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Code Geass Vampire

The Black Knights were a vigilante group composed primarily of disgruntled Elevens, within the conquered Area Eleven. This had been quite deliberate on the part of Zero, rather Lelouch, its leader and founder. He did not want yet another revolutionary group for Britannia to quickly demonise and harass. While the true goal of the organisation was ultimately revolutionary and rebellious, his intentions were to begin by focusing on organised crime and terrorism - that is to say, dismantling efforts at both.

By doing so, he would become a hero in the eyes of many. While the government would, inevitably, criticise and demonise him there would also be many who would voice their approval even within the echelons of Britannia. How dare those corrupt fools break the law, they might say. Getting away with it for so long. Killing, stealing, looting and shattering the social contract? Yes, that would build up support for their cause in due course.

Then, over time, he would shift his attention to the corrupt actions of the state itself. Expose the ways in which they abuse their authority and make life more difficult for even the regular Britannian citizenry. Shine a light upon that which was concealed by media control, compel them to either clean it up themselves - or face an irate populace who would clean it up for them. That was the idea, that was the plan.

There was only one major problem with it: Lelouch had underestimated exactly *how* corrupt, and how *blatant* Britannia were about it. He knew it was there. He had fully expected to find it fairly easily. Not this easily. Not this nakedly or brazenly.

Tonight, they were attacking a research facility engaged in experiments that were outlawed even under Britannia's excuse for a legal system. A black site, kept of the books, uncovered largely because Lelouch's own accounting team (thank you, Lady Kaguya) were experts in their own right.

"Onwards, my Black Knights!" Lelouch, in full Zero garb, pointed forwards dramatically as they entered. As always, leading the charge himself, for a King must lead if he is to be followed. Stalking through the facility in his own Nightmare frame, he felt disgust rise upon looking around the room. The victims were, of course, primarily Japanese. Downtrodden, desperate... and from the looks of things, completely drained of blood. What twisted experiments had they been conducting here? What mockery of science was this?

While the rest of the Black Knights secured the facility, Lelouch took special note of a room at the back. It was more reinforced than the others. Approaching with care, he took note of the encryption keeping it sealed. A trivial matter for him to breach, they'd already found this code a few weeks ago...

The large door swung open, and Lelouch stepped inside. There was... someone lying in a coffin in the middle. How strange. Lelouch entered, not certain what to make of it.

"Are you awake?" Lelouch asked. There was no sign of pathogens. The room wasn't airtight either. It was sturdy, but it was plainly designed to hold a person like a prison cell, rather than act as a quarantine. "Are you alive...?" There was no life signs from the person. How unfortunate.

But then, that person sat up. Lelouch gasped in fright. There was no heat signature! The Facstphere was detecting no sign of life at all from him either! No breathing, no heartbeat - nothing! "Hsssss!" the figure all but screeched, and then leaped for Lelouch's Knightmare, ripping open the cockpit in the blink of an eye. Lelouch lifted his hand to aim a gun at the strange man, but all he wound up with was his wrist being bitten into.

"Get off of me!" Lelouch yelled, dropping the gun in his cockpit. "Ahhhh! You're - You're drinking my blood?! What is this?"

Now the nature of this containment made sense! Britannia was holding a monster in here! It must have fed upon those Japanese as well! No matter! Lelouch scooped the gun up in his other hand and pointed it point blank into the monster's forehead, then pulled the trigger. The recoil sent him flying and - And from there, he passed out. The darkness quickly taking him as the sudden blood loss and excitement quickly overwhelmed him...

He woke up a few hours later with C.C. standing over him. A concerned expression on her pretty face. Lelouch looked around. He was in a private room, a bandage around his wrist.

"It's alright, the creature is dead," C.C. assured him. "After it attacked you, the rest of the Black Knights came to investigate and they crushed its body into mulch. I made sure nobody took your mask off. You're welcome, by the way."

"The facility is secured?" Lelouch asked wearily. "Were there any survivors?"

"No, there were not," C.C. said. "The facility staff is being questioned currently. They believed they had captured some form of superhuman being."

"In that case, engage in the debrief on my behalf. I believe under the circumstances, the Black Knights will understand." It damaged his image ever so slightly, but he was feeling quite dizzy. Hungry, too. For some reason, the nape of C.C.'s neck was looking especially appealing.

Which was strange, as he was aware of her beauty in a dispassionate manner. She was the sort that could turn the head of any man that took her fancy - but he was a little too coldhearted for that kind of fun. Although, right now... he was feeling keenly aware of her presence as a woman. It felt dangerous, somehow. Very, very dangerous...

"I'll have Kallen stand by to monitor your situation while I'm gone," C.C. said. Alright. Sounded good to him. She handed his mask over and Lelouch slipped it on. Just in time, too - for Kallen arrived right there and...

And...

It was strange. Very strange. A hunger was welling up inside of him, and it grew more insistent when he caught sight of Kallen Kozuki. Strong, passionate, very beautiful. Bursting forth with life in a way that C.C. was not. Quite the paradox for an immortal, don't you think?

"How is he?" Kallen asked.

"Groggy, but recovering," C.C. said. "You're certain that thing is dead?"

"I roasted its body with the Radiant Wave Surger. It's not coming back from that."

And so, he was left alone with Kallen, which felt extremely dangerous. Although he still felt strangely groggy, the hunger was gnawing at the back of Lelouch's mind. A hunger that Kallen could sate quite easily. Trivially, in point of fact. In any event, she was now standing at the foot of his bed in an at ease stance. Overlooking him like a protector. His sword and shield both.

"Did anything else of note happen while I was unconscious?" Lelouch asked. "How have they reacted to my assault out there?"

"It's good to know that you're human," Kallen said. "They're worried, glad you're making a speedy recovery."

That was strange. So very, very strange. Every word she spoke was like a morsel of food being dangled in front of his face. It went down his spine, into his guts and made him want to tremble from how ravenous it was making him. A beast was awakening within. Something even Lelouch was afraid of letting loose. Yet he could not look away. Not for a second. Her presence was overwhelming. He could not look away, could not ignore her, couldn't not smell her or be aware of her being there, and the more time passed the more aware of her he became.

She was certainly something, wasn't she? A fine young woman. A very, very fine young woman. Any man would be lucky to have her, would they not? Smart, capable, strong, beautiful, compassionate and fearless.

"Huh, that's weird..." Kallen said. "Your life signs aren't registering properly... This must not be attached correctly. One second."

She leaned over to adjust the attachments monitoring his heart beat, and when she did she exposed her neck to him. That was when the line was crossed. He ripped the mask off, grabbed her around the mouth, then hauled her in and -

And sweet, sweet vitae dripped down the back of his throat. Ah! That taste, it was sublime! Kallen screamed into his hand, but the shock soon gave way to a more erotic moan, a whimper that Lelouch knew was being caused by the bite, his kiss upon her neck.

He cradled her close, and she helped him by climbing onto the bed. He enjoyed the sensation of feeling her body close to his. Her warmth, her strength, it nourished him as surely as her blood did - and then as his belly felt full he passed out again, happy and sated. Oblivious to what he'd just done, still unaware of what sort of monster he was now.

=====

Kallen Kozuki was a woman of two halves, battling it out and leaving her a bitter frustrated mess. She had directed this frustration towards her father's side, so to speak. Britannia. Screw Britannia. A bunch of bullies who sought to bring others down solely so they could lord over them. Kallen hated it. She despised it. That's why she'd felt such a strong attraction to Zero, who opposed their bullying in his own way.

Ah... But this sudden attack by Zero had changed that. As she felt her lifeblood draining away, something else replaced it. A sense of power. Real power. Confidence in herself. The ability to take what she wanted and damn everyone else. What did she want...? Zero, of course. She wanted to be Zero's woman. Because he was strong. Intelligent. Superior. An ideal mate, who would provide her with healthy, strong offspring. Who would help her care for such offspring. Who would be perfectly suited for her needs going forward.

By the time he slumped back in the bed, Kallen was sprouting a pair of fangs, which she tested with her tongue. She shifted her weight where she stood, sensually embracing this new wonderful feeling coursing through her. Yes. Yes! Yes!

Looking back and seeing that Zero was, in fact, Lelouch didn't surprise her as much as it should have. It felt like, from the moment he bit her, she knew deep in her heart that this was true. He was sleeping now. His mask not too far away. She returned it to him, licked her lips and looked over his sleeping body recovering from the attack that had befallen it.

The reason why was obvious to her on sheer instinct alone. He was still fighting it. Still fighting the true nature of what they were now. The beast inside. That was fine. Kallen would hide it, too. She would hide it from him until he adjusted, or... Perhaps, she might make it a bit easier for him? Yes, that seemed viable as well. Make it easier for him to fall, fall into the darkness alongside her, and then together they would rule the night as Prince of Darkness and his rising Empress. For this, intoxicated by her new power and new life, she would cast aside her Japanese side and embrace her Britannian heritage for good!

Such a sweet destiny! Oh, she could hardly wait to begin!

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Hrmph. How typical. Shirley was being left saddled with the work that Lelouch and Kallen were meant to do. Honestly now, it was so frustrating. They needed to learn a bit of responsibility. She had better things to do with her time than this, it was already past sundown as it was!

When she heard the door open, she all but jumped to her feet.

"And what time do you call this?" Shirley demanded, full on mother hen mode activated. You know the pose, hands on her hips, leaning forward slightly, steam billowing off her body from the sheer frustration. "Kallen Stadtfeld, were you at some kind of fancy dress party? You could have said something!"

Indeed, Kallen was dressed up in something quite unusual. A soft black evening dress with a big heavy skirt. Her upper body was dressed in a lace ribbon and a short tailored jacket. Her hands were adorned with long lace gloves, not exposing any skin at all besides that which was on her face.

"Oh, pardon me," Kallen said. Moving further into the room, Shirley could see that she looked unusually pale. "It was something sprung on me at the last possible moment. Is there some way that I could make this up to you?"

"Maybe you could cover for me next time -" Shirley began, only for Kallen to breeze across the floor and suddenly be right in her face. Were her eyes always this kind of bright crimson? It was strangely mesmerising. The contrast between them and the strange whiteness of her skin was... compelling. It was almost as though it was reaching out and compelling Shirley to study her face. Mathematically determining how and why it was aesthetically irresistible.

How strange. She knew that Kallen was beautiful, but seeing her this close was like... something else entirely. She felt mesmerised. Utterly entranced. She had been so angry before, so infuriated. Yet it was all sort of drifting off her, like it was melting away from her body and flowing off into the atmosphere. Ahhhh, what a nice feeling this was.

"How about this, then?" Kallen asked. "I shall judge you worth joining the harem of Lord Lelouch, as one of his concubines. You, I, and he, shall live together in blissful harmony." Her eyes sparkled with eternity glowing behind them. "You may have your prince charming, and more besides. All of your dreams shall come true. Would that make it up to you?"

"Yes, it -" Shirley began, only for Kallen to put her finger to the girl's lips.

"Shush now," Kallen whispered. "If you accede to my reasonable request, one need only answer with a kiss. And then... I shall give you a far more intimate kiss. How does that sound, Shirley Lamperouge?"

It sounded heavenly. Shirley leaned forward, pressing her lips into Kallen's. Yet another curiosity. They were hot and cold at the same time. How strange. How very, very strange.

The two girls clung on to one another tightly. Shirley deepened the kiss, fully entranced by Kallen's charm. When the stronger girl pulled her mouth away and began to trail down Shirley's cheek, along her jawline, down to the nape of her neck, she didn't give it any thought at all. Instead, she turned her head to embrace the kiss.

Then she felt something peculiar, painful at first... but then after that, pleasure of the purest sort coursed through her, and she clung harder to Kallen for dear sweet life, even as her life was drained away and replaced with something more... Sensual, something eternal, and a lot less natural.

All of a sudden she wasn't going to much care if her time was being wasted. She was going to have a lot more of it going forward.

When it was all over, Shirley let out a heavy sigh and bared her fangs. "Mmm... I am so very ready to flaunt it all for my man!" she cackled, no trace of the nice girl shyness that defined her personality. "What do you want to do now, Mistress? Shall we have a threesome with Lord Lelouch?"

"A threesome would be a fine idea," Kallen said. She playfully spanked Shirley on the rear, making the swimmer jump in a combination of shock and arousal. "However, I have an even better one!"

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"Someone had better be dead, or someone's gonna be dead..." Milly grumbled to herself as she stumbled to her door, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She wasn't normally in this grumpy a mood. Indeed, she was well known for her typically upbeat demeanour and playful (read: Flirtatious) attitude.

Still, being awakened in the middle of the night by insistent knocking at your door would render even the peppiest and friendliest of us in no mood at all to deal with nonsense. She did have an appearance to maintain though, as such she forced a big wide smile on her face and -

Oh gosh, she was fully awake now. Standing in her doorway were Kallen and Shirley, in the most unusual costumes. Kallen looked like she'd come in from a dinner set at a nobleman's house a hundred years ago, while Shirley -

She was wearing a rather slinky white dress. My, my. Felt like showing off some leg today, did she? How unlike her. The hairstyle looked quite odd as well. A beehive look? It honestly wouldn't be possible to more abruptly wake her up if you dumped ice water down her back.

"Well girls, fancy seeing you here," Milly said. "Was there a party going on, and why was I not invited?"

"Consider this your invitation," Kallen said. She made to take a step - but stopped. "Ah, may we come in?"

"Certainly, come in, let's have a slumber party."

The two of them smiled at each other, and then pushed Milly inside her own room. It was almost as though they were waiting for her to invite them inside for some reason. Once they were in, Kallen closed the door and the two of them began circling around and around Milly, eying her up from head to toe.

"Well, aren't we frisky?" Milly joked, though she wasn't complaining. "My, my. Having two pretty girls visit me in the dead of night. How lucky am I?"

"Luckier than you realise," Shirley said, looking to Kallen as if waiting for her approval on something. Which Kallen apparently gave, with a very slight nod as they suddenly lunged forward - With Kallen sealing her lips around Milly's, holding her head in place so that she couldn't break away. Her strength was surprising, to say the very least! Meanwhile, Shirley was pushing into her from behind, kissing the nape of Milly's neck quite severely. Unexpected, but she always did think deep down the girl had a kinky side, those who complain the loudest about dirty jokes often -

Oooh! Did she just bite - Ohhhhh~ Milly suddenly felt like she was sinking into quicksand. A strong heady feeling overtook her, as her arms wrapped around Kallen's head. Pulling her closer. Kissing her back. Tenderly, lovingly, licking her lips as she felt Shirley drain away her life. Trapped between the two of them, the beautiful council president felt herself falling, falling, into an endless abyss.

When she awoke, she found both of them standing over her. Milly sat up, feeling powerful. Sensual. A true presence in the world. Like she could walk into any room, and be the immediate centre of attention - so long as said room did not have those two inside it as well.

"So, how do you feel?" Shirley asked, flashing a big bright smile and letting her fangs glimmer. So beautiful, so cute! Milly reached up her hand and was pulled up to her feet, where she could take a better look at herself.

In contrast to Shirley's white outfit, Milly was now wearing a rather sexy black dress. A nice amount of cleavage on display, got some thigh going on as well. Very nice. It contrasted pleasantly with her now pale flesh. She couldn't help but give it a twirl around. Oh! And her hair was done up in a beehive, just like Shirley! How nice.

"I feel quite lovely, darling!" Milly replied, testing out her own teeth and feeling similar fangs. And a deep abiding hunger to come along with it.

"So, now that there are three of us, shall we officially call ourselves Lord Lelouch's harem?" Kallen asked. The other two licked their lips hungrily. Oh yes. Definitely. At this point, calling them anything else felt fundamentally wrong.

"Why, Lady Kallen, I do have to say," Milly cackled wickedly, a much more haughty tone than usual. "This idea of yours is simply to die for! Ohohohohoho!"

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This was troubling, to say the least. There could be no doubt about it. Lelouch was certain. He was no longer human. Instead, he had become a creature of the night. A beast of myth and legend. A vampire! Possessed of inhuman strength, a thirst for human blood, an inability to stay out during the day...

In truth, it was that last point that irked him the most. He would be unable to attend Ashford like this. If he could not attend Ashford, then he would be in an ill position to take care of Nunnally. Worse, she would feel the difference instantly. The second he held her hand, or touched her in any way, the contrast in his skin, the lack of pulse, would immediately alert her that something was amiss.

He was despondent. Unable to even look at himself in the mirror. How could this have happened? How could this possibly get any worse for him?! This completely derailed all of his plans! Using this power to defeat Britannia - what would the point of it be?

But then, as he bemoaned his fate and tried to come up with a solution, the door to his chamber opened wide, revealing three beautiful women standing there and -

Badumf. For a moment his heart pounded in his chest. Badumf! It was Kallen, dressed in a strangely rich dress. Badumf. It was Shirley, wearing a rather flimsy white dress that showed off more of her figure than her swimsuit. Badumf. It was Milly, standing there all coy and seductive, staring at him like he was a piece of meat.

Part of him liked the way they were staring at him. Most of him was horrified at the realisation they all had pale flesh and fangs like his own.

"That wasn't a dream!" he realised. "I bit Kallen, and now she has turned the rest of you as well!"

"That's right, my Lord," Kallen said, slinking her way into the room. Before he could move away, she punned him up against the wall and began to grind her back into his chest, forcing him to

feel her luscious womanly figure. "The three of us have decided that from now on, you shall be our Lord and Master."

"And if I do not want to be your Lord and Master...?" Lelouch asked, though part of him was starting to whisper... that sounded pretty great, honestly. Go for it. Go for it, right now! Wait! That was the new side of him awakening. He must ignore that side of him as best he can. It had clearly laid claim to these three, but he was stronger than -

Than Milly glomming onto his left arm, pinning it between her breasts and whispering into his ear - "I think we can change your mind," before sticking her tongue in his ear, which felt really, really nice and was so unexpected he was barely able to articulate his next response.

"Ladies, please! You are not behaving like yourselves!" Lelouch complained. But the last of them, Shirley, held tightly onto his right arm and kissed his cheek. An act that almost seemed cute and innocent compared to the rather lewd behaviour of the other two.

"I've been holding back on showing my passion for you out of shame and insecurity," Shirley said. "No more. Now, I am a creature of the night, and with Mistress Kallen's prior permission, I'm going to rock your underworld."

The situation was worse than he'd realised. All three of them were thoroughly corrupted by - well, by him! He should take responsibility, shouldn't he (No, you're justifying it to yourself)? He should try to keep them contained so that they do not hurt anyone else (yet further self-justification). Besides, Britannia was already experimenting with vampires as it was (while true, this is no reason to revel in this power yourself), so wouldn't that mean they might make an army of vampire soldiers with which they would dominate and enslave the masses (again, that merely means you need countermeasures to this).

Furthermore, he needs some means by which to control these girls (yes, definitely). In which case, regular sex seemed like the best possible remedy (now we're back to self justifying). Yes, if he gave them the satisfaction they so desperately needed, then he'd be able to keep them from turning anyone else (or you'll be their pet instead! Master in name only!)

"Very well then!" Lelouch announced with a voice full of bombast and pomposity, bordering on arrogance. "In order to combat Britannia, it is clear that greater steps are still required. Kallen, you shall become my Queen of the Night!"

"Gladly, darling!" Kallen cooed.

"Turn the rest of the Black Knights into our thralls," Lelouch continued. "Otherwise, they may not so readily agree to our new changes." Yes, that would do the job. It would do very nicely indeed! As for Milly and Shirley... "We shall transform Area Eleven into our own Kingdom, from which we shall spread our freedom as a bat spreads its wings. I would have the two of you help me transform Ashford Academy into a base of operations."

"Of course, beloved!" both girls cooed hungrily into him, writhing up against him. In turn, Lelouch let his hands trail down their backs. Drinking in their luscious feminine figures, pulling them closer to himself. Closer, yes, closer...

"But first, should we not enjoy ourselves?" Kallen asked. "Celebrate our new... relationship? To the fullest passion. Drink deeply of the well, and show you with our bodies how much we adore you!"

That almost sounded like an order the way that she phrased it... but Lelouch did like the way it sounded. "Very well, girls! Show me, my ladies of the night. Assist Kallen in pleasuring me, show me the depths of your passion. Tap into the beast lurking within, and satisfy me to the best of your basest capabilities."

That was all the invitation they were waiting for. Almost as though they had been holding back, just barely enough, until Lelouch gave them permission. Kallen turned around, and as she did so Milly dipped down and yanked Lelouch's trousers to the floor while Shirley used her tongue to undo his buttons, then the two girls on the side pulled his arms through his sleeves while Kallen rubbed her hands all over Lelouch's pecs, while thrusting out her chest. An invitation for him to do the same to her, no doubt. Very well! He would respond in kind gladly!

Why wouldn't he? Kallen's chest was, to say the least, extremely pleasant to touch. Her breasts were perky, healthy, a very nice shape that were begging for a man to grope them. Of course, any man but he to make the effort would soon find himself without hands at all.

With him disrobed, it was Kallen's turn next. Milly and Shirley were a whirlwind of activity, stripping her of her dress in a clean methodical way. Gathering up the material one piece at a time, stacking it neatly away for later use. She stepped out the lower half of the dress, and her pale legs ached for his touch as much as the rest of her. Ah! But then Milly removed the top half, and his attention was returned to those breasts yet again! Truly, he was spoiled for choice.

Anyone else would have been unable to make the decision, but Lelouch was much smarter than most people. As such, he engaged in a rather simple strategy to have his cake and eat it to - he faceplanted himself in Kallen's cleavage while his hands grabbed some nice juicy thigh.

"Very good, my Lord!" Kallen said, patting him on the head. "Drink your fill, while we drink ours."

Ah, and now the other two were joining in. He could feel them grabbing onto him, writhing their obviously naked bodies up against him. As if they were trying to ensure not a glimmer of light could pass between them.

All four of them sank to the floor, in much the same way they had sunk into darkness. Together, they would express their newfound mutual passion, and it would cast a shadow over the entire world.

Danganronpa The Ultimate Playboy

Hey, hey everyone! It's me, your favourite! I've arrived once again on the scene! The one, the only - and some say thank God for that - Junko! Enoshima! Thank you, thank you, I can hear your thunderous applause all the way from this side of the fourth wall. I *know* just how relieved you are that I'm taking attention away from that dork Makoto. I mean, I'm sooooo much more interesting than him right? Hrm? No? Come on. A babe as cute as this, with this much overflowing charisma? Don't lie! I can see right through it~

Don't know if you've heard, but analysis is kinda my thing, you know? Oh, sure, I get called Ultimate Despair or Ultimate Fashionista, but - you've seen that spinoff, right? The one where I deliberately erase my own memory and take up the role of the Ultimate Analyst? Well! Some could say that the Despair that I was born with came alongside that ability to analyse the world around me with far, far greater clarity than the human mind was meant to be capable of. And so - boredom set in, and Despair was the one and only thing that alleviate that crushing, hopeless boredom. So I could only hope for despair, or despair for hope -

Yada, yada, I'm sure you know the drill by now, right? Fine, fine. I'll promise one thing for you, let's call this a personal challenge. No matter how bored I get with my current personality, I'll try to stick through it for the purposes of narration. Should make it easier for you to read. Right?

So where to begin? How about the day I arrived at Hope's Peak? Fresh faced, ready to stir up some mayhem. I had plans. I had plans to ruin those plans, and also plans to ruin the plans that would ruin those plans. Like a jenga tower of despair. Or an onion. Whichever metaphor works best for you. Anyway! I was in the same class as my dumb twin sister Mukuro Ikusaba - and no, I'm not explaining the fact we have different surnames. Not only is it not relevant but I've been asked about it so many times that explaining why I'm not telling it is getting almost as boring as telling it.

In we went, stalking through the corridors, the Sisters of Despair. Myself, a beautiful fashionista playing the part of a ditzzy airhead to hide my true potential. Mukuro, like a soldier with no sense of style at all. I was reasonably confident she'd be able to murder everyone here, but that Despair would be a pale shade of what I was hoping to bring about. I could hardly wait to meet my classmates. My fellow Ultimates. Corrupting them, twisting them, making them fall to Despair - ohohohohoho! It made me want to laugh from imagining it! You can't even imagine the things I was imagining!

Then I stepped inside the classroom, glanced at them all to get my bearings, let them all drink me in as well. That's right boys, look at the pretty face and the sublime body that shuts off a boy's brain. Where did they look first? My splendid legs? My ample bosom? Perhaps my waist, or my face, or maybe even my hair?

