akane at the back? I really must have blanked out there watching them!

"Yes, I accept it!" Sonia wailed, a voice so loud she should have brought the building down. "I am! I am the Despairingly Ultimate Slutty Princess! Gimme cock! More cock, please, more cock!"

It was terrifying to see her reduced to this state. The only word for it is 'broken'. Her eyes were spirals, in fact the same was true for the other four girls as well. Spirals that whirled

around and around endlessly, spirallling out into a bottomless sea of despair, from which nobody could possibly hope to come back.

"Okay, you're free to go!"

My bonds slackened. My arms were free to move. Junko and Mukuro even opened up the partition for me and stepped aside, gesturing for me to take my leave.

"What's the catch"? I asked. I didn't want to play their game.

"We won't stop you," Junko said. "Not me, not these girls here, not my dumb ugly good for nothing sister, nor anyone else outside the room either." I stood up, took a few tentative steps. Watching for a trap. Not seeing one. What was this? What were they -

That was when Junko pulled it out. A perfect replica of Makoto's dick. I don't know how she managed it, but trust me - I know that dick very, very well, and at the merest glance I could tell she had every detail right. It was a flawless replica from head to base - and she'd just poured that goop all over it right before leaving it in the middle of the floor.

"Don;t mind us," Junko said. "Want us to turn our backs so you don't feel self conscious? Go ahead, return to Makoto, tell him what I'm up to down here. Go ahead."

But I couldn't move. My feet were transfixed. As were my eyes. It was right in my path. Due to where everyone else in the room was, I couldn't not step over that - that perfect thing. As a Kirigiri, my willpower has been trained to the utmost. It is as iron. It is as diamond! And yet... even diamond melts when you reach a high enough temperature. It's a very *high* temperature, *but it will still melt.*

Alright Kyoko, don't fall for it, I thought to myself. *All you have to do is get out of here. Find Makoto. Lock yourself in his room. Then get* ***fucked*** *until you have some semblance of sanity left within you. It'll take you five minutes. Five... torturous minutes of* ***not having sex with Makoto.***

I was able to plant one foot on the ground on either side of it. Then the other foot on the other side of it. Then that diamond hard willpower shattered, and I found myself squatting down to see what it felt like. Five minutes might as well have been a year, a decade, a century for all that it mattered. My pussy *needed* to be stuffed, *had* to be filled, but the most damning thing about it all?

I wanted it too. I didn't just crave Makoto's dick, I wasn't merely addicted to it. I wanted it. I cherished it. I desired it. I yearned for it. It felt like, even if there wasn't some weird bullshit about his body fluids that caused this response in a girl, I'd still *choose* to have sex with him of my own volition if he so offered.

It slid inside me easily, trivially, like it was meant to be there. This was a thing that was meant for a girl's pussy. It was meant to please her pussy. No other object could do this as well as this, save an exact replica. I sat for a moment with it all the way inside, savouring the sensation the way a wine taster inhales the bouquet of a ruby red glass of chardonnet.

And then I put one hand on top of my head, the other on my hips, cast aside my reason and became a wild bucking beast. This... this was heaven! Paradise! Oohhhh, fuck, I could feel the goop coating my insides!

"Oh wow, you've got it worse than I thought," Junko tittered. "Amazing! My prediction was way off, do you know how often that *doesn't* happen?! I thought for sure you'd at least make it *past* the sex toy, before turning *yourself* into a sex toy!"

"Blllleeeeergh~" I burbled happily.

Junko stepped in front of me, clapped her hands, and then started to take off her clothes. "I'll be with you sluts later," she said, right as her skirt hit the floor. "Head to my room, one at a time, in three minute intervals. Mukuro, you have the copy of my key. Keep the girls entertained until I get there, 'kay?"

"Understood, sister," Mukuro said. A minute later, I was alone in this secret room with Junko Enoshima, who was casually disrobing while strolling around me. To call it disconcerting would be a gross understatement. I couldn't escape. Even if I could pull myself from this - This *amazing* recreation of Makoto's dick, Junko was likely entirely capable of stopping me cold herself. If this girl was half as twisted as Makoto said - and my feelings for him aside, all evidence was pointing in that direction - then I *should* be doing everything I can to escape.

"But you can't, can you?" Junko whispered teasingly in my ear. Her hands were covered in that goop, and she was reaching from behind, under my arms, rapidly unbuttoning my uniform with her fingernails - and then grabbing onto my breasts, slathering them up the same way that Sonia's had been not so long ago. I could feel it soaking into my skin, bringing to life nerve endings - such that when she pinched my nipples with her fingers, even pain became addictive pleasure! "It's just too good, huh? It's not too big, it's definitely not too small! That's one of the funny things men don't get, right? Too big and it hurts, too small you don't feel it. This dick would satisfy Goldilocks - *just right*!

"Wh-What are you going to do to me?" I asked. It was a rather unbecoming question for a detective, but at this point I needed to find out the answers by hook or by crook. "Are you gonna brainwash me?!"

"Gonna?" Junko scoffed. "Remind me which of us is squatting down over a sex toy, fucking herself right in front of someone she knows for a fact is as dangerous as she is pretty?" That was... an annoyingly good point. "I'm doing this for the same reason I do *anything*. For the fun of it! A sadistic bitch like me?"

She pulled away, and strode around to my front. Revealing that she was wielding a double edged strapon. Like before, my head bobbed forward, trying to taste the goo that was practically dripping from it. Smeared across every surface... But I couldn't reach it, before stumbling forward, landing on my hands and knees, where Junko put her hand on my head to barely hold me off, even with my tongue out as far as it could go. Was this how Tantalus felt, when he was thirsty? Surely even he could know no thirst such as this!

"This is a good look for you," Junko tittered. "But! But, but, but! This is for later. For now, I wanna tease you a little more. Take that shirt off, all the way, and turn your back."

"Tsk... f-fine!" I was going to do it anyway, we both knew it. My shirt came off. I was topless, with my back turned to her. What was she going to do? The answer was obvious in retrospect, but to my shame, I did not deduce it until I felt Junko's enormous goopy breasts draw circles on my back.

"Your skin is so pale!" Junko called out, grabbing my breasts once again with her goopy hands. Ah! Ah! Noooo~ If she kept on doing this, I'd turn out like - like the female protagonist in a hentai doujin! "My word, all these hidden scars on your back, from all those nasty misadventures you must have been involved in. Puhuhuhu, have you ever been captured by an enemy like this before?" Through sheer strength she used her grip to pull my entire body up and down. How strong was this girl? She didn't *look* that strong! "By the way, I'm amazed you haven't cum yet. The other girls would have come at least three or four times by now! Hrm, is it because it's not Makoto fucking you right now?"

That - That made an astonishing amount of sense. It did feel good, but - But when I think about Makoto it makes me feel like I've melted inside. This didn't have anything like the same effect! Could that be why I wasn't cumming yet? Because as much as it was absolutely melting my brain, *I enjoyed having sex with Makoto even more*?!

"Getting bored now," Junko said, pushing me forward. "Hey, Kyoko, tried anal yet?"

"No, I - Nnnnnrgh~" I sang, as Junko pushed another one of those toy into my butt, properly lubed, and somehow managing to go just the right distance where she didn't hurt anything.

"Now you have, you're welcome! Try that out with him later on, why don'tcha?" Junko smirked. She smacked my ass for good measure, then extracted the toy in my pussy while leaving the one inside my ass. With that done, she turned me over, pushed my legs apart and towered over me. "You want this?" she asked, gesturing at the double ended dildo being held in her other hand, one end pointing to each of our exposed pussies. Looking down, and as impossible as it was to believe... she was wetter than I was. "Come on, bitch. You know what you want! So fucking go for it!"

I took a deep breath, and against my better judgement... I grabbed the stupid thing, and pushed it into her. I knew what she'd do next. It was fairly obvious. She sank down and pushed it right back into me as well. It sunk into both of us, like some perverted game of poky. Except in this game, we were *both* winners.

"S-So, how is this?" Junko gasped, rutting against me so quickly she seemed to be merely vibrating in place - but I could feel her. Every single thrust, every pull back, every iteration of her rutting was like a sledgehammer to my body and soul. "Does - Does Makoto fuck like this?"

"N-No~" I responded, and then - Something... overtook me. I don't know what it was. Which annoyed me, as all things a detective does not know should. It encourages you to find out. Despite my earlier surprise at Junko's physical capabilities, I'd been subconsciously

watching her since then, and determined that she was much, much stronger than me, faster than me, and likely more durable than me.

Despite that, I somehow overpowered her. I took control over our mutual rutting. While we were both effectively scissoring, I was suddenly the one on top of her, and not the other way around.

"He fucks like *this*," I said, and rolled my hips in a way that felt familiar - and when I did, Junko let out a shriek of surprise, arousal, and absolute total bliss, which sounded very, very familiar to my ears. "I see, I get it now." I reached down and smacked her breasts, and then grabbed them hard. "You want him to fuck you," I said. "You want him to dominate you! You want him to *defeat you*!"

"Oooh, fuck, keep talking dirty to me~" Junko sang, then in a display of astounding flexibility, she reached down, grabbed my head and pulled me into a searing kiss. "I love him, I love him already, I love him, I love him and I'm in total fucking denial about it!"

Incredible! Makoto had already managed to defuse this threat before he'd even done anything to her directly! He was such a playboy that he'd managed to both identify and subdue a tremendous threat to the world before -

"Bu~ut, it's gonna take more than me absolutely loving the fuck out of him to stop what I'm doing, y'know?"

Huh? I blinked. That's all I did. Then the next thing I knew, I was being pinned up against the wall, with a goopy sex toy being shoved in my mouth. I went cross-eyed again. All the fight that was there, was suddenly, just... not.

"I'm gonna drown the world in Despair," Junko smirked, drooling a bit as well. "And, at the same time, make them fall in love with Makoto's dick. Puhuhuhuhu~ All the hottest girls in the world, including me, will be part of Makoto's Despairing harem! This has been a useful fact finding operation, by the way. You didn't break, no matter what I did to you! Puhuhuhu! I'm gonna erase your memory of what happened down here. Then send you back to loverboy - maybe *tomorrow* I'll figure out a way to break you! Ohhhh, it's so delightfully delicious!"

Huh? Send me back... None the wiser? Erase my memory?! What the hell did she mean by - All of a sudden, I went cross-eyed, as the stimulation finally caught up to me. I came, and came so hard I ought to have shot out of Junko's grip and blasted through the ceiling. The relief was stark, sudden, and made my muscles relax very, very fast.

"By the way?" Junko whispered in my ear. "I've got a machine that erases memory. Bet loverboy didn't see *that* coming either! Puhuhuhuhu!"

I found myself losing consciousness yet again. Had there been any doubt, any hesitation whatsoever that this girl was as dangerous as Makoto had assumed, it was... No longer in place. If anything, he'd *undersold* how dangerous she was! Even bringing her into his harem

wouldn't be enough! She'd be a danger to the entire world - And to my shame, there was nothing I could do about it.

Or, at least that's what I'm *assuming* little miss bitchy detective was thinking as she lay there passing out at my feet. Fuck, she was cute like this. Puhuhuhuhuhuhu!

Furinkan Boy's Club

At the Unryu farm, a little lost piglet was feeling very confused. There he was, on his business seeking vengeance upon Ranma Saotome, as per his wont, when all of a sudden a cute girl had confessed to him, out of the blue, asking him out on a date right at the most crucial moment - and then it had started to rain.

She'd squealed with excitement. Scooped him up in her arms. Snapped her fingers, and brought out an enormous boar to grab his backpack and umbrella, which it slung onto its back alongside the girl, taking them on board and carrying them off, while she used his umbrella to shield them from the rain. Their destination? Her home of course. And what was her home?

A pig farm. Of all things. As if porcine wasn't the cause of much of his suffering of late. Looking around, the pigs here were enormous. I mean. Pigs are actually generally pretty big to start with. They're more dangerous than many think as well. Not so much with Ryoga, of course - his cursed form was a tiny little piglet, utterly defenceless. He had the general feeling that if he was as big as even the smallest of those swine, he'd be left alone, and would have had a much better time of it.

Granted, he'd have still wound up getting lost a whole bunch, but at least every wolf, bird of prey or even once a housecat on the prowl wouldn't have tried to munch on his hide. Maybe some human hunters would, but at least then he'd have enough mass to make use of his martial arts prowess and defend himself!

The girl carrying him stopped by a pen to look inside. The sturdy pigs were locked in a fierce yet comical struggle, their snouts pushing against each other with determined grunts as they each sought to unseat the other.

She paused by the pen, adjusting Ryoga in her arms, and called out to her sumo-trained pigs with a mix of encouragement and playful advice.

"Come on, my sumo champions! Remember, it's not just about strength but also strategy. Use your agility, Piggy-san! And you, Porky-chan, don't underestimate the power of a surprise move!"

Her words were met with spirited squeals and determined snorts from the pigs, as if they understood every bit of her encouragement. A playful giggle escaped her lips, and then she continued on her way, carrying Ryoga inside.

"Sit here for a moment, will you?" Akari said, putting him on a stool and patting him on the head. Alright. The strange girl with romantic designs on him had put him down. It was time to get off this stool and -

All of a sudden Ryoga found himself looking across the table at a pig sitting on a chair opposite him. It was Katsunishiki. The pig they'd rode home on. Ryoga didn't much like the

way it was staring at him. Like he was, how to put it? Competition? Was he sore Akari was paying him that much attention or annoyed that he'd lost so quickly?

"Bwee!" he might as well attempt communication here. But Katsunishiki merely grunted, and pushed a bowl full of... quite yummy smelling stew across the table at him. Ah. Okay. That made sense. If you took a random animal and tossed it in the spring of drowned girl, that didn't mean they'd suddenly speak fluid Mandarin, right? Well, just because Ryoga was a pig didn't mean he understood any hypothetical porcine language either!

"Alright Ryoga!" Akari chirped, skipping back into the room. "I've drawn a bath for you, so you can change back!"

That was the thing that was scaring him a little bit about this girl. She was cute. She was pretty. But she was also very determined that they were already dating. He didn't want to date anyone right now, no matter how cute they might be! He was after revenge! On the one responsible for his suffering! That miserable wretch, Ranma Sao-

"Scritch, scritch, scritchty~" Akari sang, scooping him up in her arms and scratching this little spot right behind his ear that made his tail go straight. Oh yeah, that's the good shit. "Tee hee, so even a cursed piggy wiggy is sensitive there? Let's get you in the bath so - "

She stopped for a moment there. More accurately, her finger was still hitting the good spot behind his ear, but she had otherwise come to a stop.

"Katsunishiki, could you dunk him in the bath?" she asked. "It wouldn't quite be appropriate for that until *after* he's agreed to date me formally, don't you think? Oh, and be sure to bring his clothes with him, would you?"

The enormous pig grunted in what was probably agreement, grabbed Ryoga from the comfort of Akari's hands, then immediately stormed off to find the bathroom. Amazing that it was able to get around this place so easily, they must have designed the interior to accommodate their pigs.

Once they were out of sight, Katsunishiki held him up to his eyes and blasted out a snort of air from its snout. Yuck! Then, he entered the bathroom, rolled forward, jumped surprisingly high in the air, and dunked Ryoga in the hot water as if he was Michael Jordan.

"At least you didn't dribble me on the way here," Ryoga yelled right in the pig's face. Few other humans would be willing to do that, but the Jusenkyo curse did cause this kind of balance shift. Katsunishiki snorted in his face yet again, then held up his travel bag like it was no big deal. "Huh, I thought she'd left that - Never mind!"

Ryoga grumbled to himself while pulling on some clothes. Dragged all the way out here by some weird yet also very cute girl! Right as he was on the verge of getting his revenge on Ranma Saotome! He'd dressed himself fairly quickly there, black trousers, yellow jumper and adjusted the headband to the top of his head. Moments later his shoes were on and he was ready to go!

Of course, he should first thank Akari for the stew, he wasn't a complete monster. Deep breath now. Maybe he could talk her out of this whole dating thing, and maybe even talk her into taking him back to Ranma so he could finish his business? He opened the door, fully ready to let her down gently -

"Wow, it really says something when I prefer your boy form to your pig form," Akari said. Standing there. In the hallway. Wearing a pair of overalls. Or, if you prefer, dungarees. Bib-and-brace overalls. Primarily used as a kind of protective gear for manual labour, in this case made of blue denim. A pair of straps go over the shoulders, holding up the bib, which is attached to a pair of sturdy trousers.

As far as Ryoga could tell, this was also the only item of clothing she was presently wearing. As such, steam shot out of his ears, he didn't quite know where to look, and Akari had him dancing in the palm of her hand.

=====

How was it possible that this boy was cuter as a boy than he was as a pig? To Akari, the idea seemed impossible, unreal, and yet here he was. That little black piggy wiggy was the most adorable snuggly little thing, but if she had the choice she'd rather snuggle up to this slab of beefcake instead.

Maybe it was the others at Furinkan that had done this to her. Maybe all those girls turning into cute boys had fried part of her brain. Made her a pervert by proxy. Or maybe Ryoga was just exactly her type.

Whatever the case may be, Akari's mission today was simple: She was going to have herself a new boyfriend by the end of the day. That was her primary mission. Her secondary mission? Dispose of this pesky virginity she'd been carrying around all her life.

"You want to go back to Furinkan, right?" Akari asked. Ryoga nodded, while trying - and failing - to not stare at her dungaree covered breasts. "Alright, that's fine. I'll take you there personally - but let's talk for a bit first, okay?"

"Ehehehe... What about?" Ryoga blushed, so cute, so cute, cute, cute! "I mean! Don't get in my way, I want my revenge against Ranma Saotome. After all the things he's done to me -"

"Let's sit down first," Akari said. "I'll make some tea, then you can tell me all about it." He started to wander off in the wrong direction, right towards the hallway closet rather than the stairs. Oh boy, he had a sense of direction that was as bad as hit butt was *hot*. "This way, this way," she said, grabbing him by the arm and leading him off downstairs.

She sat him opposite Katsunishiki. Some might find it strange that they let an enormous swine sit at their dinner table. Perhaps it wasn't sanitary, right? Well, yes, normally that would be the case, but Katsunishiki was cleaner than some humans Akari had met in her lifetime. Look at him there, clutching an apple in one hoove while the other used its edge to peel the apple, all while staring Ryoga dead in the eyes. For some reason there was a glass of water on the table right in front of him, which he patted knowingly.

"You'd have to hit me with it first," Ryoga warned, clutching his umbrella. "So, are you a friend of Ranma's? Is that why you're trying to keep me away from him? Distracting me with your feminine wiles."

Akari tittered at hearing him say that, it meant that *it was working*.

"Actually, he's engaged to my best friend, Akane," Akari said. "I ship them super, super hard - But you know, they're both martial artists as well, so if you want to fight him I don't really have a problem with it. I have no ulterior motive, Mister Hibiki. I think you're cute, and I would like to date you."

"Oh yeah?" Ryoga asked. "You don't have any conflict of interest? A cute girl like you is interested in a guy like me? Pull the other one."

"Don't be like that," Akari said. "You're cute. In your boy form and your pig form!"

"If it's just looks you're into, you're too shallow for me," Ryoga said. He was full of such piggy determination! Look at him, trying to play it cool, like he wasn't blatantly, obviously into her! That wasn't even wishful thinking on her part, she had pretty objective evidence based on his reactions so far!

"No, no, it's not just your rugged good looks that has my attention!" Akari said, quite insistently. "It's also because you're charming like a pig," An invisible arrow struck Ryoga in the back. "Honourable like a pig." Another invisible arrow landed not too far away from the first. "Smart like a pig." Two arrows. "And you have the hygiene of a pig, to boot!" a hundred arrows landed on damn near the same spot.

It's worth remember that to Akari, those were not insults. They were *compliments*. She really and truly thought that highly of pigs. Where others saw the unclean animal that rooted around in its own filth, would eat most anything it could get its snout on, she saw the majestic creature that lay beneath... At least, lay beneath the flesh of the pigs her family reared, which had been selectively bred for sumo wrestling. It may have - may have! - somewhat skewed her perceptions of swine somewhat. Thus, to her eyes Ryoga had swooned under the intense array of compliments she had fired at him.

"Goodbye," Ryoga said. He rose to his feet, grabbed his backpack and made for the door. "I'll make my own way back to Furinkan High, thanks!"

"Wait, wait!" Akari darted in front of him, holding her hands up against the doorframe to bar his way. "Did I say something wrong?" Oh, of course! "You're dashing like a pig, as brave as a pig, as determined as a pig -"

"Th-that's enough!" Ryoga wailed. He was a tough lad. On the outside. Inside? He was like a marshmallow, and he was getting tired of being made into an insult pincushion! "Can you please stop comparing me to a pig?!"

Huh? To Akari that made no sense at all... Until she realised something dreadful. Mortifying. Horrible, horrid, nasty beyond all belief! Ryoga Hibiki had a Jusenkyo curse that turned him into a little black piglet! Akane always complained about being made into a boy - but what must it be like to turn into a wild animal! Especially one so - So helpless and cute and *easy prey*? It must have bred resentment inside his heart. He must hate pigs, now. Despise them. Detest them with all of his heart!

"Katsunishiki!" she called out, and her prize sumo pig was there in an instant. "Strike!" She pointed at herself, and then took a nasty blow to the face from a pig that could shove around a full grown horse. Ryoga, at least, was stunned by that. "Strike!" Akari called again, and took another blow, then another and another. Any one of them would have won a sumo match at the top level, with a single blow behind it. Yet she stood her ground taking them.

"What the hell are you doing?!" Ryoga yelled, pulling her away before she did something *really* stupid. "Are you trying to give yourself an injury?!"

"No... No, that's not it at all," Akari said, feeling wobbly on her feet. "I am... going to train myself. Teach myself to hate pigs, just as you do. I'll abandon my family farm, if that's what it takes! But don't - Don't think you *have* to be in a relationship with me because I'd go that far. To my eyes, this is the bare minimum requirement of what I should be willing to do, if it meant being with you."

Ryoga blushed right down to his socks, then realised he was holding onto a really, really cute girl who was only wearing a pair of dungaree overalls and probably nothing else. Made him a little bit self conscious, as you can imagine.

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So this girl was every bit as weird as she was cute. He couldn't figure her out at all! She was willing to let her prized pig thrash her if it meant being with him?! How the hell was he meant to react to that! Was she serious about giving up pigs? Look around this room! Virtually everything he saw had porcine theming to it!

Was she being genuine here? He'd had his suspicions about her since she'd brought him here, but now... Now it was really hard to look her in the eyes and see anything but true sincerity. She was... actually trying to ask him out.

A voice inside his head piped up out of nowhere: 'Yo!' It said. 'So, you've been ignoring me for a while now, but I'm your libido. Nice to finally meet you.'

His... his libido? He had no time for girls.

'Make time for this one, she's a keeper,' his libido said, and then Ryoga felt... his underwear getting strangely snugger. 'Hrm, okay, fine. Better check her for injuries there. A pig's hooves can be pretty sharp. That one was using the edge of one to peel an apple.'

He gasped a little, and carefully studied her face. Her pretty, beautiful face, and found... A few scratches. Maybe a bruise on her cheek. Huh? A blow like that ought to have knocked her loopy, or at least left a nasty gash! Yet here she was completely fine!

As if reading his mind, she explained: "I come from a family that raises pigs to be sumo wrestlers," Akari said. "If we weren't tough, we'd be dead before we were ten years old."

Ah. That did make sense. Come to think, most people struggle with his umbrella, but she'd lifted it overhead with ease. So this Akari chick was tough. *Ding*. She was strong. *Ding*. She didn't seem put off by his Jusenkyo curse at all. *Ding*. She was pretty. *Ding*. She was kind. *Ding*.

What should he do, here? Ryoga Hibiki lived a life of eternal loneliness, he had no experience in dating! He'd never show up on time for a date, for a start! Yet he was having a very hard time letting go of her now that he was holding her.

"Listen, don't do anything to hurt yourself, I'm not worth it," Ryoga said. "I'm not the kind of guy that lets a woman get hurt if he can help it, okay?"

The two of them were holding onto one another tightly, very very tightly. A normal human being would have to go to the hospital after being in the grip of either one of them right now, but for them it was merely pulling one another closer. It was Ryoga's instinct here. He was aware of how cute she was. He couldn't help but be aware of how cute she was.

"Kiss me," Akari asked. "A peck on the lips, that's all."

"A peck on the lips...?" Ryoga repeated back to her. "That should be fine." Maybe if he gave her that much, it would be enough? Maybe he could let go of her, then? It sounded about right to him. There was a sort of sense about it. Then again, one cannot rationalise without having rationality. Ryoga's instincts were telling him - go for it. It's all good here. This was a good way to get resolution to their situation. All you have to do is press your lips to hers for a brief second, and then - See? It was nice, but it wasn't -

Mmmm....~

The rational parts of their brains had shut down from the moment Ryoga's libido had sneakily sneaked a playful little kiss on the lips that had quickly, oh so quickly, become much, much more.

She tripped him. Made him stumble to the floor. Then mounted on top of him, and tugged the straps of her overalls off her shoulders while looking down at him. Ah! So she *was* naked under there! She was letting gravity do most of the work, but there was still a belt around her waist holding up, though not for long, as Ryoga's hands went right to the clasp while she leaned down to resume kissing him on the lips.

He rolled her over, and her legs hooked around his waist, which... made removing the overalls rather hard. Hey, don't blame them for that, it's hardly their fault that they were running on sheer instinct right now! Besides neither of them had done this before. They

figured it out after a few minutes, disentangling long enough for Ryoga to get his shirt off, and for Akari to kick her overalls across the floor.

For a fleeting moment, Ryoga's sanity returned to him and asked the pertinent question: What am I doing? I should be going after Ranma Saotome. Getting my revenge. But then, once her overalls were kicked off and he saw Akari as naked as the day she was born? It was rather difficult for rationality to remain.

Especially after she took off his trousers using her teeth.

After she did that, he sort of blacked out for a bit. Wound up coming to his senses in an unfamiliar bedroom. Very girly, lots of pink, and for that matter lots of pigs. Which makes sense when you think about it, those two tend to go together. So it could maybe be a boy's room, for a boy that was obsessed with pigs, but hey, the contents of the room didn't matter much. Not the wallpaper, not the door, not the desk, not the extremely, surprisingly sturdy bed, nor the windows or the curtains

No. What really mattered here was the girl on her hands and knees in front of him, bucking her hips back into him, and making him feel raw, unrelenting bliss. Jackhammering into him, as surely as he was into her.

"Squueeeeeeee~!" Akari squealed like a pig. The sound sent a bestial shudder down Ryoga's spine, compelling him to rut harder. To his surprise, he found himself the one dictating the pace. Though he'd never done this before it sort of came naturally to him. One hand on her back, which felt deceptively soft considering how sturdy she was. She'd have to be! The pounding he was giving her should have broken her spine, but instead she was - "Ahhhh, *squeeeeeeeeeal!"*

The impression was uncanny. The little grunts, the high pitched whine in the middle of it. He'd swear blind it actually was a pig, but he could plainly see and feel that it was a normal human girl. Well, okay, the word *normal* is doing some heavy lifting there. Physically, she was normal. Tough. Beautiful.

His.

For years, Ryoga's sense of direction had left him impossibly lonely. He never really knew how to interact with others. It had made him tough, having to wander the countryside with no idea at all of where he was or how to get where he wanted. The Eternally Lost Boy. What a lonely life that was. Unable to meet with friends at a designated time.

"Ohhhh, Akarrrriiiii~" he couldn't contain the moan. It was almost pathetic, really. It was as though that loneliness was escaping him. He had a girlfriend. A lover. Someone to love and cherish. Why had he been so intent on turning her away? Was it because he was so used to being alone? So used to not having a friend...?

"Oy, Hibiki!" a certain pigtailed boy jeered. "Where you going, stupid! Blegh!"

"Saotome! Stop teasing me already!" Ryoga yelled, and gave chase to his perpetual tormentor. They dashed across a river, through the streets, spent a few minutes pushing a roundabout in a public playpark not actually going anywhere, and then circled around to their home, where Checkers was waiting for them like the good little pupper she was...