Then I locked eyes with Makoto Naegi, and something odd happened. It hadn't happened before, not one time ever in my entire life.

I felt turned on.

That was almost enough to knock me off my act right there and then. I looked over at some of the other boys. Like that Byakuya guy, who is supposed to be kinda hot if you're into jerks, and - Nope, the arousal went away pretty hard. Same for Leon, Mondo, Chihiro - But then I looked back at Makoto and *oof*. Gimme some of that!

You're probably imagining that I flooded my panties or something like that, right? Sorry to disappoint you, but - no! Quit being gross about this. I'm the only one allowed to be gross about this, okay? That's the rule, I didn't make it. Oh, fine. I did make it up just now, did you like me toying with your head and immediately getting bored of it?

Think about it this way. The Princess and the Pea. You know the old story, right? It's a super short fairy tale. Mystery girl shows up to a castle claiming to be a Princess, and it's decided to test if she's a real Princess by putting a pea under twenty mattresses. If she feels something is off, then she must be a Princess because only someone brought up in pristine condition (AKA spoiled rotten) would notice something that small amiss. Right? Well! I've spent my entire life bored out of my skull feeling only despair! That little drop of lust was like a pea placed under my mattress. I couldn't ignore it if I wanted to. No matter how small it was.

Though what I could do was go right back into my ditzy act, put on a brave face and introduce myself to my future best friends. Like nothing had ever happened, while inside my twisted up mind I resolved to find out a bit more about this boy. Why he had brought about even that much of a reaction within me, when other more manly creatures, more typically handsome and attractive specimens were not too far away.

Most of the morning was spent with idle pleasantries, sowing seeds of Despair among the class. Insinuating they'd put on weight, or maybe they should change their diet. Offering 'fashion advice' that was tailor made to guide them down the route of Despair. Basically operating on auto-pilot for a while, until I was able to corner a few of the other girls at lunchtime.

"Hey, Aoi!" I said, putting on that grating nasally accent most airheads use. Aoi was the closest in class to being an actual airhead in class, mind. "Oh, Sakura too! So? How are you finding your first day?"

Aoi Asahina and Sakura "The Ogre" Ogami. The Ultimate Swimmer and the Ultimate Martial Artist. The former was a slender, svelte beauty with muscles in just the right places to make her swim like a mermaid. The latter, a musclebound beast who could snap a person in two in seconds.

"Ah, Junko!" Sakura said, radiating her usual intensity. Which would put off most people, but I knew full well that wasn't her intent at all. "Aoi and I were sharing advice on exercise regimes and diets. Would you be willing to share your views?"

"Sure, sure!" I cheerily beamed back at them. A smile that made me famous on countless magazine covers, given to these two for free. Aren't I generous? "First though, I am curious. You know us Fashionistas, right? We thrive on gossip. What do you think of the boys in class?"

"Huh? The boys?" Aoi gasped. "Ah, well, I don't really think we know them well enough to comment on that sort of thing yet."

"Oh, don't think that way!" I immediately replied. "First impressions, like, count for *tons* in forming a relationship. It's super duper hard to get past it. That initial physical attraction carries a relationship a long, *long* way, so... Why don't we rate the top three cutest guys? No particular order, just the first three that come to mind. Just for fun, you know? Go!"

"Uh...?" Aoi seemed kinda taken aback by that. "I mean, if it's just for fun then, I guess... Leon's kinda hot. Byakuya has that bad boy thing going on, and... Makoto's kinda cute."

"Indeed, Makoto Naegi has a quiet charm about him," Sakura said. "Though he is smaller in stature to most others in the class, the way he carries himself with confidence and..."

She trailed off. Both of them were looking off into the distance with a slight glazed expression in their eyes. Wow. Interesting. Super, duper interesting. They'd both noticed something about Makoto that got their engines running. Slightly different things, at that.

"Well girls, sorry to spoil your fun, but I'm pretty sure he's dating Sayaka!" Junko tittered. "I overheard them a little bit ago," A lie. I'd checked the records. "They were in middle school together, and - Oh! Mukuro! Sorry, gotta dash! Mukuro was, like, looking into this creepy stalker for me and I gotta talk to her about it. Catcha later, byzo!"

What an interesting reaction. So, it wasn't just me? Well, anyway. I grabbed Mukuro's dumb ass and dragged her off to my room. It was time for the Sisters of Despair to come up with a plan.

"Soooo, let's play a game," I said. "I want you to tell me the first word to come to mind when I say a name. 'Kay? Does your stupid brain understand that? Word association, right?"

"I understand," Mukuro said, but we'd soon see. She was really stupid in everything but killing.

"Hagakure!"

"Stupid." Paging Mister Kettle - but actually she was right here. He's one of the few people I've met who might actually be less intelligent than her.

"Celeste!"

"Gothic." Uh, show some originality here. Call her a bitch or something, or manipulative, be less predictable. Anyway, she did seem to have the general idea, so now I went right for the throat.

"Makoto."

"Studmuffin."

That seemed to surprise her a bit. Oh, look at that, she was turning bright scarlet! Couldn't maintain eye contact, breathing was getting shallow, and I bet if I took her pulse it'd be racing like mad.

"What's the matter? Got a crushie wushie on Makoto-woko?" I teased, then pushed her back onto the bed. "Alright sis. How about we kidnap him? Drag him here and rock his world? Does that sound fun to you?"

"Ah, wait - No, I mean..."

That stammered denial was extremely uncute, so I rolled my eyes and took a deep breath. What was it about Makoto that was setting everyone off? It's the sort of thing you notice when you're the Ultimate Analyst, you know? All the other girls, over the course of the morning, were all unconsciously showing signs of attraction towards him. Nothing major, we're not talking like 'hugely erect nipples' or 'rubbing their thighs while staring at him' or 'tossing their panties at him'. Smaller things, tinier signs. Stealing glances in his general direction, pupil dilation when he's in their line of sight, changes in breathing habits, little things like that.

The boy was like catnip for women. Which probably meant -

"Alright, sis! Time for a brand new operation!" I announced. "We have gym this afternoon, and so! I want you to enact Operation Hanky Panky! Here's what I want you to do."

=====

As for gym class, it went by without much incident. I made sure to keep attention on myself as much as possible while Mukuro snuck into the boy's room. All the while my mind was racing. Less watching Makoto than you'd think, but definitely watching the other girls.

It was fascinating. He didn't really do much to stand out from the others. His shirt was a bit baggier than it maybe should have been. Deliberately chose a size too big? I could see Sayaka chatting away with Kyoko right now, and - Yep, no question of it, Sayaka had definitely bagged that meat. Or was planning to in the near future. Do remember as well that in a logic system, 'or' is not exclusive by itself, both inputs can be true. Hrm... And if my reading was right then Sayaka was making a bold play for Kyoko Kirigiri, the Ultimate Detective, to join their fun.

How fruity! How delightful! How... long was Mukuro going to be? She'd been gone a whole five minutes at this point. Had something gone wrong? God, I hoped so, that would be so Despairful!

"Ah, sorry guys, back in a mo! Got a tummy bug!" I said, and scampered off towards the little girl's room. Then, once out of sight, ducked into the boy's locker room instead, where I found Mukuro...

"Ahhhh... ahhhh... ahhhh!" my twin sister was lying on the floor, holding a shirt up to her face and masturbating quite blatantly. Spreadeagle, pumping her fingers like she was digging for gold. "Shooo goooooood..."

"Oh for pity's sake," I stomped over, grabbed the shirt and slapped her across the face. "I can't send you on one simple task, you can't even... Oooh~"

This is the point where I flooded my panties. I took one whiff of Makoto's shirt, and - oof. It did confirm one hypothesis I was working off of. Pheromones. I could sort of taste something weird in the air around him, and this definitely confirmed it. Something in that boy made a woman's head feel funny and light, and it wouldn't surprise me if it was in higher concentration in the rest of his body fluids too.

Fascinating.

But we couldn't stand around letting our slutty sides out. For the time being, I wanted to run a few... tests. Using some samples grabbed from Makoto's shirt, which had passive amounts of sweat in there. Oof, good thing we were in a well ventilated area for the gym class, or it might've turned into an orgy already!

"You know, we could probably get another sample from his bloomers..." I mused aloud. "Oh well. This will do for now. Let's get the hell out of here before anyone catches us."

To my surprise, that statement did not result in the Principal or a member of faculty magically appearing behind us and dragging us off to detention. But now, my mind was awirl with possibility and potential.

This discovery was truly amazing. Makoto must know about it, too. Was he planning on building himself a little ol' harem? Right under everyone's nose? Or was he naive enough to think he'd be satisfied with just Sayaka? Puhuhuhuhuhu! It filled me with such Despair imagining the Despair he'd feel, if that were the case! Whatever his plans were - it didn't fucking matter anymore! Because now that Junko Enoshima was on the case, it was time for those plans to get motherfucking hijacked!

But first! I needed an expert in biochemistry. Now, where would I find one of those? I mean, here I am attending a school that is quite literally dedicated to scouting out the best and brightest in all manner of fields, bringing them to one place and then -

Oh. Right. How silly of me. Teehee!

=====

H-Hello there. M-My name is Mikan Tsumiki. I'm the Ultimate Nurse. Ah! But please don't think too highly of me. I only earned this title because I'm so accident prone I became an expert at treating myself. That's all. F-From there it was a much simpler matter to learn how to treat others, so - Well, I mean...

"Hey, quit trembling there, pig-barf!" Hiyoko yelled, bullying me again like always. "It's grossing me out! Make it up to me by bringing me something to drink!"

"Ah! Right away!" I barked like an obedient dog. In truth, I hated how much of a walkover I am, but - But I can't help it! People make me so - So nervous! Ohhhh, at least she was paying attention to me. That was something. So I scurried off to find a vending machine so that I could get Hiyoko something to drink, and then -

"Hello there," said a fellow student leaning casually against the vending machine. She was very pretty. Her hair was tied up in big twintails, and she carried this air of confidence about her that part of me was envious of. "I'm Junko Enoshima. You're Mikan Tsumiki, right? The Ultimate Nurse?"

"Y-Yes, that's right," I stammered. "Oh no, are you hurt? Is someone needing me to help them? Please, take me to the patient right away!"

"No, no, nothing like that!" Junko said. "Actually, I need your help on something a bit more... involved than merely medical treatment. You know a thing or two about biochemistry, right?"

"I... Suppose so?" I replied.

"Oh, thank goodness! Urgh!" Junko threw her hands into the air. "A whole school devoted to the best of the best, and there's no Ultimate Biochemist? I found an Ultimate Farmer, an Ultimate Botanist, an Ultimate Neurologist - but no Ultimate Biochemist? Come on now, there's not even an Ultimate Doctor or anything, how inconvenient is that?!"

How strange, towards the end of her rant Junko almost seemed happy at things not going the way she wanted. That was obviously a figment of my own weird, twisted imagination, because the kind of mentality that would behave that way would be even more strange than mine.

"S-So, you need some help with biochemistry?" I asked. "What sort of help?"

"I need you to study a sample for me," Junko said. "Don't ask why, I wanna see if you can notice what's weird about it, and explain to me why. Sound good?"

"Uh..." I replied hesitantly, backing away - and soon colliding with a rather scary looking girl who had a rifle across her back. Gulp! "Y-Yes, sounds good... Uh, could you please take something to Hiyoko for me? She's waiting for a drink."

Oh dear. Oh dear! I had a rather bad feeling about this. S-Still, someone was recognising my talent without actually being physically hurt, which was a good thing, right? That way, I could maybe feel a little good about showing off without having to worry at all about the patient.

Little did I know at the time how much my life was about to change. For soon enough I would soon be the first to join Junko's harem. Hehehe... lucky, lucky me!

=====

I am Mukuro Ikusaba, the Ultimate Soldier and twin sister of Junko Enoshima, the Ultimate Despair. Since we arrived at Hope's Peak Academy I have noticed certain discrepancies in my sister's behaviour - and on reflection, my own as well.

Through countless battles, I have taken more lives than I dare to keep track of without so much as a scar across my skin. No bullet wounds, no cuts, no scrapes, no bruises of any kind. I have succeeded in missions given a less than 1% chance of success. Infiltration, assassination, capturing a rogue element, reconnaissance and more besides. The closest I have ever come to failure was then, and there, in the boy's dressing room.

It was hard to explain. I had gone in, as per my sister's orders, to retrieve a sample of Makoto Naegi's sweat in secret. Yet when I picked up that shirt and began to study it for a good spot to extract a sample from, a strange feeling overcame me. I have endured g-force stresses that would knock out a regular person, as if I was strolling through a park. Yet this... this feeling was too intense for me to ignore.

I do not understand what it was. My body suddenly craved something that had long since been denied it. Had my sister not come to investigate my absence, then I would have surely been found in a compromising position when gym ended.

Despite that, Junko's admonishment was extremely light. It was almost as though she understood in full why it had happened - no, even then she would have done something to me. It was more like she didn't care. Something else had taken her attention, her full attention, and - And nothing had ever done that before.

It was that boy. Makoto. Something about him was *different* to other people we'd met. Take then, for example, while that Nurse was working on the sample in a laboratory. I approached Junko to give a mission report on reconnaissance of that boy. I pulled out the first two pictures that I had been able to take, and he was plainly waving to the camera in both.

"I was in full camouflage at the time," I said. "On further observation of his movements, it is clear that he was aware that I was looking at him, no matter the precautions taken. As such, I stopped direct observation -"

"Who told you to stop?" Junko yelled, grabbing me in a headlock and squeezing tight. It didn't hurt. A regular person would be bruised by this, but my body is made of sterner stuff than this. "Oh, geeze! This is why I call you a useless idiot!"

"Ah! I began indirect observation instead!" I continued. "I... I asked for the photographer from the upper class to take a picture with him in it, from a high up window as an experiment and - Well!"

I held out another photo. Makoto was looking squarely up at it, waving brightly. Gosh, he was so... Photogenic. Something about him was so pleasing to look at, and I could not articulate why.

"S-Since that didn't work, I manipulated Hifumi into taking a picture instead, and -"

This time, Makoto had his back to the camera. Totally oblivious. As if he wasn't aware the picture had been taken in the first place.

"Oooh, interesting!" Junko cackled, sorting through the rest of the pictures. "Let me guess - When a girl took the picture, he turned to look. When it was a guy, he was pretty oblivious right?" I nodded in meek confirmation. "Interesting! Puhuhuhuhu! I thought it was just pheromones, but this boy is more than merely the Ultimate Lucky Student! I saw him with Kyoko last night, by the way. Going out on a da~ate."

"There... are rumours circulating that they are an item," I said. "You weren't the only one to see them going out."

"Ultimate Lucky Student?" Junko said sarcastically. "Try Ultimate Getting Lucky Student! Still, I can't fault his tastes. I'd want to break the will of the apparently smartest babe in class too, if I had what I think he's got! Ohhhh, this has potential, Mukuro! I can't wait to see what Mikan has to say!"

They didn't have to wait long, because Mikan burst into the room with a panicked expression, then managed to trip over her own feet somehow before reaching them. How clumsy.

"Eeek! Where did you get this from?!" Mikan insistently screeched. "Th-This is really, really bad! We have to tell the faculty, right now!"

"Shush now, calm down, I'm sure it's not as bad as -"

"This sample has - It has addictive properties! B-But only for women!" Mikan continued. "Uh. Um! I think it has a few other effects as well, but - But! This kind of substance is really bad!"

"It's okay, it's okay!" Junko said. "Shush, shush. Being all, like, panicky and stuff isn't gonna help anyone. Right? If we rush off to the principal without a decent amount of evidence, he'll just say we're wasting his time. So... I guess first thing we'd need is for you to, I dunno, replicate the sample somewhat?"

"Oh, I already had to do that in order to do a proper analysis," Mikan said, pulling out a bottle that was promptly snatched away by Junko, upended into an aerosol, and the top screwed on before Mikan even seemed to register what had happened. "Huh? What are you -"

"Many thanks!" Junko chirped happily, before spraying it right in Mikan's face. "Hrm... To properly test it, you probably had to make it super concentrated, right?"

"Hnnnnnnnngh!" Mikan's eyes crossed. Her thighs clenched and she slowly, slowly sank to her knees. "Nooo, don't look at meeeeeee!"

I didn't understand. Her reaction was extremely attention grabbing, and yet she was insisting that nobody look at her. Was this yet another one of those things about people that I do not understand? Never mind. I left it to Junko, she seemed pretty happy about this reaction. Though, that said little. It meant that the amount of *Despair* in the world was about to increase, which meant either hers or someone else's. She strode around Mikan's body as the nurse grew flush, unable to sit still, rubbing at her thighs and wobbling in place.

"I think this gives us a more conclusive look at what that sample does, huh?" Junko said. "You're feeling horny, aren't you Mikan? Really, really horny! So horny you can't bear it, so horny it's driving you into the pits of *Despair* that you can't get rid of it. That kind of lingering feeling that keeps you from doing anything else, but you can't possibly shake it. Right? That's how it feels, am I right?"

"P-Please stop teasing me -" Mikan began, only for Junko to grab the nurse's chin and tip her up into a kiss. Hrm? What was this? I had never seen Junko kiss someone before. Attack people with a knife? Yes. Throw things at them? Absolutely. I had even seen her suplex someone preparing for the Olympics, putting them in a state of depression that they were so easily overcome by a fashion model. In short, I have seen her inflict violence on people, but never kiss someone.

So far as I could tell, Mikan seemed to be enjoying the experience. At first, I detected hesitance. A distinct flight reaction. But... that faded, and instead she seemed to be leaning into the kiss more and more. How best to explain...? It was as if Junko was giving her something that she suddenly desperately needed, even though she didn't want it. Until she realised that yes, she very much did want it.

"You strike me as someone who lacks a lot of self confidence," Junko said. Ah. Here was more familiar territory. This is where Junko would break Mikan down. "But you know, that did take a lot of talent, don't you think? Being able to perform such a difficult, intricate analysis - and even making more of it, so quickly!"

Huh? What? That wasn't quite the response I was expecting.

"You... think so?" Mikan asked, her eyes positively gleaming. Her body was trying to move closer to Junko so they could continue where they left off.

"Oh yeah, for sure!" Junko said. "Puhuhuh... Tell you what. Why don't you show me how you made this stuff? I'm really super curious!"

"I don't know..." Mikan whined. "That seems bad - " Junko silenced her with another kiss. Deeper this time. Her hand trailing up Mikan's bandage covered leg, fingers dancing along her flesh, reaching up under her skirt until Mikan suddenly gasped and pulled away. To no avail, because Junko quickly moved in and sprayed that aerosol directly underneath the nurse's skirt. Emptying the can, and leaving Mikan writhing around on the floor, where she was helpless to resist as Junko's fingers worked their magic touch.

"I'll make it really worth your time," Junko whispered. Her hand was a blur. I could keep up with its motions, but few others in this world could. Mikan's back arched on some form of reflexive reaction, and she let out an inhuman burble, her long legs thrashing around uncontrollably as her body was wracked from head to toe in - I felt my internal temperature rise. Some of the scent was drifting over, and it reminded me of Makoto's shirt. Yes, I could understand this reaction a little better, now.

This was when Junko turned to look at me, with her usual disdain.

"What are you doing, dummy?" Junko asked. "Getting off on watching? Urgh. Get down here and put your tongue to good use for a change."

Very well. I followed that order with my usual efficiency. I dropped to my knees and swiftly separated Mikan's legs. At first, I was uncertain how to proceed, but then -

The scent hit me harder and something awoke inside me. It reminded me of the toughest battlefields I'd been in, where I was outnumbered twenty to one. Reason fled, a beast came loose, a ravenous wolf that knew exactly what it needed to do to sate this - This intense feeling, this gnawing hunger that I'd never known the likes of.

"Oh gosh, it's like watching a pig eat from a trough," Junko laughed, and I felt something collide with my buttocks. "You go, girl! Who knew you had it in you?! Even I'm amazed you're able to go hog wild like this, whew!"

"Ahahahahaaaaa yesssss!" Mikan writhed, but I was only aware of her at a primal level as being Mikan specifically. My tongue was too busy savouring and tasting that scent, slurping it up off her flesh as ravenously as I could. Occasionally, something else would gush out. Mixing with the scent and tasting so, so strangely delicious.

"Do you know what's making you feel this way?" Junko asked. She was leaning next to Mikan's head. "It's Despair. That feeling of helplessness. Hopelessness. No chance of escape. None at all. Dragging you down and down, like into quicksand."

"Ehehehehe..." Mikan gurgled happily.

"That's right," Junko continued. "Feel it all cum right out of you. All that worthless hope, let the despair in. you'll help me, right? You'll help, won't you? Let's make more of that stuff. After all, I accidentally used it all on you just now, didn't I?"

This was very much like Junko. She had used it all up on purpose, as there was a chance that Mikan would still refuse to help. That would mean her plans were foiled and she'd be full of Despair over it - alternatively, Mikan would wind up helping her to spread Despair. I was quite familiar with her methods by now. Making it so that no matter the path ahead, Despair would increase somewhere in the world.

"Nnnooooo..." Mikan whined. "Ah! I- I can't help you m-make something like this! That would be really bad!"

"Oh, okay. If you insist!" Junko said. "Come on, idiot! I know you're a complete slut, but tear your tongue away from that pussy, our business is done here."

With great reluctance, I did exactly that. I felt quite giddy from the experience. Was it lack of oxygen? A side effect of the pheromone? Further testing was required - but Junko clearly did not wish to do that right now.

"W-wait! I'm not d-done yet!" Mikan whined, quite pathetically.

"Yes you are!" Junko sang, waving back at her while strolling off, myself by her side. "I mean, clearly you don't want more of what Mukuro and I can offer, so..."

"P-please!" Mikan rolled over onto her knees, then dashed out in front of us like a dog intercepting an intruder. "Ah... m-maybe I could make a little more? Or sh-show you how to do it? Um! You'd use it responsibly, right?"

"Oh, Mikan, Mikan, Mikan," Junko chuckled darkly. The smile on her face was usually the last thing another person would see, but in this case it held a different meaning behind it. How strange. Seeing her behave this way was both oddly refreshing, and yet terrifying in a whole

new way. "You see how much better that is? Isn't it better to give in to Despair. Embrace it. Infuse it into your very being?"

Mikan reluctantly nodded. Something in her body language reminded me of what I sometimes catch in the mirror when I am speaking with Junko. Utter and absolute devotion. There was one thing still bothering me though.

"If this is what a concentrated sample of Makoto Naegi's sweat can do to a girl... Then does this mean he is intending to seduce all the girls in class?" I asked aloud.

"Either on purpose or on accident, sure!" Junko shrugged.

"Then... wouldn't it be better if we informed someone?" I asked. "It would fill him with Despair knowing that he's been caught."

"Dear, sweet, naive Mukuro," Junko tutted. "You still think like a soldier. No creativity, no drive at all! Together, the three of us are gonna turn Makoto Naegi's little harem into the greatest, most awful, most tragic event in all of human history. You're gonna *love* it."

That was good. For a moment there I was concerned that her own exposure to those pheromones had altered her behaviour. At this point, I was much more reassured. Although, it must be said, trying to predict Junko was a challenging prospect even for me. Was it because she'd found a new toy to play with, or was something else going on? I'd find out, eventually... though it would certainly take some time.

Sailor Moon Titnosis

There's that moment in any story featuring two superheroes where there's a misunderstanding and then they fight it out. Gotta get that vs in the title justified, right? Well, there's also that moment after the fight is over with where the heroes lie in a heap, tits out, cuddling into each other and -

Hold on, let me check my notes, that can't possibly be correct. Ah, let's see... Of course, of course, it's meant to be a scene where they reconcile, realise they had a misunderstanding (or, quite often, were tricked by the bad guys) and decide to team up to take down the true villain once and for all!

It's only in this particular case that the Sailor Scouts, Pretty Guardians of Truth and Justice, were snuggling up to Naru's little group of large hypnotitty bearing Defenders.

"So... these really do flat out brainwash anyone that looks at them?" Moon asked, staring quite intensely at Naru's exposed tits. Her exposed, extremely nice, hard to look away from, completely mind melting tits.

"Uh huh, or touches them," Naru quickly added, patting Sailor Moon on the head. Her little thanks for saving her so often. "Not entirely sure how it works. But it does."

"We should probably work that out," Mercury said, once she'd been able to pull her face out of Index's cleavage. This process made the sort of plop you'd normally hear when trying to unstick a plunger from sheet glass. Damp sheet glass at that, when you consider the drool pooling in between Index's tits. "Would you let me perform a deeper analysis?"

"You've gone pretty deep already," Index quipped, and everyone had that sort of polite laugh at her joke, you know, where the situation is a little awkward and tense but everyone wants to pretend it isn't. "Um, but now that you mention it, maybe we should figure out a bit more about how this works...?"

"I'm more worried about the info we got about you guys," Jupiter said, then resumed swirling her tongue around Mana's nipple like it was an ice cream cone. As you do. "Someone wanted us fighting."

"We have been in pursuit of a youma group," Mana said. Despite the absurdity of the situation, she was all business, as usual. Quite the consummate professional, isn't she? "They seemed to have some awareness of... titnosis. They were trying to take precautions around it."

"Then they were probably discretely observing us somehow to see what happened," Kirino nodded, scouring the surroundings for any sign of hidden enemies - but finding none. "What do you think, Venus?"

"Tiiiiiiits!" Venus sang, happily staring at Kirino's exposed chest, returning to her empty minded state of being once again. Oh well. Not all of them could have keen insights to bring to the table.

Naru found the whole thing quite charming, really. When she thought of all the times she'd been rescued by these girls, sitting down and talking with them was kinda surreal. It made them feel more like real girls, you know? Not just superheroes, but real actual people! She settled in and watched with interest as a few conversations began between them.

Take Mercury and Index, for one example. Those two were already chatting away like old friends.

"The closest that anything in my Grimoires comes to this is fertility magic," Index said. "Maybe something to do with Hathor or Aphrodite? But those magical systems have long since fallen out of favour..."

"The Moon Kingdom fell, and that is where we get the source of our powers," Mercury said.

"The Moon Kingdom?! Really? That's where you get it from!" Index sounded like an excitable puppy, there. "That's shrouded in mystery, there are very few books remaining that even speak of it! You have to tell me everything!"

"In exchange, let me scan your tits," Mercury said. "I must scan them. In order to perfect our own, I simply have to take the proper dimensions..."

They were talking shop, by the sounds of it. Index wanted to put more information into her internal library, while Mercury was seeking knowledge from Index about Titnosis. A mutually beneficial relationship where the two enjoyers of knowledge could share the things they've learned, while their legs interlock with one another, coiling into each other's bodies. Index's hands playing with the hem of Mercury's skirt, Mercury unable to make eye contact as she's thoroughly bewitched by Index's tits. As so she should be. After all, Mercury would look absolutely adorable with enormous, bouncy hypnotits...

"You're telling me that non-malevolent Devils exist? Really?" Mars asked Koneko. Oh, what an interesting pairing that was. "The only kind I've encountered are -"

"Technically those would be Youma," Koneko interrupted, puffing out her chest and using her titflesh to cover Mars' mouth. A most efficient and pleasurable way to silence someone. "They are different. They are usually made by a malevolent entity, and are mistaken for Devils regularly."

"Mmmmm!" Mars nodded in rapt fascination. She pulled her mouth away from Koneko's tit and began to rub her cheek into it instead, unable to pull away because the merest touch of a hypnotit is the purest bliss imaginable. "How interesting! Do you still trade in human souls?"

"We tend to form contracts with people, which we fulfil the letter and spirit of," Koneko said. "We have little interest in souls anymore, and our energy comes from a different source entirely now."

Well, they were having a nice friendly chat as well now, talking shop in a slightly different context. Where Mercury and Index were discussing the magical world from a knowledge base, these two seemed to be going at it from a more philosophical, spiritual angle.

"Do they all have such nice tits?" Mars asked, engaging in the highest form of philosophical debate imaginable.

"Many do, we have a passive shapeshifting ability that forms our self image," Koneko said. "Although, it was not until I was shown the glory that is titnosis that I achieved this level of perfection."

"Ahhh~" both Venus and Kirino sang in harmony, which naturally drew Naru's attention towards them. It seemed as though those two girls were practising singing technique. It hardly seemed the time, but - if it helped to break the ice and let them all get along better then she was all for it.

"You have a lovely singing voice," Venus said. "Almost as lovely as your tits!"

"False flattery will get you nowhere," Kirino replied. "I must maintain my family tradition. Becoming a singer would invite fame and intrigue. Fans will investigate my past, putting the clan in great danger. They will never permit me to indulge in that career."

"Never give up on your dreams!" Venus said, clasping Kirino's hands. Oh, how nice, they were bonding. "If you can be an undercover superhero, then you can be an undercover idol! If you love to sing, then you shouldn't need anyone to know who you are! Enjoy that they enjoy your singing!"

"Ah... Sailor Venus... Something about you reminds me of... *him*..." Kirino said, closing her eyes and leaning in. As she did so, Sailor Venus' eyes went quite vacant, very quickly, even for someone going under the effects of titnosis. She must have been put pretty deep under to go down that fast.

Lastly, Naru turned her attention towards Jupiter and Mana, who seemed to be engaging in a variety of warmup exercises. Lunges, stretches... were they planning to fight or something? Oh no! That would be bad... Or would it? Watching those two tall busty babes rolling around and grappling with each other would be kinda hot to watch. No. Hold on. Bad Naru, naughty Naru, that would be a bit too far don't you think?

"A bounty hunter, huh?" Jupiter asked. "Sounds like a lot of hard work. You definitely keep yourself in good fighting shape, that's for sure."

"Indeed, though I do prefer to fight using firearms. What sort of diet are you on right now?"

Oh, thank goodness, they were swapping keep-fit tips. That being said, Naru's ears were perking up, because hearing how the pros keep their bodies in good shape is never a bad thing to hear about.

"I make everything myself," Jupiter said. "None of that store bought stuff, it's best to know exactly what you're putting in your body at all times. Don't wanna ruin your figure by accident, right?"

The irony in that, considering that earlier today Jupiter had been completely on board with Mercury using her analysis to magically give them all larger breasts was completely lost on her. On everyone present really. Then again, human beings tend to not notice their own hypocrisy, even when it's extremely obvious. It's kind of a major failing of the species, really.

"To be honest, I'm mostly concerned with these tits," Mana said. "While they are quite wonderful, I am concerned about manoeuvrability and back pain. I suppose that I could simply use their hypnotic effects to put down any enemy, but..."

But what? What was wrong or weird about that? It sounded like a totally normal thing to do, so far as Naru was concerned. Whip them out, blank the enemy's brain, no need to worry about moving around quickly when you can put them out for the count just like that.

Ah... Although, now that she was really thinking about it, these girls were all really amazing weren't they? The team she'd somehow pulled together were all super special. A walking encyclopaedia of magical knowledge, a cat-Devil, a ninja and a half Demon bounty hunter. That was quite the group to have working with you, though it was making Naru feel a little... What was the best way to put it? Not special? Too normal.

"Hey, you okay?" Sailor Moon suddenly stepped into her vision, and for a moment Naru thought she could see an angelic aura settling around her. "You seemed a bit down there for a second."

"Ahhh... It's nothing," Naru said. Oh boy. Here she was, talking with the hero that saved her life so many times like it was a casual, nothing event. How to even start! "I was thinking about how wonderful my team is, that's all."

"Okay," Sailor Moon said, letting out a big sigh, then glancing back at the various conversations going on behind them between their two teams. "So, you know, sometimes I wonder why I'm the one in charge. I'm not really anything special, you know?" Huh? "They're all so wonderful, but I'm just a normal girl who lucked into the role."

"No way! What are you saying!" Naru gripped Sailor Moon by the shoulder out of sheer shock at hearing those words coming from her hero's mouth. "You're amazing! You're incredible! You - You save so many people every day, and nobody even knows who you are!"

To which, Sailor Moon simply chuckled, then bopped Naru on the head with her index finger. "Right back at you," the hero said to the girl she'd saved so, so many times... And now had saved her once again, this time from the darkness in her own heart. "You couldn't pull an amazing team like this together if you weren't something special yourself. So don't you go looking at them like you're nothing special, because you are! Okay?"

"Okay..." Naru sighed wearily. "You know, you remind me of this friend I've got. She's kinda scatterbrained, but she means well, and sometimes she'll say this super smart thing that catches me off guard."

Sailor Moon simply smiled back at her, as if saying that Naru reminded her of someone as well, but gosh darn it she simply could not place it. For those wondering - yes, the domino mask was enough to keep her from guessing the truth. There is precedence for this. Despite the fact that domino masks are really not that good at hiding someone's identity when they know the person well. I mean, the jawline is left totally visible, so it's a wonder Sailor Moon wasn't able to identify her. Unless you count the fact that half her brain power is drinking in Naru's tits, distracting her from focusing on Naru's face.

Anyway, with that little bit of neurosis dealt with, Naru could return to what was actually important here: "We need to find the youma that tried to get us to fight. How do you normally track them down?"

Sailor Moon rolled on her heels a bit. "Oh, normally they launch some over the top plan to drain energy or brainwash people or whatever, then we show up and put a stop to it, until eventually they send along someone important enough to let slip where their base of operations is."

"I see..." Naru said, but she wasn't finished yet.

"Then they usually put someone we know personally in mortal danger as a means to coerce us, culminating in a dramatic final showdown where we're pushed to our limits but ultimately prevail despite the odds being stacked against us."

A beat of silence followed this before Sailor Moon spoke again.

"You know, now that I say that out loud, we should probably try to break that habit before something goes horribly wrong."

Ohhhh, but Naru was getting some *hard* Usagi vibes from her right now. It's true what they say. You should never actually meet your heroes, they never quite live up to your expectations.

"Well... We have a bounty hunter here, and they all have contact in the magical world, so... Maybe they can help us track the youma down?" Naru offered. And then, something whispered in the back of her brain. Something insidious. Something that had been offering really, really

good ideas to her ever since this whole thing started. It whispered to her again, here and now. "And while we're at it, why don't we give you girls all hypnotits so you can -"

"Yes please!" Sailor Moon said without a moment of hesitation. "I love tits! They're the best! We all love tits, don't we girls?"

Well, that settled that... Ahahaha! If it helped the Sailors then surely there wasn't anything that could go wrong here, right? It wasn't as if doing something like this could, unknowingly, doom humanity to a perpetually horny future where tits ruled over everyone, in perpetuity, forever, in a lewd big titted utopia... right?

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Within the principal's room at Mahora Academy, an old man sits contemplating carefully upon the information he's received. Titnosis. How remarkable. A power that could use human female external sexual characteristics to brainwash the unwary, regardless of sexual preference or gender. He had heard of stranger things in his time. Bizarre magic did exist for the mage willing to put in the effort and dig deep enough to find it.

Still, it was almost like a parody of some sort. The kind of thing someone would come up when writing some lame porno. "Here, check this chick out. She's so hot she melts the brain of anyone who stares at her bare chest". How ridiculous it sounds in that context, and yet he could hardly dismiss it. Not entirely.

He, as the head of a mage association, had received this warning alongside the heavenly host and the head of that wretched Academy City. If someone was going for an elaborate prank, then he had to admire the sheer size and scope of their balls. Hohoho! Perhaps they, too, could contain some manner of hypnotic power? In any event, he was certain those two would move on their own to investigate this matter. They would verify - or deny - and then they would make their move accordingly, as per their own organisation's goals.

Heaven would likely kill the ability stone dead. Academy City would capture and study it for their own ends. What did he want to do with it...? Which of those two different extremes did he intend to follow? Study or destroy? He hoped it wasn't real to begin with, then he might not have to make the choice.

Unfortunately the evidence was mounting. It was real, alright. It was as real as he was. In which case it was his duty to investigate as well, determine what best to do about it, and then -

"Grandpa!"

The door flew open, and the documents were pushed aside, for the far more important task of greeting his beloved Granddaughter, who rushed into the room with her normal big smile. "Oh, hello Konoka!" he said, doting on her as only a grandfather can. Ah yes, behold the man with

the tremendous weight on his shoulders. Once the magic spell of 'ooh, my granddaughter is here' all thoughts transmute from serious planning to doting, spoiling and pampering as much as humanly possible. "How are you today?"

"I'm doing great!" Konoka cheered, and along came the headpats. "You wanted to see me?"

Oh, of course, how forgetful of him. Before this nonsense happened, he'd been planning another omiai for her. Because, well, he had a bit of a habit of doing that. He had to make sure his adorable, gorgeous granddaughter would be well taken care of after he was gone.

Now, let's talk about a little thing called multitasking. Humans... can't actually multitask, per se. We can perform a single focused task at a time. Sometimes, we split it up a little. Segment it. Do a bit of one task, then move on to another. However, doing two tasks at once? Not actually possible. One thing will have our focus at any one time.

This is partly why we have that phenomenon where we enter the kitchen and forget what we went in there for. We were focused on going there, getting there, and when the room changed so did our environment and we tend to focus on that so much that we completely blank out on what we were doing to get there. Happens all the time, and it even happens to brilliant men like Konoemon Konoe, who thoughtlessly reached behind himself and grabbed a folder to hand over to Konoe.

"Have a good look over that, now, and get yourself ready for it," he said in his soothing, grandfatherly tone. "I'm quite sure this one will be to your liking."

"Oh... alright, I'll give it a try..." Konoe pouted. "Bye, grandfather! I'll see you later!"

"Yes, of course, my darling little granddaughter," he chuckled to himself, watching her run off, thinking about how lucky her eventual husband would be. Now, he could return to work, and -

"What was I doing again?" he wondered, completely blanking on what he was working on for a moment there. He sat and thought about it for a minute, and then - "Oh yes, of course. Titnosis. Where did I leave the folder for that again...?"

Needless to say, but this old man had been quite careless just now. For those that need it spelled out: He grabbed the wrong folder. He'd handed Konoko the folder detailing titnosis. But surely that couldn't cause any issues, could it? Surely not...

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Not too long after that Konoka, Setsuna, Asuna and Negi were sitting around these documents with wide eyed disbelief. Their eyes absorbing every detail, their brains digesting what they were seeing. Asuna was blushing furiously. So was Negi, come to it. On the faces of the other

two was a grim set determination. Not unusual for Setsuna, but perhaps you might think it stranger coming from Konoka.

"Titnosis..." Konoka read aloud. "An insidious means of manipulating the minds of others through enchanted mammary glands. Those who use it will experience an enormous increase in mass within the chest area, creating a structure that has been described as 'irresistibly perfect in every way'. Rumours state that it can reduce the mind of even the strongest willed person to mush in an instant, via sight or touch, and it unconsciously compels the user to make other women use its power as well..."

"Uh... I think your grandfather is into some really weird stuff," Asuna said, looking away from the page as she could not read any more. "He should be more careful about what he gives you, dirty old man!"

"I'm not so sure that's what this is," Negi said. "This looks like an official report."

"Official report?" Asuna yelled. She clutched at her chest out of sheer instinct. "Hypnotic boobs? That's official, is it? What sort of nonsense goes on in the world of magic?!"

Konoka suddenly slammed the folder shut, letting out a loud click that made them all jump to attention. She wasn't the sort of girl to be super serious all the time, so the expression on her face was quite an unusual one.

"Grandfather... You gave this to me on purpose, didn't you?" the girl said, showing her complete misunderstanding of her grandfather's competence levels. No, sorry Konoka, it was an accident, you weren't supposed to see this, ever. "Under the pretence of yet another omiai, you secretly gave us this as a mission, didn't you? You know that Negi-sensei is in this dorm. There's no other reason for this that I can think of."

Accidental. It was accidental, purely accidental. There's a saying that goes 'don't blame maliciousness when incompetence will suffice', and it applies to other situations as well. Often, there is no plan, no grand scheme, just happenstance and carelessness. Konoka, please, don't do something you would soon regret.

"Miss Konoka, if it is your grandfather's wish to investigate this... titnosis, then I shall be your sword and shield as always," Setsuna said, on her hands and knees with head bowed to show her level of reverence. "You need have no fear of enormous, heaving bosoms swaying your waking thoughts!"

"Am I actually here for this right now?" Asuna asked nobody in particular in the middle of Setsuna's proclamation.

"You need have no fear of jiggling mounds of flesh rendering your will to naught!"

"No, really, this has to be a bad dream," Asuna muttered darkly. Yet Setsuna was not done.

"Your mind shall be sacrosanct! Your modest chest uncorrupted! Your desires shall remain your own! I shall permit none wielding this power to caress your cute face within their fleshy valley!"

"I'm pretty sure she's doing this on purpose at this point..." Asuna grumbled.

"Why if I must then I shall sacrifice my own chest - Ow! Asuna, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" Asuna asked. The answer to that question was 'impatiently tweaking Setsuna's ear'. "What kind of dumb pledge is this supposed to be? Swearing to protect Konoka's chest? What's gotten into you all of a sudden?"

"You're quite right," Setsuna said. "I should not be so concerned with her chest."

Good. Now that was sorted, they could discuss -

"Her buttocks are by far her best feature, if we are not counting her adorable face."

Asuna produced a fan from... somewhere, and used it to whap Setsuna on top of the head. Normally it was Negi making dumb remarks, but this time Setsuna was the one going over the top. Honestly now! This was completely ridiculous!

Negi, though... He'd gone into full on teacher mode, putting a reassuring hand on Konoka's shoulder. "Are you sure you want to take this mission?" Negi said. "It sounds dangerous, and it doesn't seem like there are many leads."

"I'm not worried," Konoka said. "Because... if the three of you are with me, then I believe we can do anything! Together, we shall solve this problem of titnosis! Before it causes too much trouble for everyone! If I'm to be an heir to the family's position in the world of magic, then I absolutely must demonstrate that talent to everyone, right away!"

Ah, it was such a tearful scene. Konoka, joyously reaching for the higher responsibility that was awaiting her. All that she had to do was reach out and take it. Asuna didn't like it. Actually, she hated everything about this... But allowing this girl to head out against this stupid thing by herself would be grossly irresponsible.

"Fine, fine. I'll help too..." Asuna grumbled. Though she did pat her own chest down a little. "I mean... Making them big and 'perfect'? What does that even mean...?"

"The first thing we need to do is determine a lead," Setsuna said. She was already scouring the document, no doubt looking for clues. "Juuban, that might be the place to start. Although, it is strange, the source of this information is not listed."

"Eh? Do they usually list information sources?" Asuna asked. Negi nodded sternly, it was a bit strange to see him take this stupid thing so seriously.

"One should always check sources," Negi said. "Especially for a mission like this. The mage taking it up may need to perform an interrogation of their own, in case something else comes up later. For there to be no information on the source, that could only mean it was uncovered by someone else, and sent along anonymously. Though I cannot understand who would do that, or why."

"Ah... well, what else do we know? I don't want to wander into Juuban only to find out it's become boob central," Asuna said. Urgh, can you even imagine? Get off the train, and then getting your face bonked around all over the place by enormous, heaving, giant 'perfect' breasts. It would be a total nightmare. How would anyone get anywhere?

"Hrm... Apparently, it's limited to only a small group of girls at present..." Setsuna said. "Where is Juuban anyway...? Isn't that in Minato Ward?"

"Ehh? I think Mana was heading out there too, wasn't she?" Negi asked. "She said something about Minato Ward before she left. You don't think...?"

Mana. Not exactly one of the more sociable members of class. The idea that she could have been pulled into this as well, that was more than a little frightening. It was one thing when this 'titnosis' was an abstract concept, but when someone you know might well be in the thick of it...

It's the sort of thing that leads to rash decisions, which was exactly what the group were trying to avoid. The decision was made, there and then: If Mana was potentially in danger, then to Juuban they had to go! As soon as possible, to look into what might have happened with her.

Although, it must be said, with a group like this heading out to investigate titnosis, there was a high probability that they would run into Naru's group. Which meant it would be yet another crossover between two heroic teams... which, as we've established before, always leads to a battle at first owing to a miscommunication or some other manipulation. Little could they know what they were heading into, even with this information provided to them.

But not to worry. It wouldn't take long before they'd learn. And when they did? Well. Who is to say they wouldn't learn to enjoy the experience. After all, there's nothing quite like having your brain blanked out while you're snuggling into a big, juicy, perfect pair of tits.

Code Geass Lesbian Shard Kallen

The Holy Britannian Empire controlled a full third of the planet Earth, marking them as one of the premier world powers. Where Europia United had come together in the spirit of Democracy, and the Chinese Federation had come together through sheer inertia, Britannia had conquered and dominated. Through sheer military might, through aggression and pushing forwards, upwards, always seeking to improve and be better tomorrow than they are today. This was the philosophy that Cornelia li Britannia carried deep within her heart, and so -

"An unusual energy reading?" Cornelia asked. "You're certain?"

"Quite certain," said the scientist tapping away at her console. Cecile Croomy, wasn't it? "This satellite was developed so we could watch for Sakuradite deposits, and pick up heat signature releases. We had hypothesised - "

"Spare me your research paper until you have a direct use for its military applications," Cornelia said. It wasn't that she was scientifically illiterate, or didn't care about the results. She simply didn't have the time to read every single paper that came her way. Half of such projects wound up petering out because of some fault or other they hadn't accounted for. "I'm more interested in this unusual energy reading."

"Yes! Of course, your highness!" Cecile said, and - she brought up an image of a particular residence. A mansion within the Tokyo Settlement. "It happened somewhere within the Stadtfeld Estate. Ah, this is a stock external image, not a live feed, of course."

Of course. While the military did have a tremendous amount of influence within the Britannian hierarchy, it paid not to piss off the nobility. They might not be able to overrule her authority by any means, but they could make things awkward for her without being obviously belligerent. Therefore, spying on them was, shall we say, not the best of plans.

Nonetheless, there were limits to how much pushback they could give, especially if there was a clear national interest at play. Drawing further attention to themselves where there might be security issues was a foolish notion for even the most well connected of the nobility.

"What do we know about it?" Cornelia asked. "Is it harmful?"

"Unknown at this time," was the unsatisfying answer. "What we do know is that it originated inside the building. At an estimate, the upper floor. Knowing the way these buildings are designed, probably a bedroom - but probably not the master bedroom. I'd speculate a guest room, given it seems to be at the back of the building..."

Idle speculation, she wanted hard facts. It was obvious that she didn't *know* anything else, but probably had a few good hypothesis about it. A scientist was only ever as good as the data they

had on hand to work with. That meant they had to take a good look around the mansion, although...

There were two main issues with that. The first was that it was tremendously risky. They didn't know anything about the mystery energy. It could be signs of illegal research, or a hitherto unknown phenomenon. Or it could be something completely mundane and boring. The second problem was, showing up on the doorstep to a nobleman's home and demanding entry with a full research team was the sort of thing you needed all your 'i's dotted and your 't's crossed. At the moment Cornelia had no real basis for exploring this home... Yet.

Which meant picking out someone to go take a look. Knock, inform them they had reports of something unusual happening in the area and request permission to look around. Then, if they refused, pull out a court order. This wasn't the sort of thing Cornelia wanted to waste someone good on. On the other hand it had to be someone she could trust.

Fortunately... She had exactly the right sort of person in mind for this little task. The Pureblood faction. Right before she arrived, they had been humiliated by Zero. Made a laughing stock. They had been in charge of the Area after her brother, Clovis, was killed and up until she arrived.

In which case, why not use a member of the fallen faction to engage in the preliminary investigation? From her point of view, there wasn't really any good reason not to. If that member proved themselves competent, then it would be a chance to put them back in her good graces. If not - well then, a further reason to get rid of incompetence. You should always make sure to sift the wheat from the chaff. It's how Britannia got to be where it is, in control over a significant portion of the planet.

Though, what Cornelia really should have been worried about is whether or not they could keep that portion using those same tactics. But that's a matter for another time...

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Villetta was not going to make a mess of this. An ambitious young woman like herself, determined to rise in the ranks. She knew she stood out as it was. A tall, slender, dark skinned woman like herself with silver hair? She couldn't avoid standing out if she tried. She'd hoped that her association with the Purist faction would have been helpful to illustrate her talents, but -

But it had all gone to hell in ways that nobody could have predicted. Zero was to blame. For all their failures. All their plans for the Area, and their plans to help improve the military were shot down in a completely unexpected way that nobody could have prepared for. So now, here she was, the most senior member of that group still around, being sent on a fairly menial investigation. Which was annoying, because she was *this close* to figuring out something about that boy she'd seen in Shinjuku...

Before long she found herself standing at the entrance to the Stadtfeld estate. She knocked on the door, holding her head up high, and soon found herself looking at a pretty maid, who was giving her the once over in a way that reminded her of some random man checking her out. No doubt a security precaution in case she had weapons on her person. She *did*, but it was well holstered, and given her training in unarmed combat she likely wouldn't need it anyway.