Of all things to set him off, an epiphany was the thing to do it. He *did* have a friend. Ranma Saotome. That idiot loudmouth braggart had always led him home after school. He didn't have to do that. But hey, the two of them were the only ones that could keep up with each other.

Sort of like how Akari was the only one that could keep up with him.

The two of them collapsed onto the bed and rolled into one another, holding onto one another for the first time while sanity took hold of them once again. Ryoga, most impressively, managed to turn completely scarlet now that the adrenaline was running off.

"So, we're getting married, then?" he asked in a voice so high pitched, Akari could barely hear it.

"Mmmm, let's give that a little more time, lover boy," Akari tittered. "Ah, sorry about that. I was only trying to get your attention, I didn't mean to unleash the beast. My goal was a boyfriend, not to form the beast with two backs."

Honestly, he couldn't complain. Turns out sex is amazing. Who knew? He felt really tired, sweaty, but happy. He didn't think he could stop smiling if he tried. Actually, he kinda wanted to try that again. After he rested a bit. For now he'd enjoy holding on to her.

"By the way, not to change the subject, but I am curious," Akari said. "Why do you have it in for Ranma Saotome?"

"He kept on stealing my lunch," Ryoga sniffed. "You see, at our old middle school, lunchtime was a battlefield. If you wanted the prime sandwich, you had to tussle for it - and Ranma stole it every single time."

Her confusion practically manifested in the room with them. Of course, he wasn't done yet.

"So I challenged him to a fight in the empty lot behind my house," Ryoga said. "But then I wound up getting lost, by the time I got there he'd already left."

Right, she wasn't any less confused. But he still wasn't done.

"Because of that, I followed after him," Ryoga said. "Heard he was heading to some place called Jusenkyo - and while I was there, some idiot knocked me into the spring of drowned black piglet!" He chuckled to himself and squeezed her tighter to himself. "It seems kinda silly now. Why was I so angry at him? It wasn't his fault. He had to eat too, and anyone would leave if someone was four days late to a duel." If he should blame anyone, it should be *that girl*. That rough girl, wearing a gi leaping out after a stupid looking panda. They were the ones that knocked him off the cliff and right into the spring!

"Having met Ranma, he probably stayed until someone made him leave," Akari said. "I can imagine his father coming along to carry him off while he's barely awake."

Hah, old man Genma! He hadn't seen that balding bastard for a while. Ranma groused about him all the time!

"You said he's engaged to some girl named Akane...?" Ryoga ventured.

"Their fathers arranged it," she said. "But they have more sexual chemistry than we do. Not quite hit the point where they're bending each other over the nearest table, but -"

"Please don't put that picture in my head," Ryoga said. Actually, there was one other thing that was kinda bothering him. "How did you know about Jusenkyo, anyway? I mean, you knew what it was the second you saw me transform, and you knew how to change me back."

"Oh, that?" Akari shrugged. "The girl's locker room in Furinkan used to have a spring of drowned boy under it. Drenched pretty much every girl in class. Including Akane."

Pft! Ryoga snorted a laugh at the idea. "So - So Ranma's engaged to a girl who is sometimes a boy...?"

Akari playfully whapped him on the chest. "Easy now! Ranma has a curse too, you know."

"Oh yeah?" Ryoga asked. "What spring did he fall in?" He could imagine a few already. Perhaps he became an ape. Or an insect of some sort. Perhaps a lemur, or a koala.

"He becomes a cute, busty girl, as it happens," Akari said, quite firmly. "You see, they're a good match for each other. They're both extremely *unfairly* attractive in their cursed forms, and you'd better believe they both feel it for each other."

If she said so. Still, Ranma Saotome as a girl? He could hardly imagine it. Obviously he'd keep the pigtail. That was kinda his style. Other than that... A cute busty girl? Have to soften the features a bit, and -

"His father turns into a panda, by the way," Akari said, unknowingly delivering the last piece of the puzzle. "He looks pretty stupid, to be honest. Has to hold up signs to speak."

Huh... A panda that had to hold up signs to speak? Pretty stupid looking...? You know. Shortly after Ryoga had landed in the spring, he'd run into a stupid looking panda that tried to *eat him*. Threw him into a pot of boiling water. Which really hurt, and was terrifying to boot.

But hold on, hold on, he'd also seen that panda up on the clifftop. Being chased by a cute girl wearing a gi, who had her hair tied back in a -

In a pigtail.

Ryoga's eye adopted a nasty, nasty little twitch. He rolled out of bed and gripped the windowsill,peeking out through the curtain. Okay. Alright then. He soon found the latch and let the window fall open, whereupon he leaned outside, while Akari stared at him in naked confusion.

After taking a deep breath, Ryoga let it out: "Ranma Saotome! I shall show you hell!"

Even the sumo pigs practising not too far away were startled by that outburst. Alright. Good. Now he'd let that out, it was time for Ryoga to turn around, now that he'd let out that little bout of stress, and return to his new girlfriend for a little bit more fun.

"I'm feeling recovered," he said. "Ready for round two?"

Hyperdimension Neptunia - Blanc and Vert

Now this was a bit more like it. John looked over the map spread out over this table with a keen eye, scouring every inch of it for clues. The data the girls had gathered had been invaluable. He could tell, simply put, because... they'd been the ones to gather it in the first place. Therefore, it *must* be valuable! His mission was simple. Discover why the monsters were on the rise! To that end, he'd worked tirelessly to gather assistance!

"Tea, master?" asked Uni, in her maid outfit, bending over to display her cleavage to him.

"Oops, clumsy me I dropped something or other," said Nepgear at the other end of the table, bending down from the waist to pick up probably nothing at all.

"Look at this Master, I've mastered a new technique," Neptune herself said, all put pushing her tummy right into the side of his head.

Meanwhile, Rom and Ram were sleeping either in his lap, or over his feet. Needless to say, he wasn't getting an awful lot of work done right now! He should be getting upset - but they're all so cute! Ah! He didn't do this for this reason, honest! It was because he had no other choice, if he was to keep people safe!

"You girls..." he sighed happily. "It's really great that the twins were able to use their new tracking powers to find all these monster nests."

"Brand new monster nests," Neptune gently corrected. "And they're cropping up faster than we can find and eliminate them!"

That was also quite worrying. The trouble was, he couldn't... quite... concentrate on interpreting this map when the girls were being so flirty around him! It was quite distracting. They were all so adorable, it was a wonder he'd been able to even concentrate on this map!

"Girls, for now I want to focus on this map," he said after a moment. "There must be something here we're missing. Some rhyme, some reason..."

It was no good, he was quickly realising that the girls weren't the problem here. They had the data. He was pretty sure they had all the information they needed. The issue was that they didn't know how to look at the data. You're aware of the old saying? Lies, damn lies, and statistics? Here's a little lesson in politics for you: It's trivial to make a set of data say whatever you want it to. All you have to do is downplay the data that says the opposite of what you want, while playing up the data that sells your narrative. It's easy. It's the oldest trick in the game of politics, everyone does it, all the time, including the side you happen to agree with. Guaranteed.

Sometimes though? They're not doing it *on purpose*. Sometimes the inclusion or exclusion of a datapoint can radically alter the perception of other datapoints - and often it's hard to tell how they're related at all. Correlation does not necessarily mean causation. Sometimes things can *look* like they're connected when they're not, or the other way around. Maybe

something is important, and maybe it's not. Statistics are *weird* like that. It's a whole area of study where even the experts can get it wrong, and equally often they won't understand what they're looking at until *after* the facts come out that make it so obvious that *anyone* can see the pattern.

Which meant that what he really, truly needed was someone who could look at this pattern, and discern some useful data out of it. Someone who could study it, do so properly, with a clear head... and then bring about some truly useful answers to the nature of this problem, so they could best find a solution.

"Looks like we're gonna have to recruit another one of your friends," John said, flashing the girls a warm smile. To be honest? He was kinda looking forward to this, more than he liked to admit.

=====

To all outwards appearances, Blanc is a shining example of the kuudere in the wild. Hrm? What's a 'kuudere'? Why, it's the third part of the dere holy trinity! You know. The tsundere, who runs hot and cold. The yandere who runs boiling hot. The kuudere who is cold, stoic, emotionless -

"If you don't stop talking about me like I'm some kind of ice cold witch, mister author, I will reach through the fourth wall and - "

Of course, it goes without saying that Blanc is quite the charming beauty, who merely has a different way of expressing her emotions which is, of course, healthy and mature, and besides which when circumstances push her, she can be quite a bit more expressive than your 'typical' kuudere.

"Oh, Bla~anc!"

Now, what might set her off, you ask? An excellent question! Indeed, such a coolheaded and reasonable person is not that easy to set off.

"We think you'd look super pretty if you wo~re this, nya!"

You'd have to pretty much go out of your way to annoy her, while knowing exactly what levers to press, then slam them down with all your weight and -

"Come on, nya~ Put it on, put it on right now, and it'll make even your flat chest -"

"Who the fuck are you calling flat chested?!" Blanc yelled at Ram, who was even then trying to rub up against Blanc's legs. For there is little in the world that can rile a person up so expertly as a precocious little sister. "Cut that shit out already, get the hell outta here!"

"Arf!" Rom barked, while sitting in her way, in her usual clothes, but staring up at her like a dog. "I mean, won't you try it on? For us?"

Blanc stared at her adorable little sister, and let out the weary sigh of the beleaguered older sister. "If I try it on, will you stop bothering me about it?" she asked. The two of them nodded. "Alright, then you can piss off and harass someone else for the rest of the day, for all I care! Gimme that stupid!"

"Noooooo!" a voice called out. It was Vert, yet another annoyance in Blanc's life! The busty, green haired lazy tease was leaping dramatically and slowly through the air, diving out as if she was a bodyguard blocking the bullet for her beloved, as if she was the character in a cheesy nineties movie.

Of course, she fell flat on her tits, which made Blanc smirk a bit to herself. Hurt, did it? Good! Serves you right for having and flaunting those goods all the damn time!

"Don't put it on!" Vert said, popping up and grabbing Blanc's arm. Squeezing her bicep right into her cleavage. Which had to be on purpose. "There's something strange going on here, some of our friends have started acting really strangely. Come along now, don't put on strange equipment or you'll end up being cursed."

"Mind your own business? What kinda curse could -"

In response to Blanc's assertion, Vert pulled up video of Neptune belly dancing in her living room for no apparent rhyme or reason, directly in front of a full body mirror.

"Okay, that is kinda weird, I'll give you that..." Blanc said.

"What's weird about it?! Nyaaa!" Ram mewled.

"You'll feel better once you put it on, arf!" Rom added.

Vert sighed, reached into her inventory, pulled out some catnip and a bone, then dropped the catnip on the ground with one hand, while the other tossed the bone down the street. Then, she grabbed Blanc and pulled her away down the street, while one chased the bone and the other rolled in the catnip.

"You see? They don't normally do that, do they?" Vert said.

"Honestly, that's really not that out of character for them," Blanc said. "Urgh! Look, I don't get what game you played that stuck a paranoid bug up your butt, but leave me and my sisters out of it, okay?"

"Alright, have it your way," Vert said. "But please, be careful. Don't put on any strange equipment, until you've safely verified its full effects..."

That's the second thing she hated about Vert. Such a busybody sometimes! She oughta stick to playing her games, and watching those cartoons. Blanc huffed off. She had some writing to do and -

"Oof!" she bumped into some guy. "Watch where you're - "

"Sorry, sorry, my bad!" said the man she'd randomly collided with. "Uh... John Smith. By any chance, you wouldn't be interested in the book signing for This Is Obviously A Trap by Connie Trapman? She's visiting my cafe, and I'm handing out advertisements!"

"Connie Trapman?!" Blanc's eyes sparkled, but only for a moment. "I've been wanting to meet her for years! She has a new book coming out? I'm a big fan of I Cannot Believe She's Falling For This, and Don't Go To the Cafe, Blanc, You'll Get Brainwashed."

"Alright, great, see you there!" John said, and you know she would be there! Blanc always viewed herself as an aspiring writer. Granted, she wasn't very good at it... Though try telling her that! Actually don't, it's a good way to lose limbs if you try.

Not too far away, Vert was watching this interaction, and scowling to herself.

"Typical, ignore the person warning you of the coming danger," she sighed and shook her head. "Very well then. If I must watch your back for you, then I shall do so!"

=====

The cafe was packed to the gills. Blanc barely noticed that all the servers were cute girls in maid outfits, because her attention was entirely on the book she was here to get signed. Oh! What a chance! Oh! What an opportunity! Maybe, just maybe. Maybe she could meet an editor! Maybe she could create contacts in the writing world! Maybe, just maybe, the world would finally get to see her genius and -

"Giant frog!"

"Oh, come on!" Blanc yelled. "Are you actually serious right now?!"

Indeed, it was an enormous frog just sorta hopping around lazily, blinking unevenly, then sticking out its tongue and trying to eat people. Yipes! Good thing she was here! Now, granted, her damage output wasn't as good as some of her friends, but her defensive abilities might be exactly what the doctor ordered in this case! To start with, she brought that hammer right down on the frog's tongue and -

"Incredible!" she heard John, the owner, gasp. "She struck the frog's weak point for massive damage!"

In the blink of an eye, the frog began to twitch and do that weird thing that tough monsters do sometimes where they kinda disintegrate right before your eyes. Leaving behind a group of very confused, traumatised people who just learned what it was like to be on the wrong end of a vore fetish.

The bookstore broke out in thunderous applause, which honestly made her feel kinda... awkward, if she was being honest. Hehehehe, that wasn't even that tough a fight, all truth told. She'd just happened to be in the right place at the right time, and it turned out that the enemy was especially weak to bashing damage to the tongue, that's all!

"Hold on, I have to give you a special reward for -" John began, but by the time he'd turned around, Vert had appeared out of nowhere and yoinked Blanc aside. "Huh? Where did she... Oh well, I'll give it to her some other time, I guess."

"What is your actual malfunction?!" Blanc hissed at Vert, unable to believe the sheer, unmitigated audacity of this large breasted busybody sticking her nose in her business!

"Say, did you know that this cafe has been attacked *twice before* by monsters in the last week?" Verte chirped. "I will be perfectly blunt: I don't trust him, and I don't think you should either."

"You don't think so, huh?" Blanc replied, mimicking Vert's tone to mock her. "Well, then maybe I'll just mind my own business. Go back home and write out a few pages. How does that sound?"

"Please do, that would be better for everyone," Vert replied. "As for myself, I shall be investigating a bikini contest this gentleman is hosting tomorrow. I predict that it will be attacked by yet another monster, which will make him a key person of interest. Do keep out of trouble, won't you?"

Hrmph! She turned up her nose, and took off down the street. The nerve of her, dragging her away like that. Always has to stick her nose into other people's business! The world would be better off without such people, and -

"Pardon me," said a familiar sounding voice. She turned around, and found herself looking at her favourite author. "You're the girl with the hammer that trounced the frog, right?"

"Y-Yes, that's..." she grew quiet quickly and started to fidget. Oh! Oh! Her favourite writer (herself excluded) was talking with her!

"Here! Have this!" Connie Trapman said, offering her a weird looking accessory. "This has always brought be great inspiration when writing, and I'm sure it will do the same for you!"

"Thank you so much!" Blanc said, taking the equipment and rushing off before she could embarrass herself. In the process, completely missing Nepgear slipping out of her disguise, and then hopping on back to the cafe for fu~un.

Anyway, more crucially - Blanc had returned home. She didn't even look at what the equipment was, she'd simply put it on right away, and - In the process found herself wearing what amounted to a sexy schoolgirl outfit. White and black chequered motif, with a tiny ruffled skirt, and a shirt that was pretty much sleeves, a knot to tie together under the breasts, and a strip of fabric that barely covered Blanc's flat - "Ahem, Mister Author!" Er, it barely covered her chest, that's the important part.

"Huh... It looks like my INT, WIS and CHA are going allll the way up" Blanc mused, while looking at her stats. "Except, what's this status condition...? Schoolgirl crush? I've never

heard of anything like that before." She absently played with her hair. "I wonder if that cutie John Smith likes the way this looks...? I bet he does. Eeeeeeh!"

She made a beeline upstairs, to her writing chamber, grabbed a pen and immediately put it to paper. "I love John Smith," she wrote. "I love him, I love him, I love him lots and lots. I love him so much that I wouldn't even mind sharing him with other..."

Huh. This was kinda weird, right? That thought crossed her mind while she was writing. How strange. She hadn't intended to write a love letter when she'd gotten home... Oh well. This was a good use of her time anyway, and... And you know what? Didn't Vert mention John was hosting a bikini contest tomorrow? Usually, that's the kind of event someone like her would avoid. However... If he was there, then maybe, just maybe, she could show him what she'd written and he might even be so audacious and lewd as to - As to pat her on the head!

=====

This kind of event was really and truly not her speciality at all, and yet here she was, somehow standing on the stage, wearing a plain bikini while standing next to several other... Busty... competitors. While the emotion wasn't showing on her face, Blanc was getting *pretty pissed off* right now. All that jiggling flesh, barely restrained behind fitting bikinis! Oooh, it made her *mad*!

"I'm glad you came," Vert whispered before the contest began. "Soon, you'll see! A monster's going to attack this event, and then -"

"Yes, yes," Blanc sighed. All she wanted to do was hand over her love letter. She'd written out quite a lot last night. The words sort of... flowed out of her. Expressions of passion she didn't know were in her. Look at him over there wearing an open white shirt and snug black swimming trunks! Gosh, he was so... ripped! It's kind of what was pissing her off right now. All these people around here were so... so much more pretty than she.

As for the contest itself... who do you expect would win? Vert, of course. She knew how to work the crowd a bit too well. In particular making good use of her *assets* to win them over. Posing. Flaunting her body. So *confident* and *charming* and -

And she felt a twinge of... something. Envy. It whispered in her ear. Wear the schoolgirl outfit. Go ahead. Give 'em a twirl! They'll love it.

But... It was too late. Vert had won, she was standing there, seeming awkward. Hah. See? No monster attack. Paranoid, much? Now you look like the fool here, Vert! While Blanc... Would have to settle for third place. Sigh!

"Congratulations" John said, while handing Vert a gold trophy. "Here's your prize, a super special bikini piece of equipment! It'll make you super fast in the water, and will grant you the power to breath no matter how deep you dive!"

"Oho, many thanks," Vert said, holding the bikini at arm's length. "I suppose this thing that looks like a veil is meant to help with the underwater - "

She stopped cold, and started to stare off into the distance. Huh? What was with that reaction...? Well, she found out very quickly when Vert suddenly ran off the stage and towards the ocean! Huh? What was - Oh! There was someone splashing there in the water! Dropping under, a little at a time! Their arms flailing around, and -

Vert had already equipped the bikini halfway there. It was a modest green, with a fairly high waistline and strange swirls around the breasts. Blanc chased after her upon realising what was happening. HOwever petty she could be at times, when a life was on the line - that was another matter entirely!

It should go without saying that Vert beat her to the water, and the second she was in she was swimming like a fish. Blanc could hardly believe the speed! She was in the water, and out again, carrying a young girl in the blink of an eye.

Vert stared back at her, uncertain of what to do. Though she certainly did look rather fetching in that bikini, she had to admit... Oh! Of course! Instantly, Blanc changed into her schoolgirl outfit. This gave her a much needed boost to her intelligence, and using that -

CPR! Chest compressions! Mouth to mouth! Checking for vitals! The information flooded her mind so quickly that she barely even realised she'd done it before she'd actually done it! In the blink of an eye, the kid that Vert had rescued was sputtering up water, eyes flickering open - and all of a sudden there was an audience of people clapping for them.

"Oh." Vert sheepishly rubbed the back of her head. "Ah... Well! I should probably change out of this swimsuit, before -"

"No, miss, no!" a reporter popped up out of nowhere with a camera. "This is breaking news! We need you to look exactly the part. Two heroes, who put aside their bikini contest rivalry to save a young girl!"

Said young girl was quickly being taken aside by John, who whispered to her "Good work, Ram! That was a great disguise!"

"No problem," Ram said... on the other side of him, in a fairly flimsy disguise that honestly didn't look anything like the girl that John was helping. "Should I head in the water now, or -"

"No, no!" John said in a panic. "That won't be - Oh no, is that a giant octopus?!"

It was! It most assuredly was! Making a beeline right for the beach, with fearsome determination in its almost cartoonish eyes. No, really. An actual octopus has eyes that are much less cute looking than is normally portrayed. Which makes sense really, when you consider that underwater eyes have to function a bit differently from the way they would outside in the air.

But that's a distraction from the fact that a many tentacled being was coming along to ruin everyone's day!

"Everyone, get out of here!" John yelled. "We've got a monster coming in! Dammit, why are they so relentless these days, I just don't - Look out!"

He grabbed a passing young woman who was about to be seized by the octopus' nearest tentacle, putting himself in its path... At which point, it backed off, seeming to lose interest for whatever reason.

"Whatever reason, Mister Author?" Vert tutted. "You've not read that much tentacle porn, have you?"

"And you have?" Blanc asked. Then looked down at herself and realised, to her horror, that she was wearing a sexy schoolgirl outfit. "Oh no. This can't possibly end well."

Indeed, the tentacles all turned in her direction when she spoke up, and all of them seemed suddenly *very interested* in her. She moved to change equipment, but -

"Pardon me," Vert said. "If you could serve as a decoy, then I might be able to land an attack on it. If we use the power of our new accessories..."

She trailed off. The thought had seemed so natural when it had come to her, but now she was second guessing it. Had the equipment itself put it into her head or -

No time to think about that, Blanc was hightailing it away from some tentacles that were apparently feeling like being a cliche today! Which isn't a fun thing to do, especially when running on hot sand! Alright. In that case, Vert turned perpendicular and rushed straight for the ocean diving inside. With this veil over her mouth, she could easily breathe. Quite a handy piece of equipment, that, even if it most likely only worked underwater.

Now, as for the giant octopus, how best to deal with -

Oh. There was an enormous glowing weak spot right under the surface of the water. Aha! That made things pretty easy then! Alright, not much else for her to do, then, except to pull out her weapon, swim over to it and hit it for massive damage!

...

Which is all well and good. But see, here's the thing about that. When you defeat an enormous monster underwater, you make it disappear. When you make a large object like that disappear, then something needs to fill that space. The result? Water rushed in quickly, sounding like an explosion, and let me tell you. If you're near an explosion, you're not going to be in a good condition!

Vert got knocked for a loop. Her vision was blurry. She couldn't quite tell which direction was up. Ooof... What was... Oof! Her head felt like it was about to split apart, even though she'd dealt with the octopus... A figure appeared over her. A shadow of a man, who grabbed her body, held her close and dragged her up to the surface.

To her amazement, it was the mysterious Mister Smith.

"You okay?" he asked. Dashing and handsome and so, so brave. Vert stared at him in surprise. He'd gone out of his way to save her like that...? "Tsk. Monster attacks are on the rise of late, huh? What's causing it?"

"I haven't the faintest idea..." Vert muttered to herself. She shook her head, then used the power of her new bikini to drag them both to shore. Where a rather irate figure was waiting for them, apparently.

"Enjoy yourself with him, did you?" Blanc asked.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" Vert asked, seeing a chance to tease her by pushing her breasts around his bicep. "John here simply helped me out when the monster -"

"Don't gimme that crap!" Blanc interrupted, then stormed around to grab his other arm, holding it close and resting her head on his shoulder. "If you get to be held by him, so do I! I bet you even sent me off to fight that giant octopus so you could have him to yourself!"

Hold him closer.

"It was the most intelligent tactical move available at the time," Vert said. "Without your help, I would never have been able to approach undetected. Those tentacles would have surely overwhelmed me."

Flaunt your body to him.

"Oh yeah?" Blanc replied, sounding a bit more animated and... weirdly immature than usual. Almost like a petulant schoolgirl, rather than her usual self. "I bet you like him, don't you? That's why you've been trying to keep me away from him!"

Love him.

"This charming man here...?" Vert asked, looking up at him again. He... truly was quite dashing, wasn't he? Her heart skipped a beat. She swallowed nervously. "Ahem, I suppose he rather is my type...."

Cherish him.

"Bah! If you'd wanted to date him too, then all you had to do was ask," Blanc said, trailing her hand down his exposed, damp chest. "He's... so manly. So strong. So..."

So sexy and handsome.

It was true. He was, wasn't he? Vert's head was spinning. There were alarm bells going off in her mind, but they were being drowned out by her newfound attraction to this... This charming, roguish hunk. Ah! Maybe sharing him wouldn't be too bad...

"Ladies," he said after a moment. "Listen, far be it from me to -"

"Stay out of it!" the two of them said in unison, staring at him with hearts in their eyes. Do note they were still clinging to him right now, like a limpet to a rock. He mimed zipping his mouth shut, having enough brains in his head to know to stay quiet while the girls brainwashed each other.

"Jealousy does not befit you," Vert said, all but thrusting her breasts right in Blanc's face. Her breasts... which were covered in a spiral pattern, which even now was starting to whirl around and around. "These are what set you off, don't they? They're so *perfect*. Sublime, compared to your flat chest."

But Blanc wasn't remaining still either. She was twirling a pencil around and around in her free hand, right in front of Blanc's face. The metal around the eraser on the end twinkling in the light as she stared at Vert's boobs. For different reasons than most stared at them.

"It takes more than a good body to be attractive to a man," Blanc said. "It takes *brains* and *charm* too. All it will take is for him to read my love letter, talking about how much I love him."

"Love him," Vert repeated back, eyes transfixed upon the pencil now. The voice in her head warning her off, trying to tell her that something was badly amiss here was being completely silent. "I love him."

"We love him," Blanc repeated. "Love him lots and lots and lots. Happy to share."

"Share him," Vert repeated. Then, as her weebie brain kicked into gear, she said. "Harem. This is a harem."

"A lovely harem centred on John."

And just like that, the two of them were his. Clinging to him desperately, in an attempt to show off how much they loved him more, while their eyes seemed to almost pulse with the heart shapes that had replaced their pupils. He let out an awkward smile, and rubbed the back of his head.

"Can we... discuss this with the others back at the cafe?" he asked. "We've got a lot of work to do. So much work."

"Oh! I get it!" Vert whispered. "Work is a euphemism for s-"

"Save it for the cafe, girls!" John laughed nervously. "Oh mercy me, what am I getting myself into here? Surrounded by this many cute girls happy to share me... it'll be a wonder to get anything done at all!"

Yet get things done they must, for he already had that vague sense. As bad as it had been of late, it was probably going to get much, much worse. Oh well. At least he had his data analysts on board now!

Bleach - Orihime's Threesome

It's always the little things. The devil in the details. The grit in the gears. The tiny little mistakes that make chaos theory happen. You've seen Jurassic Park. You know about the tiny little marks on your line, invisible to the naked eye, that could cause water to trail one way down the back of your hand, or the other on another attempt. That's why the devil hides in the details, because that's where he can do the most damage.

"What are you doing to her?"

Ichigo Kurosaki was new to the world of Shinigami. Though he had no inkling of his heritage as of yet, it had already played havoc with his life as it was. He'd absorbed Rukia's spirit energy, become a reaper of souls in his own right - and until she recovered, he'd have to fight in her stead. Do her job for her. Because if he didn't? People would die. People he cared about. People he didn't know. Didn't matter. The responsibility was his all the same. A hero complex that would cause him some trouble further down the line - but that was then, and this is now, and right now he was near the start of his adventure.

And at this point, Rukia was leaning over the girl he sorta, maybe, kinda had a crush on. Orihime. A very pretty girl by any measure. Kind, sweet, selfless to a fault. Others might have been drawn in by her, ahem, tremendous assets, but Ichigo... it was almost like he could see the shining soul that lay beneath.

Something had happened with her tonight. Something strange, bizarre and terrible. The details... aren't really that important for what comes next. What really matters is that Orihime was out cold at the end of it, with Rukia using something weird on her, and Ichigo wasn't sure if he liked that very much.

"Relax," Rukia said, rolling her eyes at him. "I can't let her go about remembering what happened, you know? So, this little gizmo will ensure she doesn't remember."

"Uh, hello?" Ichigo gestured to the hole in the wall. "I think she might think something happened!"

"Yeah, yeah, her memory will get filled in by something."

"Something?" Ichigo asked. "Mind being more specific?"