"Villetta Nu. I'm with the military," she said, holding up her identification for easy inspection. "There were reports of something unusual in the area, and we'd like to make sure everything is alright. May I come in?"

"Absolutely," the maid said a little too eagerly. Alright then. Villetta stepped in, and - Completely failed to notice the maid checking her out, as she was too busy checking out the interior of the mansion itself. A very high class place. The sort she hoped to call her own home, one day, when she'd risen in the ranks enough to be able to pass on her title to her eventual offspring.

Look at all the staff here, as well. Quite a few maids on hand. It must be nice, being able to delegate looking after your affairs to so many others. Being able to afford this many is quite astonishing by itself.

Although, one curious thing did leap out to her as she progressed deeper and deeper into the mansion. While the maid who had opened the door to let her in had been appropriately cute, with a reasonable and respectable uniform, as time passed the maids she saw were becoming rather less appropriately attired.

At first, she hadn't thought anything of it. Oh, that one was wearing a slightly shorter skirt for whatever reason. Okay. Nothing too weird about that. Then that became the standard length, and at the same time that one over there is showing off quite a bit of cleavage wasn't she? Then that became standard. It was like it was being drip fed in, a little at a time. As if they were trying to keep anyone from noticing - heck, it had been so gradual a shift that Villetta only noticed because she was deliberately keeping an eye out for anything unusual. If she'd come here on a regular visit she might not have blinked twice at it. That fact unsettled her quite a bit.

What was more, their bodies were all rather... overtly sexy. As if they'd gone out of their way to hire explicitly women who all had hourglass figures. Huge breasts, wide hips, nice round butts, long legs with a healthy amount of meat on the thigh, there was a definite look to all the maids here, and it screamed of a fetish. A flagrant display of chauvinism. Urgh.

"Oops, how clumsy!" one maid said, tripping over nothing with her butt up in the air, practically aiming it squarely at Villetta. The other maids nearby tittered and whispered among themselves while still going about their tasks. "I'm so, so sowwy!" the maid in front of her said, lifting her hind quarters in the air in a way that reminded her of a cat about to pounce. "Pwease punish me~"

"That is a matter best left to the master of the house," Villetta said, and made a point of walking around her. That was quite a disgusting display. The nobility really could do anything they wanted, couldn't they? She couldn't wait to wield that kind of power herself - though she'd use it for other things, of course. Nothing quite so perverse as this... Though, there wouldn't be much wrong with having a few shirtless, oiled up men serving her on -

Oiled up men -

Oiled up... Men...

Villetta shook her head, then discretely checked the geiger counter on her hip. No sign of radiation. That was a good sign. Hrm. Was she not getting enough sleep at night? Perhaps something in her diet was a little off? It wasn't like her to feel giddy like that. Well. Never mind. Before long she found herself at the study, where the maid knocked on the door and shortly thereafter, let her in.

Within the room she found two waiting for her. An Eleven maid, and a Britannian woman. They looked to be around the same age. The Eleven had this face that radiated weakness, though for some reason she had a ruler tucked into her apron. No matter. The other woman was the one she was here to meet, and Villetta felt a little annoyed by that. She had what could be best described as a resting bitch face. A lot of Noble women had that. Especially second wives.

Worth noting that they had the same body type as the maids out there. Clearly, the man of the house had a type.

"Yes, may I help you?" the lady of the house snapped at Villetta. Though, after that she did look Villetta up and down in much the same way as the maid at the door. Come to it, so was the Eleven. "Pardon me for the outburst, Miss...?"

"Villetta Nu," she said, flashing her Knight's badge to make the point clear on who she was. "I'm here on official business. To get to the point, have you seen anything unusual on grounds of late?"

Mrs Stadtfeld seemed genuinely taken aback by this. For such a confident woman, she seemed completely lost for words at how to respond to Villetta's quite simple question. That was strange. Suspicious, even. Then, stranger still, she turned her head towards the Eleven, who in turn leaned down to whisper in her ear.

"Ah, yes, yes of course, thank you for reminding me," the Lady of the house said. Quite appreciative in tone as well. Very different from the way she'd been talking with Villetta until now. In other words... a performance? Not a very good one, then. "There was an incident this morning involving my wayward step-daughter, Kallen. To my understanding she was performing some manner of experiment in her room, some sort of homework assignment for school. Pardon

my hesitation, I was confused as to how the military might have discovered it, until this *clumsy oaf* of a maid reminded me of the mess she made."

The mess she'd made...? Villetta quirked an eyebrow, and not just for the phrasing. Also for the very noticeable way the Lady's breath hitched when she'd insulted the Eleven.

"If you want anything else, you will have to speak to Kallen," the Lady said. "She attends Ashford Academy. I believe she took the experiment there. It's a shame you couldn't see the mess that little wretch made. It took my staff all day to clean it up."

Funny thing about people who are lying to you. They fill in far more information than they need to. Say a little too much. Try to pre-empt the obvious questions you'd ask before you even asked them. The reason for that is quite simple - they know they're lying and are trying a little too hard to not get caught. Someone that's telling the truth, on the other hand, tends to expect they'll be believed, because they know they're telling the truth.

"Very well then," Villetta said. Her instincts were telling her to get out of here. Quickly. Although, if she tried to run a bit too fast it would become suspicious as well. "Though I must admit to some curiosity. What was the goal of this experiment...?"

"Pardon me, I shall answer this," the Eleven said, curtsying cutely. "Little Kallen was trying for a new form of energy production. Unfortunately, the release of energy wound up staining the walls of her room, and we had to work quite hard to get it all cleaned up."

"And you are answering because...?"

"Because I was not here for the incident, only the aftermath," Lady Stadtfeld said. "Is there anything else? If you're concerned about my step-daughter's experiment then I recommend you speak to her. If you don't mind, I am quite busy, and so...?"

Alright then. Villetta turned, and made her way out of the mansion at a brisk pace, all the while her danger sense was spiking up and up and up. It felt like there were more maids on the way out than on the way in, with each of them wearing less and less clothes than the last. In fact, it also felt like she had seen a few of them more than once, as if they were rushing through the house, discarding parts of their uniform, all for the purpose of baring it all to her.

She saw some leaning over a table, pressing their breasts quite obviously onto the top of it. She saw them reaching upwards to use a feather duster on a high corner, causing their dresses to ride up. She saw one spill water over another's top, more than a couple mopping at floors, one with their leg hooked around the handle of a vacuum cleaner, and one was even cleaning a wall by pinning a damp cloth in between the wall and her butt, while she suggestively gyrated her hips in big, tight circles...

Weirdly, Villetta was feeling a bit damp herself. She couldn't get out of there quickly enough, and once she was safely off the ground she pulled out her radio.

"There's something odd going on at the Stadtfeld estate," Villetta said. "I cannot put my finger on it, but..." She turned back. The windows were full of maids with their tops off, squishing their breasts into the glass. For a moment all she could do was stare, as they looked down on her like a pack of wolves might a lone sheep.

"But what?" the voice of Princess Cornelia insisted. The spell broke, and Villetta shook her head clear of the cobwebs.

"We need to speak with Kallen Stadtfeld at Ashford Academy," Villetta finished. "The sooner the better."

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Back within the mansion an unbelievable scene was taking place. Though to understand the reason for it being strange, some context on the Stadtfeld family history.

Some two decades past, Sir Stadtfeld wound up marrying a Japanese woman of good standing. Quite unusual for someone so high up within the Holy Britannian Empire. Nonetheless, they had two children. Naoto and Kallen. They were happy together despite their mixed heritage, though that only lasted until the Britannian Empire took umbrage with Japan holding off on their Sakuradite deposits in protest of their rapid conquering of numerous countries across the globe.

Cue Japan itself getting conquered. Hence, Sir Stadtfeld could not remain married to an 'Eleven'. Hence, he wound up remarrying a woman who happened to be barren, but was also a Britannian woman of good standing. Due to her inability to provide him with children, Kallen was formally adopted into the family despite her hating the Empire with a fiery, burning passion.

Then Naoto died. This had a detrimental effect on the mental wellbeing of the former Mrs Stadtfeld (now, Ms Kozuki). As such, she applied for a job at the Stadtfeld estate, got a job as a maid, and wound up getting all manner of abuse heaped on her. Especially from the bitch of a second wife, who delighted in tormenting her.

As such, the sight of Ms Kozuki having Mrs Stadtfeld over her knee, firmly gripping a ruler, and smacking her exposed bottom... That was an unusual scene for us to stumble into, I think you can agree. For more reasons than one.

"Really now?" Ms Kozuki sighed wearily. Smack! "Looking to me for what to say?" Smack! "You couldn't think of something like that yourself?" Smack! "You're going to blow our cover before we're ready at that rate." Smack, smack, smack! It must be said that Mrs Stadtfeld had a bit of a reputation for being easy with men. A well earned reputation, at that.

"I'm sorry mommy!" Mrs Stadtfeld whined and whimpered, writhing around upon her former maid's knee. "Oooh! To think the military noticed something was off already!"

Ms Kozuki stopped, and put the ruler away, much to her 'employer's' apparent dissatisfaction. "Well, that just goes to show, doesn't it? Britannia's military didn't get where it is today by being overestimated..." She stopped for a moment to compose herself. They should be fine. They'd been watching that attractive Knight quite closely, she didn't have an opportunity to plant a bug anywhere... "If she had arrived tomorrow, this building would be a shrine to the Lesbian Goddess. We could have held her, converted her, and used her as a way to infiltrate the military. As it is, our best hope is that she meets with Kallen personally and doesn't arrest her on the spot."

She was confident in her daughter. Though she played sickly, she knew how strong that girl was. Strong willed, strong body, and absolutely gorgeous to boot. A truly perfect vessel for the Lesbian Goddess to use in order to improve this wicked world. The ideal instrument to set right Britannia's cruelty, by bringing all the women of the world together in sapphic bliss.

Punishment delivered, she ran her hands down Mrs Stadtfeld's back, taking the time to savour this body of hers. She was quite beautiful, wasn't she? Well, so long as she wasn't glaring daggers at you, she was. It was quite amusing to think that they hated each other so much, for so long, all because of a *man*. Now they knew better. Now, they were agents of a higher power. With Kallen as their prophet... even if she did not seem exactly willing quite yet to take on that role in full.

Next, her attention fell upon the phone. She should consider calling Miss Ashford to let her know to expect a visitor... Except that the military was likely watching their phone lines, now. If they suddenly called ahead to Ashford Academy, it would seem suspicious. It would seem as though they were trying to warn her about something. That's the trouble when you're up against an enemy this powerful. The very fact they had come here, noticing something amiss, was extremely disturbing. There was no clue at all about how they'd done it. If they could have known that, they could take countermeasures to keep it from happening again.

But... alas, there really was nothing else for it, was there? They might as well enjoy themselves. Now that little trivial matters like a man, or racial prejudice, or societal expectations no longer mattered to either woman, they might as well have a bit of fun with each other.

"Alright, it's your turn to spank me," Ms Kozuki said. "I think you'd enjoy it more if you used the flat of your hand."

"Yes, Mistress!" Mrs Stadtfeld whined back in deep, deep gratitude. In came the other maids with some rope and handcuffs to help add to their enjoyment. Oh good, she was wondering whether they would come along soon. They would have to try this out later on with the roles reversed. A good spanking can take you far, but if you're going to really cut loose it never hurts to have some tools on hand. "What shall our safe word be?"

Thinking about it for a second, Ms Kozuki replied - "Refrain," while the maids bound her arms behind her back, tied her ankles together and positioned her appropriately on the floor. Yes, Refrain... What a dodged bullet. That nasty drug ruined the lives of those who took it, especially the Japanese. It was a designer drug that forced its users to relive their most treasured memories, the happiest of their lives. For her, those memories would be the time when she used to be the Lady of the House. Taking care of her children with her husband, watching them grow up, showing off how smart they were...

"Ohohohoho! Foolish Eleven!" Mrs Stadtfeld laughed. "So you thought to demean me, would you? Well, now the tables have turned and - " She brought the ruler down and stopped. "S-Sorry, was that too hard?"

"Not hard enough, actually," Ms Kozuki replied. Ahhh... Do you know what was funny? If she did take a hit off refrain right now, the only thing that would come to mind would be this moment, right here and now.

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Upon hearing Villetta's report, Cornelia's interest in this matter had only grown. There was still no satisfying explanation for that mysterious burst of energy. No harmful radiation, and the only noticeable change in Nu's lifesigns were a slight increase in heart rate and sweat production. Nothing to indicate illness, nor were those effects all that unusual physiological reactions to some form of exciting stimulus.

For now, she was sitting at her desk with steepled fingers, considering with care everything that she'd heard. The two of them had talked via video conference, with Nu in her limo and Cornelia in her office.

"You think there's something more, then?" she asked.

"Definitely," was the immediate reply. No hesitation here. "The behaviour of those servants was extremely inappropriate. I believe they may not have been operating under their own willpower."

Really now? Interesting. She pondered for a moment whether this was some ill formed attempt to get back in her good graces. "You realise that if your instincts are wrong about this, you'll be wasting my time?" Cornelia asked.

"Ma'am! Yes, ma'am!" Villetta said, again no hesitation at all on display. Smart. Very smart. "I am full aware of how this will reflect on my record. I am willing to stake my reputation on there being *something* amiss with the Stadtfeld estate. There is something here they do not want us to be aware of."

"Which could be anything from illegal experiments, drug production, or some other form of organised crime," Cornelia said, mulling it over, rolling the idea in her head. "Any of those could

account for these strange reports. We have a designer drug capable of compelling the user to relive their happiest memory. Who is to say there's not something new being produced...?"

"Should we investigate Kallen Stadtfeld as well?" Villeta asked.

"Yes, immediately," Cornelia said. "Dismissed. Report on your findings as soon as you are finished interviewing her."

Though in truth, Cornelia didn't think that was especially worth the time. It was far, far likelier that this Kallen was a red herring. A deliberate distraction so that they could clean up whatever evidence they have lying about. Perhaps shifting blame, playing for time - whatever the reason she found it hard to believe that the root of all of this could be some eighteen year old noble girl with a record of numerous sick days.

Instead, Villeta would be drawing the attention as the obvious investigator while Cornelia dug into this herself a little more now in a more discrete manner. Directing her attention at the Stadtfeld estate. The history of the family, local gossip about them, anything that she could get her -

"Hello, what's this?" she pondered. "An invitation to a party at the Stadtfeld Estate... Tomorrow night. The Lady Stadtfeld invites the highest class women within Area Eleven to attend a private, woman's only soiree..." Normally the sort of event she avoided like the plague. Cornelia was Royalty, but she was more like a military brat than a Princess. Those kind of events were far too stuffy and wretched for her interests... But this time around she might well make an exception. Maybe, if she started to talk to a few of the other families of Area Eleven's nobility, she could get an understanding of what to expect at such an event.

And while she was at it, perhaps she could even contrive another reason to meet with Lady Stadtfeld that didn't have anything at all to do with the ongoing investigation...? Now, we see Cornelia's keen mind at work. Organisation. Using the resources at your disposal to get what you want. Close off all possible escape routes. Leave nothing to chance. Think about what your enemy will do, and use their own actions to box them in.

Though, little did she realise that in this specific instance that particular habit of hers was going to cause her a bigger headache than she'd yet realised.

High School SxS

Some days, you see something that just gives you a headache. Sona Sitri was feeling one coming in now, in fact. A strange report had arrived just now, informing her of what was clearly magical activity, surrounding - what a coincidence - Issei Hyoudou's two friends.

"Let me make sure that I have this correct," Sona said. She had her hands steepled at her desk, staring at the report. She could read it fine, parse its words, she simply wanted to make certain that she was internally processing everything correctly, and that those in the room with her also understood what she had been told. "Numerous girls spontaneously decided to blatantly flirt with Motohama and Matsuda, for no apparent reason, and then two girls all but jumped on them and begged them to date them, giving fairly flimsy reasons for doing so?"

"Yes, that is about the size of it," Tsubaki said. "My understanding is, the last they were seen, those two boys were receiving quite enthusiastic... What is the term again? Paizuri?"

"Spare me the details," Sona said. Her imagination was threatening to betray her, even now. "I really do not want to hear them. At all."

Normally she'd have them in detention for such blatant lewd behaviour on campus, but in this case she was fairly certain they were comparatively blameless. This had the stench of magic about it. Questioning them would be necessary, but they weren't the only people she should be interested in right now.

Take Rias, for example. Her behaviour during their meeting earlier was... odd, to say the least. Her body language was a little off. Especially when the subject of Issei Hyoudou came up. She was a bit flirtier than normal as well. Did she have something to do with this?

There were a few possibilities. It could be an attempt to get out of her engagement to Riser. It was pretty obvious she wasn't especially interested in being forced into a marriage. It was not because Riser was a bad person, per se, in fact he'd be a pretty decent husband from an objective standpoint. But if Rias wasn't interested, then - well, she was the girl who required being beaten in a game of chess before she would date someone. Who was she to complain about being picky?

That was only one possibility, though. It was also entirely possible that Issei Hyoudou was to blame. A noted pervert becomes a Devil right before a sudden burst of lust magic on campus? It was quite the coincidence. Of course, coincidences happen all the time. Sona certainly believed in coincidences. But she didn't *trust* coincidences.

There were others too, of course - like an outside presence influencing things. Whatever the case may be, she clearly lacked enough evidence to point in any one particular direction right

now. Which meant that she needed more information, right away. While she was an expert at chess, that is a game with perfect information about your opponent's resources and their position. For other games of strategy, the first step is always reconnaissance... and this was something that Sona was also quite adept at.

"Tsubaki, I would like you to speak with members of Rias' peerage," Sona said. "Discreetly uncover their opinion on Issei Hyoudou. Make it seem like a personal concern rather than something I'm wondering about."

"Understood," Tsubaki bowed. "Do you want me to talk with Issei himself?"

"No, I think Tsubasa would be better suited for that," Sona continued. "Keep him distracted. Play into the idea that you're welcoming him into our world." Having her Queen talk to Issei as well wouldn't end well. She was a little too well endowed. Tsubasa was fairly boyish, so even though there would be an element of distraction due to her girlish charms it wouldn't be so overwhelming that she danced in his palm rather than the other way around. "Make it clear to him that he is not to abuse magic, for fear of breaking the veil."

"You got it!" Tsubasa smirked. As always, looking forward to getting her hands dirty.

"Lastly, Saji. I would like you to talk with Rias."

"Eh? Me?!" Saji gasped, pointing at himself. "I mean - Of course! As your newest Piece, I -"

"Need some experience with something comparatively simple," Sona interrupted. "Rias will be aware that I'm concerned about the lust magic, and will expect me to send someone to talk with her about it. Furthermore, she'll understand that this is a training exercise for you, and will thus believe that I do not suspect her involvement. I will send along... Ruruko and Momo to monitor your progress. I want the three of you to report on anything unusual you see or hear at the Occult Research Club - not that I expect Rias to be careless, if she is involved in some way." Meanwhile, she would conduct her own investigation into Rias in her own way.

There. From this she should be able to get some vital information about the most obvious culprits. In the meantime, she should look into the Fallen Angels that had set up in the local Church and investigate Issei's home life for further evidence of -

Of-

Huh. Funny that. When her peerage filed out on their tasks, Sona had watched them carefully. She had to wonder. Did Saji always have such an... aesthetically pleasing butt? Actually... that might be a side effect of the lust magic as well. A heightened sex appeal for the men on campus would be quite concerning, and was definitely something she needed to add to her list of investigation points.

Although, how to do that without coming off as a pervert herself? The things that a council president must endure for the sake of their job...

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So now, we turn our attention to Sona's Queen, Tsubaki Shinra. A young woman easily deserving the title of fourth most popular in campus. She carried about her an air of confidence, of strength and silent beauty. An authority that she never had to use, for everyone in her vicinity knew better than to cross her. She was impressed with Sona's insight, after considering it a while. She was the best suited to speak with the members of Rias' Peerage on the matter of Issei Hyoudou. It wouldn't be difficult for her to take the brunt of the blame for such a set of enquiries.

Though the question did come - which member of her peerage would be best to speak with? Obviously not Rias herself. There was an excellent chance that Akeno would be with Rias as well. Take out Issei, and that left two - Koneko, the Rook and Kiba, the Knight. Of these two Kiba proved to be the easier to find by far.

He was surrounded by girls, fawning over him, as befits his reputation on campus as the most popular boy around. It was strange, though. When she'd seen him before, he seemed to not want the attention, at some level. Oh, the other girls around all ignored the signs, but it was plain as day to her.

Today, the smile on his face seemed a bit more genuine, somehow. Like he was genuinely enjoying the attention. Something about it reminded her of watching someone enjoying dinner after a long day's work. As if he had recently expended a lot of energy, then come home to find out that - here we go, a nice meal had been prepared for you. It's not something you normally like, but today it really feels like it would hit the spot.

That was a quite specific feeling to have, which was admittedly a little bit unusual for her to think about. Nonetheless, that is the impression this scene before her was giving her.

She stepped forward. Given his popularity, waiting for him to be alone would be a fool's errand. As she approached she heard them cooing over the boy, talking at length about how handsome and pleasant he was, how charming and thoughtful. If only they knew they were talking to a Devil.

Although, looking him over she could certainly see what they meant. Tsubaki wasn't currently looking for a partner, but she could certainly see the appeal in this boy. He had this effortless aura about him that drew the eye, a gentle smile that could set a girl's heart at ease in seconds. The more she looked, the closer she got, the more she passively understood why exactly all these girls were fawning over him. Competing for his attention. Desiring him. All but drooling over him.

When she finally arrived, standing tall over the group and casting her shadow over where he was sitting, Tsubaki thoughtfully wiped under chin on reflex. "Yuuto Kiba," she said in her very best officious tone, which was indeed extremely officious. A few leaves covered away from her. "If you would not mind, there is a small matter we must discuss related to your school club activities. Do you have a moment to spare, or should I leave you amidst your fan club?"

"Pardon me, ladies," he said, his voice sounding smooth as silk. The girls all sighed upon hearing it, like they had heard a divine symphony played. He rose in a manner more befitting a Prince than a Devil, or indeed a Knight. "If the student council vice president has need of me, who am I to say no?"

Tsubaki adjusted her glasses and turned to walk away with Kiba walking by her. Of course, he was wise enough to be discrete. Nonetheless, her Devil's ears were pricking up. Hearing the idle gossip of Kiba's little fanclub.

"Oh no, she's going to steal him away for sure!"

"The fourth most popular girl on campus is finally making her move!"

"I don't know, she's never shown interest in him before..."

"But he's so much cuter today for some reason!"

Hrm? What was this? Normally gossip like that wouldn't affect her at all, but today it was making her feel... flush. Warm in a way she wasn't used to. No, never mind. She took Kiba to an empty classroom where they could discuss matters in a more private setting. Just the two of them. A boy and a girl. Alone together. Having a close conversation. There was nothing at all strange about that.

"Shall we get down to business then?" Kiba asked. "What is this about, exactly?"

Suddenly remembering herself, Tsubaki adjusted her glasses. "It is about Issei Hyoudou. I understand he has joined in with you. His reputation on campus should not be a mystery to you, Yuuto Kiba. Are you prepared to protect your King from his advances and lechery?"

"Is that all?" Kiba asked, still smiling that perfectly affable, impossible to dislike smile. "Oh, I don't have any fear of that. Rias Gremory is perfectly capable of protecting herself from Issei."

That was true enough. She would be much, much stronger than him even without using overt magic. Even so, he was missing the broader point.

"I mean her reputation," Tsubaki said. "I mean how others will view her. If he causes a ruckus - perhaps tries to do something with Grayfia or Serafall?" In which case, he'd better hope for a miracle, because it would be more than Rias' neck on the line. "Pardon my concerns, but now

that he is entering our world, I must look out for my King's interests. I would like some assurance that you are leashing him."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand why you're coming to me about this," Kiba said. "Would this not be a matter best decided between our Kings? I'm sure that if Sona is concerned, then Rias will be able to give her that assurance herself - unless there's another reason you are concerned in the activities of Issei Hyoudou?"

Hrm? What did he mean by that? "Would you care to explain that remark?"

"Well, I don't mean anything by it," Kiba lied, because that start to any sentence is always a lie. The speaker always means *something* by whatever they are about to say. "I mean, you are a very beautiful young woman. You have a stern demeanour, but your figure is quite splendid. I would say that you are well placed as the fourth most popular girl in school, and considering the positions higher than yourself that's a position worth boasting about."

As he spoke, Kiba began to walk around Tsubaki and... there was something in the air around them. She could swear that there was some sort of use of magic in the air, but whenever she tried to pick it out, it sort of... vanished. The hair on the back of her neck was standing on end, and she couldn't help but look around in expectation that there was an enemy.

"Oh dear, are you feeling alright?" Kiba asked. All of a sudden he was in her face. Filling up her vision. Smiling his charming handsome face down at her. "Tut, tut. Oh dear, I was worried about this."

"Huh?" Tsubaki blinked, this strange feeling inside her growing and growing. "What do you mean?"

"Rias was telling me about it a little while ago," he said. "There was an... incident. Involving some of Issei's old friends. She believes it is an attempt by the Fallen Angels to make sure that he's actually dead. To lure him out. A little lust magic would certainly work, don't you think?"

There was a kind of logic to that. Wait... Did he mean... Was this lust magic?!

"You saw how those girls were earlier, did you not?" Kiba asked. "I expect they've done something sneaky. Like... laid a magical minefield of some sort on the campus, which you unknowingly walked through."

Was such a thing even possible? Yes. Hypothetically, you could do almost anything you wanted with magic. The fact that she hadn't noticed, though... Until now? How had that happened?

"Those other girls could let out the lustful effect somewhat by cooing over me," Kiba shrugged. "It's a shame, really it is, I have no real interest in any of them... But you strike me as the sort to have no real romantic interest at all, correct? That makes this a bit trickier."

"Ooooooh!" Tsubaki whined, as it hit her especially hard out of nowhere. Her legs felt weak. "D-Damn them! Ah! I m-must report this to Sona at once!"

"Not in that condition you can't," Kiba said. "Imagine it. Do you think you can get through the school like that? When your King's reputation would be on the line?"

Indeed, he had a point. She could barely keep her head up. Her hands were trembling, her face must be redder than a sunrise. Oh! Ahhhh! This feeling! It was nice - but at the same time, she didn't want it! This form of magic was much more insidious and potent than she'd expected!

====

Kiba had always disliked the attention he got. Blame it on his backstory. It's a bit difficult to open yourself up when you're used as a lab rat by the Church, and witness numerous others your own young age die pointless, meaningless deaths. Being found by Rias and given a new lease on life was the best thing to ever happen to him. Freedom. Security. She granted both.

Now, learning that the Succubus race had been deliberately and maliciously hunted down by the other Devils, out of fear for their ability... That ate at him. He didn't much care for that. Therefore, he would help Rias out. He would help her assume control over Devil society, and help her gain some measure of revenge upon those who had wronged her - or, should that be *their* kind?

It helped that the former annoyance was now a healthy food source. He could simply walk the campus, and feast upon the lust that the numerous girls with a crush on him had for him... Although, that became a brand new annoyance after a little bit. He became, how to put it... Full? Can you get full off of lust? Apparently, yes. He needed to expel this excess, and do so quickly to avoid a repeat of what happened earlier with Issei, but he had no idea where to put it all.

Until he was approached by Tsubaki. A beautiful woman who was not as smitten as the others with him, but still held a minor spark of attraction. A spark that was now an intense, towering inferno.

"It's alright," he said to her, making sure to focus her attention on him as he let that excess lustful energy flow out from him, into her. "I'm here to help you in any way that I can." He could practically hear her heart leaping from her chest. "Ah... I have an idea. Maybe if you had an outlet for your lust, it would help you calm down?"

That seemed a little obvious, but he was hoping his confidence would sell it. Seeing her usually stern face grow flustered and flush was quite appealing, and well worth the risk.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked. In response, he tipped her chin upwards and sealed her lips with his own. For a moment, she was still with shock. But only for a moment. After which she all but tackled him to the floor, her larger body on top of his frantically seeking out contact. Not just her hands, every inch of her was trying to get closer and closer to him.

Oh dear. This seemed to have created a new problem. The lust inside her was growing of its own accord, and forcing out the lust he had been trying to drop into her. Nonetheless, his instincts weren't letting him stop now. His hands trailed down her back, delighted in her hips, adored her thighs and rested on her rear. Kiba pulled his lips away and whispered in her ear.

"You shouldn't tell Sona about this," he whispered. In response, she moaned incoherently. "Instead, you should tell her... You saw someone else behaving strangely. Then, the two of us worked together to undo the spell."

"You want me to l-lie to Sona?" Tsubaki gasped. Of course, her loyalty was without reproach. "B-but I -" He kissed her again, deeper this time. When they parted, her tongue was hanging out. She let out a breathy "Okay," and so he rewarded her with another kiss. Welcome to the fan club, Tsubaki. Now, let's give you a few more commands for your lust addled mind, to make you an unknowing collaborator to the Succubus cause!

=====

There was something almost cute about it. Sona, sending along her new Pawn on a training mission alongside two of her other Pieces for observation purposes. It wasn't quite what Rias had expected Sona to do following the inevitable report of magical activity on campus, but in retrospect it made sense for her to turn this into a training exercise.

"Lo, my most resplendent greetings to you, King of the Rias Gremory Peerage! It is an honour that you would let me meet with thee under such conditions!"

This Saji guy was really kind of cute. Rias had the distinct feeling he was being over the top on purpose in an attempt to break the ice. At least, she hoped that was what he was doing, and that this wasn't a deliberate attempt at a greeting.

"Ah, just Rias will suffice," she said, taking a seat and looking the three over while Akeno hovered somewhere nearby behind her. Let's see now. These three guests were a cute boy that had a crush on Sona, who had no romantic interest in him at all (yet) as well as two girls. One was already harbouring a crush, the other had the potential for one. And this boy was as oblivious to that as Sona was to his crush. "Now, I believe that I can guess, but please state your reason for coming to speak with me."

"Forsook, there was -"

"Speak normally," one of the girls nudged him with her elbow. Rias giggled playfully. Oho! The things you can see with the powers of a succubus. "My apologies. I didn't think he would be so over the top about it."

"Well, I gotta make a good impression for my first mission, don't I?" Saji said. Ah, now he was relaxing a bit. "Okay, fine. Sona's worried about the big thing that happened earlier. Apparently some old friends of your new Pawn got some girls all over them, despite being total losers."

"Haha, in my experience, Mister Saji, those who point their fingers and call others losers should look closely at themselves," Rias gently smiled. He squirmed a bit at that. "Yes, we noticed it as well. Quite strange, don't you think? At first we believed that Issei had lost control over his new magic powers, or that his Sacred Gear had run amok, but..."

"But?" Saji asked.

"As it turned out, Issei didn't know anything about it at all," Rias said. "There I was, ready to give him a good hard spanking as punishment, when it turned out to not be necessary at all."

Saji laughed nervously, obviously thinking that they were joking. The other two with him were not laughing. This wasn't a succubus thing. This was a Devil thing. Those two had either seen or been on the receiving end of a punishment from Sona. The possibility of any eroticism behind it had fully escaped Rias because of the fact that she knew they both created a large magical barrier around their hands to deliver the punishment. No contact between butt and flat of hand here.

"Akeno, would you please brew up some tea?" Rias suggested. "Oh, and use that special milk we had ordered in." With her head turned, she looked down meaningfully at Akeno's breasts. "Now, shall we turn our potential to suspects?"

"Yes, that sounds about right," Saji said. "Uh... But first, I think Sona would like some reassurance that Issei isn't lying about his lack of involvement? His word isn't especially impressive, considering his history, I'm sure you understand?"

The two girls had a small flicker of attraction there, as he'd raised a quite sensible point. Good. When you're not trying too hard to be cool, you come off way cooler. It was her intention to play around with that a little bit here, to get what she wanted. Namely, Sona being a little too distracted to notice her making her moves to enact her revenge scheme.

In any event.

"He has an alibi," Rias said. "As it happens, he was right here, being briefed on the fundamentals of a Devil's life by my Queen. Is that not right, Akeno?"

By now, Akeno had returned with tea. It didn't take that long to make when you can use a touch of magic to speed the process along. She set out a cup in front of each of them, and smiled warmly, in that way she did. "Of course. I was monitoring him carefully the entire time," Akeno said. "I was quite surprised when you said there had been an incident."

"There are various potential suspects besides him," Rias smoothly continued, bringing her cup to her lips and taking a quick sip. Ahhh... Akeno's milk tasted the best, after all. That's right. Milk that Akeno had personally made, freshly squeezed from her nipple, infused with Sex Magic. The surest way to have magic of any kind affect someone deepest was to get them to imbibe it - and so her three guests did. "It could be the Fallen Angels. Or perhaps some Magicians. Pretty much the only ones I would not suspect would be agents of Heaven, as they would never dirty their hands with lustful magic."

"Saji, she's right," Ruruko said, setting her cup back in its saucer. "There were reports of Fallen Angels..."

"Issei was recruited after being killed by one of them," Akeno continued. "They are the most sensible suspects."

"An attempt to draw him out, then?" Saji mused. Very good. This is the story that her peerage had agreed upon if anyone started to enquire. "I suppose that makes sense."

Rias nodded, but not towards Saji. It was a sign towards Akeno. After all, it was her milk. She was the one in the best position to make use of their powers as Succubi. Oh dear, she did hope that the girl didn't get too out of control with it. This particular technique allowed for a few very simple lustful effects to be implemented on a short term basis, quite without the subject noticing. Thus, enabling them a chance to enact greater control in the longer term.

To start with, Akeno moved behind them and lifted up her left hand as if she was dangling a marionette. Then, Rumuko, who was on Saji's left, twitched her shoulders without seeming to notice. After this, Akeno did the same with her right hand, and Momo reacted in much the same way. From this, she moved both girls closer into Saji, then stuck out her tongue and flicked it. The effect was as if she had used her tongue to lick Saji's arm up and around Momo's shoulder, and then she did the same thing on his other side, ensuring that the oblivious boy was embracing both girls, with none of them finding their actions all that strange.

"It's also possible that it was an experiment of some sort," Rias mused. "After all, I've never quite seen magic of this kind. I did get the chance to take a closer look, you see. Oh. I suspect that the finer points will fly over your head since you are new to our world, but have no fear. I am certain those two girls will listen and fill Sona in on the details."

"That will be fine," Momo said. "I am one of her Bishops. I should be able to fill her in on the salient details."

"Very well. Then pay attention to my findings," Rias said. She took a deep breath, and the three visitors all sat up, paying close attention to her - and no attention at all to Akeno, nor to their own behaviour. "The spell targetted both boys, and appeared to have induced a large increase in their 'sex appeal' proportionate to their own innate perversion." Akeno tugged at their bodies, making Rumuro rub her breasts up against the side of Saji's head. To help keep them further

distracted, Rias rose from her seat and began to pace around in front of them to draw their attention further. "Secondly, the burst of magic appears to have struck all girls within the area and induced an intense arousal proportionate to their own hotness." Saji turned his head, here, and began to stick it in Momo's ear. "Finally, as the spell's effect weakened, it bound together a girl to each boy, setting them on a path of mutual lust."

"That seemed pretty straightforward," Momo said, while all but sitting on Saji's lap, snuggling closer to him in an attempt to fulfill the desire burning within her.

"True enough. So let's get into the nitty gritty of it," Rias said, taking a deep breath and drawing upon her own knowledge to really get them thinking. Everything she was about to say was true, of course. "The ether generated through the casting nodes linked with their pheromone production and induced a breeding instinct in human women in the vicinity. Following this, all women in the vicinity had their hormonal production manipulated by a dissipating arcana, which magnified the effect greatly, before culminating in the aforementioned interconnection of affection via lingering traces of lust tainted ether, as per the Cupid Effect."

She then took a sip of tea. Ahhh, delicious. While she spoke, the two girls had been directed by Akeno to strip down right there in front of her, writhing in delight the entire time. On seeing them start to disrobe, she had a moment of panic, that Akeno was going too far... but she had underestimated her Queen. Not to mention her delicious milk. The two girls were writhing about, with that boy in the middle of them. Obviously receiving a handjob from both of them at once.

"Did that all make sense?" Rias asked. Momo's eyes were crossed, but she nodded her head. "Very good. I do advise watching out, by the way. This is a quite potent spell. It might even be able to affect Devils."

"What should we do?" Ruruko asked.

"I would advise watching each other closely," Rias said. "If any of you does anything overtly... horny - " Akeno giggled a bit there. Shush now! "Then do your best to snap them out of it."

"Might I suggest spanking them, good and hard?" Akeno quipped. "That should provide enough of a shock to bring them out of it."

"Excellent thinking, Akeno!" Rias said. "I would advise that the three of you practise it now. It's a skill that you will likely need, in due course. If our enemy is using lust as a weapon, we must be ready to combat it by any means available."

Really now Sona, she had to send her thanks. Sending this boy along, with these girls, was a rather brilliant way... for her to usurp control over your Peerage without you even noticing. Although, now she was pondering. Should she serve Sona up to Saji on a silver platter, or... save that hottie for Issei? It wasn't as though Saji would be short of action anytime soon. Either way, he was about to be a lot happier than he used to be!

=====

"Where the hell is that Issei guy anyway?"

Tsubasa was on the prowl through the school in search of her target and starting to get annoyed. Huh! Was he hiding from her, or something? When she found him, she oughta give him a good hard talking to. He shouldn't be this hard to pick out when a member of the student council wanted him! Honestly, at this point she was half tempted to pick out a tracking spell... except doing that obviously in public would get her in all sorts of trouble.

Screw it then. She was gonna duck inside this storage shed and cast it anyway. While she was always eager to do whatever Sona asked, she didn't wanna waste all day on -

Huh? Weird. It sorta felt like there was resistance there. What the hell was that? Something that could make a Devil notice? That wasn't just a stuck handle. Tsubasa opened the door a lot more cautiously than she was intending, stepped inside and -

And saw something completely unexpected. Well. She found Issei Hyoudou. Alongside Koneko, Rias's Rook, and some other chick who was being bent over a vaulting horse and -

Oh gosh. She stared in genuine stunned silence, and when the door closed behind her she ducked under some equipment out of shock, covering her mouth and staring ahead in utter disbelief. Oh man. Oh man, oh man! She'd walked in on them doing it! Her mind brought the image to the forefront immediately, Issei's surprisingly lean and muscular physique, his strong hands grabbing that unknown chick's hips. Koneko, resting on top the vaulting horse, her legs wrapped around that chick's head. Both of them were wings out, but there was something kinda... weird about them? They looked like Devil wings, but there was something else about them that she'd never seen before. Not that she had a lot of experience with Devil wings, but she was pretty sure Koneko's didn't look like that!

"Huh? Was that the door?" Issei asked. "Nobody there... I guess the spell is holding."

"Nnnnobody has any reason to come in here for another hour," Koneko purred. "And nobody will miss you, me, or Miss Aika here. The spell on the door should be enough to keep anyone curious from coming inside, or noticing anything is wrong."

That was a lot of words from the normally taciturn kitty. So they were just, you know, in here railing some human chick? Wasn't this kinda proof that Issei was using his new Devil powers to get some ass, and with the support and consent from other members of Rias's peerage to boot?!

Looking around, Tsubasa saw a piece of reflective metal. Using that she was able to see them without them seeing her in turn, due to the angle it was at. Yeah. No doubt about it. They were railing that chick something fierce. She grit her teeth, and made ready to stand up when -

Ohhhhh boy, she wasn't going anywhere in a hurry. Something in the air was making her head feel light. Mmmmm. Man! Check out his butt. Well sculpted man ass. She didn't even know she was into that kinda thing, but... Oooh boy, there it is. Haaa... haaaa... What was this, all of a sudden? Tsubasa had never, ever felt like this before. Her hand was wandering down underneath her skirt for some reason and - Oh! Ohhhhoohooo! That felt good. That felt really, really good!

"Ah... I never imagined I'd wind up doing something like this with this girl..." Issei said. "But that lust she was putting off, it was too much! I had to have a taste!"

"This is unusual for me as well," Koneko purred. She let out a little mewl at the very end, too. "I appear to be going into heat. This may be causing the room to fill with lust magic at a higher degree than normal."

"Heh! Good thing you put that barrier around the room, then!" Issei said. Oh, right. Now that sh-she was looking there was a barrier of some sort around the room. "Lust is spilling out of the two of you at this point, we'd better get that worked out before we open the door. Who knows what might happen when we open it!"

"Nnnnnngh!" Tsubasa moaned into her hand, unable to keep it in any longer. Though she was a tough chick, there were hard limits to what she could manage. Lust magic? This was the result of lust magic? Yeah, yeah, that was it then. This was hard proof that Issei was responsible for that display earlier! No doubt about it, none at all! Gritting her teeth and forcing herself to roll over, Tsubasa lunged for the door -

Only for her face to collide with cock. Hard cock. Not, like, hard enough to act like an obstacle or anything, but the way her body reacted the instant she made contact, it might as well have been a titanium wall several miles thick. In effect, she'd wind up making Issei cockslap her when he'd come to investigate the weird sound he'd heard, and now all she could do was stare at that dick until the bright idea hit her to open her mouth and -

Yum~ This was nice! This was super, super nice! And fun! There wasn't anything wrong here at all! She was just enthusiastically sucking on Issei's dick, while Koneko and that Aika girl were taking off her clothes, and her body was being filled to the brim with lust magic... and very soon would be full of something even more fun!

"I think this confirms it then," Issei said nervously. "Um...? This could be a problem. Koneko, we need a safe way to deal with all this lust."

"Trust me," the Aika girl said. "By the time we're done, there won't be an ounce of lust left in this room. I have a few ideas, Hyoudou... Including for those fancy wings of yours!"

So she was about to be pulled into a foursome. Not exactly on her agenda for today, but you know what? At least she had succeeded at the task Sona had given her! Succeeded beyond her wildest expectations! Now! Let the foursome begin!

Code Gee-Ass

This might seem like an odd time to skip to the next day, but screw it that's what we're doing anyway. Shirley Fenette rolled out of bed wearing nothing but a black thong wedged well between two large bouncing cheeks, which had stopped growing at some point over the course of the night. There was only one reason she could think of for this - They had grown big enough to obtain her goal.

That goal? Being railed so hard by Lelouch that he'd have no choice but to marry her ~ What, just because she was a pervert, did that mean she couldn't want a romantic end? There was no contradiction here, like this she'd be able to have her cake and eat it too. And by cake she meant Lelouch's dick.

The truly miraculous part was that her uniform still fit. Somehow. Even though her rump was now big enough to work as a wrecking ball, the rather short tight skirt still somehow barely managed to cover it all. Probably whatever magic was making her butt bigger still made her clothes fit, too.

Soon enough she reached the student council office, where she found Milly Ashford sitting on the edge of her desk as though waiting for her. The council president had a sly knowing look on her pretty face, sized Shirley up and down, then said two simple words:

"Show me."

Normally Shirley would blush furiously and call her a pervert. Today, she couldn't wait to show it off. As such, she immediately gripped the bottom of her skirt and shimmied it up, and up, and up, until her thong clad ass was greeting the air. Mooning Milly first thing in the morning.

"Nice!" Milly said. "May I?"

"I would be insulted if you didn't," Shirley said, and no sooner than she did the flat of Milly's hand came down upon her cheeks. "Fuuuuuuck, my cheeks are going to be rippling for a good while yet."

"I suppose I should apologise for all the cheek over the years," Milly whispered into Shirley's ear. Oh, so close madame pres! But still. You can come closer if you want. "I always knew you had a dirty side hidden away."

"I mean, this is a porn thread," Shirley said. "I was going to break either way."

"Shush now. Let me enjoy the moment." Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze! "Or are you intending to make an ass of me as well?"

"Milly!" Shirley huffed. "Stop making me the butt of your jokes! You've always been so cheeky towards me, with your cracks! You're groping around at the bottom of the barrel."

Upon hearing this, Milly backed off and wiped a tear from her eye. "My apprentice, I have nothing else to teach you," she said. "Now, go forth, and lay yourself a Prince Charming, who even now knows not the prize he is about to lay claim to. I mean, goddamn girl, I knew a thong would suit you but this well? I'd swear that booty of yours at least doubled in size overnight!"

Shirley nervously laughed that one off. How strange. It felt like she'd received approval from Lelouch's own mother to go out and lure him into the sack. She could almost imagine the woman now, sort of hovering in the air over her. A woman with features very much like Lelouch, the same sort of purplish eyes, long wavy hair cast down to her waist, looking down on her and whispering 'gimme grandkids! It's about time he started getting laid. Oh, I'm sure he'll take after his father and have so, so many... best that he starts early!'

Which was oddly specific for her to think up, but never mind that. Shirley strode out of the council room with a swagger in her step. Not that she could really help herself. Well, there were two reasons she couldn't help herself if she was being honest.

The first was that she was just so turned on. How could she help herself from being so turned on? It wasn't possible. No way. Nobody could resist rolling their hips like this when they want to get laid this badly, it was a mathematic impossibility.

Equally impossible was walking normally when her rump was this big. It was like - Try standing with your back to a wall and touch your toes. You stick your butt out for balance. Well, due to the sheer weight increase in her hind quarters, if she didn't roll her hips like a total wanton slut then she'd topple over the first time she tried to take a step.

There were some positives and negatives here. Positive: It was making her cheeks clap with each step she took. Negative: Everyone was giving her a wide berth just in case she wound up giving them a concussion when they walked by her.

But never mind that! What mattered now was cornering Lelouch and getting her rocks off. All else was inconsequential. What's that? Idle gossip about a terrorist attack in Shinjuku Ghetto? A terrorist cell was allegedly put down? Dead Elevens?

...

Actually she did kinda care about that, and felt really bad for those involved, but it wasn't really any of her business either and she couldn't do anything to help, so... Let's focus on the part where her biological imperative to reproduce got satisfied first. Step one: Corner Lelouch somewhere. Step two: Ass him until he taps ass back. Simple. Even a chessmaster like him couldn't possibly do anything about it, the plan was foolproof and nothing at all could get in her -

"Oh," she said upon spotting a familiar face. "Hey there Kallen. So you're in school today as well?"

=====

Yesterday was pretty much a blur for Kallen. She woke up in her rich dumb mansion feeling a strong urge to shake her ass, as much as she could get away with. Work that rump to and fro, exercise her hips as much as humanly possible. Vibrate her waist like it was hooked to a massage chair at all times. Well, her mood certainly couldn't be any better than this. For the last seven years they'd known nothing but defeat after defeat, loss after loss, yet they'd kept on trying. Persevering. And then, at last, yesterday they scored a victory against Britannia.

Shame she couldn't remember quite how it happened. Isn't time skipping a real bitch?

"Eh, it probably wasn't important," Kallen shrugged. "Probably played out the same basic way it did in canon. If it's being glossed over so blatantly, it likely doesn't really matter."

What did matter though was her new power. Through the power of her already quite fine ass, she could manipulate the emotions of others. This seemed quite useful. In fact, she could probably use it to bring a few people here at Ashford under her sway. Hrm... yes, she could see it now. Since she had that Lelouch boy helping her out of her own volition, she could probably expand her reach even further, bring yet more around to realising what sort of a corrupt cess pit Britannia truly was, with no redeeming features at all.

Then she heard her name called out. Turning to the source, she found herself looking directly at Shirley Fenette. A pretty girl from her class who had... wow, that butt. Kallen stepped towards her, and Shirley responded by putting her hand on her hip and looking her up and down.

"Oh, you're approaching me?" Shirley asked.

"I can't tap that ass if I don't approach," Kallen replied.

"Red alert! We have a shipping fight incoming!" someone yelled, and the corridor cleared of people as the two girls walked closer to one another. Sizing each other up. Liking what they were seeing - yet each one coming into this conversation with completely different intentions. They began to walk a tight circle around each other as well, Shirley rocking that wrecking ball ass to and fro, while Kallen was shimmying and shaking with each and every step. Sheer overwhelming power versus grace and skill. Probably not in the way you would expect though, it would normally be the other way around wouldn't it? Shirley the ditzy swimmer should be the one using grace, while Kallen the resistance fighter tomboy should be the one with some oomph to her swagger. But it was fine. It was fine like this as well.

"Let's ditch the small talk and get down to brass tax," Kallen said. "You're confronting me because of meta-knowledge that I'm a core rival for Lelouch's interest."

"We're playing it that way, are we, *Miss Kozuki*?" Shirley sniffed. "Oh, how naughty of me!" And then she smacked her own ass so hard it made Kallen suck in air, because otherwise the oxygen around her head would've been completely blown away. "Well, fine. I'm game."

"Okay then," Kallen said. "I'll start. You don't have what it takes to hang with Lelouch. You're way too physically and mentally weak, and definitely don't have the skills or strength needed to help him get his rightful revenge against Britannia."