"Can't," Rukia said. "It's random. Could be pretty much anything. Like, I don't know, a gang randomly shot out her house and then a giant elephant chased them off. Some nonsense like that. She'll really, truly believe that's what happened. That way she gets to stay out of our world. Doesn't get pulled in on a regular basis. Sound good to you?"

Ichigo grunted. Fine. Fine by him. If it kept her out of this, kept her safe then - then he could at least take that much. He didn't much like the situation but he could see Rukia's point at least. It was the best out of a bunch of bad options, so he'd leave it there. For now.

=====

Meanwhile inside Orihime's head something wonderful and strange was happening. Memories were forming. Memories... Of a night that hadn't happened.

It had all begun when Ichigo and Rukia had showed up at her house. She'd found it a bit strange that they would come visit, especially when they were holding hands like that. But then they came in, and they talked to her, and then -

Things got a bit steamy. Ichigo had kissed her. Out of nowhere. The boy she liked had kissed her for no good reason. Right in front of another girl, too! The girl that he was dating! Or so she thought? What was going on here?

"So we're in an open relationship," Rukia had said, while Ichigo was kissing her. "And we think you'd be a good fit for that!"

"Mmm~" she'd replied right into Ichigo's mouth. Now, she could have pulled away from him to reply, but that would have the problem that she was no longer kissing the guy she liked.

"Basically, we're about to have a threesome," Rukia said, dropping her skirt to the floor, unbuttoning her top. "That is, unless you say no. Which, somehow, I don't think you will."

She should say no to that. Of course she should say no to that! Why would she - Ohhhh, why on earth would she ever agree to something so absurd?! Except... she was going along with it. She hadn't said no. Hadn't done anything to push them back, or resist them. She'd simply let them do whatever they wanted to her. If anything, she was an enthusiastic participant.

"You're so beautiful," Ichigo had whispered in her ear, while his hands - so strong and delicate -traced down her body. Then Rukia tilted Orihime's head and stole her lips, holding her naked body up to Orihime's, and -

There was a blur. They were up against the wall to her home. Rukia was making out with Ichigo, while he was taking her from behind. Pounding into her, over and over again. His magnificent length, pushing her to the limit, making her gasp and beg as she all but submitted to his might.

"Ahhhh, alright! I'm in!" she moaned. Wasn't this unlike her...? If so, then surely this was a sign at how intense they had been with her! "I love having sex with you both! I love it more than anything else in the - "

The wall she was leaning against began to crack. Ichigo's pounding of her body had been so intense that it was causing actual damage to her home! Her tongue was hanging out, she didn't care, the pleasure was all that mattered! The pleasure that these two could give her, only that mattered worth a damn and -

"Oops!" Ichigo grunted, the wall collapsing as he nutted inside her, cementing herself as their lover. "Uh... Shoot, you've got insurance right?"

After that, she'd woken up, squirming in satisfaction at what must surely have been nothing more than a really, really good dream... Until she saw the damage to the wall. Which cemented it in her mind. That had been real! They were her lovers! Oh gosh, how lucky she was to have such a wonderful, compassionate relationship! She could hardly wait to see them again, her loins were already aching for a chance to -

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"Hey, Orihime!" Rukia called out, the next day at school. As if nothing was weird. "How's it going?"

"O-Oh!" Orihime blushed. She'd honestly hoped to run into Ichigo first. "Well, to be honest, I didn't get much sleep last night... Um. By the way..." She looked around. They were alone. "How did you and Ichigo start this relationship of yours...?"

"Huh? Relationship?" Rukia immediately said. "Ahahaha, I see how it is! We don't have *that* kind of relationship, we're just friends! Listen, if you like him, you should go for it. He's really not my type at all."

Eh...? Not her type. But... That didn't make any sense at all. Before she could ask anything else, Ichigo himself showed up, looking all cool and handsome like always.

"Yo, Orihime, are you all good?" he asked. "I heard that there was some damage to your property last night, you're not hurt are you?"

No, she wasn't hurt. Actually, she sort of wanted to go through with it again. Hold on, now. Something was strange. Very strange! Her memories were quite insistent that they'd all been together last night. That had definitely happened, without a doubt! So why...? Why were they pretending that it hadn't?

Maybe someone was watching them, where she couldn't see? It was hard to imagine. Maybe they were afraid of being overheard...? Honestly, this was making her a bit nervous about bringing it up herself. Actually, since they came to her in the first place, maybe she should wait for them to bring it up?

And yet...

Days passed. Orihime stumbled into her bedroom, glanced at the damaged wall on her way through her home, and made a beeline for her bed. She lived alone, so she felt no shame at all in ditching her clothes as she went.

"Why?" she whispered to herself. "Why haven't they brought it up?"

Her hands began to roam her body, in imitation of that which she'd seen in her memories. So vivid, so clear, so... Real! Her left hand grabbed at her breast, while her right travelled between her legs.

Why? Why? Why didn't they - Why didn't they remember? It was so wonderful, so pure, so *intense*! Why can't they remember it? Why? Why? Why?! She'd started to do this from the very next day, when they'd somehow completely forgotten it. Had she been dreaming? That had to be it, right? There wasn't any other explanation!

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Then, one day, she found her explanation. So. Ghosts were a thing, apparently. Ichigo and Rukia were spirit reapers. Huh! Okay then. If the supernatural existed, then it explained everything. The incongruities, the contradictions, why she remembered and they did not.

If you accept that the supernatural exists, then it only stands to reason that the power to manipulate the minds of others must also exist. Including manipulating the memories of others. Which led Orihime to a single solitary vitally important question!

What monster had erased Rukia and Ichigo's memories of their time together, and how could she get them back! Alright! She knew exactly what to do. She was gonna head to the library, and check out a book on hypnosis - but she'd do it under the radar, after all until she knew who the culprit was she'd be placing herself in grave mortal danger if she -

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"So this Aizen guy has a power called Absolute Hypnosis...?" Orihime slowly said. "All you have to do is see his sword and - pop, that's it, you're under?"

"Yeah, pretty scary huh!" Ichigo said, shaking his head. "Man, oh man! The powers these guys have access to is pretty intense, huh?"

"Yeah, it sure is..." Orihime muttered to herself. Deep in thought. Aizen was responsible... "What do we know about this guy, again?"

"Apparently, he's the kind of guy that sets up a long term plan," Ichigo said. "Manipulates people, toys with their lives... a real piece of work."

"He's not anywhere around... here, is he?" Orihime asked.

"Nah, he's holed up in Hueco Mundo," Ichigo said. "Apparently he's allied with the Hollows. Tsch! If only there was some way we could -"

"I have an idea!" Orihime clapped her hands. "As it happens, I've been looking into the supernatural recently. I read this book on hypnosis, maybe if I use it on you, you'd be able to plainly see through when it's being used on you!"

Ichigo looked at her with genuine surprise, and she simply smiled back. This was risky. It was very, very risky.

"I dunno," he said after a minute. "The two of us, alone at your place... It looks pretty sketchy, right?"

"Then bring Rukia along too, dummy!" Orihime tittered. "If anyone asks, we're gathering to study! But don't tell anyone else, okay? It's way too embarrassing, you know?"

That sounded a lot more reasonable to him, she could tell from his expression. Perfect. While it would have been better to get them alone one at a time, this would be the perfect fallback plan. Heart racing in her chest, Orihime eagerly anticipated pulling this off! All her studies would be put to the final, ultimate test!

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"So let me get this straight," Rukia said. "Orihime, *that* Orihime, says she thinks she's worked out a way to see through Aizen's Hypnosis technique? Which Shinigami with actually literally centuries of experience can't get past?"

"That's about the size of it, yeah," Ichigo said. "Honestly, I'm just humouring her - "

"You're trying to get in her good books because you're sweet on her," Rukia said, then she clasped her hands together, held them off to the side, and made a lovelorn expression. "Ah, my sweet Orihime! You're so smart, so clever! So talented and pretty - "

"Will you knock that off!" Ichigo bashed the top of her head. She probably barely even felt it, but a regular human would've been out cold from that. "It never hurts to try. At least this way we're *starting* to look into counters. Way better than sitting on our hands."

"Sure, whatever you say Romeo," Rukia snickered. It was cute really. The two of them were blatantly sweet on one another, but were being too dopey to act on it. She was pretty sure they'd get married some day, in a couple of years. Probably right after they graduated.

Anyway, it didn't take long for them to get to Orihime's place. Rukia knocked on the door, while Ichigo stared up at a tree nearby, trying to be all cool and detached. Rukia shook her head. Honestly, it was so obvious what was happening here. The two of them wanted some time together, but they also wanted a 'third wheel' so they could date without it being a date.

A point made all the clearer when Orihime opened the door, and was standing there in a rather thick looking robe. Not a yukata, nor was it a shrine priestess thing either, it was just some big thick robe. Looked pretty fancy though.

"Hey guys, come in, come in!" Orihime said. "Okay! So! I'm super glad you're both here. Apparently for a session like this, it's best to have an unaffected third party just in case something goes wrong."

"Something goes wrong...?" Ichigo asked. "Like, what exactly?"

"Oh, nothing much," Orihime said. "If we both get put under by mistake, or if I made you start acting like a duck, or something ridiculous like that."

Right. Not that Orihime would do something like that. She was way too sweet and kind and, honest, and honestly that made her the perfect person to use as a means to do all kinds of nasty stuff to them. Now Rukia was really worried. For a while now, she'd thought Orihime was behaving kinda weirdly, but it wasn't like she had a basis to compare that to. Ichigo was too blatantly lovestruck to notice, but her intuition was saying something wasn't right here...

"So what do I have to do exactly?" Rukia asked. "And the robes...?"

"Half of hypnosis is creating a relaxing atmosphere," Orihime said. That probably explained why the curtains were closed, and there was incense just everywhere. Although...

"Why does your incense smell like a bakery?" Ichigo asked. Then he looked Orihime dead in the eyes. "Oh, never mind. Relaxing atmosphere."

Right. If there was anything that would set this girl's mind at ease, it was surely bread. She led him to sit in a comfy chair on one side of the room, while Rukia was guided to sit behind a screen. Probably to protect her from the 'hypnotic effects'. She still wasn't sold on this hypnosis thing. Honestly, why hadn't she raised her concerns earlier on? Surely she should have right aw-

Then she saw something. Pinned to the other side of the screen. A few simple words: 'Reject your false memories'.

Upon reading those words, Rukia blinked and -

It was earlier in the day. At school. Rukia was strolling off for lunch, when she saw Orihime speed walking towards her.

"Hey Orihime!" Rukia said. "If you're looking for Ichigo - Woah!"

Suddenly, Orihime grabbed her arm and hauled her into a nearby storage closet.

"Why haven't you had sex with me since that day?" Orihime whispered.

If there was a hamster in the wheel in Rukia's brain. It just slowly came to a halt, stepped out its wheel, sipped at its water bottle, and then spat the water out all over the cage, somehow covering every surface.

"The hell are you talking about?!" Rukia whisper-yelled. She could feel herself turning beet red from the sheer implication. Especially since Orihime's not so small chest was pushing up against hers right now. "Did you take leave of your -"

"No, but I'm pretty sure you've been brainwashed," Orihime said. "I reject your attempt to escape!" Huh? All of a sudden she - she couldn't move at all! "I reject your ability to resist

me!" Next, Rukia felt her willpower and physical strength just... evaporate into the ether. Huh? Huh? What was she - "Look at this shiny coin. Look at it Rukia. Do you see it? I want you to look at it..."

In the here and now, Rukia squirmed in her seat. She crossed her legs, and a dumb smile crossed her face. Oh yeah. That's right. She remembered now. Orihime had brainwashed her. Implanted certain commands to make sure she didn't stop Ichigo from coming here today.

Hehehe... She felt kinda flighty and weird. She couldn't wait to see what happened next!

=====

This whole thing was kinda cute. That was how Ichigo saw it, at any rate. She wanted to be helpful in her own way. Heck, who knows? This might even prove to be useful someday. Ichigo sat down in his seat, with Orihime standing in front of him. Flashing a warm, friendly smile. The atmosphere was pretty relaxing. Also, making him hungry. That bread smell was pretty overpowering.

"To start with, we must purge the false memories that Aizen has installed in you," Orihime said. Huh? What did she mean by that? Oh! He got it, actually. She heard 'Absolute Hypnosis' and must have thought he meant -

"That's not how his powers -" Ichigo began, and then Orihime ditched her robes, dropping them to the floor, and revealing something truly scandalous underneath. It was... some sort of spiral themed bikini that hid nothing at all! Orihime's full body was pretty much on display to him right now, leaving next to nothing to the imagination! "Wh-what the- H-hey, put some clothes on, Rukia's right there!"

"I'm rejecting your objections!" Orihime said, and all of a sudden Ichigo sorta... slumped back. Huh? What was he saying again? For some reason his head felt weird. It felt vaguely like he should have a problem with Orihime wearing something like that, but - But for some reason he just couldn't quite articulate it. "Never mind how you *think* Aizen's hypnosis works, it's obvious he's done a number on you if you're embarrassed to see me like this."

"Orihime, what do you mean?" Ichigo asked. He rose to his feet and -

"I reject your concerns!" Orihime said, and just like that, all his concerns just sorta... melted away. "All you need to do is watch me dance for you, Ichigo." Well, okay. He couldn't think of any reason not to. For some reason. Which felt like it should be concerning, but gosh darn it, he just plain couldn't get concerned over... much of *anything* right now.

But hey, why be concerned when Orihime was putting on a show for him? Standing in front of him, wearing that weird spirally bikini, undulating her torso. Her breasts, her stomach, her hips, rolling her naval around in a figure eight right in front of his eyes.

"When exploring memory manipulation, it's vital to gain focus on something vital to the real memory," Orihime said. "Something you'd only be familiar with if the memory was true. Look at my body, Ichigo."

He was looking. It was making him feel a bit flustered, but he was definitely looking!

"Does it feel familiar at all?" Orihime asked. "Please, do look closely at it, Ichigo. Grab onto any spark of familiarity, and hold on."

There was a problem with her reasoning. It assumed that Ichigo was not familiar with her body already. While he tried not to stare, tried not to be dirty minded, Orihime was the girl he liked. Had liked for a long time. Never felt that he was worthy of her affection, so he'd tried to keep her at a safe distance... But that didn't mean he was unfamiliar with her body.

He'd seen her in swim class. In gym. He hadn't meant anything dirty or lewd by it, but a guy can't help but glance at the girl he likes, especially when she's not wearing that much. She might not have noticed. Hell Ichigo himself barely noticed that he was doing it! But those furtive glances over the course of several years had made him very, very familiar with Orihime's body.

Not that Ichigo himself was cognizant of why he was so familiar with it. For a fleeting moment he wondered if she was right, that some memory had been hidden from him, though its true nature was a complete mystery to him.

"R-Rukia?" Ichigo called out, unable to tear his eyes away. Orihime's dancing had taken on a lewder twist, and she was now bolding her hands in a triangular formation over various parts of her body. As though she was about to make him reject something else - but instead, in this case it was more like she was framing parts of her body for his attention. It was working. Extremely well. "Hey, Rukia? Is everything -"

A leg stuck out from behind the screen, and was soon followed by Rukia... wearing the same kind of outfit as Orihime. She slunk out seductively, which was really weird for him to see.

"Just like me, you'd forgotten too," Rukia said, hanging off Orihime, giving him the bedroom eyes. It was kinda creeping him out, to be honest. "Don't worry. Orihime's done a ton of research, she'll have us back to normal in no time flat."

"What does back to normal even - " Ichigo tried to protest, but before he could do anything else, Rukia had his trousers off! "Hey, what are you -"

"Shush now," Orihime said, framing her lips with her hands in that triangular pose. "We're rejecting your rejection."

Ichigo blinked, as he felt his rejection of them pass out of him, and from this, turn into acceptance. You know, they were both kinda hot weren't they? He opened his mouth to ask Orihime what was going on, but in answer felt her tongue slide inside his mouth, while Rukia's own mouth enveloped his -

"Mmmmf~" Ichigo grunted, his body relaxing on instinct, though his heart rate also started to pop up a moment later. This was his first time doing anything like this! He hadn't the faintest idea what to do!

"Hypnosis alters the mental state," Orihime whispered in his ear, while Rukia lovingly used her mouth on his shaft. "Your mind has forgotten... but your body won't have. I'm going to remind you, Ichigo. I'll remind you of what we did together that day. All three of us, together~"

What was she talking about? The three of them? Together? Ichigo was so confused (and aroused) right now, he couldn't even think to question -

"He-hey!" he gasped, suddenly finding himself on Orihime's bed. "How did I get -"

The two girls giggled down at him, Orihime moving to sit on his stomach while Rukia stayed behind her, doing interesting things with her feet. Very, ah, interesting things that he wouldn't have thought of before, for sure!

"Okay, so that didn't work," Orihime said. "Sorry, sorry, had to reject your memories of the last hour, and then give you time to recover. Um, sorry! We kind of got way too into having *fun*."

"I don't think we were *too* into it," Rukia said with her typical cocky attitude. Cocky was a rather odd word to use right now, all things considered! "You were being too stubborn, as usual. Why, it's almost as if your memories of us being in an open three way relationship wa completely purged from your past."

"My memories of what, now?" Ichigo asked. "Guys, we were never in -"

"I reject your rejection," Orihime said. It's worth pointing out here how ridiculously broken Orihime's power actually is. The power to reject things, including concepts? It's pretty absurd really isn't it? The only thing truly holding her back from being the most powerful being in the setting is that - well, first of all, a certain moustachioed man exists here who *is* able to no sell her ability, but the thing keeping her from being a real top tier is simply her own personality.

A personality which was, thanks to Rukia's accidental brainwashing, now twisted up into a mindset where she was perfectly willing and capable of using it on Ichigo. Now. Normally, this sort of thing wouldn't quite work on Ichigo. Normally. He's got... remarkable potential deep within him. Truly astounding strength. His willpower should be able to overcome even this... Except for a confluence of factors working against him.

The first? He was kinda into Orihime already. Sure, the two of them were super, super shy about it, but after what had happened today already? Hard to retain that shyness.

Yet more crucial than that is what had happened over the course of that missing hour. Rukia, sucking his dick, Orihime, describing in deep lurid detail the dirty, dirty things they supposedly did that night, while rubbing her breasts all over his body. Now, you're probably thinking something like 'yeah that would make my willpower crumble pretty quickly', but...

That's not the point. Alright, so what *is* the point? Well. Think about why Ichigo was denying them. It's because that's insane. Right? It's a crazy thought, he didn't remember anything like that! Why would anyone believe that if they didn't have a memory of it, he was pretty sure he'd remember doing that sort of thing with -

Except he kinda had been doing it. There were still echoes of those memories lingering in his subconscious. Orihime's rejection had, unintentionally, only scrubbed it from his conscious mind! Therefore -

"Wait, I remember now!" Reinforced by Orihime's rejection of his rejection, those thoughts bubbled up to the surface. Intense, sexual thoughts, involving the other two! He remembered the feel of Orihime's breasts! He recalled Rukia trapping his dick between her thighs, laying back and squirming where she lay! "We- We really were sex friends, weren't we?"

"He remembers!" Orihime clapped her hands.

"Yahoo!" Rukia said, fistpumping the air, super happy that he was finally remembering. "We overcame Aizen's hypno-"

The two of them were bowled over by Ichigo, who had managed to pin down both of them at once. He stared down at them with a hungry, ravenous gaze... And asked a simple question.

"So who wants to commemorate my remembering by going first?" he asked, penis fully ready and able to give them *exactly* what they needed.

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"Let me get this clear," Yoruichi said to Uruhara while giving him the stinkeye. "You deliberately set that up because...?"

"Because *ohhhh boy* did those three need to get *laid*," Uruhara said, cool as ice. His cat (who was, on occasion, a really hot woman) gave him the sort of look that only a woman who knows you well can give you. "Okay, okay, I also did it because it'll help them advance their abilities. That Orihime chick has potential she doesn't even know about, and there's only two things that will truly motivate someone to improve their talent: Because they want something bad enough, or because they're saving someone's life. Usually their own."

Yoruichi's scowl deepened.

"And that girl isn't the sort to react well to physical danger," Uruhara said. "Intimacy, on the other hand? It's the perfect motivator! Everyone wins, and they're in a better place physically and psychologically to take on Aizen if and when he makes his next move. Those two are the key to stopping him, I'm sure of it!"

Yoruichi's scowl deepened.

"Also it was kinda hot," Uruhara muttered under his breath, and ate a frying pan to the face for his trouble.

"You do realise they're planning on adding more to their polycule, right?" Yoruichi's scowl deepened so much, it could be mistaken for the Mariana Trench. "Including yours truly! I will not be brainwashed and seduced, do you hear me?!"

"Ah," Uruhara said. "So that's the real reason you are against this? I kinda thought you'd be all for it..."

He ate another frying pan to the face, failing to understand just how important rejection truly could be. Perhaps he wasn't as smart as he thought he was.

LS Usagi

Due to Usagi's sleeping habits, she didn't get to walk to school with Naru all that often. For the last few days she'd made an effort to be up in the morning. Getting your head kicked in doesn't do much wonders for your pride.

"By the way, mom bought me a new swimsuit last night," Usagi said. "Wanna come over tonight to check it out?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Naru muttered to herself. "Sure. Whatever."

Huh, not even that? Normally when Usagi got new clothes, Naru loved pretending they were on a catwalk. Usagi would wear the clothes, strut up and down her room while Naru commentated, usually roleplaying as a thirsty fangirl. It was her favourite thing to do together!

"Rei and Ami were going to model their new swimsuits too," Usagi said, nudging her friend playfully. "Ami found some really good sunscreen, apparently, and wants to test it out."

"Sounds like you guys will have a lot of fun," Naru muttered.

Even that didn't get her attention?! Gosh, she must be *really* down! What should she do to cheer her friend -

A police car screamed by at that very moment. Huh?! Well, that sure got their attention. Even Naru kinda forgot about how stroppy she was being. Though that may have to do with the pair of legs that swung out of the car when it stopped, and the body that came out following those legs.

"Woah, that's a lot of cops," Usagi whistled. Indeed it was, and they all had an eerily similar look about them. Blonde hair, tied up in a ponytail. Mirrored sunglasses, chewing bubblegum, with tied off blue shirts and the snuggest of snug daisy dukes, alongside a pair of high heels that logically should stop them from moving quickly at all - and yet left the distinct impression that if you tried to test them, you'd regret it.

A few of them were absently swinging a pair of handcuffs around their finger while chatting, a few of them were leaning over at a provocative angle. All of them were deadly serious.

"Huh, what do you think is going on?" Naru asked.

"I dunno," Usagi nudged her playfully. "But I doubt you'll find the answer in the curve of her hot... sexy..." Usagi trailed off, and then the two of them tilted their heads in sheer fascination at the hot booty of the law. "I wonder what they're here for anyway!"

"Ahoy, watch out, Umino's about!" yelped a girl with a smoking hot librarian look about her. It was the glasses that really sold it. Rather than the round thick swirly sort, she was wearing her new small, smart and rectangular glasses which suited her much better. She grabbed the two girls, reaching around their bodies from behind, grabbing their breasts and pulled them close. "We're getting a visit from Princess D of the Diamond Kingdom very soon! Royalty is gracing our streets, hehehe! They're coming to show off their gemstones, rare, valuable and enormous!"

Gemstones...? Huh. She actually had something interesting to say, for a change!

"Apparently, they're also showing off an heirloom that's never, ever been seen before," Umino whispered. "Something rare, something exciting, something that will be seen in Japan for the very first time! You see? That's why the police are here, to make sure nobody harms the visitors, or steals their goodies!"

Is that so? Usagi tilted her head and thought for a moment. Now. Once upon a time, her thought process would have gone 'obviously that's the Silver Crystal what'sit that everyone is apparently looking for', but... Yeah, no. That obviously wasn't it. Whoever had that crystal was keeping it nice and safe and *secret*. No way would they suddenly travel to an area where youma were specifically on the lookout for that little plot device.

On the other hand, was that what the youma would think? Probably not! At the very least they might assume that *they would think that too* and see it as a chance to launch an ambush. Which is perfectly valid reasoning, that meant this event absolutely needed their attention whether or not the crystal was there, which it almost certainly was not.

Which is a remarkably deep thinking process for Usagi Tsukino to adopt, especially when there were booty shorts wearing cops all over the place, and a hot librarian was hugging her right now. That sort of situation should have sent her off to fantasy land in a -

"Oh no!" Umino said, standing spread eagle up against a wall. "My rights are about to be violated- and so am I~!"

Yep, there we go, off to lalaland where the lesbian good idea fairy resides.

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"Wait, you figured that out by yourself?" Luna asked when Usagi filled her in. "Really? You did?"

"Hey, don't be so surprised!" Usagi sniffed. She took a big bite out of her lunchtime sandwich and flopped back on the rooftop. "We need to stake that place out -"

"Which will be difficult given all the security measures," Ami tutted. "If only we had an invite."

"Um... I have an invite..."

The small voice that spoke up was Naru's. She was demurely raising her hand as if embarrassed by the attention. The other girls stared at her with full attention now.

"So, it turns out our jewellery store is 'notable', whatever that means," Naru said, fidgeting a bit as she spoke. "I can bring in a plus one."

"Alright, let's bring Rei into this later on, then hash out the details," Luna said. "For now, there's not much else we can do, so let's make sure we're all well fed so we can figure out how to get everyone else into that ball for the inevitable Dark Kingdom attack."

======

If there was another figure out there who could have held the raw power of the Lesbian Shard, and used it half as well as Usagi, it was surely Queen Beryll. She was a poster child for scarousal. With a slight change of her expression or body language, she could go from intensely beautiful - to terrifying at the drop of a hat.

At this moment, she was the latter. Peering into her crystal ball, watching the news with great interest. This ball... It was almost too easy!

"I suspect a trap," she said, proving that great minds do think alike. "This is too obvious an advertisement, and yet... And yet we cannot ignore it!"

Zoisite stepped forward, anticipating that he would be given this vital task. Except -

"Nephrite, you'll take the lead on this," Beryll said. What? Him? "You are to infiltrate this party, and investigate if this Princess and this Crystal are those we are seeking."

"Pardon me, your majesty," Zoisite bowed his head deeper. "Would I not be more suitable for this? It would be an ideal opportunity -"

"To make up for your recent failures," Nephrite interrupted, but it seemed Beryll did not enjoy his humour in the least.

"As it happens, the energy he granted from that... Menagerie, was it?" Beryll licked her lips. "Most to my liking. We would like more of it, if you don't mind. No, I would prefer that you seek that girl out, and find a way to extract more energy from her. Much more, if you would?"

For to Beryll's mind, that energy was vital, absolutely vital if she was going to find *that person*. They too must have been reincarnated! She was certain of it! If only she could figure out where they were and what they were doing at that very moment!

=====

At that very moment, Mamori was edging herself to the point of near madness. Not on purpose, mind you. She was *trying* to cum. Trying harder than she had ever tried to do anything before in her life. She was sweating buckets, the sheets were ruined from her sweat alone, but - No release came!

"Come on, come on ***come the fuck on***!" she grunted into her pillow, ass up and face down. Both fingers rubbing in sync, in a way that her body turned out to like a *lot*, but *not enough to bring sweet release!*

It was the dreams that were doing it. The dreams of that girl, with the gorgeous face, and the radiant hair, and the body that could make the sun not want to set at night. Sublime beauty, that he could not recall in his waking hours no matter what no matter what *no matter what* and it was *driving her bonkers!* She'd started this in a futile attempt to jog her own memory, but -

Suddenly, it hit her. Like a bolt from the blue. *Find me*. A face, a familiar face, but as soon as it was there it was gone again leaving only those words and - *Find the Crystal.* That too. Her dying wish? Or something like that. Oh, if only she could remember!

"S-Somehow, this is that meatball head's - Oh god yes, finally!"

Huh, weird how she came the instant she thought about ***<u>that</u>*** idiot, right? I'm sure there's absolutely no connection there whatsoever.

=====

It was time for Cinderella to go to the ball. And by Cinderella, we obviously mean 'the living reincarnation of the Moon Kingdom Princess and current incarnation of this universe's soon

to be Lesbian Goddess, her best friend, and her best friend's mother'. Really, the only things they had in common with Cinderella was that they were going to a ball, had to be back by midnight, and there were Princesses and magic involved.