"Ooh, strength?" Shirley mockingly replied. "That's a very Britannian argument. Well, I'd rather think that *fucking dying* gives me the right to have a go with him, don't you think? Besides, a rough chick like you is too much of a tsundere to give him the affection he needs."

"Tsundere? Hah! Hearing that from a Britannian is pretty rich," Kallen said. She began to unconsciously shimmy her hips, intending to distract her opponent and keep her from making further coherent arguments. "You're way too ordinary to have a chance with him."

"And you're way too much of a tomboy!"

"Ladies, please! There's no need to argue!" said Rivalz, of all people, popping up between them appearing as if out of nowhere. "According to the new movies, he's supposed to wind up with C.C. anyway, so that's the canon ship!"

And that's when the two of them hip bumped him out the window, which opened wide and let him fall into a tank of water that just so happened to be positioned outside, for some reason. Given the experience of being touched by those hips, he didn't mind even a little.

"I'm not dying for Lelou's sins this time!" Shirley snapped. "I'm gonna get me some, and you can't stop me!"

"What, you gonna suffocate me with that ass?" Kallen jeered. "Not before I brainwash you with mine! Then, I'm gonna brainwash the entire school into supporting Japanese freedom. By taking away yours. Because... I mean, I guess it's kinda the writer's kink, but he's also self aware enough to recognise how morally questionable it is - "

"Nuh uh!" Shirley yelled back. "That's not what kinda story this is! It's the story of how I get everyone addicted to thongs and get a deep thorough dicking by my Prince Charming!"

Kallen took a deep breath there. "Hold up, I've only been following my own plotline, I just thought you had a bigger butt now. What was that about thong addiction?"

To demonstrate, Shirley whipped around, and Kallen had to brace herself from the gust of wind this fast action caused so it didn't make her topple over. From there, Shirley shimmied her skirt

all the way up to her waist, letting the thong splitting her cheeks show clearly for Kallen's inspection.

"See this?" Shirley asked. "I dare you to try on one of these thongs and not get totally, hopelessly hooked. You won't be able to go two minutes without having your butt flossed by this amazing fabric."

Right. So this was extremely dumb. In fact, it was dumber than Kallen was expecting it to be. "I have a better idea," Kallen said, upping the tempo of her gyrating hips. Boom, boom, bada boom boom boom, work that booty back and forth. Against all logic and reason, the snug pencil like skirt hugging Kallen's waist began to move as if it was a pleated skirt instead. From there, Kallen spun around and began to violently twerk, her butt moving like a blur as its potent hypnotic effect washed over Shirley.

"Oh no that butt is hot," Shirley gasped. "But... But! I will not give up yet! Take this!"

Then she backed that ass up, directly into Kallen's. The bigger booty quickly dwarfing the other in size... but Kallen didn't stop. She didn't even slow down. Instead, she wound up compelling Shirley along, making her work that ass and, through direct contact, sending those hypnotic effects all the way through her body. Soon enough, Shirley's eyes rolled up in her head and her tongue hung out her mouth like a dog with its head out a car window.

"Hehehe, mistake!" Kallen jeered. "You underestimated my... My..."

She trailed off, as she realised what Shirley was aiming for just a little bit too late. You see, now that they were ass to ass, Shirley had been able to do something quite insidious to Kallen without her realising. Namely - she'd been able to floss Kallen's cheeks with that addictive fabric! That's right! A part of her thong had managed to get caught right in Kallen's lower fleshy valley! It rubbed up against her, giving her only the slightest taste of its divine glory, and even though Kallen was already wearing underwear it mattered precious little - For now that this taste had been had, her regular underwear felt like it was made of barbed wire rather than cotton.

"Ohhhh, fuck that's goooood!" Kallen whined. "No, I won't give in, I - " She tried to step away, but to her horror, her cheeks clenched. Yes, that is a sentence you just read and that I just wrote, we're both going to have to live with that. Anyway, the point was that Kallen was now clinging onto the flimsy piece of fabric as if her life depended on it, and this resulted in her getting pulled back ass to ass up against Shirley. "Fuuuuuck!"

"H-Hey, Kallen!" Shirley said, her voice a good octave over what it was earlier. "No hard feelings, right? Um! How about - Um, if we sh-share him?"

"Another harem...?" Kallen groaned. "Fine, fine! Ahhhh... ahhhhh... how about... How about we celebrate by fucking each other stupid in your room?"

It sounded amazing to both of them. Though to be honest, with the way they were right now, it was quite likely they wouldn't have to go very far to properly fuck each other stupid.

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When one acquires powers of a supernatural nature, one must always ascertain the rules first. There are always rules. Limitations, boundaries you cannot cross. For Lelouch, it seemed as though he had the power to manipulate ass in any way that he saw fit, but surely there must be limits here?

For example, could he make that girl smack her friend on the - yes, indeed he could. She was confused by this, but... perhaps he could make her okay with it? Given the change in expression on her face, yes. He very much - oh, now they were french kissing in the middle of the corridor. Perhaps he should be more careful with his experimentation? The last thing he needed was anyone figuring out -

"Hey there!" Milly said, suddenly grabbing him by the arm. "Soooo, I hear tell you've got the power to manipulate ass to your heart's content!"

"I don't know what you - Ow!" Lelouch had begun to tell one of his trademark lies, only to wind up getting flicked on the forehead.

"Dummy, I have eyes and ears everywhere," Milly said. She hauled him off to the student council room, which meant a couple of awkward minutes where they transitioned to a new place to continue the conversation right where they left off. "So, let's see what you can really do with this. Lift me off this table through the power of my ass."

"Must I?" Lelouch asked. Milly's eyes gleamed in a way that made the answer quite clear. "Very well."

She jumped from the table a moment later. It must have felt like she was sitting on a pin. She rubbed her rump accusingly, but now Lelouch was starting to think he'd pushed his luck a bit too far there.

"Alright, smart guy," Milly said. "Can you change the clothing I'm wearing?" Poof. Now she was wearing short shorts. Very nice, very stylish. "Hrm, not bad, not bad. How about... a bunny suit with a cute poofy tail over my butt?" I tried - but alas, all I could produce was the poofy tail. "Interesting! Cool! Now, how about we perform the ultimate test?"

Lelouch had a bad feeling about this.

"How about, we transform you... into..."

"A girl with a large butt," both of them said in unison. Lelouch sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Why is this a thing?" he asked to nobody in particular. "Why does everyone seem to want me to be a girl?"

"Because you're really girly," Milly said. "You take after your mother almost as much as Nunna takes after your father."

Nunnally takes after their father...? Oh no. Now that Lelouch had heard that, he was starting to imagine it. Taking the Emperor of Britannia. Flipping his gender. Then putting the result in a wheelchair, and one of Nunna's middle school uniforms -

"Milly! I must have this erased from my brain!" Lelouch yelled, grabbing her shoulders and shaking her violently. "Please, help me find some method to scrub it from my memory! This is a cursed image you have inflicted upon me, and I shall not have it a moment longer!"

"Flip your switch, and that should do it!"

Fine! So be it! If that is what it took, then that is what it took! Anything to be rid of this vicious curse that Milly had cast upon him! Or rather, her, because now Lelouch was a slender beauty with a nice round butt, and a furrowed expression upon her pretty face.

"Wait, how was that supposed to work...?" Lelouch asked. "Milly! You took advantage of my distressed state and made me do the thing you wanted me to - Yipe!"

The flat of Milly's hand fell down upon Lelouch's cheek like a lightning bolt.

"That's what you get for using your powers the way you did," Milly said. "I wanted you to plump up these cheeks, not make me jump from pain!"

Urgh. Goes to show, doesn't it? Lelouch didn't really have free will around here, and had to jump to Milly's wants and needs.

"So what do you want me to do now?" Lelouch asked. "Perhaps you want me to clap my cheeks?" Which he made happen - or more precisely, he made Milly's cheeks clap quite loudly, which made her jump. "Honestly now Milly, it makes me wonder how much you know about me? Shall we find out?"

"Sweetie, are you implying that I should've worked out you were Zero or something?" Milly shook her head while rubbing at her butt. "Historian's fallacy, dummy. It's only obvious if you know what information is important. Like figuring out Batman is Bruce Wayne, just because he's the richest jerk in town."

Fair point. Ah, but it seemed that they had been interrupted by - By a girl that Lelouch was sure he'd remember. She was really quite a pretty thing, though she did seem oddly determined to hide her face.

"Uh, Milly, where did you put my glasses?" the girl asked. Nina? Was that really Nina Einstein? "Please? I don't wanna be the focus in a porn story like this one. A lesbian character like me always winds up getting the old 'the right dick will fix her' treatment, and I'd really rather not."

"Oh, Nina. You don't need to worry about that," Lelouch said.

"It's true," Milly nodded. "I don't think anyone jerks it thinking about you at all."

That was needlessly mean spirited, Milly. Though, Lelouch would grant, it was rather hard to imagine anyone obsessing over the mousy little racist when they were spending most of their time standing next to Milly, Kallen and Shirley. No matter. Lelouch could easily try something...

"Here you go!" Lelouch said. Just like that, Nina got some junk in that trunk. Her posture stiffened, as her ballast grew and grew. It looked like she was suddenly smuggling watermelons under that skirt of hers, and she didn't look too happy about it. Understandable, however- "I give you man repelling, woman attracting ass. No man can get hard for you, no woman ca-" Oh that's right, at the moment Lelouch was a girl. But so was Milly, and it seemed like madame prez was putting her eyes on the prize.

"Guuuuuhhhh..." Milly drooled, eyes affixed to ass.

"Go to it," Lelouch whispered, and turned herself back into himself, just because he could. Whew! "In the meantime, I hereby bestow upon you ass that can only be satisfied by Rivalz. Perhaps then you shall learn to stay out of my business?"

"Never!" Milly protested- but nonetheless dove towards Nina with great enthusiasm. Heh. What a remarkably strange power he had acquired.

"You're the best!" Rivalz rushed into the room, sodden wet for some reason that Lelouch felt like he'd be better off maybe not knowing? "Gangway! Threesome incoming! It's all coming up Rivalz!"

Yes, yes, yes. It was time for Lelouch to leave them to it. For now, he had to get back to the important - nay, vital task of planning out his Plan to Take Revenge On His Mother's Killer, and the Empire That Enabled Her Death, and Also Crippled His Sister.

Although one small thing was bothering him.

"One moment, what exactly did I do with Clovis this time?" Lelouch wondered. "Did I kill him, or...?"

=====

At this moment in time, Clovis was drowning in Hot Eleven Ass. That might seem surprising. He wasn't exactly fond of Elevens at the best of times. At the worst of times he was ordering floggings. So, this was quite out of sorts. While he was a playboy he was far from the sort to take in the minority he was overseeing the slow genocide of for the purposes of a bit of sexy funtime, far from it. Nonetheless, here he was. Drowning in Hot Eleven Ass.

One can hardly blame any of them. He was a handsome Prince. A bit of a worthless fop when not in front of a camera, but still quite handsome and charming. If you like dicks. No, I mean jerks. Though he was quite proficient in bed. With Britannian women. Not Elevens. Anyway, the point was there were bound to be some babes out there who were Elevens and into him in spite of what he was and what he represented. It's just the way that people are.

There were, at this present time, ten very attractive women crawling all over him. Yep. Some were sleeping off their exertions, others were quite enthusiastically grinding up against him, and as for is penis? It hadn't gone down for hours. Literally hours fully erect. He couldn't get out of bed. It was the sort of erection where, if you tried to put on any clothes, you'd tear right through them. His balls needed to be drained, and the frustrating thing was that the mere sight of Hot Eleven Ass was filling them up again somehow.

"Curse that mysterious youth!" he cried out to the heavens. "Arriving here, with Hot Eleven Ass in tow, then cursing me to be endlessly aroused by..." He trailed off, distracted by the jiggling cheeks all around him. "Urgh! Making me order a ceasefire, if only to get my hands on them! Forcing my guards to throw it back as they left my room! That fiend! That scoundrel! If he thinks he's seen the last of me, then he's seen another thing com-"

And then he came, yet again. The women who were still awake giggled and kissed at his body, each of them wanting another round. Clovis, though, his mind was whirling. Trying to come up with a plan. To escape. To find that youth. To extract his rightful vengeance.

Of course, he had just the idea. Hrm... Yeah. Cornelia was wrapping up her operations in the Middle East, right? In that case, let's invite her to Area Eleven. She'd have this scoundrel rooted out in no time flat!

Rosario + Vampire - Succubus Rebirth Plan: Moka

What we see now is not an uncommon scene at Yokai Academy. A handsome young man exits the boy's dorms, and strolls across the grounds first thing in the morning. He walks past the dead trees and tombstones with nary a second glance, letting the wind sweep through his hair as he heads towards his destination. There, already waiting for him, is a pretty pink haired girl with legs for days. The idol of the school, Moka Akashiya, is meeting with her 'friend' Tsukune Aono.

While around the corner of a nearby building, watching from afar, is a curvaceous blue haired succubus wearing the standard uniform, with a snug pastel coloured jumper over her, intentionally emphasising her bust without exposing any inappropriate skin, while her tiny tartan skirt swished gently in the breeze.

'There she is', Kurumu, that succubus, thought to herself. 'My main romantic rival, Moka Akashiya'.

She drank the girl in from head to toe. A cute face that portrayed a gentle naivete, a slender figure, a killer pair of legs, an overall aura of helplessness... Was it any wonder this was Kurumu's main rival for Tsukune's affections? Was it any wonder that she was the school's idol, the one who had spoiled her plans for turning all the boys into her personal harem by merely existing?

"Hi Moka!" Tsukune said, though Kurumu had to strain a bit to hear his voice from this distance.

"Tsukune!" Moka cheered back, rushing towards him like a girl in love. Arms spread wide, a big smile upon her pretty face, as though nothing in the world could make her happier to see him. Which would be great for any boy, except - "Capchu!"

She was also a vampire. One of the mightiest of monsters, bloodsucking fiends with power beyond compare. A dangerous sort to have as a rival, especially if Tsukune elected to remove that Rosary around her neck. It kept her power in check - and with that power, a personality that was willing and able to use it to fullest effect. Kurumu had been kicked once already. Seen others stronger than her kicked, too. It was not an experience she wished to repeat. Hence her promise to not Charm Tsukune any more. She would fight for his affections fairly, and let the better girl win.

Well, up until recently that had been Moka. Now? Kurumu was pretty sure she was top dog around these parts. The news hadn't filtered out yet, but... It was funny really. She'd been struggling against it ever since the change. Ever since she'd made that wish, Kurumu hadn't really been one hundred percent on board with the idea of turning her friends into succubi. She'd asked for the power. Been granted it. But using it, that was another matter.

Then she caught sight of Moka, and her newfound instincts as the most powerful Succubus to ever live took over. They pushed down her feelings of friendship. She wanted that girl. And that boy. They were just so fucking cute, how could she resist?

Moka suddenly popped away from Tsukune. "I'm sorry, I must be hungrier than I thought!"

He responded in quite an understated manner for someone who just had their blood sucked. "Aha, no, no, it's all fine!"

It was cloying. It was cute. It was... kinda infuriating seeing them like that, not quite flirty but so close to the line they might as well be standing on it. Compare and contrast to what happens when you pull that Rosary off.

Oh, Kurumu could see it now! She goes over there and tries to share her love! Then Tsukune, thinking quickly, yanks that Rosary off her chest. The change happens. Pink hair turns silver. A sweet and gentle expression turns icy cold. All of a sudden, instead of a slightly ditzy weakling she'd be contending with a vampire at full power! Who would use her powerful sexy legs to show Kurumu her place!

"You thought you could corrupt me?" the unleashed Inner Moka would surely taunt, foot firmly planted on Kurumu's back as she lay face down on the ground. *"Know your place!"*

"You know, actually, that doesn't sound so bad when you put it like that..." Kurumu thought. Ooooh, yeah! Step on her some more! That sounded super, super nice when you thought of it like -

"What doesn't sound so bad?"

Kurumu opened her eyes, and the fantasy popped, revealing Moka (Outer Moka!) standing right there in front of her flashing that big warm friendly smile that was simply happy to see you. Needless to say, under the circumstances, suddenly finding oneself face to face with one's main romantic rival while concocting scenarios to corrupt them (that became a prelude to a BDSM fantasy where the roles got reversed) was quite a bit shocking, and caused Kurumu to leap up in the air in sheer surprise and fright, even though Moka in this form was quite possibly the least threatening person in the entire school.

"Ah! M-Moka!" Kurumu gasped, holding a quite uncomfortable pose intended to portray her total shock and surprise to anyone looking. "Wh-what brings you here?"

"Uh... I was meeting with Tsukune...?" Moka replied. She gestured behind her, where Tsukune was getting something to drink from a vending machine. "Did you need help with something? You seem a little bit nervous."

Ahem! So Tsukune was all the way over there, was he? Alright. That made this a bit simpler. Deep breath now. Deep breath! You're doing Moka a favour right now, remember? Kurumu activated her charm and looked deeply into Moka's eyes. Yes, her improved Charm. Normally it had no effect at all on girls, but thanks to that Genie she now had a ridiculous power boost.

"Don't worry," she said ominously. "I'm sure you'll be able to help me out from now on."

"Huh?" Moka replied. "Isn't that your - Uh..."

She trailed off, and no wonder. She was bewitched, bespelled, fully ensnared. Her breathing grew ragged, her pulse quickened and she even started to fidget in place. That's right. It was just this easy, now. Get her while she's alone. Tsukune is too far away to do anything, and soon enough -

"Who is the most beautiful girl on campus?" Kurumu asked.

"You are..." Moka sighed wistfully. Her eyes were swirling, and the warm expression in them had turned up a notch. You could practically see hearts pounding in them now. Kurumu looked over Moka's shoulder, and then quickly pulled the vampire around the corner so they were out of sight. Just a little more, and she'd have everything she wanted. "I'm going to serve up Tsukune on a platter for you. How does that sound."

"Tsukune~" Moka babbled. No time for that! Kurumu puckered her lips, and Moka seemed to understand right away. Perfect! Absolutely perfect! Come on, girl! Lean in, nice and tight and - Jackpot! Even this charm effect was temporary up until the kiss happened! Now it was truly permanent - And Kurumu could enact the second half of this new spell she had.

She pushed in a little bit of energy, and with that she pushed out Moka's vampiric nature, too. Replaced it outright. Transformed her from one kind of monster into another. Gone were the fangs. Gone was the thirst for human blood. Gone were all the weaknesses. In their place, she gained - ah, pardon her, retained - her supernatural allure, but it was now even greater than before. She gained the power to cast intricate illusions, a powerful charm effect, and the power to feed off the lust of others.

Kukuku! Oh, Moka, you would never have to worry about being hungry again!

Yet that wasn't all. Oh no, Moka's transformation was much more than that. Her uniform changed as well, shifting and changing into a brilliant white dress. Shoulderless, with a strange web pattern across the chest. The bottom half was cut around the thighs as well, quite an unusual design... though Kurumu was hardly one to comment considering her own transformation.

That same purple leotard, with leggings that carried a bat pattern across them. Quite the contrast to Moka's appearance, yes? Of course, to us reading this we can passively recognise

that Kurumu's attire was reminiscent of Morrigan from Darkstalkers, while Moka's was that of Albedo from Overlord. Quite the pair of dangerous Succubi for them to transform into, wouldn't you agree?

After a moment, Kurumu pulled her lips away and smirked in clear triumph. "Well, that went a lot easier than expected."

Moka was confused by this. That girl did tend to wear her emotions on her sleeve. "What do you mean, beloved?"

"I was expecting your inner self to resist," Kurumu shrugged. She stepped away, eager to move on to Tsukune next. Bring him on board now, then the three of them could have some fun together.

Alas, alack, Kurumu was perhaps a little *too* eager to get to Tsukune for her own good. For you see, Moka's Rosary *somehow* managed to get itself caught in the cleavage of Kurumu's costume. Probably because of how tightly they were holding each other while they were kissing. Anyway, when Kurumu stepped away, she managed a feat that until now only Tsukune had been able to manage. Probably because the Charm effect had enabled a quick bypass on the Rosary's normal protection.

The reason didn't really matter, because all of a sudden Kurumu found herself right in kicking range of an irate seeming Inner Moka. Silver hair sparkling in the morning sun, piercing eyes threatening all manner of unholy damage coming her way...

"Uh oh!" Kurumu yelped. In reply to this, you could *hear* the Ellipses of Impatience wafting off Inner Moka like a bad odor. "Is this the part where you kick me and tell me to know my place?"

"It most assuredly is!" Inner Moka spat, and then her leg whipped up into the air faster than a bullet and with the power of a freight train. Kurumu's wings flapped, drawing her barely out of reach of those legs. Phew! Far too close! But this wasn't anything new to Inner Moka, she'd faced off against winged enemies before. For that matter, she'd faced Kurumu before. "Your mind control won't work on me! I am too strong willed" she yelled, leaping up after Kurumu -

And colliding with a wall for her trouble.

"Maybe you're strong willed," said the empty air next to her head. Inner Moka whipped around. "But are you sure you're as strong in *body* as you were before?"

"An illusion?" Inner Moka's eyes darted around. No doubt looking for inconsistencies in the illusion around her. There were none. Kurumu's illusion ability was perfect now. Experimentally, she thrust out her arms and - No, not there. "What did you mean about my body?"

"You haven't noticed yet?" the empty air asked once again. Aha! Inner Moka's hand snaked out and this time managed to grab Kurumu's arm. Yet despite that, there was a smile on her face. "You really didn't notice yet?"

"Start speaking, Succubus!" Inner Moka seethed. "I should have insisted that she break off ties with you! Your kind are inherently untrustworthy, especially where men are involved!"

"Our kind," Kurumu corrected her. "You're not a Vampire anymore. I changed your Outer self into a succubus... and now you are one as well!"

A scowl fell across Inner Moka's features and she shoved Kurumu up against the wall then spun on her heel, flicking from the hip with expert, practised force. The leg travelled up with tremendous force, like a cracked whip as it had against many other monsters that believed themselves to have an advantage over her, and all been proven wrong.

Then it hit the flat of Kurumu's hand and stopped cold.

"What?!" Inner Moka yelled, genuinely shocked that her attack was stopped so thoroughly. Kurumu though, she stood there looking quite pleased with herself. Smug triumph on her face.

"It's already too late," Kurumu said, grabbing Inner Moka and pushing her back against the wall. "You already lost, and now it's time for *you* to learn *your* place."

"Unhand me!" Inner Moka hissed, noting that Kurumu was attempting to use her charm effect again. "That won't work on me! I warned you, my willpower is - ah!"

"Yes, yes you did," Kurumu said, leaning in close and smooshing her breasts right into Inner Moka's. This was something she'd used to do to Tsukune, all the time. Rubbing her breasts all over him. It was a desperate attempt to seduce him back then, to get his attention on her by using her best attributes to draw all of his focus onto her. Now, she was using it in a more direct way. Now, she was forcing Inner Moka to understand the difference between them. "You did warn me about your superior willpower." Squish, squish, squish! "But now I'm wondering, how is that holding up?"

There was something cathartic in watching Inner Moka start to writhe in pleasure despite herself. That mighty figure, imposing and dominant, brought beneath her heel... Although, Kurumu did rather hope that at some point in the near future their roles might be reversed for a little while. It really would be fun being, aha, shown her place under controlled conditions...

"Your vaunted willpower is fading away," Kurumu said. "Your new succubus body is getting all hot and heavy for my enormous, heaving, superior bosom."

"Haaaa... No! That's impossible! You can't have changed me into -" Inner Moka's denial was interrupted when wings shot out of her back. Big leathery wings - and in turn, Kurumu released her own as well.

"You were saying?" Kurumu asked. She leaned in close and continued, forcing her romantic rival to look her in the eyes so she could Charm her properly. "You're not used to it, are you? This feeling grows inside you. Lust. Desire. Your body seeks out the pleasures of the flesh on instinct. It's just like the pride you had in your strength. Now, instead of your strength, you're proud of how *utterly and ridiculously hot you are.*"

"No, that's not right!" Inner Moka said. "Y-You! What have you done to me?!"

Kurumu pouted, then puckered her lips, and this time Inner Moka was the one to initiate the kiss. Unable to help herself. Falling into the new role that had been assigned for her. Yes, that's right. It was time for Moka to learn her rightful place!

Shortly, the two of them were in Kurumu's bedroom. Oh, don't worry about Tsukune. She hadn't forgotten about him. However, this matter had to come first. Sitting behind Kurumu was the Genie of the Lamp, rubbing her shoulders, while in front of her was Inner Moka in her new Succubus attire. Wings spread out, on her hands and knees, kissing and licking Kurumu's foot. Suckling on her toes, submitting to her better. Oh, Kurumu had to admit, this feeling of power and domination was truly intoxicating!

"Genie, I have my third and final wish," Kurumu said. She snapped her fingers. "I wish that Inner and Outer Moka had their own bodies."

"Your wish is my command," the Genie dutifully said, and made it so. Just like that, there were now two Mokas at her feet. One with pink hair, the other silver. It was interesting really, the two of them did have the same face, but there was something about the eyes that was markedly different.

"Any complaints from either of you?" Kurumu asked. The two of them stopped their worshipping of her feet just barely long enough to look up at her with a longing expression.

"No Mistress!" they said in unison.

"How wonderful," Kurumu rested her cheek on her hand. "This simplifies things tremendously. Now... Why don't we bring in Tsukune for a little fun? Kukukukuku!"

Danganronpa Master PC

Oh, what fun Tsumugi was having. Sitting in her personal private space, a hidden room within the academy, she was practically walking on air. In actuality she was walking on the ground around the desk in the middle of the room, upon which sat her newest acquisition: The Master PC!

"What a wonderful little invention that skanky Miu made," Tsumugi sneered in deep contempt. "When I created her character, I may have made her a little too smart for her own good! Puhuhuhuhu!"

At the back of the room, an enormous head shaped like Monokuma laughed alongside with her on reflex, but otherwise remained silent.

"The ability to change people without using a flashback light," Tsumugi said to herself. "Not just their minds, their bodies, their past, their whole way of thinking... This goes beyond the Ultimate Real Fiction! This is the power to write anything you want, right at your own fingertips! I can do it all. Anything I want!"

She whirled around in place, and transformed into a rather obese glasses wearing boy, who said with a booming voice that was trying far too hard to be epic - "The Ultimate Real Fanfiction!" Then she whirled around again, changing back to her regular guise in the blink of an eye. The power of the Ultimate Cosplayer in action.

"I've already got the rest of the world entertained thanks to this..." she said to herself. "The game basically runs itself now, I don't even need the 'volunteers' to play their parts anymore. Ah, that's almost a shame. All that hard work, gone down the drain..."

Despite that, she still seemed pretty happy. Well, why wouldn't she? Until now she thought that she had no more worlds to conquer. That she'd already created the Ultimate Real Fiction... But now she could create the Ultimate Real Fanfiction! The potential was endless. The things she could use this for were staggering. It more than made up for the wasted energy!

"Let's see, let's see..." she mused, running her fingers over the keyboard, but not hard enough to actually press them. "Shuichi is by far my favourite to play with as it is, but... Why don't we expand things a little? Why, this little function here lets me create new people. Whole new bodies, out of nothing. So let's make the cast a bit bigger, shall we? A few classics. Just a few from the first two games. The Hope's Peak Academy arc was always a fan favourite! Puhuhuhuhuhu! Then I'll make them all think those girls have always been there and - Voila! Let the Ultimate True Fanfiction commence!"

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Shuichi Saihara was, however willingly, the Ultimate Detective. He always felt it was a bit of a fluke he wound up with that title. You solve one little murder mystery that has the police stumped and suddenly everyone thinks you're some expert, when the truth is? You just got lucky. Now he had a reputation to live up to. Well, so be it. One absolutely vital aspect of being a detective is the ability to retrieve information. To stalk others without them knowing, so you can tail their movements and figure out a few simple truths.

This is what he was doing even now. He had deliberately led Ryoma into a conversation with Gundam, thus ensuring the Ultimate Tennis Pro would be fully distracted while Shuichi snuck into his Ultimate Lab. That's the sort of thing a detective does, you see. Distractions, diversions, make use of the resources you have so you can conduct your investigations.

From here, there was a window onto the holy land - the swimming pool down below.

Ah yes, the swimming pool. Several of the girls had gotten together and decided to have a fun little playtime, without the boys around. It was funny, but at the time Shuichi vaguely remembered not really caring all that much - Until he suddenly remembered that he was a colossal pervert from out of nowhere, which meant he absolutely had to spy on the proceedings.

And what proceedings they were! Down there, he could see some truly delectable beauties enjoying a good swim. He could see Kaede right away, of course. Absolutely gorgeous as always. The wet look suited her well, but then again he was pretty sure she was the kind of girl who could look good in a trash bag. Her curves were exactly as he'd already calculated from careful observations. Her blue bikini certainly looked tremendous on her too.

Ah, and what was this? Junko Enoshima was strolling over with lotion in her hand, rubbing her hands down Kaede's back to ensure her skin had the proper protection! Oh dear, but it seemed as though this method was not very efficient, as such, Aoi had to empty the lotion allllll over her chest and use it to rub down Kaede's body...

That was a little strange though, wasn't it? This was a remarkably lewd way for the two girls to interact with each other. On the other hand, they weren't exactly alone in that either. Not too far away, Sonia Nevermind and Peko Pekoyama were each holding an ice cream cone in their cleavage, while pressing their breasts up against each other and daintily licking up ice cream.

Meanwhile, not too far from there, he could see Junko Enoshima getting into a contest of some sort atop a floating platform. Up against Chiaki Nanami and Maki Harukawa, they seemed to be trying to shove each other into the water using only their breasts and butts. Weirder still, the girls were passing up obvious chances to knock one another off into the water.

Don't misunderstand him. It was all hot. Very, very hot. Watching their butts and breasts collide, sending flesh jiggling all over the place. The water splashing around them, highlighting their dazzling figures. It was erotic, yet also kinda weird that they would do that sort of thing...

Especially when Junko suddenly whipped off her bra, letting her breasts fly free, then stuck her thumb in her mouth and blew into it, causing her breasts to rise, and rise, and rise -

Dawning realisation struck Shuichi as he boggled at the sight. It's a trap! He turned to flee - only to be blinded by a camera flash, right in his face.

"Is this how a man is supposed to act?!" a pretty freckled face yelled at him, though his vision was a touch too blurred to properly make it out he could tell from the voice who it was right away. Mahiru Koizumi, the Ultimate Photographer, had caught him in the act! "Peeking on girls trying to enjoy some private time together?"

"Nope, nope!" another voice sang, and - Oh no! That was somehow even worse than Mahiru! "Only a pervert lower than pigbarf would do something like that!" Hiyoko Saionji, the Ultimate Traditional Dancer! She was the kind of girl who looked like she was half her actual age, and acted like it to get people to underestimate her. Childlike, but with a potty mouth. "But maybe, just maybe, a creep like this is even lower than that!"

He tried hiding behind his cap, only for Mahiru to snatch it off his head.

"No hiding behind that," she scorned. "Accept your punishment like a man."

"And don't try pretending you weren't, we can see your tentpole right there!" Hiyoko said, gesturing at his trousers. "Although, then again, maybe I should call it a toothpick instead?"

"Get this over with," Shuichi griped. "You've already made up your mind, right?"

"Indeed we have," Mahiru said. "Puhuhuhu!" Huh? Her voice went strangely high pitched there for a second. Also... why did it look like she had black paint over half her face? "Let's give it everything we've got! It's -"

"Punishment time!"

Suddenly, a piece of cardboard swung down from the ceiling, with the words 'Shuichi Saihara, the Ultimate <s>Detective</s> Pervert: The Trial of the Cocksleeve' written on it in weirdly scratchy writing. Huh? Had they prepared that ahead of time...? How did they know it would be him, and not one of the -

A collar shot out of... somewhere or other and slammed around his neck before he could make any sort of deduction. Just as suddenly, he was pulled back onto a heart shaped bed, and when he lifted his head, he found himself holding a pair of breasts in his hands. His own! Shuichi whirled around in confusion, just in time to see Mahiru and Hiyoko dump their clothes to the ground. Both girls put their thumb in their mouth and, much like Junko had a moment ago, puffed out their cheeks as if blowing into it, and when they did -

Enormous futa dicks sprung out. Hiyoko's was taller than she was. To Shuichi's horror, she then kept blowing - but to his relief, the additional size went elsewhere. It was like she'd suddenly caught up to her actual age right before his eyes.

"Wh-what's going - " Shuichi began, only for Mahiru to slap her enormous, rock hard futa dick right into the cleft of his ass. She took a picture of the two of them together, and grunted in disgust.

"Urgh, I can't stand selfies," Mahiru said. "So staged, so artificial. Sorta like your personality, don't you think?"

"I'm not - " Shuichi began, only for Mahiru to slap his ass and make him squeal in absolute delight. Ohhhh, with that cock in between his cheeks, that felt absolutely amazing!

"What a disgusting lowlife toilet clogging pervert," Hiyoko teased, slapping her even bigger futa dick across his face. "How about it Mahiru? Shall we spitroast him until he learns his lesson?"

"I got a better idea," Mahiru said. "Go ahead, dance for him. He wants a show? He'll get a show."

The logic there felt a little forced to him. They were going to punish him for peeping by... deliberately putting on a show for him? That didn't sound right at all. Something was wrong here, and he couldn't quite see it.

What he could see was best described as a pole dance. Where Hiyoko was, somehow, using her own enormous futa dick as a pole. No, that didn't make much sense to Shuichi either, but somehow she was doing it. Planting it on the ground, wrapping one leg around it and then spinning in place. "You're getting off on this, aren'tcha?" Hiyoko mocked and teased him. "Well, you're not getting any of this! You hear me, creepazoid?!"

That was when he started to feel it. The true nature of his punishment. The stimulation from Mahiru, the surprisingly talented erotic dancing from Hiyoko... It was too much for him to take. Shuichi grabbed at his breasts and played with his nipples to no avail. Worse, he could feel his ass getting bigger, engulfing Mahiru's cock, inviting yet greater sensation and stimulation that was threatening to drive him over the edge!

Ah! But weren't they all acting weird? Ohhhh! Hiyoko and Mahiru would never do that, and he'd known them for - For... Huh! He knew them for a while now, but he couldn't really remember any specific memories of either of them right up until now. That was weird, right? That was extremely strange, wasn't it?!

"Ohhhhh! Let me cuuuuuuum!" he begged and pleaded, the two girls getting faster and faster in their motions. His own hands moving in time with them, making his punishment all that much worse. "Let me cum! Let me cum! I won't do it again, I promise!"

And then, he was bathed in cum. Theirs, and his own. Leaving him a goopy mess on the bed, while the two girls dressed and left. "We're gonna tell all the girls what a colossal perv you are," Mahiru warned. "Take this as a chance to better yourself, Ultimate Detective."

"Ultimate Defective, more like," Hiyoko smirked, and then deflated back to her much younger appearance. Nooo, bring back hot Hiyoko with the legs that went on for miles... she was super fuckable like that, no.... "Come on, let's get outta here before this pervert gets some more ideas."

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Needless to say, that hadn't gone as planned. Shuichi slunk off, considering his next move. How should he defend himself here? There was no doubt about it, those two would absolutely tell all the other girls he was peeping. That would make it quite a bit harder for him to perv on them, regardless of his Ultimate Detective status.

Just then, he heard two girls talking amongst themselves: "Hey, Himiko! How did you get to be so cute? I need to know so that I can protect you from degenerate males!"

"Ehhh, it's thanks to my magic..."

No doubt about who that was. Tenko and Himiko were lurking in the next room. Shuichi sighed, knowing it would be better to avoid these two. Himiko was kinda cute, but not really his type at all. Tenko had a nice body, but she'd be more likely to toss him across the room than let him come anywhere near her. Or look at her. Or exist. She was the walking textbook example of a man hating lesbian, a living stereotype that he had no illusions about changing her mind. Nothing could change her mind short of magic.

They'd be the worst people to talk to about redeeming his image among the girls, so best if he walked away. Didn't get involved, and absolutely did not -

"Can you show me that magic?" Tenko insisted. "Please! I'd do anything to see it in action!"

"Meeeee, okay. Fine, fine, if it'll make you happy..." Himiko sighed, and that caught Shuichi's attention before he could leave. Peering into the room, he saw the two girls standing there, as they usually did. Tenko in her 'Neo-Akido' defensive posture on sheer reflex, while Himiko had her shoulders sunk, her eyes half lidded, and general demeanour of someone who would rather be in bed right now. "Abracaboobra."

With that, Himiko waved her magic wand. Of course, it wasn't actually magic. Despite her claims to the contrary she wasn't engaging in magic, actually, it was merely a stage performance. Sleight of hand, smoke and mirrors, deception and misdirection as entertainment.

And yet... right before his eyes something genuinely magic did seem to be taking place. It sort of reminded him of what happened with Hiyoko a little while ago. Her body sort of... grew, instantly. Doubling in height, her hips swelling out, her breasts becoming much, much larger nearly instantly.

"Wh-whaaaaa" Tenko leaped up in shock, throwing her hands in a square shape around her own head, which was twisted in a bug eyed glare at the sudden growth spurt. "That's some magic you got there!"

"Puhuhuhu!" Himiko laughed, and... How strange, there it was again. Just like Mahiru. The same half white, half black expression fell upon Himiko's features. She swept back her hair, towering over the girl that was all but drooling over her all the time. "Yes, I mastered this spell explicitly for this reason! Now, Tenko! I want you to stop being all gross over me! You go on and on about degenerate males all the time, while being a degenerate female!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Tenko pleaded, though Shuichi couldn't help but read 'step on me' vibes into it. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry... But you know, there *is* a degenerate male watching us right at this very instant."

Oh no. They'd spotted him! Now both of them had that same half white, half black lighting over their faces! Worse yet, the black side of their faces almost seemed to have a wider smile on it, like - like it was being pulled up by hooks, or part of their cheek had been sliced away. It was obviously an optical illusion, but it was quite strange that it was happening for both of them.

"Ah, pardon me. I'll just be on my - "

"Hiya!"

Alternatively, Tenko could grab him under the arm and toss him across the room in the blink of an eye. On top of this, Himiko waved her wand, and suddenly Shuichi couldn't move at all. Like his limbs had been stuck to the floor!

"We've heard all about it from the other girls," Himiko said, sounding a lot more confident than she did before. She cocked her hand on her hip and sneered down at him. "You know, you're a pretty gross boy, peeking on girls like this. Is that what an Ultimate Detective ought to do?"

"Hrmph! Degenerate male!" Tenko spat at him. "How about it, Himiko? Let's teach him a lesson he'll never forget!"

"Iiiiiit's Punishment Time!"

Once again, a piece of card swung down from the ceiling, this time reading "Shuichi Suihara, the Ultimate Degenerate Male: The Magic of Cockteasing." Which... happening again was

strange, wasn't it? Why would it happen a second time like that?! Ah! This whole thing was far too unusual! Shuichi just wanted out of it!

Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do but lie there as the girls began. Himiko waved her wand again, causing their clothes to drop off their bodies. My word. Tenko's body was muscular in all the right places, her thighs looked like they could crush a human head. Meanwhile, Himiko had gone for a rather more hourglass figure, as though she'd deliberately cast herself in as feminine a role as possible. They really did give two very different impressions like this.

"Tenko!" Himiko barked, bringing her hand down upon Tenko's ass. The other girl shrieked and jumped at the contact - but then calmed down and leaned back into it. "I think you and Shuichi could do with some martial arts training! After all, you're both degenerates and you need to get it out of your system!"

"I'm.. a degenerate female?" Tenko mused. "Yes, of course. That makes total sense! Come on, degenerate male! Let's do some training together!"

Shuichi found himself hauled up, while Himiko waved her wand around. His body moved of its own accord, and he soon found himself grappling with Tenko. Shuichi gulped nervously, and he tried to avoid looking down at Tenko's bare breasts, but -

"Hyaaaa!" Tenko screamed, suddenly thrusting her breasts out into his chest before sending him flying to the ground. "Don't get distracted by my amazing breasts, degenerate male!"

"Urgh! That's a little difficult..." Shuichi complained. Then he was tossed yet again.

"Why? Because you're such a degenerate you can't stop looking?" Tenko taunted. "You don't see me... uh..."

She was getting distracted by Himiko, wasn't she? Actually, no wonder. Himiko had pulled out a glass of water from somewhere and was pouring it all over her chest, leaving it fully exposed... At which point, inexplicably, both Tenko and Shuichi found themselves flying into a heap!

"Such degenerates," Himiko sighed and yawned, before leaning down with her wand and thrusting it right into Shuichi's butt, without a trace of resistance. Instantly, Shuichi was grappling with magic sparking up through his body. Ah! Ah! Ahahaha! "If you admit to being a degenerate male, I'll let Tenko fuck you."

"Huh?" Tenko grunted. "Who would want to - Yipe!"

Himiko produced yet another wand, and this one went straight up Tenko's pussy. Ah! The two of them were being punished at the same time!

"And you, admit you're a degenerate female!" Himiko warned. "After all, there's nothing wrong with being a degenerate so long as you admit to it!"

She had them both right where she wanted them. Worse yet, they resumed training with each other while Himiko's wands were fingering them both! Shooting sparks of magic right into both of their bodies at once.

"F-for neo aikido, you have to - Oh fuck me - w-work with your h-hips!" Tenko grunted and writhed, trying to demonstrate, but the pleasure was clearly overwhelming. "You try, d-degenerate male!"

Indeed, Shuichi did try, but all that meant was pushing his body up against Tenko's more and more. Unlike usual, she didn't respond in disgust. Instead, there was... surprise and delight, mixed together in a glorious cacophony. He was being stimulated on all sides, or so it felt like. His cock was straining, reaching out for Tenko's pussy, but with Himiko's wand in the way he'd never be able to get it in! Ah! He couldn't take this anymore!

"I'm a degenerate male!" Shuichi yelled, and with that Himiko released her wand... and then walked out of the room arm in arm with Tenko.

"There you go, see? He's just as disgusting as Hiyoko said," Tenko said, seeming not to care at all that she was naked and also had a very fine thicc butt. "On the other hand he'll make an amazing cocksleeve."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Himiko wearily sighed. "Good thing we're a pair of degenerate females, so we'll be able to keep each other right..."

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Something was wrong here. Something was very, obviously wrong. Little inconsistencies, impossible and nonsensical events. Inexplicable behaviour that was borderline lunacy. Was this paranoia settling in on him? Was he seeing a pattern that didn't exist? Shuichi couldn't quite make his mind up. For the time being he was going to head down to the basement to try and find somewhere he could think. His own Ultimate Lab really wasn't well suited to that, the atmosphere was a little too stiff for his liking. Down here, he could relax a little more and... probably not run into as many people given his reputation was likely shot.

What he didn't expect to find down here was, of all people, Aoi Asahina the Ultimate Swimmer and Chihiro Fujisaki, the Ultimate Programmer. The two of them were tapping away at a laptop, laughing away to themselves about... something or other. Shuichi had slipped inside the room without making a sound, a habit he'd picked up as a detective. As such, they hadn't noticed him yet. He really should say something, but -

But damn, those shorts Aoi was wearing were snug. Super snug. Damn, he could barely take his eyes off them. Snug white shorts that contrasted gloriously against her tan thighs. He'd be a fool to draw attention to himself right now.

"So, this program really lets you just... you know, change people?" Aoi asked. "Really? I mean, that seems kinda incredible."

"I know, it does," Chihiro said. "I could barely believe it as well, but... it works perfectly. Height, weight, body proportions, and all sorts of stuff about the mind. You can even change the clothes a person is wearing right there and then! I call it the Master PC."

"Show me, show me!" Aoi said. "Um... Let's try that Shuichi kid. He's not half the detective that Kyoko is, right? I mean, he's kinda cute and all, but he's way too shy."

"If you want I could turn him into Kyoko," Chihiro said. He tapped at his keyboard, and - all of a sudden Shuichi had breasts! Also, his hair had turned silver and long, just like Kyoko! What the hell? What was this all of a sudden? "And now I'll change him back."

"Wow, that's incredible," Aoi said, and - Poof, just like that Shuichi was indeed back to normal. "To think that something like this could exist!"

"Indeed, it is pretty incredible," Shuichi interrupted at last. He'd memorised the shape of Aoi's butt by now. No need to keep on staring. "It would also explain several bizarre incidents that have been happening all day. Chihiro, have you been using that to mess with people today?"

"No, not at all," Chihiro replied. "I only used it to give myself a boost to my self confidence." That about tracked with his character, but - Aoi was already pushing him aside to take a look at the history.

"It also says you doubled the size of your junk," Aoi sang. "But... no, that's about it. I see a few small tests here and there, I think to make sure it worked fine, but Chihiro has just been using it on himself for the most part..."

That had Shuichi worried. "Can you pull my profile up?" he asked. "Has anyone else edited mine in the last few hours?"

"Uh, let me see..." Chihiro said. "Oh! Yes, it looks like another machine was used to make several extensive edits to your file. Apparently you were transformed into a massive pervert that likes to leer at girls when they're not aware, and were given a kink where you like it when girls completely dominate you."

"Huh?!" Aoi gasped. "You mean, those rumours I was hearing from the other girls aren't true at all? Shuichi's not really like that, he was made to by someone using this machine?"

Indeed, that did seem to be the case. It would make a strange sort of sense. The incongruities he'd encountered all day, the weird behaviour from everyone, including himself. The physical changes - everything would be explained if it was down to this reality warping machine! It was pretty incredible really, to think that technology could do something like this.

"Alright, in that case we need to change me back," Shuichi said. "Make me not a pervert, and then -"

"Why?"

The question had come from Aoi. Huh? What did she mean by that? Why change him back to the way he was meant to be? What sorta sense did that make?

"I mean, you're really fucking cute like this, you know?" Aoi said, leaning back on the table behind her and tugging at her shirt a bit, to show off a bit more skin. "It'd be a real shame to turn you into a loser prude, when you'd probably have a lot more fun being the plaything of every. Single. Girl. In. The. Academy."

That shift in attitude... Shuichi dove for the laptop and pulled it away from Chihiro, quickly finding Aoi's file. It had just been changed! Now, she found the idea of mind control and dominating Shuichi extremely arousing, even more - dare he say it - than she liked donuts!

"Aoi, you're not thinking clearly!" Shuichi warned, backing away from her. "Chihiro, keep her back! I need to -" But the boy wasn't listening. Chihiro Fujisaki was a boy who lacked the confidence or strength to present as a boy, and so dressed and behaved like a girl to get others to leave him alone and not pick on him. Right now, though, he had flipped up his skirt and had a frankly enormous penis out, which he was fully jacking as if his life depended on it.

"Sorry Shuichi, this is way too hot for a slutty femboy like me to do anything about," Chihiro said, and just as he did, he suddenly grew breasts. Large breasts at that. Larger than Aoi's, which was no mean feat! "I think it would be better if you just gave in and -"

Shuichi opened both of their files at once, and then sent them to sleep for the next hour. The two toppled over on the spot. Phew. Thank goodness. This gave him the chance he needed. If he could quickly work out who the person with the other copy of this program was, then he'd be able to put a stop to this nonsense and reclaim control over his own life! While he was at it, might as well undo the perverted aspect of his personality that was added.

Which was definitely something he wanted to do. Fully intended to. Except his fingers froze over the keyboard. They wouldn't move, not even an inch. Oh no. The other person must have noticed what he was doing, and stopped him cold! Now he was at their mercy once again, with no hope of figuring out who it was, or -

"Puhuhuhu!"

In walked Tsumugi, with half her face painted white and the other half black. She had on this really strange lipstick as well, with the black side trailing all the way up her cheek. She sauntered in, carrying a laptop in her upturned palm, and - Her?! Tsumugi?

"You're the one behind this?" Shuichi gasped in genuine horror and shock. This was the last person he expected to be behind this! "What's gotten into you?!"

"Nothing, yet," Tsumugi said. She leaned forward and pinched her breasts, gosh they were nice. She went on so much about being plain that it tricked you into forgetting how stacked she is. "But I think that's gonna change soon enough, hot stuff. Puhuhuhuhu!"

"Why? Why are you doing this?"

"Because I'm horny and bored," Tsumugi immediately replied. "Now, now. Don't even bother trying to type anything. I put in a little tweak there, that if you ever tried to use the Master PC a few fun things would happen."

Fun things...? Like what?

"Puhuhuhuhu! Staring so vehemently at my breasts even in this situation? Alright!" Tsumugi threw her hands into the air. "Very well then! Let's give it everything we've got! lllllit's punishment time!"