All three of them were wearing stunning gowns which, even more stunningly, their figures fit into perfectly. Naru's mother was wearing a gorgeous black evening gown that was peppered with little sparkles, as if mimicking the night sky, with a circular boob window. Her daughter was wrapped in a verdant green, with a large slit up her leg that could only draw attention to her thighs. As for Usagi, she was in a dazzling white backless and shoulderless dress, which looked like it had come right out of the pages of a fairy tale.

The interesting thing about that, though? Until she'd put it on, it had been just another dress. Nothing special about it. NOthing that really stood out. Normally the dress makes the woman even more beautiful than she already was, it acts as the multiplier. You think Usagi was the multiplier? No. She was the *exponent.*

Behind them were another trio trailing behind, every bit as beautiful. Rei, in a red minidress. Ami in a blue sleeveless gown. Luna in a full body black set. These three trailing behind at a decent pace behind them, as if trying not to be seen by those they were following, and at the same time trying to be *associated* with them too.

They soon arrived at the building. Deep breath now. Usagi nodded, and Naru's mother went on ahead to show their tickets off. The two girls followed after, Usagi trailing just enough so the other three could catch up, and -

"They're with me," Usagi firmly said, while Luna twinkled her fingers... and the guard blinked heavily, head wobbling about, as he let the three in with her. Not the most elegant plan, but it sure did work!

"Did you catch him staring at your boobs?" Rei whispered to Ami. "Yech, men."

As Ami is a creature of habit, she merely blushed. Regardless of the fact that she was hard not into men anymore, that was still a pretty embarrassing sort of attention to get. Her embarrassment soon faded as the majesty of the ball itself came open before them. It, like Usagi's dress, felt like it had been plucked from the pages of a fairy tale. It felt like they'd stepped back in time, or into a television set. Pristine surfaces everywhere they looked, gorgeous people in expensive dresses -

"Oooh, that food looks ni~ice!" Usagi chirped, trying to make a beeline for the food before being pulled back by Luna.

"Your mask," Luna whispered. She handed one out to all of them. "Imbued with glamour to keep us from getting recognised, *just in case*. Now, split up and find any evidence of you-know-who!"

"Got it!" Usagi said, sliding the mask over her face and smiling warmly. "I'll be checking out -"

"The buffet," the other girls said in unison. Well! If they insisted! She couldn't possibly deny those tasty treats out there, now could she...?

As for Naru, she stepped aside and let Usagi get to it. In all honesty she didn't expect that she'd run into -

"May I have this dance?" a man asked. She turned, ready to blow them off, when she found herself looking into the eyes of - Oh no. It was *him*. That guy! She wanted to step away, but -

But she couldn't risk making a scene. It would blow their cover! Reluctantly, she took his hands and found herself whisked around the ballroom. "My, my, fancy meeting you here."

Come on, Naru. Come on! Find a good open space you can take this jerk to - Oh, where were the others! This crowd of people was so big! There had to be someplace she could try to take him, come on come on come on! What were you even doing?!

What Usagi was doing right then was bumping her boobs right into someone wearing a tuxedo, making them spill the contents of their wine glass all down her front!

"Oh, heck! I just got this dress!" she complained, stomping her foot petulantly and puffing her cheeks out.

"Here, let me," said the... absolute babe rocking a tuxedo like no girl should. Her face was covered with a little domino mask, but... Mmmf, that body was filling out that tuxedo to the breaking point. It was playing havoc with her, actually - it was both manly and girly at the same time, which both repulsed and attracted the Lesbian Shard within her. How should she feel about this? "It would hardly do, to ruin the night of such a beautiful woman."

The two of them locked eyes. Now. You know it's Mamori. I know it's Mamori. But these two star-crossed idiots weren't quite capable of working out who the other was at all. In Usagi's case there's way less of an excuse as Mamori had no glamour on her mask, but in all honesty, because she was so thoroughly mind whammied by how hot this tuxedo clad babe was, it meant that both baffled by the other's identity, yet entranced all the same. Earlier, I had called Usagi in that dress an exponential function. Well, the two of them meeting in this place, wearing what they were, was acting as a *tetration* function. Don't worry if you don't know what that is, just know that it's *way, way faster* than an exponential function.

"May I have this dance?" Mamori asked. She looked at the jaw, the shape of this girl's face, and found features that were appealing, familiar, yet maddeningly she couldn't figure it out for the life of her (because the glamour was getting in the way). If anything, we should take it as a sign that she found Usagi attractive, but was being too stubborn to admit it even to herself.

"You can have anything you want," Usagi replied, taking her hand, and just feeling... right. Stepping around the room like this, letting that elegant hand rest at her waist, staring up at this girl, aware of her impressive physique, yet unable to look away from her eyes... While the strange girl (again, obviously Mamori) stared back, equally enraptured, certain that she had finally found the literal girl of her dreams...

They danced in a way that nobody had for literal millenia. A forgotten dance from a forgotten culture, briefly brought to life by instinct and muscle memory that had been brought forth with them. For a moment, both of them were sent back then, with the other guests around them forgotten. Though in Usagi's case, something was amiss. For a half second she would swear that she'd been dancing with a boy. But only for a fleeting moment, before something like static overtook her vision, and the boy was replaced with a gorgeous, graceful girl...

Alas, all good things must end in time, and so too must this dance. The two of them took a breath, and then Usagi found herself dipped backwards by this babe, who was holding her at the small of her back. Then her mysterious dance partner leaned in close, so nice, so close, and then -

What was meant to be a chaste kiss, like waking Sleeping Beauty, suddenly became something rather... less chaste. Who made it so first? Hard to say. Either way, Usagi's

tongue was wrestling with Mamori's, each making a pitch for territorial control over the other's mouth.

"Oh wow, look at those two..." someone whispered, while the two of them began to cling to one another as if afraid, absolutely terrified, that if they let go they'd never see each other for another two thousand years.

"They're both girls, but... somehow it feels *right* watching them be so hungry for each other..."

Needless to say but the entire party was basically paying them attention instead of anything else that was going on. The dance was entrancing, like nothing any of them had ever seen before. Then that kiss on top of it - whew! A real show stopper, they stole everyone's attention like a phantom thief steals your necklace while you're wearing it.

Thus, nobody noticed as Naru was dragged from the more public ballroom out onto the balcony, where it was just the two of them all by themselves.

"Naru Osaka, I presume?" Nephrite asked, taking off her mask. Oh no! "Hrm, yes. We met at your friend's tennis practice, did we not?"

And a few times since then you *son of a bitch*. Wait. Could it be? Had he not recognised her as Menagerie...?

"Such a shame what happened with her," he tutted, tipping her chin up and forcing her to look into his eyes. His eyes... filling her vision, until she suddenly couldn't look away. Naru's arms fell limp, and the panic within her started to ooze out, dissipating into the night's sky like air hissing out of a balloon. "But you know, you can just... relax, now can't you? You'll relax, and when we meet the Princess, you will watch out for anyone coming to interfere."

Huh...? What was this, now? What was he doing? Ordering her to - why couldn't she move?

"You are so fascinating, by the way," he said, and then sniffed her hair. "You have this exciting tang of energy about you. Something almost... monstrous. Far more interesting than those other Earth girls of this era! I could smell it back then - and when I read your stars, they were so intriguing! The shift in your destiny, the path of your fate! It had transformed in a way I have never seen before! You burn so much brighter now than you were *meant* to."

Oh no. She recognised this tone. The way he was looking at her, reaching out to rub her shoulder, that sniff of her hair. This guy thought he was a playboy, didn't he? Seducing her perhaps? Worse! He might well believe himself to be a prospective romantic partner for her, but all Naru felt was the lingering stare of a stalker!

But that worry was replaced with an all new one as he led her off, and her body followed after. Being completely imprisoned in your own body by someone obsessed with you is - Ever see Misery? It might be worse than that. The two of them approached a room, in which a pair of armed men were standing. They held out their hand, with a hand on their guns at their belts- but such weapons were nothing to a man who could knock them out with a wave of his hand.

Inside the room they found the Princess sitting in a chair, having her makeup done. Naru vaguely caught sight of some further bodyguards drawing their firearms - only to faint on the spot under Nephrite's spell.

"Who are you?" the Princess defiantly demanded. "What do you want?"

"The girl behind me," Nephrite chuckled. "But my boss wants *you*." A wave of his hand, and he'd sent his shadow across the room towards her, covering her body in it, and she reacted as though suddenly wrapped in chains. "More precisely, your Royal Treasure. Hand it over, if you would."

Oh no, was there really nothing she could do? Once again she felt so - so powerless to do anything to help. THere was evil happening in front of her, she'd been working so hard to have the power to stand up to it - but was it truly not enough? Was there nothing to be done? Usagi, please - Usagi! Help! Please, please help save this Princess! Do what your stupid, worthless friend couldn't!

=====

Being a Princess is soooo hard. Urgh, she hated how that sounded even inside her own head. A weary sigh escaped her lips as the makeup was applied. Not that she could *see* much of anything right now with her glasses off. Oh how she hated the press. The media always tried to exaggerate things, make them worse than they really were. A slip or an accident becomes 'clumsy showing from Princess fumbles'.

Worse yet, she was lacking a significant other, and she was the right age to have one. She could see the headlines now, and could see precious little else: 'No man good enough for spoiled Princess'. That wasn't right! It wasn't! They were all put off by her stupid, big dumb glasses! She'd tried wearing contacts, but they simply didn't -

"Hey, who are -" she heard one of her bodyguards yelp, and then a sudden thud of a man falling over. She sat up out of her chair in a panic, grabbed her glasses and stared at the intruder, who was peering over her with malice and contempt all over his expression. Behind him, a sleepy eyed accomplice.

He demanded their Royal Treasure, and her pride as a Princess bristled for a moment, before her inherent shyness took hold. H-Hand it over? As if! But it seemed she wasn't getting the choice, as his shadow somehow held her in place, totally immobile!

"Unhand me!" she yelled, or at least tried to. It came out as a mere whisper. All around, her bodyguards and servants were all out cold now. This man had somehow knocked them out! Was this magic he was using?! Normally she would think him quite handsome but at the moment that was doing nothing at all for her!

"If you won't hand it over, I'll have to take it by force," the fiend warned, his hand reaching out. Though it was, by all appearances, a normal manicured man's hand, to her gaze it might as well have been an enormous claw with rotten fingernails. The wretch! No! Keep back! Keep back! Won't someone save her from this - This *man?!*

A plate struck the man in the back of the head. It had been hurled through the doorway like a discus. It shattered. Didn't seem to hurt him. If anything, it had merely annoyed him. A moment later, the one who threw it stepped through the doorway, and -

And she was an angel. A gorgeous, stunning angel in a dress that made her feel lower than a worm by comparison. For a moment, Princess D forgot how to breathe, how to blink, how to think - and then she rather permanently forgot how to be attracted to men. How could she be, when this shining example of femininity -

"Urgh!" the stranger grunted. "Do you have *any* idea how hard it is to run in heels and not fall on your ass?!"

"Who dares?" the man demanded, but by the time he'd turned around the strange girl had produced something in her hand. The Princess couldn't see it clearly, but she certainly could hear what she said next!

"Moon Prism... Lesbian Make Up!"

What happened next happened in slow motion, but only for Princess D. She saw this girl's clothes fly off her body, leaving her as a bright silhouette against a sea of stars. She watched, enraptured, willing herself not to blink lest she miss even a moment, as fresh clothes appeared upon her body. A white leotard adorned with decorations. A blue ruffled skirt. Pale white gloves. A tiara upon her head. This was it. This was the moment that any hope she had of finding a man attractive ever again was fully and totally banished from her, forevermore. For what straight girl could remain straight when beholding the transformative light of Usagi Tsukino becoming Sailor Moon while she was possessed by the shard of a Lesbian Goddess?

"Kidnapping innocent girls," Sailor Moon adjusted her pose into something approximating a battle posture. "Breaking into the changing room of a Princess! Seizing her body in darkness, attempting to take what's yours... These are merely your latest in a long line of sins! In the name of the moon, I shall punish you!"

"Yes please, punish me mommy~" Princess D squealed, and this, more than even Sailor Moon's sudden appearance and transformation, caused the intruder to stumble on the spot. Not that the Princess noticed. She was too busy trying to figure out where to stare at. Eyes. Lips. Breasts. Tummy. Hips. Legs. Ass. Feet! All of them were too delicious to say no to!

Alas... with Nephrite's shadow over her right now, those feelings were being a little bit... amplified.

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Naru blinked rapidly, and found herself doing so under her own control rather than by reflex. Ah! She lifted her hands to her face and - She was in control over herself again!

"If you think you're going to -" Nephrite began to jeer, but Naru interrupted him with a stiff shot right to the nuts. Protip: Most men are extremely aware of their balls, and will be on the lookout for attacks that aim there. Only ever go for it if you're pretty damn sure they have their attention elsewhere - and they *really, really* have it coming. Even a guy as strong as Nephrite isn't standing when he's knocked about in the family jewels.

"Your highness, he wants the box," Sailor Moon said, putting herself between Nephrite and the Princess. "I won't let him take your - "

"Hehehehehehe~" Princess D cackled. "Oooh this girl's got the hots for ya!" Grope! Naru felt a twinge of deep envy, as Princess D got a great big handful, and squeezed and played away with them. "How about you come show me *your* treasure box, hot stuff?"

"Guh! That pervert's controlling you!" Sailor Moon grunted, struggling to pull away. "Citizen, I advise you kick him in the balls again and then flee as if your life - " She kicked him in the balls and hightailed it out of there. Yeah, no kidding, she wasn't confronting this guy as Naru Osaka again. But she'd be back... As Sailor Menagerie!

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Y'know, this Princess D was plenty hot, and she'd absolutely love to make out with her right now, but for two things. First: It was a guy's spirit possessing her, so no. Second, she'd kinda just made out with the most beautiful creature to walk this Earth, so it would be a pretty bad look to, you know, go for an honest to goodness Princess!

"Princess, you're not yourself!" she tried to warn, grabbing at the box and trying to haul it out of her grip. "You really, really do not want to give this to him right now! You should give it to someone special."

Oof, okay this was a problem. That jerk was still recovering from the double cheap shot, but he wouldn't be down forever. He'd be up, probably soon, and she had to contend with someone she didn't want to hurt.

Ever try to, say, open a container without actually damaging it? You can kinda feel it's got a bit of give, but it's also a bit fragile? So you subconsciously hold off a bit? That's where Moon is now. She could easily overpower the Princess. Doing so without hurting her? That was harder. The girl kept on pushing and pulling, and now the two of them were stumbling across to this room's balcony, where all of a sudden they were almost toppling over!

"Wooooah!" Moon yelped, holding onto the Princess but also for dear life. "Hold on now!"

"Better idea, why don't you let go of the box, and then we don't topple off?" the possessed Princess asked with a sneer. But then, a rose struck her in the cheek, causing her to stumble back - and right at that moment, a familiar and very sexy figure swung in on a vine.

"Honestly now," Sailor Gaia tsked, pushing them both back away from the balcony right before they could topple over it. "Sailor Moon, you have a real knack for forcing me to rescue you."

"Ohhhh, my balls!" Nephrite said, his voice weary and strained. He'd pulled himself up to his feet, at long, long last. "You like balls, do you?" Actually no, she didn't. "Very well then! Eat these balls!"

He had summoned a pair of ominous yellow energy balls right into each of his hands. Oh no! She could tell from experience she couldn't block those, and she was pretty sure Gaia couldn't either! Well... luckily, she wouldn't have to, because another kind of ball was hurled at him from behind, which forced Nephrite to duck! The fireball sailed overhead and absolutely destroyed a mirror.

"To the west, that's seven years of bad luck," Sailor Mercury said triumphantly. "But I think in this case, it's yours rather than ours!"

"Keep working on your banter, you'll get there eventually," Sailor Mars added, brandishing an ofuda threateningly.

Surrounded, and with his hostage gone, Nephrite shook his head, rubbed at his still aching junk - then vanished from the room. Mercury had her computer out in a heartbeat, studying it with care and -

"The ballroom!" she gasped. They needed no further warning. They all rushed right there, just in time to see Nephrite hovering up above the guests, who were staring up in awe with their mouths open - which was rather unfortunate, as with a gesture of his hands he seemed to pull the energy right out of their mouths - and then he shot it squarely at the possessed Princess.

"Retrieve the box with the Silver Crystal," he commanded, and snapped his fingers.

"Yipe!" Sailor Moon gasped, jumping away in fright from the suddenly much, much stronger Princess. Still not as strong as her, but she was also faster to boot. "Come on now, back off already!"

"I'ma have that hot ass!" the Princess snarled, enspelled by Lesbian Goddess and Nephrite alike. Created quite the combo, huh?

"Can't you purify her?" Mercury asked.

"Don't have the purification stick thing," Moon replied. "Luna couldn't prepare it in time!"

"Hey, I'm not the one that brought it into the shower!" Luna yelled. But accusations wouldn't get anywhere right now. Usagi *could* charge up enough energy to sort this out, but... But it would take time. Time they didn't really have. Nephrite was too busy bent over, taking deep sucking breaths, still trying to recover from the double nut shot. So... how do they occupy her?

The idea came to her like a bolt from the blue! "Mercury! Mars! Make out, right now!"

The two of them stared at her like they'd just heard the dumbest thing they'd ever heard in their lives. What? Right now? Huh?! But then, Mercury looked at the way the Princess was staring at Moon, and ...

"Oh, Princess~" Mercury sang, then grabbed and dipped Mars, running her hand up her magnificent leg. "Take a look at *this*!"

"Huh? Oh... Ohhh, baby, gimme some of that!" the Princess licked her lips, staring at the two of them as they locked lips, and made out right there in front of her. "Mmmrph! Yeah, this is my new fetish! Fuck yeah!"

All the while, Sailor Moon was... deliberately not looking so she could charge up her energy. Sailor Gaia was watching Nephrite closely, just in case he recovered in time, but - In all honesty, taking two shots to the balls should have put him in hospital. The fact he was standing at all, and had been able to compose himself as long as he had, was a testament to how tough he was.

"Moon Lesbian Escalation!" Sailor Moon cried out when she'd charged up enough energy - and then she sent it flying right at the Princess. If she wasn't already super into Usagi from that earlier encounter, then she was *hard* into her now. The Lesbian Energy embedded in the attack washed over the Princess's body, not only expelling Nephrite's influence, but also transforming her into a full on, capital leading letter, Lesbian with the outrageous curves that came with it. We're talking boobs so big they should have a detectable gravitational orbit. A but so delectable that when she bent over, all the iron in the room suddenly pointed in her direction. But it was in her nipples that most of the energy had accumulated. You've seen Madonna's famous outfit, with the spikes on her breasts? Well, you may have the right idea already. Permanently erect, long, and hard as diamonds. How fitting for the Princess of the Diamond Kingdom, don't you think?

"Um..." the Princess muttered, and pointed to the box that Sailor Moon had left on a table next to her. "He seemed to want that diamond, for some reason. Do you know why?"

Sailor Moon picked up the box, opened it up, and found... a statuette of a voluptuous woman, carved from gemstone. It was beautiful in like three different ways, none of them a way that she was able to articulate.

"Is that a fertility idol?" Ami asked, voice a whisper. "I never would have guessed!"

Of course, it wasn't *originally* a fertility idol. The Lesbian Shard had made that change itself during the power up, because its original form was simply... unappealing to it. Besides which, through the power now stored within it, the Shard's influence could reach a foreign nation, helping it dominate this planet all the quicker.

"Alright, I think I'm ready to deal with -" Nephrite began, but upon looking around the room, realised that not only had the Princess been purified, but the gem was very obviously not what he was looking for, and scowled. "Hrmph! Next time, Sailor Moon! Next time! What a tremendous waste of time."

Following this, the Sailors led the Princess back to her room and then changed back to their normal clothes. Before long, the partygoers recovered, and from there they could simply enjoy the reception. Ami, in a remarkable display from someone with social anxiety like herself, was leading a dance in one corner of the room, with another girl following behind her trying desperately to lead the dance in her own way, offering little touches here and there to try and guide Ami, who was too busy shaking her rump like she was making a milkshake to pay attention to her surroundings. Rei was in another corner of the room, trying out a can-can, delivering high kicks that showed off her legs and drew all manner of attention towards her as well, as those thighs, those calves, and those ankles were truly works of art.

Of course, both of them were casting their own insidious spell upon the women in the room. Once their gazes lingered on Ami's butt or Rei's legs, their ability to feel any sort of attraction to men dropped at a logarithmic rate. They stepped away from their oblivious men, who should have stared as well - but the Lesbian Goddess does not desire male attention, and so they wound up ignoring these superior specimens.

As for Luna? While she may criticise Usagi for indulging in the needs of her stomach, she was still a cat. Still ruled by the instinct to eat. Right now. Because you don't know when you will again. Thus, she was helping herself to the gourmet sushi until she simply could not eat any more.

Then... There was Naru, who had found a quiet spot, returned to the room as Sailor Menagerie, found them gone, and by the time she'd worked out they were in the ballroom; it was already all over. She was brooding in the corner. Feeling useless. Stupid. Mostly useless. Letting herself get controlled by Nephrite like that. Stupid! Stupid!

"May I have this dansh?"

Naru looked up, and saw Usagi peering down at her. Wobbling on her feet, face flushed. Hand extended to take her up to the dance floor. Naru sighed, and took that hand, then took the lead as well. Usagi was very obviously drunk.

"Heeeey, you know they have this really fuuuuun fruit drink over there?" Usagi pointed off towards the wine table. "Teehee, I really like this, almost as much ash I like yoooo~ou~"

"Usagi, you're drunk," Naru said. She whirled the girl around and held her close. Her concern over her friend's wellbeing obviously takes priority over her own worries. Right now, she has to take care of Usagi. Her steps were clumsy, and she had to hold the girl upright to keep her

from falling over. Yeah. That's the reason you're holding her like this. That's the *only* reason, right?

But look at her. Look at how happy she is right now. The way she lights up a room is one of the many, many things she loves about this girl.

"Love you too, Naru~" Usagi chirped, and Naru froze on the spot.

"Did I say that out loud?" Naru asked.

"Sure di~id!" Usagi giggled drunkenly. "There's lots and lots of things I love, love, love about you too~oo! Like - Like the way you scratch your ear when you're nervous! Or the way you put your socks on! Oooh, or the way you very obviously stare at my boobs when you think I can't te~ell! Tee hee! You're so cute!"

"And you're not in your right mind, so this isn't - " Naru began, but was interrupted when Usagi's lips suddenly met hers.

When Usagi's lips suddenly met hers.

When Usagi's lips suddenly met hers.

Ah. Ahhhh! Usagi was kissing her! Usagi was slipping her tongue into her mouth! It tasted like booze! Oh no, was she going to get drunk from this too? Was she going to do something really stupid right now, like going home and *fucking Usagi until dawn*? No worse than that, *drunkenly fucking Usagi until dawn and then forgetting it because they were druuuuunk?!*

What now? What should she do now? Well... what indeed. Only time would tell.

R+V - Harem Ending

Kurumu sighed, wondering if she'd ever manage what she was after. Even now, her body was crying out for a chance to mate. To breed. To copulate. She'd found her Destined One already. Tsukune. But he was more interested in someone else...

Last year they'd saved the world. Tsukune had become something so much more than he used to be. A true powerhouse that stood on equal footing with Moka, the girl he liked more than her. It was strange. That should make theirs an unrequited love, right? It should make her waste away to nothing, when her destined one did not return his feelings. Shouldn't it?

Then why...? Why did she not feel any different? No, wait. She *did* feel different. But not in the way she meant. She *should* be feeling weak. Listless. But that's not how she really felt at all. If anything she was feeling *stronger*. Her Illusion magic was more potent. Her fingernails were sharper than steel, her wings were able to move faster for longer than she could ever remember -

The only thing she'd not properly tested yet was her Charm, but she was pretty sure it would be much stronger as well. In fact, it went beyond merely being *stronger*. She'd had to fight, these last few days, to *not* use it. Sometimes she'd feel this little twinge at the back of her eyes, as if the power was trying to activate itself while she was speaking to one of her friends. It was a little scary actually. What was happening to her? Was this the first step? Would she then get weaker and weaker after this peak of physical strength?

It was not just her supernatural powers either. Her breasts should have stopped growing, but they'd gone up another size. Despite her diet and exercise, her ass was firmer, rounder, with plenty extra meat on her bones. Her thighs were thicker, her tummy trimmer, she was already hot enough to make coal ignite at a glance, but now she was pretty sure if she stared too long in a mirror the glass would melt. Kurumu was *hot, hot, hot*, and it was actually kinda weirdly upsetting her for reasons she couldn't quite identify.

Which made it all the worse when she was cornered by Moka.

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This was the true Moka Akashiya. For a long, long time, she'd been sealed away inside herself. A nicer, more pleasant personality was allowed to wander around using her body. Of course, that's a gross simplification of the facts, but going into the full details is somewhat unimportant for the time being.

The salient points are this: The other her no longer exists in this world. There was a pink haired Moka, and a silver haired Moka, and now there was only the silver haired. Although, over the last year, more and more streaks of pink had begun to shine through. A side effect of her being out and about for this much time?

No matter. At this present moment in time Moka was sitting opposite her partner, Tsukune Aono. A powerful man in his own right. Worthy of being her equal, if not her better. What a strange thing to think, but it was true all the same.

At the moment, the two of them were on something that other, lesser people might mistake for a 'date'. Let them think that. Hrmph! If the two of them were to go on a date it would be much, much more lavish than this! The mere thought of it brought a tinge of blush to her cheeks. They were simply meeting up as fellow members of the Newspaper Club, and close friends. That is all. *Friends*.

"I'm getting worried about Kurumu," Tsukune said out of nowhere. Ah, so this is what he wished to discuss...?

Moka leaned back in her chair and crossed her mighty legs. "You've noticed as well," she said. "Of late, she has grown listless. I suspect that her succubus nature is starting to get to her."

"You mean, she's losing strength because her Destined One isn't returning her affections," Tsukune said. He pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. "I knew this day would come, but - "

"It might not be that," Moka said. "She's not exhibiting other symptoms... as far as I can tell. Either way, it would be ill advised for you to meddle in her business, this time around."

"Because I'm part of the cause of the problem?" Tsukune asked.

"Because she is still a girl," Moka gently, yet forcefully corrected. "In this one instance, Tsukune, it would be good for you to know your place. Leave this to me to resolve alone, ignore your instincts to help all around you even at risk to yourself. This might be too *dangerous* for you to handle."

Tsukune smiled at her, which made her fidget in her seat ever so slightly.

"You used to hate her, you know," Tsukune chuckled. "As Inner Moka, I mean. You really didn't like her. You didn't trust her at all."

"As I recall, the first thing she did in our relationship was brainwash you and try to drive a wedge in between us," Moka said. "It took a while for her to gain my trust - but her actions since have more than earned it."

That was certainly true, and coming from her it said a lot. She ran a finger through her hair and twirled a pink strand. Was she getting soft? Honestly, at this point that might be a good thing. Part of the reason she was sealed away in the first place was because of how hard her edge was.

"I will get to the bottom of Kurumu's behaviour, one way or the other," Moka said, rising and leaving the room. "Concern yourself with other matters, Tsukune. Sometimes the best thing

you can do for a person is to let someone else take care of it - as counter intuitive as that might be."

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It didn't take long for Moka to track Kurumu down. It wasn't as though the succubus was trying all that hard to stay hidden to begin with. Hiding away wasn't in her nature. She liked to stand out from the crowd, and had little trouble managing that with the body she had, which even Moka had caught herself giving a second look now and again.

In any event, the girl was in the very first place Moka sought her out. Her own room. She could smell the girl inside. Moka knocked on the door, and waited for an answer.

"Kurumu, I know well that you are inside," she said, then waited another ten seconds for the sound of movement. There was nothing. "I can, and will, kick this door down if you do not answer it."

She geared up to do just that, then heard movement. Approach. Then the door opened up. Kurumu peeked out, a fake smile on her pretty face. "Sorry, can you leave me alone for a bit?" she asked. "I need to, uh, think a few things - Hey!"

As if she couldn't simply overpower her and force her way inside. Kurumu had grown quite a lot in the last few years, but she hadn't grown *that* strong.

"Alright, it's time for us girls to talk this out," Moka said. She bore over Kurumu, who was apparently quite fascinated by Moka's shoes. How vexing. "Kurumu, if you wouldn't mind?"

At first, Moka tried to put her head in Kurumu's line of sight. Make her look at her. But she wasn't having it. For some reason, Kurumu was determined to look away from her, no matter what. So be it. Moka grabbed Kurumu's chin, and compelled the girl to look at her, and then -

Something rippled out of Kurumu's eyes, as a panicked expression took her face. Kurumu squeezed her pretty eyes shut, but... Was that a Charm spell? Moka felt it seize her mind in a tight grip, which... should not be possible! Yet there it was! How had Kurumu done -

Because she was perfect. A Goddess in the flesh. A cute, stunningly sexy creature that she was lucky to breathe the same air as - No, wait, these thoughts were not her own. They were the Charm spell, influencing her thoughts and making her *adore Kurumu with every fibre of her being*, as she ought, because this girl was -

"I'm sorry!" Kurumu said, tears beginning to pool in her eyes. "Please, don't look at me right now! I can't control it! The Charm is activating by itself when I look at people!"

In all honesty, if Kurumu had gone for a kiss right there Moka would have let her. Knowing full well it would have sealed her mind as Kurumu's forever. However, seeing her in this state was like a slap of cold water - which, for a vampire, is something that would especially wake her up. Moka shook her head, pinched the bridge of her nose, and tried... really, really hard

to not stare at Kurumu's chest, waist, legs, or at her stunningly beautiful face for too long lest she fall under the spell yet again.

"I see, so this is what has been bothering you," Moka said. "Ooof. It is *quite* potent." If anything she was understating it. Merely looking at Kurumu's finger at this moment was proving quite... arousing. "It must be disconcerting. Losing control over your own power like this..."

"That's not all," Kurumu said. "It doesn't make any sense. Why am I getting *stronger* all of a sudden? Tsukune's not returning my love yet, so why...?"

A thorny problem. It was obvious that Tsukune was Kurumu's Destined One, and therefore she should be receiving love from him. Without that, she should be getting gradually weaker. Not stronger! Certainly not *this* strong!

The route forward was obvious, then. This was not a situation which required her raw brute strength. People often get it wrong about vampires, especially in the yokai world. It's not *just* their raw physical strength that makes Vampires dangerous. Being able to face tank a missile, or knock down a building with a single kick will carry you through many, many challenges but there are those that require something more deft, more subtle, and yet every bit as potent.

Thus, she made use of the social acumen of her kind to sense what Kurumu truly needed right now. Once again, she grabbed the pretty girl's chin, felt her thighs clench upon contact with her skin, then forced her to look Moka in the face again. She was... so beautiful. So cute, so precious, but she had to make this point and had to make it clear for her, right here and now.

"M-Moka, what are you - If you kiss me right now, then it'll become permanent!"

But Moka didn't kiss her. She didn't kiss her! She wanted to. Oh, how it burned inside her that she was not tasting those lips at this very moment, but Kurumu needed something more than a mere kiss right now. Her legs trembled, her body tried to instinctively move forward, her lips pursed and she wet them in sheer anticipation yet her will was a rock. She held back. Through vampiric determination! Inspired and fuelled by her pride?

No. It was because Kurumu was her friend, and she needed Moka's help. A friend... A real, true friend. Was that not what the other her had always wanted? Friends that she could rely on. Friends who could rely on her... She would not betray that girl's desires!

"You... Are not alone in this," Moka said, while she dearly fought down the urge to say 'I love you'. "You have friends to rely upon. Do not shut yourself away because you are afraid of what you might do to them."

It hadn't helped her. It wouldn't help Kurumu. Yes. Yes! That helped, actually. Focus on how selfish it would be if you were to kiss her right now. It would only be yourself that you'd be making happy! Kurumu would clearly be upset if you fell under her spell forever, Moka, therefore you will not kiss her because it would make her miserable and fill her with guilt.

"Talk to me," Moka said. "How does that platitude go? A problem shared is a problem halved? Well then. Let us cut that problem neatly in two. Stewing alone in the darkness is not the place for a succubus, especially one with this level of power." And beauty, and grace, and cuteness and - "Talk to me, Kurumu. I might be spellbound by your Charm at this moment, compelling me to be head over heels in love with - I love you!"

Kurumu giggled a little despite herself. How strange. She reacted almost like she'd taken a sip of her favourite beverage, then seemed to catch herself and shake her head.

"I'm going to pretend you didn't say that," Kurumu said. "You're not quite yourself right now."

"I love you!" Moka insisted, frustrated at herself. "Nnnnrgh, this effect! How is it so *strong*?! But! As much as I love you, it means that I am here for you in your time of need." She pulled Kurumu into a tight bear hug, hoping that if she didn't have to look at the girl then she'd be able to control herself. Only when she was doing it did she realise, she'd been rationalising to herself the urge to hold onto her like this.

She was soft. So soft, for such a strong girl. Her breasts were pressing into Moka's, and it was pretty clear which of them won in this department. Ah, but the thing that was really getting her was the scent. It smelled good. Almost as good as Tsukune.

"Together, we can figure out what is happening to you, beloved," Moka said. The last word had crept out stealthily, like a prisoner escaping a cell. "Now. Let us sit down and discuss the matter rationally, with me as your sounding board, together we can determine what is happening with you."

"Well, okay," Kurumu said. "Uh, I have to say, it's really kinda weird seeing you being like this. Even the *other* Moka wasn't so... touchy feely."

"Don't get used to it," Moka advised, fully aware the Charm effect would wear off before long. As a precaution to ensure it was not repeated, Kurumu quite deliberately closed her eyes while Moka sat in front of her. "Now. Let's review. When did you first notice something was wrong?"

"Well, since you did ask..."

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Sometimes, one simply must make the best use of the resources to hand. This was a school for yokai, so it stood to reason that the library here would have plenty of material *about* yokai. It was a prime location to conduct research, due to the influx of numerous different kinds of yokai.

Why hadn't she done this before? It was pretty obvious really, when she thought about it. Let's look up the history of the Succubus, shall we? Mother had told her a decent amount, but it's always good to get an outsider's perspective.

Let's see here... It is difficult to perform research on a succubus because their illusion and charm abilities prove extremely distracting for researchers. There is concern that previous attempted research has been skewed by a succubus with their own agenda, furthermore -

"Kurumu?" said a familiar voice, suddenly appearing over her shoulder. On reflex, Kurumu slammed the book shut. She'd only just started to read! Mizore teased her some more by blowing cold air in her ear. "What are you reading there...? A Study in Succubus?"

"Yes, well!" Kurumu said, putting on her usual haughty air. A mask, of course, for her true, softer nature. It never worked out well when you showed weakness when surrounded by those who ate the weak. "It never hurts to do a bit of research into yourself, does it? Look at how others look at you, and you could learn a lot!"

"Ah," Mizore nodded. "An ego thing."

"It's not ego!" Kurumu whisper-yelled, catching herself just before she was loud enough to get kicked out of the library. "I was just satisfying my curiosity."

"Oh, my apologies," Mizore tilted her head, letting loose that sleepy yet charming smile of hers. "You were looking for a new way to charm Tsukune into your be~ed!"

"I've already told you a thousand times," Kurumu grumbled, knowing full well this girl was not being serious. It still stung, nonetheless. "I'm going to win his heart without brainwashing him! I've not put him under a Charm for over a year now, I'll have you know!"

Mizore shrugged, shook her head, and then - Kurumu felt something weird. A sort of pressure behind her eyes. Her heart began to race faster and faster while she was staring at this girl, and then -

She felt the all too familiar Charm effect fire from her eyes. The air around her head sort of rippled with a near invisible energy, and as she watched, Mizore's body language shifted.

Kurumu shook her head, huh? Had she just Charmed Mizore? She squeezed the bridge of her nose, screwing her eyes closed to fight off this sudden weird feeling she had, and then -

Mizore was gone. Not standing in front of her anymore. Huh? Where had she -

"Mizore. I can see you up there," Kurumu said a moment later. The girl was laying on top of a bookcase, peering down at her, while holding up a pair of books in front of her face. Peering out through a gap in the middle. "I know you're there. You can cut that out now."

"Wuv you~" Mizore whispered, and Kurumu's heart sank. When Mizore pulled the books aside... her eyes were shining with big pink hearts in them. The pretty yuki-onna dove from the bookcase on top of Kurumu, prompting the librarian to shush them. "Wuv you, wuv you, wuv you lots and lots and lots -"

"M-Mizore! Snap out of it!" Kurumu yelped, then slapped her hand over her mouth upon stark realisation. Good thing she did, too! Mizore wound up kissing the back of her hand. If she'd kissed her on the lips, then - It would be all over.

Fortunately, the librarian found them and hauled Mizore away by the ear. When Mizore tried to blast him with icy wind, he retaliated with a barrier that held her in place long enough for the Charm effect to wear off.

But... While she was looking at Mizore, she started to feel a strange pressure building and building, growing behind her eyes. An impossible to resist pressure that surely meant -

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"It's gotten worse since then," Kurumu said, leaning back as Moka gave her a shoulder rub. "Whenever I run into one of you guys, I feel this... Biological compulsion to Charm you. I can barely fight it off, if something distracts me - like, say, someone grabbing my jaw and forcing me to look at them - I might well accidentally use it again."

"I see," Moka said, really getting at those stress knots. Goodness, this girl really was worried wasn't she? The poor thing. No wonder she loved Kurumu so much. Loved her, loved her, loved her to pieces. "By the way, I've been wondering. How much longer should this Charm effect last?"

"Oh, it'll have worn off on you already by now, don't worry," Kurumu said. "It only lasts a few minutes unless I reapply it, we're well over double the amount of time by now."

Ah. Were they now? Moka stopped rubbing there. Stopped caressing Kurumu's slender shoulders, which concealed hidden strength and very much not hidden beauty. Stared at the back of her head for a long, long moment.

It was strange, but... But it didn't feel like her feelings towards Kurumu had changed in the least. She still loved Kurumu, this beautiful being, her dear friend, this compassionate gorgeous doll, she cherished her and -

Oh no. Could it be...? "I love you," Moka said.

"Ahhhhhh~" Kurumu gasped, her back straightening and stiffening all of a sudden.

"My apologies, was I too rough just now?" Moka asked.

"No, no, it's not you, it's my breasts!" Kurumu struggled with her uniform, pulling it off as quickly as she could. Looking around, Moka could see that something was wrong here. Her breasts... they were growing! What?! Getting bigger, bigger, bigger still! H-How was that possible?! "It's like there's this amazing building pressure all of a sudden! I - I can't breathe!"

Her uniform top came off, and the bra she was wearing shot across the room, snapping at the back. Even Moka winced at how painful it sounded. She quickly got around to Kurumu's front to take a better look, and then she saw... Little beads of milk drawing from her nipple.

"What is this...?" Moka asked. She scooped some of it up on her finger, sniffed it, and then stuck it in her mouth - And the next thing she knew, she'd dove right on top of Kurumu, latching her mouth onto her nipple and sucking upon it for all it was worth.

And let me tell you something. Kurumu's breasts had a *high* value.

"What are you -" Kurumu shrieked, but then her tone shifted. "No, actually keep that up, it's helping a *ton*. Ohhh! Ohhh~ Yes, Moka, suck it out, get it out of me!"

As if she had to be told. Her tongue flicked out, savouring the taste. It was exquisite. She loved it, almost as much as she loved Kurumu. Loved Tsukune. Loved Mizore. Loved Ruby. Loved, loved, loved them all~

Her fangs sunk in, vampiric instinct taking over, but instead of blood she found herself drawing yet more of this milk instead. There was precious little logic to be found in this, but honestly? In this situation, logic can go fuck itself.

In time, an appetite she didn't know she had was fully sated, and she pulled away. Looked Kurumu in the eye. The girl was smiling, a genuine gorgeous smile. There was nothing manipulative about it, nothing deceitful. It was a pure blissful smile, which Moka rewarded by kissing her right then and there.

Come to think that might be a bad idea. What if she was still under the effect of Kurumu's Charm? What if this milk had a similar effect to it? She honestly couldn't care less. Her tongue flicked out still coated in that delicious milk, and added to it the taste of Kurumu's mouth instead. She could taste them, by the way. The intense pheromones released inside the mouth of a Succubus that ensured those Charmed were enslaved for life -

And while they did make her feel *good*, they weren't fogging her thinking at all, the way they were supposed to under the second half of a Charm spell. Moka reached around Kurumu's back and pulled her closer, closer still, and then -

They pulled away, staring at one another, the two of them taking a deep breath. Whoooo.

"Are we... about to have sex?" Kurumu asked.

"The succubus is asking that of the vampire?" Moka asked. "That soft heart of yours again, Kurumu. Do you want to have sex?"

Kurumu then performed her best goldfish impersonation. Mouth bobbing open and closed. "Yes. Yes I would. Do you want to?"

"Yes, but..." Moka screwed up her nose. "I would like Tsukune to be there for our first time. The three of us should share it. Together. It would not feel right otherwise."

Kurumu screwed up her nose, visibly mulled it over, then nodded. "Let's just make out for now," Kurumu said. "Then we can talk about our situation some more. Maybe... you could bite my other breast? That felt really, *really* good."

Yes, it normally does. A Vampire's bite is sometimes called a Kiss. There is good reason behind that, because a Vampire's fangs *can* induce pleasure into the flesh that it pierces should the Vampire so desire it. What's more, a Vampire's saliva can heal the minor injury caused by the Kiss.

It was perhaps a little unorthodox, but Moka was feeling quite randy. She lowered her head and sank her fangs into Kurumu's other breast, and began to feast upon the milk within.

"Do you know what's funny?" Kurumu sighed happily. "When we first met, I'd have given anything to see you like this. Sucking on my breast, declaring your love for me. Ah! Ah, not so rough, not so rough! I love you too, stupid! Nnnnnrgh, no, I said stop being rough~"

The way she was squealing made it seem that the problem wasn't that it hurt, but rather more that she was enjoying it a little too much. Too much of a good thing perhaps? Mmmm, given the way this creamy dairy was exciting her palette, this was something Moka could understand all too well.

Then again, was it the taste of the milk or who she was drinking it from that made her feel this way? It could be either. It could be both. She honestly had no clue. Ultimately, it didn't matter anyway. What did was the experience of intimacy that was expressed between the two of them. Intimacy, openness, vulnerability.

"I love you," Kurumu repeated, patting Moka on the head. "Oh, it feels like a massive weight off my mind. Maybe... Maybe this is what was stressing me out so much?"

"That's entirely possible," Moka said. Though that surely wasn't all of it. Why had her breasts suddenly swollen up like that...? It didn't make any sense. Unless... It had coincided with her telling her, genuinely, that she loved her. "Tell me Kurumu. What happens when a succubus is confessed to by their Chosen One?"

"Hrm? A confession...?" Kurumu muttered. "I suppose, what's supposed to happen is that the Succubus suddenly becomes extremely sexually enticing to the partner, even more than normal. There's an inrush of energy, first. Then their body changes in a way that would compel an exchange of fluids..."

Kurumu was pretty smart, so the answer came to her, a bit later than it probably should have. "Hold on, hold on. Tsukune is my destined one!" she insisted. "Not you!"

"Maybe we both are?" Moka offered. "Has there ever been a succubus with more than one Destined One before?"

"No, but... but it would explain a lot..." Kurumu muttered to herself. Eyes darted around, trying to think it through. "You know, I used to be even more manipulative than you think. I

had such grander plans than merely turning all the boys in school into my personal harem, you know."

"I see," Moka nodded. "But you've given those plans up?"

"Long, long ago," Kurumu said. With full sincerity. "So, you think this is, like, a harem thing?"

"Where you have multiple Destined Ones?" Moka added. "Including myself and Tsukune...? Stranger things have happened. Why not polyamory?"

There were actually several good answers to that, Kurumu was aware of pretty much all of them, but none of them quite seemed valid at the moment. She bit on her fingernail.

"Alright, alright, in that case..." she muttered to herself. "We need to get the others on board too. Tsukune first, and then - We work things out from there."

"Tsukune first because you want to have sex," Moka asked.

"Yes! Urgh, why did you make me have to admit that?" Kurumu whined.

The answer was obvious. They both knew it, yet Moka stepped closer and - for a moment her features softened enough that Kurumu felt like she was seeing a ghost from the past. Outer Moka... But the moment faded, and the *true* Moka was in front of her again.

"Because, little succubus, you still need to know your place," Moka said, and then delivered a kiss that was more impactful than any of her mighty kicks had ever been.

Haruhi Titnosis

Let's step outside the first person viewpoint this story has been told in, for the duration of this chapter, to address some absolutely vital points: Haruhi Suzumiya has godlike powers, but has no knowledge of it. Sorry to repeat the core premise of the franchise like this, but it's kind of essential if you're going to keep up with everything going on here. Anyway, she can manipulate reality on an unconscious level, making things that are less likely happen in defiance of the odds, and can make things that are completely in defiance of reality real by just... kinda wanting it.

She wants aliens? Alright, then she gets *alien* aliens. Not humans in makeup, with ridges and shit all over their foreheads. Something truly inhuman. Like beings made of data or something, which would naturally mean they could do weird and trippy data manipulation things. Beyond that, Haruhi hadn't figured out what that would *mean* exactly, but -

Oh! Oh! How about time travellers? Obviously if there were time travellers around they'd have to be careful not to reveal the secrets of time travel, so they probably train their agents to fit into the local time period, and instil in them an inability to explain the mechanics.

Oh! Espers! They're probably rather limited in how they can use their powers, otherwise they'd rule the world, and frankly if the world was being ruled by people with psychic powers they were doing a very bad job of it. Therefore they -

You see how it works, right? She unconsciously rationalises those things, doesn't quite finish the thought, and the implications ride out in reality. All three of those things exist. But hey, why not go beyond that? There can't be just *one* kind of data entity. Can't be just *one* group of espers, or time travellers either. Right?

She wanted to find the supernatural so badly that she'd all but summoned it to herself and remained in denial of it. For the best. If she ever became bored, ever discovered the true nature of what she could do, then it would surely end all of reality in a big heaping pile of melancholy.

A girl like that had acquired titnosis. The power to make people do whatever you want via enormous, heaving bosoms. A power which is known across the multiverse for melting the brains of user and victim alike, turning them into horny slurry. That power rested in the hands of Haruhi Suzumiya. Passive reality warper.

The effects were most visible in North High, the school she attended, where the uniform had become a bit... sluttier than it had been before. The girls were all going around with their cleavages exposed, and their breasts bouncing away as if they weren't wearing a bra. Indeed, for many of them bras were simply not *needed* anymore, as their breasts seemed to defy gravity. They lacked the sheer unbridled perfection of Haruhi's bosom, but don't let that fool you. They were still quite eye catching, all the same, and the girls didn't seem to mind at all that the boys were staring. Also, all the girls that were wearing ponytails mysteriously *were not* anymore.

But it wasn't *just* the students, and it wasn't *just* North High either. The effect was spreading further afield. Any hot babe within the district, no matter what she was wearing, was soon going to go about with a low neckline and floating jugs. Policewomen? Nurses? Housewives? Shop assistants? Maids? Such was the pervasive influence of Haruhi's titnosis addled mind...

Perhaps it was fortunate, then, that her concentration was currently subsumed by the presence of one Mikuru Asahina. While Haruhi herself was quite the looker, you know what they say: There's always a bigger fish. Asahina wasn't just pretty. She was cute, she had a slim waist, childbearing hips, perfect complexion and an enormous rack! She was the living incarnation of everything a stereotypical man was looking for in a stereotypical woman. Stereotypically.

"So, Asahina, now that we're all alone, let's talk a bit shall we?" Haruhi leaned over the girl, a wicked smile on that pretty face of hers. Truly, in this moment she was no God but a Devil. She tugged at her neckline, revealing far more pale creamy cleavage than should reasonably be possible on a single girl's frame - yet there it was all the same. At the merest glimpse, Asahina sighed, and the air that passed her lips might as well be her willpower fading and flying off into the ether.

"Sure let's talk about aaaaanythiiiiiing," Asahina blankly replied, and so Haruhi rewarded her with a better look at her tits. Which made her sigh again. Yet more willpower vanishes from that cute body.

"So!" Haruhi began, clapping her hands. "Let's talk about boys! Is there a boy you like?"

"Noooooo~" Asahina replied, sleepily and slowly shaking her head. Haruhi made a tiny little fistbump gesture. Nearly invisible to the naked eye.

"Any girls?"

"Noooooo, not into giiiiirls," said the girl currently drooling over the partially exposed chest of another girl.

"Kukukuku, you don't say," Haruhi said. Her eyes were sparkling in that special way that only happens when a tsundere realises that the main competition for the boy she liked isn't into him at all. Which is so specific an occurrence one cannot even call it a simile. "In that case, Asahina, why don't you tell me what you think of Kyon?"

"He's smarter than he lets on, and he's very reliable and he's *super* into you but doesn't seem to have noticed yet," Asahina said. "We've all been secretly trying to set you up for a while now, but he's being stubborn."

Haruhi flicked her on the forehead, but Asahina was too tit-drunk to care. "Hrmph, if I wanted your help seducing a boy, I'd ask for you to do it," she said. "Or, maybe I'd start a brainstorming session on how I *could* hypothetically seduce a boy on the pretense of seeking something supernatural to do with love...? Either way! Trying to set me up behind

my back is a big no-no!" She stopped, puffed out her cheeks. "Not that I'm interested in Kyon... And also, thank you!"

Her mind is like a hedge maze sometimes. Labyrinthine seeming, but not actually that hard so long as you pay enough attention. Which Asahina cannot do right now, because you can practically see her eyes turning into spirals.

"You know he lusts after you?" Haruhi asked, leaning a bit closer, to the point her cleavage would consume Asahina's face whole if one of them breathed hard enough. "Right? It's disgusting, the way he looks at you when he thinks nobody notices."

"Yes, but I pretend not to notice," Asahina said. "I'm used to it by now."

True story guys, you're not as clever about staring at a girl's chest or butt as you think you are. They're onto you. They know you're not actually looking out the window, they know where your eyes actually are. The only reason they don't say it is because they're so, so tired of it and learned to sorta, kinda live with it.

"Hrm, well, maybe I should just... give you tits like mine, then you can enjoy having the eyes on you that you want to have on you," Haruhi cackled. She tucked her hands underneath her girls, and shrugged her shoulders at the same time. "Or maybe not. Maybe I'll leave you like this. You already have a body with a capital BOY and a super capital D! You know, even I find you kind of hot, makes me question whether I'm as straight as I thought I was - and honey, I wasn't that straight to start with!"

"Ehhhh, that's nice," Mikuru said. She came from a time where being gay was a fair bit more... accepted than it was in this modern era. Y'know. The early 2000s. No really, the first light novel came out in 2003, and the anime was 2006. Really think about that, and try not to feel *old*. We are past the time that future Michiru would have come from. Dammit, where's our hot kinda MILFy time travellers who act as their own supervisors?!

Ahem! Anyway.

"So, you really don't feel anything *romantic* towards Kyon?" Haruhi asked. "He's just a friend? You said he's helpful and reliable, right? Hehehe... I wonder what he's helped you with."

"Oh, he's helped me with -" Michiru began - but Haruhi put a finger to her lips, and wagged her index finger at her.

"Ah, ah, ah!" Haruhi tutted. "If it's not romantic, then I'm less in need of knowing, but! I am still insatiably curious! This creates a dilemma, because you see, if I found out too quickly then it would be far too boring! So, instead we're going to have a fun game of twenty questions! We'll count my question about it being romantic or not as the first question! Each question will be a yes or a no, and you *must answer honestly*! If I win, I get to find out what your little secret is - and you'll wear anything I want! If I win, you can do any lewd thing you want to me and I'll wear anything you want!"

"Yay!" Asahina squealed happily. No doubt thrilled about the prize on offer.

"I'll sweeten the deal even further," Haruhi said. "If I get a 'no', then I'll do something lewd with my tits, just for you!" Clearly, she was drunk with power. The power of titnosis was known for being pretty intoxicating. "Let's see, let's see..."

A wry smile crossed her lips.

"Is it... Something to do with school?" Haruhi asked. "No, that's too vague, don't answer that! Is one of you helping the other with schoolwork? There, that's better!"

"No," Asahina said. Ah? Really now? That surprised Haruhi. Kyon always struck her as needing more help with his grades. Help she would have given him if he'd asked. Heh! With her new tits, she'd be able to make him a super genius pronto - After all, only the best for her future...

Her future never mind! Haruhi fully revealed her tits to Asahina right there, and let the tits dangle in front of her face, which made her adorable pretty mouth turn up and up and up into a truly rapturous lewd grin.

"It's not schoolwork..." Haruhi mused**.** "Alright. Question three! Then maybe... Is he helping you with a part time job?"

"Nooooo," Asahina burbled. Huh. That one actually did surprise her a little. She was certain someone this cute was working at a maid cafe on the side, or something like that! Oh well, winning this easily would be boring too, so Haruhi dipped herself forward a bit and compelled Asahina to motorboat her. Hehehe! She used her tits to slap Asahina's pretty cheeks, forcing her to burble around while all but consumed in pink, hot flesh! Magnificent, truly magnificent!

But alas, as fun as this was she had to ask her fourth question, so she pulled back: "Is it with a hobby?" Apparently not. Okay... We're narrowing it down, but she had expected at least a yes by now. There weren't many options left. Typically, if you reach 10 with nothing but nos, you're either a spot away from the answer, or so far off you'll never get there! Ah, let's see... She began playing with her nipples as though she was fiddling with an old school radio dial.

Question 5, a quarter of the way there! "Is it... Something to do with his family?" Nope, apparently not. Hrm. Haruhi looked around and - Aha, there was a bottle of water sitting here (that hadn't been there a moment ago) how convenient! She put it right in between her tits and let it sit there. "Your family?" Nope. Haruhi pulled her shoulders in, and the pressure from her enormous tits was enough to pop the top, causing it to spill out over herself. "Huh... Wait... Not school work, not a part-time job, not either of your family, not a hobby..." Huh. Huh! What else was there?!

Kukuku, now this... this was much more like it! Haruhi loved being challenged, but it happened so infrequently. This... this was a mystery! A realistic mystery, she'd grant, but a mystery nonetheless! Somehow, somehow Michiru Asahina and a boy that went by the nickname Kyon had been having some sort of secret platonic relationship right behind her back that didn't involve any of the normal things that people their own age might bond over!

What else could there be?! The cardinal relationships were 'romance', 'school', 'family', 'work' and 'hobbies'! Whatever else could there -

"Is it to do with a mutual friend?" Haruhi immediately asked upon taking that thought to its logical conclusion.

"Yes," Asahina said, and Haruhi fistpumped the air and - And she must have knocked a container of confetti over. Urgh, she'd have to... order Asahina to clean that up later on. Aha! A mutual friend! Now, who could that be? Come to think of it, who was there in her friend group...?

Do you know what's funny, by the way? If Haruhi hadn't phrased one question the way she had, she would have found a path forward much sooner. That question being: Part time work! After all, being a time traveller was really her full time job! The idea that she could have had a full time job had simply not occurred to Haruhi whatsoever!

"Hrm, let's see, let's see..." Haruhi tittered to herself, pleased with her single solitary victory, and intending to fully wedge it open. "Is the friend... Koizumi?"

Asahina tilted her head in confusion. Then answered "No." Ah, really? Not the mysterious transfer student? Okay. In that case, Haruhi would have to... Oh, what could she do now?! Her tits were soaking wet already, she'd played with her nipples... Time to get a little weird! Like, for example, resting one of them on top of Asahina's head.

Yeah, that was the trick. She sure seemed happy enough. Let's see, that was question seven, so... thirteen more to go!

"Yuki?" No, so she grabbed Asahina's wrists and made her grope her tits. "Me?" A yes! Aha! Something to do with Haruhi Suzumiya! Of course, of course, the two of them would be thinking of her wouldn't they? Her beloved SOS Brigade would surely think of her needs first, it's why she gathered them all together like this! Hehehe!

"Hrm, did he help you pick out a gift for me...?" Haruhi asked, and Asahina shook her head. Darn. In that case, Haruhi stepped back put her hands on top of her head and started to squat up and down really, really quickly making her titties bounce so hard she nearly slapped herself in the face with them. Hrm! Not a gift? "Are you trying to help set him up with me?"

"Classified information," Michiru replied, and everyone reading this that is familiar with the series just heard a needle scratch.

"Ehhhh, classified information?" Haruhi shook her head. She hugged Michiru to her bosom, quite literally engulfing her head into her enormous cleavage. "Nothing is classified to me anymore! Hehehe, that's a silly joke -"

Then she tilted her head in genuine confusion. "Wait, you shouldn't be able to resist answering fully and honestly right now..." Haruhi muttered to herself. "Hey! What gives! How did you answer like that?"

"That is not a yes or no question," Asahina burbled happily.

Tsk! So long as the game was on, she's obviously going to answer just like that! Haruhi could probably brainwash it out of her by using titnosis, but - that felt like cheating, and her pride demanded that she win this fair and square! In which case!

"Did someone else brainwash you before I did?" Haruhi asked.

"Classified information," Asahina answered right away. Ohoho! The conspiracy deepens! She wouldn't have said that if the answer was 'no'. The government doesn't classify something if it's completely safe, right? Oh no! They'll find out that radio waves have *absolutely no effect* on the human body! By that same general logic, Asahina would not have said this classified information thing if she'd not been brainwashed! It was clearly a conditioned response that prevented her from mentioning specific things!

"I see, I see!" Haruhi's eyes were sparkling now. Now, why would anyone go out of their way to brainwash a cute, sexy babe like Michiru Asahina? **"Was it for lewd purposes?"**

"No," Asahina said right away. Which... was honestly a bit of a relief for Haruhi, phew. She didn't want that to be true - and therefore it was not. However, Haruhi's unconscious mind had moved on to the other possibility. That Asahina was a sleeper agent, spying for some unknown purpose against her own will!

Which... had the unfortunate side effect of making such a conspiracy exist. A shadowy group spontaneously coalesced, which made use of Japanese high school girls (especially the really cute ones) to act as sleeper agents for a nebulous nefarious purpose which, if you cornered them on it, none of them could properly articulate.

But that would be a problem for someone else to deal with, as despite her colossal powers Haruhi Suzumiya's primary concerns tended to be more... locally sourced, shall we say? Nonetheless, uncovering the first strand of an enormous mystery rather made her excited. No, not in a sexual way, though it's not hard to see why you'd think that.

Anyway, while she thought up her next move Haruhi slipped a nipple into Asahina's mouth.

"Are you spying on the SOS Brigade?" hell of an eleventh question to ask there, Haruhi! Yet Mikuru shook her head while her tongue rolled around Haruhi's nipple. "Hrmph, you're determined not to make this easy for me, are you?"

She nodded to that question! No! That wasn't meant to be her twelfth! Oh and she hadn't even paid the penalty for the eleventh being a no, so... She pulled away and began to use her enormous, heaving tits to give this girl a shoulder rub. Yeah. Really. She let them lie on her shoulders and shifted her weight so her enormous pendulous orbs rubbed and rolled all over her back.

"Are you spying on someone in school?" Haruhi asked. Asahina giggled incoherently and nodded. Bingo! Alright, then! She wasn't spying on the Brigade itself, so she was no double agent. Still! She couldn't help herself. She reached around and began to play with Asahina's

boobs while giving her this meticulous shoulder rub. Oooh! "If it's someone, then it's a particular person?" More confirmation. Perfect! Okay then. "Is it someone I know the name of?" Yep!

Inching closer and closer to her finding out about her Godlike power. Which would definitely, unmistakably be a complete disaster for reality as we know it.

"Hrm..." Haruhi muttered to herself. "Oh! Do the people who brainwashed you mean harm to anyone?" That might seem like an odd train for her to go on, but... Haruhi knew there was no way to narrow down to the right person with the time frame she had left. She could guess and guess and guess individual names, but she simply didn't have enough to narrow it down entirely. She could, for example, ask if it was a boy or a girl to eliminate about half of the people she and Mikuru both knew - and then find ways to divide by two again and again.

However, such a means - as mathematically efficient as it might be - would be insufficient to determine the truth within the twenty questions framework. On that basis, Haruhi would have to switch tactics - discern motives! If she did that, then she would still be able to win by deducing their goals from a side view rather than head on.

In any event, the question she had just asked had led Mikuru... To shake her head. Of course she did. Their goal was to monitor Haruhi Suzumiya, they meant no harm to her nor to anyone else. You could say it was a genuine conspiracy of benevolence, as paradoxical as that might seem. But really, some conspiracies are like that - there really and truly are times where it is *not in the public's best interest to know* of certain things. Like, for example, what nuclear capabilities a nation had, or matters of military capacity. If that was public, then the information winds up in the hands of people you *really do not want to have it* and it grants them the means to really, really hurt you.

Of course, that creates an interesting discussion on where the line is between 'genuinely not in the public's best interest' and 'coverup', which is a discussion we are not having here, because that line is *super murky* and this isn't really that sort of story.

...

Hey, check out the tits on Haruhi Suzumiya, don't they look awesome? And distracting? Very, very distracting, and delicious, and enormous and juicy and round and bouncy, and she was pushing them up against Mikuru's boobs and going "squish, squish, squish." This was her penalty for getting a 'no', you see, from that last question.If you can really call this a penalty. I sure wouldn't!

Four questions left. She had asked question sixteen just then, and found out that the conspiracy didn't want to *hurt* anyone. Which could mean any number of things, really. Hrm. Then what could it be about?

"Is it..." She scowled, have to phrase this carefully. "In the public's best interest?" She had never seen Mikuru Asahina nod her head so hard as this. "Aha, okay... I see." Hrm. How annoying. "Is it connected to the supernatural?" Yes, apparently! Huh?! The - The supernatural?! "Is - Is it something to do with titnosis?!" Haruhi demanded.

"Yes," Mikuru answered, then tilted her head. "No. Classified information. Yes. No. The act of answering this question changes the answer."

"Ehhhhh?!" Haruhi yelled, now really and truly confused, which didn't happen often. "A reflexive answer?! One that changes based on what you say?! How does that make any sense?!"

"That is not a -"

"Yes, yes, it's not a yes or no question," Haruhi scowled. "Alright, last question!" She had no idea at all what was going on here, what should her last question be? Hrm! Oh! Perfect! "If I de-brainwash you using titnosis to make you tell me stuff that's classified, would I ever see you again?"

"No," Mikuru said.

Ah. Okay then. In that case, Haruhi would have to maybe *not* do that and find some other way to find out what was going on with this mysterious little conspiracy she'd discovered. But first, she had to do her punishment... which meant giving Mikuru Asahina a big, sloppy, tongue filled kiss.

Not that this was really that much of a penalty, by any stretch of the imagination.

Oneshot - Fate Stay night, Haremgirl Saber

A Noble Phantasm is the manifestation of a Heroic Spirit's Legend. It often takes the form of a weapon they used, but it doesn't have to. It can also take the form of an aspect of their legend. A metaphor given form. And so it was for Caster-Medea. She never wielded a dagger in her life that could cut through contracts - but she did, in life, have the reputation of the Witch of Betrayal. This was therefore an aspect of her Divinity carved into a jagged ritualistic dagger, with which she could slice through a contract as easily as if it was a piece of tissue paper.

Funny thing about the Holy Grail war, by the way. The only way that a Heroic Spirit is able to manifest within this bizarre ritual is to form a contract with a Magus. Use them as a source of mana, which will enable the Heroic Spirit to stay in this world as a Servant. Medea had been able to find alternative means to replenish herself - and still have more in abundance.

So. Take all those little factoids which might seem disparate and put them all together like a jigsaw. What do you get? Well. Rule Breaker is pretty useless as a weapon. Especially against other Servants. At least, if you were looking at it purely in terms of damage. But! You can have an effect on something without harming it. For example, by stabbing a Servant with this, she could take their contract. Make it hers. Turn enemies into allies.

Enemies like Saber here.

Oh, Saber. Your high magic resistance makes you the bane of the Caster class. And yet, you fall to Rule Breaker all the same. Caster could only chuckle darkly to herself at the sight that lay before her. Saber. Bound to a contract, the Command Seals that granted a Master control over a Servant were in her grasp. There were but three - analogous to the concept of 'three wishes' that regularly arises across mythology throughout the world - but she fully intended to use them intelligently. Breaking her spirit without use of a Command Seal would be an extremely effective way to ensure her victory was as neat as possible, just in case of some loose end or other that she had not considered.

Like Berserker. She knew full well what Heracles was capable of in life. She'd met him. Seen him in combat. He was terrifying then. He was, somehow, *worse* now. In some respects, at least. He could not reason anymore, but it would be like reasoning with the moon falling from the sky. Sometimes strategy and cunning can only take you so far. If, for instance, Talos was better designed and had more than a bronze nail to keep his Ichor in, there might have been nothing she could do to save the Argo and its crew.

Hence, recruiting Saber was an absolute necessity. For now, she was bound hand and foot. Forced to bend over in a position that could only be called compromising. Clad in a pure white dress which would look even better when she took it off - of her own volition, of course.

"Really now Saber, how long do you intend to fight me?" Caster asked, trailing her hand down Saber's back. Remarkable, isn't it? How manly she was, and yet so feminine at the same time. Though she came from a later time, Caster had little trouble admitting that *Artoria Pendragon* was quite the looker. "You know by now that there is no escape. Nobody can

come to save you anymore. And, furthermore, even if you did escape... I am your current source of Mana. Just give in already."

"Never!" the girl who would be King scoffed, struggling at her bonds though it was futile. "My true loyalty is to Shirou, and not to you!"

That was fine. Caster had a few interesting ideas of how to break her. No amount of pain was doing the job. Nor had promises of pleasure. Her will was iron. As unyielding as her blade. Hrmph.

"Really now, why do you defy me?" Caster asked. "I have no intention of killing those two, nor anyone else that I don't have to. Think of it, Saber. All I want is to live in this modern age. With the Grail's might, and my own magical knowledge, we can both have what we want! What is keeping you from yielding?"

"If you have to ask, then you will never understand!"

Oooh, that defiance! "You'd be surprised what I understand," Caster smoothly said, letting her hands roam across Saber's back, as if she was giving the girl a massage. "It's your code of honour, yes? I am your enemy, and you are my prisoner. Therefore, your honour will not allow you to even pretend to yield to me."

"Your understanding of honour is base and - " This is where Caster pricked her with Rule Breaker. It was covered up quickly, by Caster's busy hands wandering across her body. "And - And..."

Kukuku~ How cute. She didn't understand yet, did she? A code of honour is a kind of contract, in and of itself! A contract one makes to oneself about the behaviour you shall allow of yourself. Through the power of Rule Breaker, Caster would seize ahold of that contract, and bind it not to Saber herself - but to Caster! Yes, this is the insidious power of Rule Breaker at work.

Does this mean that Saber may now act without honour? No. It means that Caster is now capable of fully grasping it. Think of it like, Saber was no longer promising *herself* that she would behave a certain way, but instead she had *promised Caster*. Now, Caster understood Saber quite a bit better. Now, Caster had a fuller understanding of the means to manipulate her.

"I see, I understand," Caster mused, letting her hand rest playfully atop Saber's posterior. "Tell me, what did you promise that boy? To fight by his side? To be his sword? To be his Servant, for him to be your Master? Or did you promise something more than that?"

If it was only that, then there shouldn't be a problem. She should be able to take control over such a thing. Unless it was something else, something Caster wasn't aware of, then -

"I promised him something you'll never understand!" Saber warned. "I won't betray him because he is my friend!"

A contract of friendship, was it? In that case, Caster would break that rule and steal it for herself. You see how powerful this is? The ultimate expression of divine betrayal! It can sever any bond, break any tie, cut through it as easily as Alexander cut through that knot.

All she had to do was establish the nature of that rule, and then she could see its thread. Slice it apart at her leisure. Even so. She understood fully that this would not be enough to turn Saber to her side. There was more here than friendship at stake. Making it tie to Caster herself was most definitely not sufficient.

"Tell me Saber, as your dear friend!" Caster said, barely holding back her laughter. Saber was blinking furiously. Shaking her head. Trying to keep her thoughts clear. "There's something more to it than this, isn't there? Another reason you resist. Another reason you fight! What is it, do tell me! As a friend."

Now we were getting deeper into it. Before, she'd been making statements based solely on defiance. Showing her strong sense of will, but now that Caster had peeled off a few layers, Saber would be more...compliant. A little at a time, that's all it would take. Chip it away, peel it off, slice through it a little at a time, until -

"My pride as a Knight demands that I stand against you," Saber insisted, though Caster could see that she was having trouble concentrating. Pride as a Knight, was it? How easy it was to cut through such a thing! With her bound like this, acting as her Servant, it was almost too easy! Maybe she would have had more fun testing her limits and pushing her past them, instead of this easier route?

"What good is pride when so much is on the line?" Caster whispered seductively in her ear, acting every bit the witch that people always accused her of being. It came so naturally to her, perhaps it was no wonder. Teasing, tormenting, acting like a devil in her ear. "Haven't you always sought the grail? It's there, right there, and all you need to do is work with me to take it. We shall not need to hurt a single living soul! Surely that is the best of all possible worlds, is it not?"

"I... I suppose you do make a good point," Saber admitted, at last. Now that her stubborn pride as a Knight was dealt with, there was nothing left in the way to stop her from convincing her of pretty much whatever she wanted! "It would be better this way, wouldn't it? So long as I don't have to fight them, then -"

"Fight them, those two?" Caster whispered. "I recognise the look in your eye when you look at them. It's not *just* friendship, is it? Oh, my dear King of Knights, you truly are adorable. Truly romantic love is something you have never experienced before, have you? Hrm... Perhaps I can help you with that?"

Not that she had much experience either. She had been a mere plaything of the Gods! Compelled into falling in love with Jason at the whim of Aphrodite, she had never known true love in her life - until just recently thanks to Souichiro, her Master and husba~and! So she could hardly give Saber very good advice there.

Not that she intended to give her *good* advice, at any rate. She had something much, much more fun in mind than something as boring and bland as 'good advice'. The people of this time had such *interesting* ideas about romance and sexuality, which Caster fully intended to take the fullest advantage of!

She snapped her fingers and quickly put an invisible forcefield in front of herself, while watching Saber's reaction. She made no move towards manifesting her sword, nor did she attempt any sort of attack at all. To help things along, Caster flipped down her hood and smiled down at her, pulled up a chair, offered it to her, and then sat in her own opposite her. If not for their unusual attire and the room they were in they might have appeared like a pair of old friends catching up to gossip.

"Alright, so, tell your old friend the truth now," Caster leaned forward, keeping up the illusion of a gossipy busybody. "You like that Shirou boy, don't you? Come, now, there's no reason to be shy about it!"

"Y-Yes, I suppose I do," Saber said. Uncharacteristically shy about it, so she had it bad! Probably. Caster was pretty new to this, but that stood to reason. "Ah, but what should I do about it? If I'm your Servant now -"

"I don't mind if you hook up with him," Caster waved it off. "All I intend is to settle down with my beloved Kuzu~uki, and we'll be happy forever! Although, to make that happen I will need access to the Grail."

"Are you sure about this?" Saber asked. "To be honest, I'm not entirely certain I can trust you. After all, you had to take Taiga hostage, and you had me bound until a moment ago."

"Hohohoho, how cute! Would you have played along if I'd simply offered it to you right there and then?" Caster shook her head. "I imagine the Tohsaka girl would have objected, at the very least! No, no, my dear. If I am correct about the nature of the Grail, then we should *both* be able to get what we want out of it. If it makes you feel better, I'll even cast a healing spell on the entire town! That will more than make up for the dregs I have taken from the population."

It was the same general principle as tax collection: Everyone had paid in a little bit, and since there were so many paying in a little, it had multiplied quite drastically. Of course, Caster was using her energy far more effectively than any government had used their revenue in recorded history - but she wasn't quite done yet.

"What is it you wanted from the Grail?" she asked. "Come now, be honest. There's no reason to hold back now, Artoria Pendragon. Is it because of your oath to find it, or...?"

"There is that," Saber said. "But... I also intend to prevent my own reign. Allow someone better to sit upon the throne, in my time." She clenched her fists and furrowed her brow, far too cute for her own good! "I made the kingdom miserable as a King, and left it worse off than - "

To this, Caster could not restrain her laughter. Saber didn't seem amused by it. "I'm sorry, truly, I am, but that is far too *amusing*!" She stopped to wipe a tear from her eye. "You think that England would have been done better by another King? Far from it, my dear! I've not been idle while you were being tormented by my spells! I've been examining your history with great care. While the Grail grants us sufficient knowledge to pass in this time, that only means it gives us what anyone would need to know to survive her - what a car is, or a telephone, some basic slang. We only have the history we know, and that is known to the common person. I've been digging deeper, and I can assure you that if you were not King, England would be in a *much, much worse place* than it would be now!"

The best part about this, is that she was able to manipulate Saber by being totally honest with her. No deceit needed. Why, not even the kind where she could mislead her by hiding facts, or placing emphasis on one aspect that was less important than another! This was the unvarnished, total truth! That made it so much more *delicious* than any lie she could conjure up!

"Let your legend stand as it is," Caster said. "Your nation came out the better of it, in time. For a long time, Britain effectively ruled the world. While that is no longer the case, you can have pride in your legacy, Artoria Pendragon. I dare say that you are viewed better than I am! So? Why not live in the modern era? Why not... Stay with that boy. That girl. Together. The two of you. Ohohoho! You three will make quite a cute... throuple."

She hesitates, because of course she does. Yet the truth is quite tempting, when it gets you what your heart wants.

"But... I am now an enemy... How can I...?" Saber asked. Perfect. Caster grinned, and released her ultimate weapon for Saber's perusal. A little something she had put together, using magic that was long forgotten to the people of this modern age. Magic from the Age of Gods, far more potent than anything a modern magus could conceive of! An ancient spell that might work better today than it had even back then.

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This whole situation was extremely stupid. Rin was not in a good mood about basically any of it. To think that idiot would let Caster steal away Saber like that! Or that her own Servant - who she was strongly starting to suspect was a future iteration of Shirou himself - would betray them like that!

Urgh! Caster could not be allowed to win the Grail war. It would be an unmitigated disaster! A Magus from the Age of Gods, gaining access to the sheer overwhelming power of the Grail, able to grant any wish she asks of it... While she was going for victory in a very roundabout way, Rin couldn't even respect her for it. That was so... so *evil* and *devious* that she couldn't go along with it. Seizing control over Servants like that, forming her own little clique of compelled alliances...

Leaving her and Shirou with only each other to rely upon. At the moment, Taiga had dragged him away for some errand or other, which left her alone in the house preparing for what to do next. There really was only one thing that she could think of. Which was kind of making her

feel a bit weird about tonight, but those thoughts were being drowned out by her thoughts as a Magus insisting that this was the best way forward, and she should *absolutely* go for it...

The only advantage they had currently was that Caster didn't view them as a threat. The second that she did... She had three Servants on her side, not even counting herself. One of them was locked at the entrance to Ryuudou Temple, but the other two? Either one of them could kill both her and Shirou without breaking stride. If and when they made a move it had to be *sublime* and well prepared for, which meant that she and Shirou had to be at their best, which meant he needed a heaping dose of magical energy, which meant she was going to have to have -

The bell around the compound rang. Rin grabbed her jewels and immediately went low. The bounded field around this place was set by a better Magus than Shirou, though that said very little. She held her breath and kept herself hidden, waiting and watching to see who it was. Ducking into a closet and peering out through a tiny gap between the door and the wall.

She didn't have to wait long. It was Saber. Not in her armour. Instead, she was wearing a coat. She looked around and seemed disappointed. Rin kept her breathing steady. There was about enough power in this jewel to blast Saber's head off - but at this range, Saber would be able to duck it. She had to hope that Saber came closer, but not so close that she'd be able to sense Rin's presence.

"They must be out," Saber said, then reached up to pull off her strange coat, throwing it aside such that it landed on a coat rack in the corner. "That is fine. I'll ambush them when they return."

When it had happened, Rin could only easily see Saber's arm from here, throwing the coat aside. But that changed after she took another step to the left, back into the viewing area this small gap allowed. When she did see that, the thoughts running through her mind went from enemy to... how best to express it?

The phrase 'what the hell is this?' might be the best way to explain it.

Saber was most definitely not wearing her normal armour, here. The only thing it had in common was the colour scheme. Blue, with silver adornations. That was about the size of it though. In every other way it was very, very different. Let's go from the top down to get this across, so you can appreciate how utterly stunned Rin was at this peculiar sight.

To start with, then? A bra made of silk. Her pale shoulders were completely exposed, as was her waist. The only material was that blue bra with silver lining, alongside a pendant swinging from her neck, nestling in between her breasts - which, if Rin was right, were a fair bit bigger than usual. There was also a blue jewel embedded in her navel that kept catching the light.

Then let's go to her lower half, which comprised a pair of semi-transparent underwear that made a rather poor attempt to cover her firm, toned posterior. Attached to its waistline was a long piece of fabric, blue, silken, and also half transparent. If Rin had to guess it was, at most, three... maybe four layers of translucent silk woven together. Like the bra, there was a

peculiar silver lining to it all, and as if in mockery of her name Pendragon, that cloth hanging from her waistline had a silver dragon embroidered upon it.

Rin fidgeted a little bit. Damn, but she was pretty. What was she up to, barging into Shirou's home dressed like that? Was that how she was dressing when it was just them? No, surely not - Taiga would have done something to stop it! Never mind that Saber was a Servant, Taiga wouldn't let a little thing like that get in her way when Shirou was in clear need of -

Saber shifted her weight, jutting her hip out to the side, and managed to drag Rin's attention with it. In all honesty, when she'd first seen Saber she had been struck by how pretty this Servant was. Yet she was still a Servant. A beautiful warrior of legend. It was hard for her to see her as anything else... though this was certainly starting to push her past that.

Look at the way she was moving. Oof. Rocking her hips from side to side, turning around, shaking her ass like a pro. Did she learn to do that in Camelot, then? Huh! Or maybe the Grail's 'modern knowledge' included little things like 'how to do a belly dance'. Rin was even catching herself moving her hips a little and had to put a stop to -

Had to put a stop to -

Huh. That's weird. Her hips were still moving. Wait, hold on. Rin tried to hold them in place with her hands, but all that did was make her skirt drop down her legs, as if she'd unclasped them...? Huh?! Now she was stepping out of them?! Was something hijacking her body? Impossible, she'd surely notice something like that!

Her hips bumped the inside of the closet door, bringing it open, revealing Saber making hand gestures for her to come out, join her, all the while dancing seductively right there in front of her. Despite herself, Rin found herself stepping out of the closet... and from out there she could see there was something hanging on the other side of the closet door, something Saber must have put there somehow while she was inside Rin's blind spot. There was a clothes hanger, right there...

On that hangar was a copy of the same belly dancer's outfit Saber was wearing - except clad in red and black colours instead. It glittered promisingly, right there before her eyes, and then -

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Call it concern. Call it worry. After Caster had kidnapped Taiga and used her against him, what else could Shirou feel but concern? There was no doubt in his mind that she was a villain to be opposed. Despite there being no chance of victory, he had to fight her. Had to save Saber. Had to stop the Holy Grail from falling into her twisted hands. The things she might do-

Then there was Archer to consider. That guy. Somehow he knew deep in his heart that he'd never, ever like that guy.

Anyway. Tohsaka didn't seem too thrilled that he was helping Taiga out like this, but in all honesty what difference did it even make anymore? If a Servant came to attack them now, they'd have no recourse but to run and hide - and surely that would be better if they were split up anyway, right? All that they were doing by splitting up like this was turning a 2% chance of victory to 1%. It sounds bad, halving your likelihood of success, but when you're *that low already* it doesn't really matter.

Besides which, it should give Tohsaka enough time for them to work out what to do next.

"I'm back!" Shirou called out. There was no reply for a moment there. Hrm? "Tohsaka?"

"I'm here, Emiya-kun!" Tohsaka called out from deeper into the house. Hrm? What was with her all of a sudden? "I have it! I know the answer to our problem!"

"Ah? That's great!" Shirou said, advancing deeper into the house, uncertain what that answer could possibly be. Ally with another Servant? Or had she uncovered some spell that could undo the effect on Saber? Honestly he couldn't even begin to -

As he approached, a hand grabbed his wrist, and he found himself flung onto a seat by a feminine figure, who he only recognised as Rin after a few seconds.

"The answer is," Rin said, and Shirou got a really good look at her now. As in, a really, really good look at her. It was, to put it simply, the sort of outfit a belly dancer would wear! To be rather more explicit, she was wearing a red bra with black lace, blacker than any black Shirou had ever seen before, alongside what seemed to be little more than a cloth draped over her front with a similar colour scheme. "We submit to Caster's wisdom, so everyone gets what they want."

Shirou's brain went blank for a moment there. The sight of Rin Tohsaka, the idol of his school, secret crush of himself and countless other boys from their general age group, was in front of him right now lewdly dancing in an outfit that could only be called lewd. He was needing a moment to process what she'd said. It wasn't quite sinking in, you know?

"Uh, what did you -"

Worth noting that Shirou had basically zero magical protection on his mind. Rin did, and she still fell pretty quickly to this particular garment. Thus, when Saber also danced into view alongside him, what chance did he have? The little flicks of their hips might as well have been sledgehammers to his willpower. When Rin lifted her leg up onto Shirou's shoulder, then trailed her hands down her ankles up to her thighs, she might as well have directly injected his penis with steroids.

"Caster does not want us dead," Rin said. "Caster wants what is best for us."

"She is endlessly wise," Saber agreed, while standing behind Rin, roaming her hands up and down her body. Sensuously, seductively undulating her body. The sparkling light played off the silver of her outfit, while the endless darkness of Rin's lining. "You can have both of us."

"Sakura too," Rin added, almost as an afterthought, but once she'd put the idea out there she seemed to be really taken with it. "Yes, Sakura as well! She likes you, doesn't she...?"

Shirou felt like he should protest. He *should* say something here. Right? He really ought to, but... But it was so hard to focus when his senses were being overloaded like this. It was a direct attack upon his willpower, an area of magic he had no experience in defending himself from. Normally, even an amateur magus could at least put up a token resistance, but Shirou... He was lower than an amateur magus. He was *so incompetent* at it, that he'd managed to embody the old saying about a master fearing the novice rather than another master. After all, a competent magus would not have blundered into creating their own Reality Marble through sheer stupidity and determination.

"We... should... follow... Caster..." Shirou muttered to himself, and as a reward, the two girls pushed their tummies right into the sides of his head. "Follow... Caster... She's not that bad, really."

"That's right," Saber said, dipping down to steal his lips. "We shall be your harem, in exchange for your compliance. Isn't this a better way to end the Grail War? No more deaths, no more fighting, everything will be peaceful and -"

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"Are you fucking kidding me?!"

Caster picked up a stool she'd brought out here, and tossed it across the Church basement, causing it to shatter against the wall. She'd been studying it, you see. This system. This Holy Grail system. She had wondered how they'd managed it. Creating something that *powerful* it could be said to grant any wish, and -

Now she knows. She knew the *awful truth* of this *awful system*. It rankled her soul almost as much as... as when she'd found those poor wretches hooked up to a mana draining system. The priest at this Church was more twisted than her legend made her out to be!

It was all a lie, from start to end. The Servants could never, ever, *ever* have their wish granted like this. It was a ruse, a scheme, a con. Wool pulled over the eyes of Heroic Spirits who didn't know better. The Command Seals were the devious part. The third one was vital, because in order for the whole thing to work you have to -

"You have to order the last Servant to kill themselves."

That was Archer, leaning cooly against the entrance. His identity was still unknown to her, even though she was now contracted with him. Apparently he wasn't willing to share that particular detail.

"You knew?" Caster asked, holding up her hand warningly. Reminding him who held his sole remaining Command Seal. "This is an atrocity of a system!"

"Yeah, and that's even before you find out what the Einzberns did two Wars ago," Archer shrugged. "As bad as you think it is, it's *worse*. If anyone thinks they can actually win the Holy Grail War, they weren't paying attention."

Caster seethed, her plans foiled. She couldn't sustain herself on the people of Fuyuki forever. She needed true life! The true life that only the true Grail could grant her! Now, looking at Archer, she was sort of understanding something now. He was after... *something else*. Not the Grail itself, but something other than that. It would explain his actions. He must be fast approaching the end of some scheme to lay claim to that very thing.

And if he was being so open and brazen about it...

"We have visitors," Archer announced. "It looks like my former Master is coming along with Saber's. Would you like me to eliminate them?"

Caster tilted her head. "Has Saber returned yet?"

"Saber...?" Archer quirked an eyebrow. "Yes, I saw her come in a while back. I was surprised you were able to turn her so fully to our side. What trick did you use, to get past her magic defence?"

Whatever Archer was planning, it seemed he was looking for an opportunity to eliminate them. She opened her mouth to speak - but then drew silent. Aha...? Wait now, wait one minute. Her thinking *had* been turning to forcefully summoning the Grail with her magic, which would have been slower but doable - but she could take a faster approach. There *was* a means that *would work* much, much better than what the Priest had been doing with those poor wretches... And the best part of it was, she had the means to do it with her brand new allies!

"That won't be necessary, Archer!" Caster cackled. "Let them enter. It will be much cuter when they succumb to my power..."

=====

One week later. Things were looking a bit different in Fuyuki. The people wandered about their business sleepy eyed. Not tired, exactly. Merely... distracted.

"Good morning, Shirou-kun!" Sakura called out, greeting Shirou as he left his house, with Saber on his arm. Sakura immediately put her hands on top of her head and gyrated her exposed tummy for him, then whirled around to press her ass right into his crotch. "Hey, Shirou-kun, can I please join your harem?"

"Ehh, are you sure about that Sakura?" Shirou asked. "I mean, you can surely do much better than me, can't you?"

"Shirou," Saber admonished. "I am part of your harem already. Are you saying she can do better than I can?"

"Th-That's not what I -" Shirou began to sputter, but fell silent when Saber stole his lips. This wasn't such a strange conversation, all truth told. All the women were clad similarly, after all - a variety of belly dancing outfits, which drew lustful stares from the men - and from each other. Each of them feeding, feeding, endlessly feeding magical energy right to the Church. The power of lust would soon enough save the world, as Caster would summon the Grail and even purify it of a certain evil influence lurking deep within.

And all it took was turning all of Fuyuki into one giant harem. Can you possibly call that anything but a good end?

=====
Slam!

"Hey, hey now!" Taiga said, standing within the Taiga dojo, wielding her bokken menacingly as she geared up another strike. "Don't go corrupting my Shirou like that. Tell them Illya, they can't go - Illya, no!"

"Illya yes!" Illya said, wearing her own little belly dancing outfit instead of her gym clothes. A moment later, and she had a bump on her head. "Wahhhh, Taiga! Can't I show off for Shirou too?"

"No, you can't, it's illegal," Taiga admonished. "I don't care that you're the older sister - Anyway, go back a few choices and - "

Suddenly, Saber and Rin appeared next to her in their own belly dancing outfits, pinning their bodies up against her, and forcing even the mighty Taiga into an irresistible belly dance!

"Wahhh, no, now they're even infecting the Dojo!" Taiga wailed, as her clothes transformed into a tiger print harem girl outfit. "Nooo, I'm being corrupted as well, is there truly no escape?!"

As it turned out? No. It really was the good end for real.

Shirou Emiya, The Red Dragon

Once upon a time there was a mysterious organisation that overlooked the world. Acting as a kind of security force that would ensure human history followed along the right path. That mankind would not face its extinction from whatever may come its way, in the past, in the present, and in the future.

To achieve this, they used heroes from across the ages. He counted as one of them - though in truth, he dearly wished that he did not. It was strange to see them all together like this. Cooperating, sparring, and yet there was no animosity behind it... usually. To think that he'd be counted among their number. To think that some of them would even look up to him!

But then, one day... One portentous day, something unexpected happened. The building shook and trembled as if struck by a terrible force. A bad sign in itself, for it was supposed to be impossible, and yet - And yet!

"Wake up, Master!" a cute girl's voice called out, and Issei Hyoudou rolled over, falling out of his bed. "Wake up, Master!" the voice cutely continued. His alarm clock of choice calling out in a way that was absolutely, 100% certain to make him rise from bed.

"I'm up, I'm up!" he protested, then switched the clock off. "Honestly, why did I buy something like... Hrm?"

What a strange thought. He'd purchased this clock because it was cute. There was no grand mystery to it. There was a cute girl that came out and told him to wake up, why wouldn't he buy something like that? Because it was something a pervert would do? He *was* a pervert!

Except that didn't quite sit well within him either for some reason. No matter. He went about his daily morning routine, showering, changing, grabbing breakfast from his mother *who had not died in a terrible fire when he was very young,* brushing his teeth and passed his father *who was not a noted Magus killer at the end of his life* as he was leaving their home.

Then almost immediately ran into a girl with blue-purple hair who was approaching his front door. Issei screeched to a halt, and managed to barely avoid colliding with her - But managed to stop himself just in time to grab her breasts 'by accident'.

"Good morning senpai!" Sakura said to him. "You seem especially energetic this morning."

"Ah, I did have a weird dream last night," he said to Sakura, this strange feeling that something wasn't quite right here bouncing around his brain. This was Sakura Matou. She'd recently taken to walking with him to school in the morning. Yet for some reason... He wound up thinking of another junior by the name of Mashu. Silver haired, instead of bluish. It was a fleeting image, but a potent one. "But it didn't keep me up."

"Was it the dream about the mud wrestling contest again?" Sakura said, sounding almost disappointed. "Senpai, you really should stop spending time with those two, they're quite a bad influence."

Her statement there caused a weird conflict in his brain - they *were* a bad influence. Those two perverts were much worse than he was, in terms of their behaviour and attitude. Why did he spend so much time with them again? Because they got on quite well, they had a lot of shared interests, and - And none of them had girlfriends? Except that never really mattered to him so much, did it...?

"I'm trying to make them do better," he concluded after careful consideration. "I think that if they really applied themselves, they could do something really amazing!"

"Hrm, that reminds me of someone." Sakura cheekily chuckled after that remark. She's lucky she's so cute! "Senpai, would it be alright if I came over again tonight for another cooking lesson?"

"As if you need to ask!" Issei replied. From there the conversation took a more usual turn for the two of them, as they discussed what tonight's lesson would entail. Except... Did Issei really know how to cook? He didn't remember cooking before. Except he had. Except he *hadn't*. Except he most definitely had... Because he'd basically had to due to his living circumstances. Growing up mostly on his own - Except he had two parents?

No matter. They soon arrived at the school.

"What's this now, what's this?" another unwelcome voice intruded. Aika! Of all people. His nemesis at school! If a schoolboy could be allowed a nemesis that is. "I've warned you about spending time with him... There's no telling what this beast might do!"

"Oy, oy!" Issei rolled his eyes at her. "I don't know what you think of me, but I wouldn't do anything like that to Sakura!"

"Aw..." Sakura muttered under her breath, but it might well have been a breath of relief. He chose to believe it was that. Because the alternative was that Sakura wanted him to do very, very nasty things to her, which he simply couldn't accept about such a sweet girl. "Don't worry, Aika! I'm tougher than I look!"

"You'd almost have to be," Aika quipped. "Ah, and as if you didn't need more evidence, here comes tweedle-dumb, and tweedle-dumber!"

"Hey!" Motohama yelled. "I ain't tweedle dumb!"

"That makes you tweedle-dumber, idiot," Matsuda nudged him with his elbow. Ah, yes. Motohama and Matsuda. The two perverts Sakura had been trying to warn him off spending time with. "Hey, Issei! Come with us a sec, we gotta show you something really good!"

"He means a dirty magazine," Aika laughed into her hand. "Come on, don't let yourself get dirtied up by the Perverted Trio!"

He waited for the girls to leave before speaking up: "What did you find?" he asked, but rather than answer they bade him to follow after them. Very well. Out into the forest they went,

where soon enough they found the girl's changing room for the kendo club - and he saw it with his keen eyes long before they arrived! A peephole!

"You see what we found?!" Motohama whispered. "We found a true treasure, right here!"

Matsuda smirked in triumph. "All we have to do is wait for the club to change later on, and then -"

"And then, what exactly?"

All three of the boys froze on the spot. They knew that voice. They knew it well. It was the Captain of the kendo club herself, caught them in the act of planning something illegal. Not that Issei would have participated himself, but when he turned around, he saw -

Time has stopped. The scene lasts less than a second, but I'll remember it forever, even when I've been cast into hell.

There's a girl standing there in front of them. A girl with blonde hair, but that didn't remotely do her hair justice. It was like it was sprinkled with gold dust, or someone had captured the rising sun and fashioned it into strands of hair to perch atop her head like a crown. She was very beautiful - and that was despite the fact that she was wielding a kendo stick, and scowling at them.

She moved so quickly his eyes could only barely keep up. The two perverts were bopped on the head, and let out a yelp of pain, but for Issei himself she put that stick under his chin and made him look up above her.

"They were showing you that peephole," she said sternly. "Were you planning to use it?"

"N-No!" Issei replied. "I only learned about it now, at the same time you did!"

She took the stick away. "Why are you friends with them?" she asked, sounding a touch disappointed.

"Force of habit?" he offered lamely. "Ah, I've got to get going or I'll be late! Um, bye!"

"Farewell!" Saber said, a little loudly. She was a bit flushed for some reason, but nothing to do with him. That was strange, though. Why did he have such a vivid image of Saber like that? In a shed, with her standing over him while he was sprawled on the floor, looking up at her. She was wearing this sky blue armour, and staring at him with this... weird expression.

I ask you, are you my Master?

Ohohoho, he wished he was! She was one of the top ten girls at this school, without question - and he's gone all this time, attending this former girl's school, without getting a girlfriend! Which hardly seemed fair when you think about it.

"Huh, why isn't this bike working..." a boy asked while Issei was walking by, puzzling and scratching his head while staring at his motorcycle. He stopped, looked at it in passing and then - the answer just sort of came to him. This kid's motorcycle definitely wouldn't work like that...

"The problem's in your ignition," Issei said. Then quickly added "Probably. I'd check that first."

"Huh...? Yeah, that makes sense now that you mention it..." the boy said. "Thanks, if my parents found out it wasn't working they'd have my head."

That didn't seem all that strange to him. For some reason, it was something he could simply do. Mutter a little spell under his breath, and then when looking at an inanimate object he could sort of... work out how it worked. It didn't work that well if the object was, say, the size of a building, but for mechanical objects like a television or a heater, he could determine the workings at a glance.

Except, he was pretty sure he didn't always have that power last week. Which made him furrow his brow and try to work out why he felt that way, given how little sense it made... Though he failed to realise that he was, at that very moment, being watched by three beautiful girls, whose names all started with R. There was Rias Gremory, looking down at him from the Occult Research Club window overlooking this part of the school grounds. There was Rin Tohsaka, looking down from the roof of the main building... And then there was Raynare, even higher in the sky above, staring down at the grounds with a simple cloaking spell around her. All three of them interested in this boy for very different, albeit related reasons.

"That boy might make a good candidate for my Peerage..." Rias muttered to herself.

"According to our info, that boy has a Sacred Gear," Raynare mused.

"He definitely did *something* just now..." Rin bit her lip and narrowed her eyes down upon him.

All three of them had determined the same thing: They needed to find a way to talk to him, without drawing attention to themselves. Having the attention of these three beauties required a very particular kind of luck, for a pervert like Issei.

The name of that luck... is 'Bad'.

=====

If there was a boy in class that wasn't a pervert after their first maths lesson, then legs clearly didn't work for you. The beauty at the head of the class would surely awaken a fetish in anyone, the way she was sitting on the edge of her desk, cross legged while wearing a smart purple dress suit. Long purple hair that seemed to be as long as her body was tall - and boy was it a tall body - smart glasses over her eyes, which had a really weird sort of tint

to them. This was Miss Rider, and she was one of the teachers here that was truly an expert at getting your attention.

"As you can see, Xenos' Paradoxes can generally be resolved by an understanding of rudimentary calculus," Rider said. "Through our more modern understanding of Limits and infinite, we can resolve each of them by either differentiation or by integration."

Issei watched her carefully, absorbing every little bit of information. Miss Rider was a very popular teacher, even among the girls. Some of them tried to emulate her. Others tried to -

A flash of something hit his mind. A memory. Of the two of them in a hallway together. Her wearing a strange visor and a slinky black dress, whipping chains around herself. Him, frantically dodging, while a smirking boy with bluish hair stood at the other end of the hallway -

"Hey now, Issei! Snap out of it!" Shinji said, rudely jostling his shoulder. "Class has ended. You don't need to stare so longingly at Miss Rider's legs!"

"Hey now yourself Shinji," Issei replied. "As if you don't stare at -"

He blinked, and Shinji was gone. Replaced by Matsuda, who was frowning back at him.

"Shinji?" he asked. "Who is Shinji?"

Shinji was Sakura's older brother. A long term friend of his. The reason that Sakura even knew him in the first place. They hung out together a lot. Except he didn't know a Shinji Matou. Not here. But he did somewhere else... Somewhen else...

Stranger and stranger, curiouser and curiouser. What was going on with him of late? For the time being, he left the classroom so he could go back home. It was already the end of the school day. Another uneventful, boring day at this perfectly ordinary -

"Excuse me!" said a beautiful girl, who pushed by him without a by-your-leave. It was Rin Tohsaka. One of the beauties of the school. Her, Saber, Sakura, Sona, Rias, Akeno and Tsubaki were the top ranked beauties at Kuoh Academy - if you didn't count the teachers. Miss Rider, Miss Caster (who taught home ec) and Miss Bazett (who was in gym) were all obviously more appealing overall, but a student knew full well that nothing would, could, or should happen between them. That was, at best, a playful childish fantasy.

Rin, on the other hand... There was something about her that drew your attention in and kept it there. Her body was slender, her face was extremely well proportioned. While her breasts weren't all that large, Issei never cared about that. He loved breasts of all shapes, all sizes, for they were simply breasts, and -

And he was holding something that Rin had pushed into his hands while she'd been walking by.

"Huh? What's this...?" Motohama asked, snatching it out of his grip. "Ah, I thought it was a love letter, but it's just an advertisement for the Occult Research Club."

Issei snatched it back and stared at it. The Occult Research Club? Why would he have any interest in - *because studied magic for years and years, and even though you were doing it wrong you still wanted to use that power to become a hero. Someone who could save everyone that was in front of him, even at the expense of your own physical and mental wellbeing.*

His left arm throbbed. All the nerves in his body suddenly felt like they were on fire. It was hard to explain. It was as if a dragon and a knight were waging battle inside his body, mind and soul. Two conflicting ideals. Two conflicting personalities, memories, lives were duking it out, trying to tell him what to do. Was he a hero wannabe? Twisted, traumatised, seeming normal on the surface but underneath a bubbling pile of neuroses itching for the chance to burst? Or was he a surface level pervert who truly had a heart of gold underneath? Kind of an idiot, but a genuinely well meaning one? These two ideas, these ideals were in complete conflict with each other, and it was causing him a splitting headache -

"Excuse me~"

Which was quickly resolved by a raven haired beauty appearing before him out of nowhere. He gawked at her. It wasn't that he was *intending* to, but he wasn't expecting to find himself face to face with a true natural beauty like this. His inner conflict was washed aside, as he stared at her.

"My name is Yuuma Amano," she said, cutely smiling at him. "Issei Hyoudou, I've admired you from afar! Would you - Would you please consent to a date this weekend?"

This is where we see the similarities emerge between Shirou and Issei. Despite both of them having notable harems, the sight of a pretty face flirting with them makes them a little bit flustered. Gulp! Yuuma was very, very pretty! With a very cute, slender body, with large breasts and very nice hips. Her complexion was top of the line, and there could be no question at all that she was on par with the girls thought of as the hottest in Kuoh!

"Y-Yeah, sure! I'll go on a date with you!" he said, unable to contain his nerves. "Hahaha, we'll meet up at the fountain in the high street! Okay?"

"Okay!" Yuuma said, then blushed brightly herself and rushed off, a young schoolgirl in love! How adorable! He didn't quite recognise the uniform, but it was certainly a cute one! That made him rest at ease a little bit, his head was way more clear all of a sudden. But now... Now he had the important task of preparing for this d-a-t-e!

=====

He was more handsome up close than she was expecting. It was strange, but while talking with him Raynare had felt... something. A pull, a presence, an aspect of him that made her almost want to talk to him more than she had. Was this an effect of his Sacred Gear? Hrm.

During her observations of him from above she had noticed several of the girls had behaved strangely around him...

There was that pretty girl with the blue-purple hair, who had stared after him long after he'd departed from his friends. The blonde girl had reacted the same way. In fact, pretty much every girl he'd walked by over the course of his day had glanced in his direction for at least a little while. An innate attraction from the opposite sex...?

A Sacred Gear with that sort of power could be useful. It wasn't exactly the top of the line type that she was hoping for, from a task given by Azazel himself. Still, it might be more potent than he realised. Perhaps that mortal boy, handsome though he might be, wasn't using it to his full potential...?

"How did it go?" Kallawarner asked when she arrived back at the church.

"Putty in my hands," Raynare replied. "But of course, a mortal boy like him is so easy to manipulate. All I'll need to do is make sure I dress my best, and I'll have all the time in the world to hold his hand -" A shudder went through her for some reason. "And discover what he's all about."

"What's he like, then?" Mittelt asked. "Do you think he truly does have a potent Gear? You were watching him all day."

"Difficult to say," Raynare admitted. "There were a few odd things that I noticed over the course of his day, but there are alternative explanations for all of them." Like the fact that he's handsome, in a weirdly understated way. That nervous smile he gave her, when he was obviously so inexperienced would surely melt the heart of an equally inexperienced girl. Not her though. "In any event, there are other duties I need to see to. It's been a long, tiring day..."

She excused herself, returned to her room, quickly locked the door. Then, patiently, calmly, with no rush at all, she opened the top drawer of her dresser, pulled out a suspiciously phallic looking object... Then lay back in the middle of the air and drew the thing in between her own legs, pumping away furiously. Not because of Issei, or anything. No. This was merely her working off some steam from her work at the end of a long, hard day. Gotta let off the steam somehow, right?

=====

The Occult Research Club at Kuoh Academy was held within an out of the way building. At this very moment in time, a girl named Rin Tohsaka was wandering in through the front door. A young Magus of considerable talent, from a family known within the Magus world, for they were descended from the master of Second Sorcery, the legendary Zeltrech.

Now, this might not seem especially strange. Rin is a Magus. Of course she has an interest in the Occult. After all, she *is* Occult herself. It's not too strange for a girl like herself to have an interest in the supernatural. Many her age do. However, a Magus does tend to avoid such a thing if the Mask that they wear -

Oh, pardon me, how rude. A Magus inherently wears a Mask to protect themselves from discovery by non-Magus. You see, to study magic is to inherently become something more than human. It changes you. It hardens your emotions. Makes you view the world differently, with a more cynical mind - or it makes you less cynical as you lose yourself to the incredible mysteries you uncover. Either way, this 'you' becomes... weird. It becomes easy for a person to notice that you're not like other people, and so a Mask is constructed.

The Mask of Rin Tohsaka was not interested in the supernatural. She was an ordinary girl, if a popular one, who had managed to avoid acquiring a boyfriend through some means or another. There was no lack of interest. It was simply that she seemed too unobtainable.

"Hello, Miss Gremory," she said upon entering the main clubroom. She took note of the shower sitting in the middle of the floor. "My, my. It's lucky a boy didn't come by while you were using that. You'd give them quite the show."

"The door is locked while the shower is in use," said the vice-president of this little club. Akeno Himejima. Rias let her gaze drift down towards this beauties breasts for a second, a little wrinkle of jealousy appeared upon her brow - and then it was gone. "My, how unusual for you to pay us a visit, Miss Tohsaka. Are you finally coming to join our club?"

"Hrm, I doubt that very much," Rias said, looking Rin over with due care as she took a seat. "Some tea, perhaps? While we have our little discussion."

The two of them had quite forceful personalities. Both of them were wearing a mask, and for much the same reason. Rias and Akeno were both Devils, and this school was their territory. Quite the dangerous place for a Magus to be, when she was not affiliated or allied with them in any way, shape, or form.

Nonetheless, here she is. Was it a sign of her confidence, or was it foolishness?

"I don't think this will take *that* long, Miss Gremory," Rin said, flashing a practised smile. It was returned with the same sort from Rias. "I'm really not that interested in the occult, it seems like a childish thing to focus on. Though it has always surprised me that the school would give your club an entire building."

"The other students don't think it's that strange," Rias observed. "At least, nobody has ever said anything. Perhaps you're the strange one for thinking that...?"

The mutual banter was obvious here. They both knew there was something up about the other, but couldn't say it. They couldn't be one hundred percent certain, after all. That's why Rin was here. To try to tip their hand. It was, in a sense, almost like two tsunderes trying to make the other confess first. A battle of wits and wills between the two of them, instinctively not trusting the other as far as they could throw them.

"Then let me get down to why I'm actually here," Rin said. "Do you know, if you were to conduct a poll of all the girls in the school, the general answer to 'who is the cutest boy in Kuoh Academy', the answer would be..."

"Yuuto Kiba, of course," Akeno tittered. "He's not my type, but he is quite charming, polite and dashing."

"We should know," Rias added. "He's part of our club, as I'm sure you're aware."

"Of course," Rin nodded and then moved on to her true point. "However, if you were to conduct that poll once again, with something like, for example, Wonder Woman's Lasso of Truth, the answer would be... Issei Hyoudou."

The three girls all reacted differently upon hearing his name. Rin took a sharp intake of breath. Rias uncrossed, then re-crossed her legs. Akeno started fanning herself with a loose piece of paperwork. There could be no mistake. All three of them had it for him. Bad.

"That's pretty interesting, isn't it?" Rias asked. "It makes you wonder why all the girls have it so bad for him. Despite being a noted pervert..."

"A bad, naughty boy," Akeno said, earning a quick playful slap from Rias, right into her tummy. Though her saying that did put... ideas into Rin's head. Ideas that were distracting her from her real point.

"Did you come here to ask us to back off from your crush?" Rias asked. "Pardon me, but if he's such a valued treasure on campus, then surely I should gobble him up at the first opportunity...?"

Good. That's exactly what she wanted. She *wanted* Rias to gobble him up, confirm her suspicions - about Issei, about Rias, about her club, and about the very world itself. Something was *wrong with reality*, and as a Tohsaka it was eating her alive. Conflicting sets of memories. When she looked at Sakura, she saw... an estranged sister, but also a friend. There were inconsistencies in her recollection, her instincts, her emotional state, quite often they were trying to tell her two different things at once.

Nonetheless, asking Rias for help would be... bad. A Magus asking for help from a Devil is how that Magus winds up with their soul being stripped from their body, or for them to transform into an inhuman creature, or any number of other horrible fates. While Rias didn't strike her as *that sort* of Devil, per se, *that's exactly how that sort operates to start with.*

Therefore, she had to take a more indirect route. She had noticed Issei was using *some sort* of magic or another, and what was more, Rias had also noticed *something* amiss with him as well. Which meant, if her suspicions were correct, that Rias would almost certainly try to recruit him at the first opportunity - which would give her a means to investigate this mess further!

"Stay away from him," she warned. If she'd judged them correctly, then all she'd done here was encourage them to recruit him. "If you know what's good for you, then you won't go near him. Understood?"

Once she'd left, unknown to her, Rias and Akeno merely looked at one another, shrugged, and then Rias said - "Such a paranoid little magus, isn't she?"

"Yes, but she's also super cute," Akeno tittered. "But she'll have to get past that tsundere attitude first."

"Perhaps Issei Hyoudou will be the key to that." Rias considered that point with a great deal of care. "He's going out on that date with the Fallen Angel this weekend, is he not? Perhaps we should do something there...?"

Due to the numerous changes in reality, the two of them were now extremely aware of Raynare's interest in Issei, where before they had very little to go from. For that reason, among a few others not yet discussed, Issei's fated date with Raynare might not go the way you think it would...

Script - Urusei Yatsura Harem Dance, Benten and Oyuki

1.

Begin with Lum floating towards Benten's spaceship
Lum: Alright here goes.
She knocks on the door
Lum: I really hope this works...
The door opens, revealing Benten and Oyuki.
Benten: Yo, Lum!
Oyuki: You wanted to see both of us?
Lum: Sure did!

2.

Lum floats inside the ship.
Lum: Darling's birthday is coming up, and I'm planning to throw him a surprise party!
Benten: Eh? A surprise party?
Oyuki: I would wager he would want a girl bursting out of his cake, then?
Lum imagines herself bursting out of a birthday cake for him.
Lum: Oh! I hadn't thought of that...
Lum (imaginary): Darling!
Ataru (in the imagination): Yipe!

3.

Lum: Anyway! I wanted to practise playing some Earth games! I don't think Darling wants to play anything too outside his customs.
Benten: Eh? That's pretty boring, huh? The games they play on Earth suck!
Oyuki: Now, now Benten, let's not judge. I would like to learn more about these Earth games.
Benten: Yeah, 'cuz you wanna try seeling them to the greater galaxy!
Oyuki: Oh, how clever, I wish I'd thought of that
(There is a sign pointing to Oyuki under her text box that reads "she had thought of it")

4.

Benten: Anyway, you can count me out, this sounds kinda lame.
Lum: That's fine, if you don't want to play.
Benten turns her back.
Lum: I guess she's not confident she can win.
Oyuki: So true, so true.
Benten: Grk!
Benten: Alright, fine. I'll play your stupid game. What is it, anyway?
Lum floats over to Benten's computer and puts a cassette tape into it.
Lum: It's called -
Music fills the room, and Lum poses triumphantly in front of them.
Lum: Lum says!

5.

Lum starts to dance to the music. Nothing too strange so far.

Lum: It's really simple! If I say that Lum says you do something, you do it. If I don't say Lum says to do something, you don't do it!
Benten and Oyuki start dancing too.
Benten: Is that all?
Oyuki: Careful, Benten. The simplest games can be the most complicated to win.
Lum: Lum says touch your head!
All three of them touch their head.
Lum: Lum says, touch your toes.
A flash of a devious smile on Lum's face as they do so.

6. This quickly becomes something lewder, while Benten and Oyuki find the game too easy
Benten: You even trying to challenge us, here? What kinda game is -
Oyuki: Shush now, let her speak.
Lum: Lum says, swing your hips.
They do so.
Lum: Lum says, roll your shoulders.
Again, they do - and the music in the background shifts to include lyrics, very quiet at first, almost transparent, but with each passing panel they will grow more distinct.
Lum: Stop dancing.
Benten: Hah! You ain't getting me that easy!
Lyrics: Harem, harem, join the harem~
7.
Lum: Lum says, watch Lum's tummy.
Oyuki: Hrm?
Benten: Heh! Sure whatever!
Lyrics: Wonderful harem, fun harem~
Lum's tummy gyrates sensually for them.
Lyrics: Feel your cares melt away~
Lum's tummy continues gyrating.
Lyrics: Falling under the spell of harem
Benten: Uh, Lum? Any more instructions? We've been staring at your tummy -
Oyuki: Your fit... enticing tummy...
Benten: For about five minutes now...

8. Benten and Oyuki fall under the spell
Lum: Okay, if you insist! Lum says, belly dance.
Benten: Belly... dance...
Oyuki: I... I must belly dance...
Lyrics: There's no escape, not anymore~
Benten screws up her forehead trying to concentrate
Benten: Hold on, something ain't -
Oyuki: Oh? In that case, are you declaring defeat?
Lyrics: For what harem and fate have in store~
The two of them start to belly dance, their eyes are blank but they're both smiling.
Lyrics: When you forever join Ataru's harem.
9.
While they dance, Lum drifts across to the door and opens it.
Lyrics: Your will is gone, under our spell.

Ataru is there, holding a suitcase that he passes to Lum, while she kisses him on the mouth.
Lyrics: You'll help others join this harem as well~
Benten: I feel... funny.
Oyuki: Feel good!
Lum: Ahem!
Lum is dancing in front of them wearing her harem outfit, while holding a pair on coathangers on each hand.

10.

The two aliens grab the coathangers.
Lum: Lum says, join Darling's harem.
The three of them are dancing right in front of him.
Lum: Happy birthday, Darling!
Benten: Hehehehe, I think we all win, right?
Oyuki: Hrm, I think this game has a particular market in mind - but we'll reach it with little trouble.
Ataru: Hehehehe! Thanks Lum, you sure know what to get me!

High School DxD Breast Boost - Aika + Finale

1. Aika wanders in through the front gate of Kuoh Academy
   Aika: Urgh, and I thought only idiots caught colds. Hopefully I didn't miss much this last week.
2. Aika spots Asia, says hello
   Asia: Good morning Aika! Are you feeling better?
   Aika: Yeah, it was a pretty lousy cold but -
3. Shocked reaction to her new bust
   Aika: Wh-What the hell?! Did you go in for surgery while I was gone?!
   Asia: Hrm? Oh, is this your first time seeing?
4. Asia seems happy enough, but Aika notices she's not the only one
   Asia: It's very nice, isn't it? Issei really likes them a lot!
5. Every girl in Kuoh is... 'enhanced' in the same way.
   Aika: W-wait a minute here, it's not just you, it's also...
6. They're also very, very horny
   Girl 1: Hey, wanna have a threesome later on? I hear Kiba's free at lunch today.
   Girl 2: Ooh, that sounds awesome! I'm there.
7. Aika thinks about it, and comes to the conclusion that only one person could be responsible for this.
   Aika: Okay... All the girls I'm seeing are big breasted, insatiably horny, and nobody but me thinks this is strange. Right?
   Asia: Hrm? Yes, I suppose that's about right.
   Aika: Then there can only be one culprit! Issei Hyoudou!
8. Speak of the Devil, Issei arrives with Rias and Akeno flanking him.
   Issei: Did I hear someone say my name?
   Aika: Aha! Speak of the Devil!
   Rias: My, what an appropriate saying
   Aika: You're behind this aren't you?!
9. Aika accuses him of doing something pervy to the girls of the school.
   Aika: Only a dirty minded creep of your calibre would dare corrupt all the girls in school like this!
   Issei: Hey, you're a perverted girl yourself aren't you?
   Aika: That's besides the point!
10. Issei sheepishly confesses, but claims the girls all wanted this done to them of their own volition.
    Aika: If you think you'll get away with -
    Issei: Hey, hey! These girls all wanted it done of their own volition! I'm not taking advantage, or trying to get away with anything!
11. Aika doesn't buy it, he's just done this to be horny.
    Aika: A likely story. You expect me to believe that?
12. So he hits on a random girl passing by, and she says thanks, but she's got a boyfriend.
    Issei: Hey, babe. Wanna hang out later?
    Girl #3: Sorry, my boyfriend wouldn't like that. Thanks for the bust up though!

13. Rias tells her that the only reason they're hanging off him is because they were already into him. Akeno and Asia confirm this
    Rias: You see? It's just like he said.
    Akeno: We're all like this because we like him.
    Asia: Relax, Aika! Nobody's doing anything evil here.
14. They want to offer her the same chance that every other girl in school has taken - to have their breasts enhanced.
    Issei: If you want, I can give you the boost too - but I won't force it on you.
    Aika: Huh?! W-Wait, really?
15. Aika hesitates, but... Asia reassures her that there's no ulterior motive here.
    Aika: That girl barely gave him the time of day. What is he getting out of this, if not...?
    Asia: Issei wants to help us girls out, that's all! You're reading too much into this.
16. On that basis, she reluctantly goes for it.
    Asia: Trust me, this is really great! You won't feel anything for Issei unless you were already into him, promise.
    Aika: Oh, in that case, there's no danger here. If it's *only* making our boobs bigger, then go for it.
    Issei: On it!
17. Issei puts his Sacred Gear on her shoulder.
    Boost!
    Aika: Huh, that's a weird glove you're -
18. Aika's head goes back as she feels her breasts double in size.
    Aika: Nnnnnngya!
19. She checks herself out.
    Issei: So? How do you feel?
    Aika: Woah, I thought they'd hurt my back, but I barely notice!
    Issei: I doubled the strength of your back muscles too.
    Aika: Huh! Neat.
20. Aika walks away.
    Aika: Well, since I'm not into you at all, that's us done for now! Later!
    Asia: Bye Aika, we'll chat later, okay?
21. However, she is extremely horny, and later on sees him with Xenovia and Irina in the hallway.
    Later
    Xenovia: Issei, please breed me~
    Irina: Mmm, it's not right that you're ignoring your childhood frie~end.
    Issei: H-Hey now, there's only one of me!
    Aika: Huh?
22. She grumbles with jealousy and arousal.
    Aika: Urgh, my chest feels weird all of a sudden.
    Xenovia: Is that any way for the Opai Dragon to speak?
    Irina: Come on, you can take both of us on at once~
23. Later still, she sees him with Ravel and Asia - again, she grumbles.
    Later
    Ravel: According to your schedule, you should have time for both of us before gym class.

Issei: Wow, your ability to keep me organised is amazing!
Asia: Teehee, where would we be without you!
Aika: Nnnnrgh~

24. Then, she sees him with Rossweise and Raynare! More grumbling.
    Later still
    Rossweise: Issei, we have some special homework for you.
    Raynare: How long can a horny Fallen Angel drool over your di~ick!
    Aika: Ahhhh, ahhhh, that boy!
25. And lastly, the kitty sisters are all over him.
    Kuroka: Issei, which of us are you going to breed fi~irst~
    Koneko: We need it, Issei, right away without delay.
    Aika: Ah! Ah! Ahhhhh~
26. Despite herself, Aika finds herself extremely turned on as she realised her perversion levels have also been boosted.
    Aika: Ohhh, he didn't just boost my boobies after all! I was already pretty perverted, but it feels like he's doubled that as well! Th-That devious little...
27. Later, at Issei's home, he and his harem are planning out what to do next - When there's a knock on the door.
    Issei: Alright, everyone! I think everything's going really well! This is a great harem we've got going here, and -
    Knock knock.
28. It's Aika, she's turned on beyond belief and is in desperate need of some relief.
    Aika: Give... give it to me. I need it... I need it so badly!
    Rias: Hrm? But Issei was about to tell us there was no more room in his harem!
    Akeno: Besides, I thought you weren't into him?
29. Issei is a bit sheepish about it, but welcomes her in.
    Aika: If- If he can satisfy all of you, then I want in too!
    Issei: Eh... Well, I guess it is kinda my fault.
30. She practically jumps at him.
    Issei: I suppose we could - mmph!
    Aikia: Gimme!
31. Rias notes that like this, they'll draw attention soon - But that's why the harem must grow. After all, they do need to defend themselves.
    Rias: You know, we're bound to draw attention to ourselves now.
    Akeno: Worried about what your family will think?
    Irina: The Church will be a problem as well.
    Raynare: At this point, Issei's harem is a faction unto itself.
32. A witch's crescent appears on Aika's chest, shining ominously and foretelling her magical potential... They'll have the means to defend themselves before long.
    Rias: If that's the case, then... I'm not too worried. I think we'll be able to hold our own.
    Xenovia: Besides which, it's not like we want to do anything other than fuck, is it?
    Aika: Ah! Ah! Ahhhh, what's this feeling welling up inside meeeee~?

33. The girls all descend upon Issei with their enormous tits pushing up against each other and him.
    Rias: Speaking of which~
    Koneko: Oh, Issei!
    Raynare: Your harem has its needs, Issei!
34. It all descends into an orgy, with the girls paying each other at least as much attention as they do Issei.
35. Aika winds up getting into the orgy aspect as well.
36. And then, finally, they're all lying on the floor in a big pile.
    Issei: Ahhh, this truly is a pervert's paradise! Hehehe!

Pride and Joy

It was a dire situation, though Ranma had not yet realised precisely how dire it truly was. He was on a timer. If he didn't beat Happosai before dawn the next day, then he'd be stuck with the old man on his body until the day one of them died. Given how Happosai is, that might well be Ranma - the old pervert was a lot like a cockroach. In more ways than one.

Still, he was already aware of the problem and working on it, in a way. Hrm? That phrasing, you ask? Oh, think nothing of it. There's really not much to read into it, honestly. To start with, he was testing out the old man's reactions. They were as sharp as ever, as a few bruises on his body could attest. Luckily, he had a bit of help right now, in the form of a horny Chinese warrior woman, who was under a spell that made her breasts get bigger when she got too horny.

"Oh no Shampoo's dress no can hold them any longer!" she said a little flatly, and a little more loud than she should have. She got Happosai's attention though, and kept it when she slid her dress down over her breasts and let them loose.

"Hotcha!" Happosai cheered, diving for them and, in the process, dragging Ranma's face along for the right. Because he was currently keeping a foot on Ranma's forehead, to maintain that contact they had to keep. He snuggled into Shampoo's tender bosom, which made her shudder in revulsion, but Ranma silently resolved to make it up to her later on with a deep, deep, so deep dicking. He raised his fist and swung in for the strike -

Then wound up clobbering himself on the head when Happosai slid around to his neck.

"Honestly now, Ranma my boy!" Happosai chuckled. "I can appreciate that you want me off of you, really I do - but a piece of advice? Hide your killing intent a bit better. It might work on others, but you'll have to get up pretty early to -"

Cue Shampoo clobbering him with her mace, which incidentally meant that Ranma took most of the hit.

"What the hell was that for?!" Ranma yelled.

"Shampoo try knock him out, then airen hit him!"

"If I'm still conscious, he will be too!" Ranma grumbled. That was the key problem with *that* idea. Happosai was a tough nut to crack. He had but a single weakness, and even Shampoo's amazing rack hadn't been sufficient to distract him.

"Kukuku, that's right, get each other all heated up," Happosai rubbed his hands together with glee while sitting atop Ranma's head. "Show me the good stuff! Rut like the beasts that you are! Hold nothing back, give this old man a show!"

Ranma tried to hit him again, but only managed to give himself a lump on the noggin. Happosai had jumped onto his fist, so he tried to pound him into the dirt, but only wound up

making a small crater as the old man scrambled up his arm. He considered charging into the wall, but at a certain point the school would probably make him pay for the damage. Clearly, they needed to take more drastic measures, but at least this situation couldn't get much worse!

Then the door to the school's rooftop flew open, revealing Akane, Ukyo and Nabiki, all in a fluster as they piled out in a heap.

"Oho, now we have comedy too!" Happosai jeered. "Come on girls, are you going to do a sexy Three Stooges routine? Nabiki, try slapping Akane's cheeks, while Ukyo bakes up some pies for you to throw and roll around in!"

"Ranma!" Akane yelled. "We just learned that - " She trailed to a stop, noticing that Shampoo had her tits out. Then nodded, and gave her former rival a big thumbs up. "Nice."

"Will you focus for one - " Nabiki pushed past her, caught sight of Shampoo's rack, then nodded and whistled. "Nice, very nice."

"Uh, girls?" Ukyo clonked their heads together. "Getting horny is making you bigger."

True enough. Their boobs had already gone up a size and a half since they'd come out onto the rooftop. Luckily, Ukyo wasn't under that spell, so she marched around to Ranma, avoided looking directly at Shampoo's *extremely* pleasant to look at boobs, and got right in Ranma's face. Which meant she was close enough for Happosai to crawl down to Ranma's chest, so he could grope at Ukyo's.

"Ranchan, if you don't get him off you by tomorrow he'll be on you forever!" Ukyo said. Then she slapped the back of the old man's head with a spatula. Broke the spatula. She pulled out another one and tried to prise him off, but... no good! "Nnnnrgh! Damn! He's *really* on there!"

"You hear that, old pervert?" Ranma demanded. He brought his fist down, but struck nothing but air yet again. "If you don't let me clobber you, we're stuck together!"

"Hrm, what's that?" Happosai jeered. "Stuck to the boy that is getting *so much ass*? The boy who turns into a cute busty babe with a splash of cold water? Now, pray tell. Why do you think that sort of news is any sort of motivation to let you get rid of me?!"

He leaped for Shampoo's chest yet again, but not in the sense you're thinking. Instead of going right for it, he made a leap that *looked* like he was heading there, but instead he dropped at the last moment and forced Ranma's face to eat the fist Shampoo had been preparing for him. Then he rebounded off the ground and flipped up the skirts of the Tendo sisters right inside Ranma's line of sight.

"Bwahaha!" Happosai couldn't help but laugh, "This is all quite wonderful, you know! Taste my revenge, Saotome! Taste it, and know the fear that will only come from defying your betters!"

It's unfortunate really, but Ranma was quickly punted into the air by Akane. "He'll survive that," she muttered to herself. "He's survived worse. Now we can plan out..."

She trailed off, staring directly at Shampoo's bare breasts.

"Can you cover those up already?!" Ukyo whispered. "They're very distracting!"

"Not distracting enough to keep old man busy," Shampoo sniffed.

"Oh no, I'm becoming dirtier than Happosai..." Akane whispered to herself, in total abject horror. "Alright, look. If we're going to beat that pervert, we have to *think* like a pervert. Here's what I've got..."

=====

Kukukuku! Happosai was enjoying this! Oh, how delightful it was to exact petty revenge! The pettier, the better! Like this, he'd be able to humiliate Ranma Saotome, while ensuring that he never got laid without Happosai being able to see it! When he went to the bath as a girl, he'd have Happosai right there to enjoy the experience!

"You might as well give it up, Saotome!" Happosai jeered as they fell back to earth. A fair way from the school, too. That Tendo girl had a hell of an arm when the mood took her. "I'll never let you hit me, no matter what you try! Hah!"

"Says you!" Ranma jeered, slamming his hand into his open palm where Happosai had been a moment ago, but no longer!

"Quit hitting yourself!" Happosai jeered, as Ranma rammed his knee into his elbow. "Quit hitting yourself!" It was petulant, it was immature, but have you met Happosai? He's those things in spades!

The boy soon landed on the ground, and Happosai would credit him this much. He was able to land from that height without hurting himself, truly a great landing. He sat in the palm of his young disciples hand, making faces at him, while he scowled and plotted out his next 'cunning' scheme to strike him.

"Instead of trying to hit me, why not spank that lady's fine ass?" Happosai taunted, nodding at the young woman walking by them. A pretty housewife, of Kasumi's calibre, and -

Smack! To Happosai's surprise, and apparently Ranma's as well, his hand lashed out to crack against that lady's glorious keister! She whirled around, frying pan in hand, and swung it hard right into Ranma's fist - right where Happosai was sitting!

"Pervert!" she complimented, then stormed off.

"Huh, that didn't work..." Ranma grumbled, scratching his head. "I guess I gotta be the one to -" This time, Happosai blocked it with his index finger, holding it away while glowering at

Ranma. Had he done that on purpose to provoke that reaction, or was he merely justifying it to himself after the fact...?

"Say, boy, why don't we head to the girl's locker room in the public bath? Watch them change!" He cackled ominously. Ranma's foot shuffled, and he shook his head. "Ohohoho, what's this now, what's this? Perhaps the pills are inducing a form of obedience in you, hrm?"

"Not on your life, I ain't some pervert!"

"Said the boy who is regularly railing no less than six of the hottest babes in town!" Happosai stuck out his tongue. "Come on, come on! Join the perv side! It's way better over here, you won't be in denial about it anymore!"

"Oh, yoo-hoo~"

Ranma lifted his head, and his eyes opened as wide as they could at whatever he was seeing. Happosai turned to take a look himself and - My, my, my! That was Akane, Nabiki, Ukyo and Shampoo wearing school swimsuits! Blue one pieces, so cute and pristine! Ah! And now Shampoo was carefully dousing the other three with water, while stepping back so she didn't turn into a cat!

What fun it was, watching them frolick around in those slimy uniforms! Akane was even adjusting the part around her waist, tucking it in, while Nabiki was leaning forward, putting her hands on the ground and thrusting her shapely ass up in the air. What fun, what fun, what fun this was!

...

"Ranma," Ukyo hissed. "Quit staring, and - "

"Huh?" Ranma grunted. "Oh. Oh!"

Happosai blocked Ranma's finger, then kicked off to flip him over onto his back. "Nice try, girls! But you'll have to distract me without distracting him as well!"

There was no reply to that, so Happosai turned around, and beheld Akane and Shampoo locking lips, and *holy fuck they were going in deep*.

"Like, y'know, that's a super good - " Nabiki began, but then slapped the side of her head. "I mean, that's a really good point. We've got to... Hey! You two, get off each other already!"

"Urgh, they got each other too horny and now they're going bimbo," Ukyo said. She stuck her battle spatula right in between them and had to prise them apart like it was the jaws of life. "Come on, you two, quit making out or we won't be able to bang Ranma without that old freak watching!"

"Yipe!" Akane snapped out of it, wide eyes, horrified beyond belief. "Ohhhh, and I'm starting to really need it, too!"

"You stay back of line, Shampoo first," Shampoo sniffed haughtily.

"Aw, trouble in paradise?" Happosai jeered. "Face it, m'boy! The longer this goes on, the dumber those girls will get! And the dumber they get, the more eager they'll be to - Hey, where are you heading?!"

"Off to the public bathhouse!" Ranma said. Then stopped, turned around and grabbed the bucket Shampoo had been using. Dousing herself in the cold water to become a girl. "You were totally right, we really should head off to check out the girls, tee hee!"

Now, that's the spirit! Onwards, without delay!

======

The four girls stared after Ranma, who was already skipping off quite quickly with Happosai clung to her breasts, and didn't know what the hell they should make of this.

"Is... Is airen going loopy?" Shampoo asked. "Why go give old pervert what he want?"

"Total distraction?" Nabiki shrugged. "I guess we're a bit too obvious and direct, he'll know we're doing something. Darn, I had some sunscreen for my legs and everything..."

"I guess that should work..." Ukyo muttered to herself. "I mean, if there's naked girls all over the place, then Happosai will be too busy taking it all in to defend himself from Ranma... While Ranma won't get distracted just because there are naked girls there."

"But there is hot water at a public bath," Akane slowly sounded out. "Hot water. While Ranma's naked... Meaning a whole bunch of girls will get exposed to -"

Exposed to Ranma's ludicrously monstrous penis. In an instant, his harem would swell to unimaginable size, as countless girls would want a piece of him, and they would *not* take no for an answer after seeing *that* monster!

"After them!"

They didn't need telling twice.

=====

Right away, Ranma was seeing a potential problem here. Looking inside the building, there was a big warning sign with Happosai's face on it, and a big red X through it. Apparently he'd pissed off the owners enough that they'd banned him. Which might be the most sensible decision Ranma had seen literally anyone in Furinkan make ever since he'd come here.

"What?" Happosai asked. "Come on, give your master what he wants, get me inside there!"

"How, exactly, are we supposed to manage that?" Ranma asked. "Hide you under my clothes? Pretend to be pregnant?"

Happosai stared up at her with big, big saucer plate-like eyes. He probably thought he was being cute, like that, but it really wasn't. Urgh. Ranma's plan was supposed to be a pretty simple one. Sneak Happosai in, jump on him to keep him from seeing anything, and use that to weaken him enough that she could score a free hit. It was a dirty play, but it was the best she could do under the circumstances. Therefore, she'd have no choice but to barge right on in, hope they didn't bar her as well, and then -

"Ranma, no!" Akane wailed. "Don't let that old pervert boss you around!"

"You're stronger than some stupid spell!" Ukyo grabbed her from behind.

"Eh, you girls, quit appealing to her sense of pride," Nabiki strolled in front of her, rolling her eyes. Huh? That was weird. Her chest was kinda bobbing around unnaturally. Was it undergoing a growth spurt because she was getting horny again? "Instead you've got to, like, appeal to her more base instincts, and stuff. Wanna see, big boy?"

"He does!" Happosai applauded. "I mean, she does! Oh, I can never get the hang of this pronoun thing where your curse is involved."

"... You actually *care* about that?" Akane asked.

"Well, yes! I'm a pervert, but I'm a straight pervert, it's important to me the body that I'm hitting on!"

"That makes more sense," Ukyo sighed, but Ranma's attention was fully captured by Nabiki's chest, the way it was moving was very strange. Bouncing underneath her swimsuit, which she slowly peeled off to reveal -

"Nyaaaa!"

"Caaaaaat!"

More specifically, Shampoo's cursed form, which poked its head out and took a big gulp for air, right before jumping onto Ranma's face. A fine plan, I think you'd agree. Ranma was a tough martial artist, but when the cat-fist was involved that skill was multiplied up. Instinct! Razor sharp ki-claws! Greater speed, greater agility - but lower tactical ability, as that keen martial artist's brain made a hard turn from on-the-spot-strategic-genius to refined and absolute instinct!

"Cat! Cat! Get it off, get it off, get it *ooooooffffff!"*

... Once you got past the part where she was running around like a lunatic trying to shake the damned thing off.

"Quick, Saotome! Into the girl's bathing area!" Happosai yelled, and Ranma made a charge right for that very spot. Great plan girls, absolutely stellar, nothing like a rampaging lunatic barging into the girl's part of the bathing house, windmilling her arms around as if she was trying to work out how birds did that whole flight thing. Was it panic that made her react that way? Was it the manipulation of the master/servant pill? Who can say?

Either way, Ranma snapped out of her panic state the very same instant she wasn't a she anymore. Largely because Shampoo wasn't a cat anymore, and the sort of panic a healthy young boy feels when being held by a naked healthy young girl feels is typically very different from 'Deathly phobia'. Generally. If the boy is straight. I mean, there are exceptions to all such general rules, we don't need to list them all. The point is that Ranma's emotional state was a fair bit calmer in one sense, but more excited in another.

Though that quickly returned to panic upon realising what he'd just done. Exactly as Happosai had said! This pill... it must be influencing his actions! Oh no... Was the old man truly becoming his Master? Then there were all the girls hanging around here! What should he do? He couldn't let Happosai see them all like this, and since he was in boy form leaping out right now would only get him beaten up and maybe even arrested!

Luckily for him, Shampoo is a canny bitch at the best of times, and if there's anything you want on your side it's a super hot, super cute canny bitch. Thus, she grabbed his wrist and lifted it out of the water with one hand while the other covered Happosai's eyes.

"Eek, Happosai!" she yelled. Ranma tried to rise up out of the water, but her foot stomped on his face. Yipe! H-hey, come on now, there's no cause for that! He couldn't breathe like this, you know? It's not like he'd taken a deep breath before diving in, what with the screaming he'd been doing before diving in!

Fortunately she didn't keep him down for long before hauling his ass out of there. It was just the two of them now, the women had all fled for the hills, no doubt from practise in escaping the old creep. That brought forth a big sigh of relief. Phew! At least the worst of it was over now!

Oh, but then Shampoo grabbed the back of his head and went *deep*.

"Shampoo no can hold it no more," she said, sounding desperate, absolutely at her limit. "Need airen to fuck Shampoo, fuck Shampoo right here and now. Too too horny, no can hold back."

Uh oh! The worst of it was coming along now!

"Shampoo, what about...?" she pointed at the old man now perched atop his head. He could feel the little creep up there, lying down. From the reflection in the water Ranma could see, he was doe eyed, watching Shampoo with great appreciation.

"No care anymore, too too horny," Shampoo moaned. She put her hands behind her head and thrust her chest out at his face, right as they went up *another* size. "If Shampoo no fuck soon, she go crazy!"

"You heard her, Ranma m'boy!" Happosai cackled. "Go ahead, take her. It's a martial artist's duty to help those who cannot help themselves. Hehehe!"

"Shut it, you!" Ranma yelled, reaching up and grabbing only air. The old man whirled around his body before settling back down in place, while he held Shampoo off with just one hand. But it was like holding off an octopus, as she started to kiss and lick his hand, making something awaken within him.

No, hold it down, don't give the old man the satisfaction of -

"Grab her tits!"

To his horror, Ranma couldn't help himself from grabbing at Shampoo's chest. A big meaty handful, and she was letting him do it! Oh no, oh no! His body was starting to obey Happosai's will! Before long he'd be - He'd be stealing panties, flipping skirts, and maybe even worse! Given how the girls behaved, he might even deprive his Treasure of sex to make them compliant to his will!

He tried to fight it off, but - Goddamn Shampoo's got an amazing rack. No, really, it's *superb*. Holy shit, it was already nice enough already but now? It was even better now that it was bigger, squishier, and -

"Alright, that's quite enough of that," Akane said, hauling Shampoo away. "I'm already in a bad mood because we had to pay for this idiot rushing in like that." Her hands slipped down to Shampoo's waist, grabbing onto her hips, pulling her close, and... And Akane's chest was every bit as big as Shampoo's. "Making me all horny like that is just the icing on the -"

The two of them then started to make out, right there and then. Oh. Oho! Ranma watched slack jawed, as the two of them *really* went for it now. What they were doing before was positively chaste compared to this. It was two girls who were *ravenous* for sex taking it out on one another, all but fucking themselves right where they stood.

But before Ranma could even react to *that*, the other two girls got in on the action as well. Nabiki first, licking at Shampoo's neck while her own by now ridiculous bust smooshed into her side. She shot Ranma a steamy glance, which was as much seduction as it was promise. 'All yours in a minute, big boy'.

The clincher, though, was Ukyo, who threw her hands up into the air and yelled "Fuck it, this is way too hot to not," and then proceeded to plant her face right in Akane's butt.

"Hehehe, you see Ranma," Happosai jeered, perched atop his head, while Ranma stared at them. "You're as dirty as I am. Now. Plant your seed in all four of their w-"

Clong. It happened without warning. It happened without ceremony. Perhaps it was because there was no killing intent, Happosai did not sense or react to the danger until it was too late, but whatever the case may be, for the second time in his life Happosai had just been cockslapped.

Yes. He was on top of Ranma's head at the time. Yes, it was Ranma's penis. Yes, it was so monstrously huge that, upon becoming rapidly erect, it had slapped Happosai's face very, very hard. In fact, it shot him off like a rocket, into the male side of the bathing area, where he lay twitching and writhing, but... But that time hadn't been quite as bad as the first. He could recover from this...

Or so he thought until he rolled over and took a glance at the Furinkan Bodybuilder's club, who were doing a pose off during rinse down. That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and he was out like a light yet again.

As for the girl's side of the pool, Ranma stepped forward, eyes practically glowing with list. Breathing heavily, he let his cock fall right on the bridge of Akane and Shampoo's noses. Naturally, this caught their attention immediately, and made them turn their attention from each other to him. In turn, Nabiki and Ukyo as well.

All four of them began to kiss and lick along his shaft with deep reverance, operating as one, somehow not getting in each other's way as they worshipped its length. Enraptured in full by its presence, debasing themselves willingly for Ranma's penis.

"Treasure," Ranma grumbled, his voice not quite sounding like his own. Eyes fluttering as he looked at them, patting them on the head in turn. Shampoo managed to earn the head of his dick, capturing it with her mouth. "You are my treasure. I am the only Master here. None shall make me their slave."

"Mmmm... Master..." Akane, Ukyo and Nabiki all moaned. Shampoo merely moaned around the head of Ranma's cock.

"You accept it," Ranma continued. "All four of you. No resistance anymore. This is your purpose. To be part of my hoard! And in exchange for your beauty, I shall keep you safe from all that would despoil you."

Normally, such things would be extremely offputting, to say the least, but these four seemed rather into it for some reason. Ranma himself barely seemed aware that he'd said it. All he was thinking about was how his balls had been aching, and how much he absolutely needed to unload on them.

And unload he did, covering the four of them with hot white stick goop, his balls emptying out all over them. Marking them as his. His and only his. All four of them, in turn, came as one, and began to lick at each other's faces, uncaring of dignity, only seeking one thing and one alone: The pleasure that came from their reverence and service of Ranma's penis.

Yet Ranma himself was far from sated. He took them all one at a time, using the other girls to brace them as he dicked them all into a state of total, unforgettable bliss... Or at least, it would be unforgettable if not for the fact that he gave this very thing to them on a daily basis, sometimes multiple times a day. In light of that, even something this intense, this normally unforgettable, would be washed away like a raindrop in the ocean.