This time around, Tsumugi turned around her laptop to show what was on the screen. "Shuichi Saihara: The Ultimate Victim - Cosplay Hell!"

A hand fell upon his shoulder. It was Aoi. Her eyes were vacant, and her face was split in white and black just like all the others. "Shuichi, you're like a cuddly teddy bear."

A hand fell on his other shoulder. Chihiro! Equally vacant eyes and - well, by now you get the idea. "That's right. Just like a teddy bear."

"By the way, you can absolutely say no if you want," Tsumugi said. "Bu~ut, if you do then you'll never, ever, ever get a chance at those jugs ever again!"

That was... so twisted! Shuichi knew that he wasn't really a pervert, but deep down he really, really wanted a taste of Aoi's nipples right now. The swimmer's clothes vanished into the ether under Tsumugi's command, and Shuichi could feel his mouth watering on relex - but no! He shouldn't give in so easily! He shouldn't!

But didn't that juts mean... he was going to give in? Look at those! Those tits were just aching for him to taste them, to lick them, to stick his head in between them and- And his face lunged forward before he knew what he was doing, unable to stop himself from indulging in full.

"It's true then," Chihiro said, hugging into him from behind. "You've been programmed to be a pervert. It's inescapable. The path of logic running through your soul makes you a subby cocksleeve to any futa babe that walks by."

Shuichi suddenly and violently came, forcing him to grab onto Aoi to ensure he didn't fall flat on his face. Nnnrgh! Not fair! The two of them were so cute, how was he supposed to resist?!

"There, there!" Tsumugi patted him on the head. "Not to worry. Puhuhuhuhuhu! Let the Ultimate Cosplayer treat you right! I know exactly what you need at a time like this."

He tried to pull away, tried to stop them - but it would mean tearing himself away from the two cuties that were rubbing up against him. It would mean escaping the marshmallow heaven that he'd found himself caught within. It would mean taking his tongue from Aoi's nipples, or his hand from her butt. All the while, Tsumugi was working her own magic. She was doing... something to his body. With her hands directly, not with the computer. Of course, there was a sense to that. Of course, she would prefer to change a person's clothes when they were right in front of her rather than do it via that PC.

Why the hell was he focusing on that right now?! Especially at a time like this!

"Let us girls take good care of you," Aoi was saying.

"Yes, you should let the girls take care of you," Chihiro was repeating back, even though 'he' was meant to be a boy! Has Tsumugi changed that as well? Ah! Ah! What was this, now as well? Shuichi's entire body felt weird! Good, but weird! These clothes that Tsumugi was changing him into, they were - It was!

A black and white suit, split down the middle. Tsumugi pulled a mirror out to show him while still thrusting into him from behind- Makeup adorned his face, with that same split right down the middle. He felt groggy. He felt woozy. He felt... his cheek resting into Aoi's boob. A wicked grin crept up his face.

"Puhuhuhu!" Shuichi cackled. His voice grew higher and higher in pitch, until it was unrecognisable. But that wasn't all that was changing. His body suddenly ballooned out, his chest and torso growing rotund as if swelling up on the spot. It was Tsumugi that was doing it. Filling him up. Inflating him with cum until his body looked like - Like that damned bear!

"Puhuhuhuhuhuhuhu! Better get ready girls! Because now, Shuichi's coming to getcha! Let's give it everything we've got! It's Sluttishment time!"

Sailor Moon Vampire Corruption

Over the course of a week, a shadow had been cast over Juuban. A listlessness was settling in among the prettier women, anaemia was on the rise, and by sheer coincidence it had begun shortly after the arrival of the enigmatic Countess. That was her name. Just... Countess.

It didn't exactly take a rocket scientist to put a few things together, and so our intrepid heroes had arrived to confront the sinister being. They were in a throne room of sorts, within the mansion she had acquired within the area, staring down this Countess perched upon her throne, a throng of hissing fanged women lurking in between them.

"To prey upon the citizens, to drain them of their lifeblood and nourish yourself from it, against their will!" Sailor Moon let loose her frustration, punctuating it with a series of seemingly random gestures, culminating in a dramatic point. "You, Countess, are an enemy of justice! In the name of the Moon, I shall punish you!"

It was a fairly typical scene as far as such matters go. The Inner Sailor Scouts had stumbled ass backwards into a mysterious event, and now they had come to confront the mastermind. All five of them were here, led by Sailor Moon, standing behind her as they made ready for battle. As was so often the case, said mastermind would throw their much weaker yet more numerous minions at them, forcing a skirmish where the others would show their strength and skill, while Sailor Moon... Mostly didn't do much, up until she wound up being absolutely vital to dealing the finishing blow.

That's how it normally went. That's how it always went. The arrogance of the enemy was certainly to be expected as well, nothing different there. And yet... This time was quite different. Though Sailor Moon couldn't put her finger on it, something in the air tastes different. The arrogance felt like it was on firmer ground.

Well, no matter! Sailor Moon was not going to back down for such a flimsy reason! She stepped forward as the signal to the others that they should attack! And so they did.

That is to say, they attacked Sailor Moon. The four of them lunging for her arms and legs, pinning her in place, ensuring that she couldn't budge even an inch.

"So defiant," the vampire queen said, slinking off her throne. "Oh well. Perhaps your friends can convince you how much fun it is to be a vampire...?"

To Sailor Moon's absolute horror, her friends all opened their mouth, revealing sharp fangs. Their eyes turned bloodshot, their faces twisted up into a ravenous hunger, an inhuman hiss escaping their mouths. Then, as one, they lunged upon her body, and then -

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Ami Mizuno was a rational girl in a world full of magic and mystery. Science could explain a lot, but considering the things that she'd seen it had a lot of catching up to do. Magical transformations, beings capable of feeding on the life force of other beings rather than digesting matter. Why, she could even summon a storm of bubbles at a moment's notice, should she so desire it.

The nature of magic intrigued her. Fascinated her. It opened up so many avenues of study. Too many for most, but a genius like her? Well, she was a bit too modest to call herself a genius, *per se*, but she could hardly wait to have the time and the resources to properly dig into the subject matter. Pick apart magic, see how it worked.

Little did she realise that she'd have the perfect opportunity for a more direct look, and much closer than she might have wanted.

It all happened at the local library. A larger building than it first appeared, with a vast array of selection available for book lovers just like Ami. Granted, such buildings were not as popular these days as they once were, what with the advent of computers. It wasn't as though Ami wasn't guilty of using them quite often as well, but still, the feel of a good book in your hand wasn't something you could replace with a glowing rectangle.

"Pardon me," a voice asked, drawing Ami's attention. It was a quiet voice, yet full of confidence. Borderline arrogant, but not quite crossing the line. "I was wondering if you could help me?"

There was a stranger standing in front of her. A tall, beautiful woman with hair darker than the depths of outer space. It contrasted with a pale, alabaster complexion, though complimented her fashion sense quite well. Old fashioned dark and frilly. It was quite out of place, and Ami was genuinely surprised she hadn't noticed her before.

"Pardon me, how rude," the woman curtseyed. "I did not mean to impose. It is simply... you seemed to know your way around this library, while I do not. Would you be able to assist?"

"Certainly," Ami said, beaming at her. "What were you looking for?"

"Can you not tell at a glance?" the woman replied. "I am a horror enthusiast. In particular, I have a fascination with the children of the night. The vampires! Such a romantic monster, do you not agree?"

Ami nodded. Indeed, the vampire held numerous romantic and erotic connotations. They were something of a guilty pleasure for her, snuggling up under her covers with a good vampire book... The metaphor was obvious. The slaking of a man's thirst on a virginal woman's blood. It could get quite steamy - not that she'd ever admit that to anyone, much less a stranger.

Still, that stranger did smile knowingly, as if she was reading Ami's mind.

"Right this way," Ami said. "I'm sure we can find something to suit your needs."

"Many thanks," the stranger said. The woman was oozing charisma from every pore, it was almost impossible for Ami to dislike her... In fact, even thinking about it that way felt kind of strange. Especially when she looked her in the eyes. "By the way, do you not agree that it's strange?" she said. "That the victims of a vampire so readily allow themselves to be bitten. Why, some even come back for more! Isn't that.. Peculiar?"

"Not especially," Ami said while guiding her to the horror section, at the back of the building. "Vampires are well known for their high charisma, and often have some form of hypnotic power."

"I see, an allure to test the will of their prey," the woman softly, so softly said. It felt like the sort of voice Ami could lie down in and wrap around her, so effortlessly silky and soft, and alluring. "Lulling them into a false sense of security, and then sinking their fangs into yielding flesh. Surrendering their lifeblood, their essence, their very soul... All served up on a platter for their new Mistress of the night. Their new Queen."

Gosh, did someone turn up the temperature in here? It felt uncommonly warm all of a sudden. Ami couldn't stop herself from fanning herself down, and her body wanted to squirm in this weird way. It was probably this woman. Feeding her imagery of a vampire in the midst of an erotic feeding session. She had quite the way with words.

"Can you imagine it?" the stranger whispered, suddenly right behind Ami as she looked on a shelf for an appropriate book to recommend. "What it must be like to embrace the kiss of the vampire. To let your body take a pleasure that is forbidden, taboo, and yet so sinfully, exotically *right*."

Ami's eyes lost their focus. Actually, she could imagine. Far too easily. She wobbled on her feet. A breath escaped her lungs. Oooh, boy. Wow. She could see herself in a blue dress, holding on to the mysterious figure as they nuzzled into her neck. A blissful expression appears on her face, and then -

She felt the twin pinpricks on the base of her neck. It quickly gave way into pleasure, and a moan almost escaped her throat but for the hand that suddenly clasped over it. Even so, Ami made no attempt to escape as she surrendered to the greatest feeling of her life.

A feeling that she knew she was sharing with Sailor Moon in the future, when they were at the Queen's throne room. It was selfless of her, truly, to share such a precious gift with her dear friend. "Do you like it?" Sailor Mercury hissed, baring her fangs, savouring the taste of Moon's vitae. "Oh, I know you do. I simply know it! Kukuku, it feels so good to embrace my inner deviant! To revel in the charm, the sensuality of the kindred! Ohhhh, join us, Sailor Moon! It'll be so... so hot if you did."

With that said, she returned to feeding upon Sailor Moon, in much the same way that the Vampire Queen had fed upon her in the past.

"Be mine," the Queen had whispered in between nibbles. Ami felt weak. Numb. Unable to concentrate. "Be mine forever," the Queen said. "Will you be mine? You'll feel fantastic for an eternity."

By this point, there wasn't much of her left. Dizzy, groggy, these words convey a certain impression yet did not go far enough to explain Ami's condition. A few well chosen words could have convinced her that $1+1=3$, or that the Earth was flat, or some other nonsense.

"Let loose your inner beast," the Queen continued, her voice carried on a husky breath. "Become as sensual as you know you can be! Confident, powerful, endlessly charismatic... You'll have all the time in the world to conduct your studies. Read every book ever written, and then read them again. All you need do is surrender to the night."

"Yes..." Ami muttered, dimly aware this wasn't the first time she'd had the offer made to her. Was it the second? Third? Tenth? Hundredth? All the others up until now, however many they had been, she had thought of her friends. Then said a firm no, but still made no attempt to escape the kiss being planted upon her neck. This time, though. This time the Queen had cheated... By beginning her spiel talking about her friends. How they would never feel this way, feel this sensation, unless she surrendered. How selfish it was to keep this from them. How absolutely wicked and evil it would be to let herself experience this nirvana and hoard it all to herself.

That's why this time, she surrendered in full. Felt herself become something more, and less, than human. And loving every little bit of it. What a perfect chance for her to properly study the supernatural! A chance that would let her... mmm... Embrace her more erotic side...

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The knock on Makoto's door wasn't anything too unusual, even if it had been just after sundown. Still, she rushed to it with caution in her heart which was only alleviated when she saw who was there.

"Hey, Ami!" she said, greeting her friend and fellow Sailor with a mixture of surprise and warmth. "Kinda odd to see you this time of night."

"Hello Makoto," Ami said. She then lifted her foot to the doorway - but paused at the last possible moment. "Ah, may I come in?"

That should have been a clue. A friend, visiting after hours out of the blue, cheerful, vague about why they've come, and then asking for permission right before entering your home? That last point especially would be a sticking point for those aware of vampires, and their inability to enter an abode uninvited.

"Oh sure, come in!" Makoto replied, for she was of the belief that there was indeed nothing untoward here at all. Why should there be? She knew full well how shy Ami could be, and this was merely an expression of that shyness. Nothing more, nothing less. "So what's up?"

"I want you to teach me self defense," Ami said. That was quite out of the blue. "I really want to learn how - " She then threw a punch. Badly. So badly it was a wonder she didn't strain her own wrist or give herself a black eye from it.

"Right, I getcha," Makoto said, slapping Ami on the back, totally getting it. Of course, any regular bully or thief or whatever would be easily stomped by Sailor Mercury, but it wasn't like Ami could just whip out the old transformation wand and bubble blast the creeps into oblivion every time, right? Kind of overkill! "I'll get you sorted out in no time at all!"

"I knew I could rely on you, Makoto!"

Ah, that smile... While Makoto didn't want to admit it, she'd had a bit of a crush on the shy genius for a while now. She was so... adorable! Super smart, super pretty, super stylish and super duper cute! A minute later and she was wearing one of Makoto's old gis. It hung off her, being a few sizes too big in a couple places.

"First thing you gotta do when you're about to work out is... Warm up exercises!" Makoto enthusiastically clapped. "Alright! Now touch your toes!"

"Like this?" Ami asked, and Makoto turned to look - getting a heaping load of cleavage in the meantime. Oh gosh, that gi really was loose fitting, wasn't it? It wasn't helping matters that Ami was kind of wobbling in place while straining down to touch her toes. "How do I look?"

That wasn't even a fair question. Ahem! "Uh, just do a couple more of those, then we do stretches out to the side!" Makoto said, rising up to full height and then putting a hand on her hip, leaning across to the side while Ami mirrored her and -

Leaned right into Makoto's shoulder. As if resting it upon a lover in bed. Naturally, Makoto turned bright scarlet here and looked away - missing Ami's fangs protrude from her mouth, little realising how close she had come to getting bitten right there and then.

"Ahahaha..." Makoto rubbed her neck nervously. Was... Was Ami coming onto her? No, surely not. She was seeing what she wanted to see, that's all. "Um, I think that's good enough for now."

"Yep, our blood is pumping in our veins at a higher than normal rate," Ami said. Weird for her to focus on the blood thing, but sure. "Okay! So what do we do next?"

How foolish Makoto had been, back then. All this time, Ami had been using her vampiric charms to entice and seduce her, and Makoto? Totally oblivious. She'd let it happen. Let herself be enticed, ensnared, utterly bewitched.

"It feels so good, doesn't it?" the present Jupiter asked Moon while nibbling on her thigh. "Instead of pain, it's the ultimate pleasure! The kiss of the vampire brings bliss to all who experience it!"

A fact that she had learned when the pair had turned to grappling. By then, Makoto's blood was really pumping through Ami's charm leaking out, seeing her cute and slightly clumsy efforts to engage in physical activity was effortlessly, irresistibly charming.

"Now, in a real fight you don't wanna get into a grapple unless you're certain you..." Makoto began, but trailed off as something in Ami's eyes caught her attention. She grew flush. Warm. Extremely aware of Ami's hand on her shoulder, and the other at her collar. Fingers almost seeming to dance along her flesh, rubbing right around the point her carotid artery was. Pressing it. Playing with it. Giving her a mild pleasant buzz... "Uh... Unless you're certain you can get a choke out or a takedown sharpish. You're usually better off using a strike, or running away."

"Can you show me a takedo-" Ami had purred, and in that instant Makoto had reacted without thinking, lifting Ami up and slamming her down on the mat, laying on top of her breathing heavily.

"Sorry..." Makoto mumbled. "Uh... would you like to try?" Ami nodded. She didn't seem too hurt, nor especially embarrassed by that. Hardier than she seemed huh? Well, Makoto pulled her up, got her into a grappling position again, and tried really hard to remember that she was a *teacher* today. It was weird though. It was almost as if she'd been compelled to obey Ami's command to toss her like that. She ought to have really worked up to something like that. Even now, with Ami grappling her again and kinda leaning into her, all she could think of was how her friend's body felt. Though really, she wasn't gonna manage much like -

And then the bite happened. Makoto went rigid at first at the unexpected phenomenon, but then her eyes crossed and her body shuddered. "Wh-Wha-?" Ami was biting her? Makoto's mind raised. She could feel some sort of suction on her neck *good, so good please more* and that definitely wasn't *oh it was amazing more, more, more* natural.

She tried to push Ami away, but... Couldn't budge her an inch. Instead, the smaller girl groaned and leaned into Makoto even more, pushing their bodies together and - and Ami was pretty cold, wasn't she? It was strange that she hadn't noticed before, but now that she was holding onto her waist and pulling her closer and leaning into the bite -

"Ohhh, Ami! You're a vampire!" Makoto finally moaned. "St-stop! Don't turn me!"

"I'm afraid it's quite late for that," Ami said. She pulled her head back, revealing the enormous fangs. Her skin far paler, her eyes a frightening yet distinct bloodshot. The glamour had been dropped. Her true, new appearance was revealed. "Join me, Makoto. Or... Would you rather that I pull away at the last moment? Cease my kiss? My tender, loving affection?"

Makoto trembled in response. Her normal reserves of strength seemed distant, far off. Before she'd known what was happening, Ami's charm had whittled away her willpower, chip, chip, chip, until it was a husk of its normal self. She rubbed at her neck and felt that buzz from before, even stronger now, while Ami lurked in front of her looking beautiful, sensual... and undead.

"Turn me," she whispered, all but collapsing into the shorter girl's grip, and when the bite once again pierced her flesh, she smiled as something new and wonderful flowed into her, changing her forever.

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Was fidgeting contagious? Normally Rei had little trouble sitting still, but when Minako was around she simply couldn't help herself. The two of them were at her home, waiting for Ami and Makoto for a quick study session. One which Usagi couldn't attend because she was on a *date* with Mamoru.

That chaffed a bit. Though it was not nearly as annoying as -

"What do you think about when you're meditating?" Minako asked.

"Ideally, nothing," Rei replied. "Perhaps a koan to help clear my thoughts."

"Ohhhh..." Minako sighed. "Sounds boring. Wouldn't it be better to listen to music or something?"

"That would defeat the..." Rei began to explain, but trailed off. Minako was probably teasing her. Often, she'd catch signs that the girl was much, much smarter than she let on. That her general attitude and demeanour was an attempt to deflect from how capable she really was. "Never mind." The doorbell rang. Minako rose to her feet with quite a bit of grace about her.

It honestly made Rei wonder what other hidden depths were under that scatterbrained exterior.

"Hey there!" She heard Makoto's voice from the door. "Can Ami and I come in?"

"Sure, sure, don't be silly! My home is your home!" Minako answered. For some reason, Rei got a strange chill upon hearing that, but... it was probably nothing. Both Ami and Makoto walked in and - you know, for a second there she thought they looked quite pale. Must have been a trick of the light. Their skin was as healthy a complexion as it had ever been, radiant even.

"Alright girls! Listen up!" Makoto said, clapping her hands excitedly. "Ami's picked up a new studying technique she'd like us to try out! You girls game?"

"I'll try anything once!" Minako replied. Careful, girl. That kind of attitude can get you in trouble. "So? What is it, Ami? What's your brilliant big brain brought for us today?"

"First of all, I appreciate the alliteration," Ami said, which made Minako giggle. "Secondly... It's a meditative technique."

Upon hearing that, Minako yawned and rubbed her eyes. No need to make such a big show of it! "Didn't you say you'd try anything once?" Rei asked. "What's the matter, you don't think you can handle it?"

"I can handle it just fine," Minako said. "It's the boredom I can't handle. How am I supposed to just sit there and completely empty my head?"

A tumbleweed blew by, as the extremely obvious joke reply went unsaid by the other three. Instead, they set up while Minako looked around in confusion, as though she'd missed something obvious but didn't know what. Ah well. Never mind, Minako. If that was a deliberate attempt to break the ice, maybe next time?

Either way, the two of them settled down. Rei in the lotus position. Minako... crossing her legs normally and being all hunched over. If her grandfather had seen Rei sitting like that when about to meditate, she'd get poked in the ribs. "Sit up straight, it'll go by easier that way," Rei advised.

Sitting directly in front of them were Makoto and Ami, who each had this odd smile on their face. Hrm? For a moment there, it almost seemed as though their eyes flashed blood red. A figment of her imagination, obviously.

"Look into our eyes, and take a deep breath," Ami advised. "Deep breaths, in and out. Keep on looking into our eyes. Once you're nice and ready, I'll read out the material, and your more relaxed mind will more easily take it in." Again, that flash of red. It was kinda pretty...

In the present though, Rei knew it was more than pretty. It was charming, beguiling, and utterly sexy. "It feels so good to be mind controlled," Mars hissed seductively. "I remember when I fell, staring into Ami's eyes..."

"It's so much more fun mind controlling others," Venus continued. "To sap away their will, leave them subordinate to your own. Ooooh, the thrill, the rush, the climax!"

The two of them resumed feasting on Sailor Moon, minds cast back to when they were claimed as well. The two of them sitting obliviously on that couch, their thoughts growing dull. Before long both girls were smiling, staring directly ahead with vacant eyes. In front of them both Ami and Makoto were in their full vampire guise, with pale skin, red eyes, big fangs, but there were

also changes to their clothing. When they entered, their glamour made it about that they were in perfectly normal attire. A cute skirt for Ami, combined with a slightly dorky top, while Makoto was in a green dress.

Instead, they were wearing a dark gothic dress. Makoto's with green frills, Ami's blue.

"This is better, isn't it?" Ami asked. "So much better. Not having to think at all."

"Not think at allllll~" both Rei and Minako sang back in unison, content, happy, and thoroughly under their spell.

"You love being brainwashed," Makoto continued. "Hypnosis is so fucking sexy."

"So sexy," Rei groaned.

"Love being brainwashed..." Minako sighed. Both of them were completely under. By the time either of them had realised what was happening, it was already far too late. By starting with making them hypnofetishists, the rest was so trivial it almost ran itself. They were easy pickings. All but begging for the pair to turn them, turn them now, please! Grant them this power too! Let them turn others, as they had been turned!

Ami and Makoto had only been too happy to oblige them.

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The Vampire Queen watched in great amusement as the finishing touches were delivered. So these were the guardians of this Earth? How trivial it had been to corrupt them, to tempt them. The allure of darkness, the allure of power that her kind offered was too much even for them to resist. Sailor Moon looked much nicer with paler skin and large, prominent fangs.

The four other Inners backed off, tittering away to themselves as their hands roamed over Sailor Moon's freshly undead body. And no wonder too, she was quite the delightful morsel. Ah, turning her personally would have been fun... but too risky. Far more satisfying and sadistic to make her own friends do it.

"You're right, guys..." Moon sleepily said, but her voice grew quickly in life - unlife? - and confidence. Her body posture shifting alongside, lifting her up, raising her to the peak.

"Vampires are very sexy! A vampire's bite feels wonderful! Mind controlling others and being mind controlled is amazingly hot! Hohohoho!"

"We are so glad that you understand," the Vampire Queen gloated. "Now then, Sailor Moon. You were saying about being punished? You will submit yourself to my chamber later on, for your own... punishment. What do you say?"

She'd won! She was victorious! The mighty Sailors would obey her forevermore! Her loyal servants, her personal lovers, devoted minions! Why, she could use them for so much that she honestly wasn't sure where to -

"No."

No? Did Sailor Moon just say... No? The Inners were all tittering away at something or other. Then, Sailor Mercury spoke up:

"You don't seem to understand something, so let me clarify here for you," Mercury clung onto Sailor Moon affectionately. "The one I wanted to see become a vampire the most was, in fact, Sailor Moon. She's so fucking hot as a vampire, isn't she?"

"She's the only one strong and empathetic enough to really bring out the best qualities of being a vampire," Jupiter continued, rubbing the top of Moon's head. "Her bite will be a divine experience. That much is for sure!"

"You are not as worthy as she," Mars picked up from there, hugging onto Moon from behind. "Only Sailor Moon is worthy of ruling."

"Or should that be... Princess Serenity?" Venus hugged onto Moon's legs, rubbing her cheek up against them like a cat.

"To put it another way," Sailor Moon bore her fangs, and then the change finalised right there and then. Her body began to glow, her Sailor uniform changed, transforming into a bright white reflection of the Vampire Queen's own dark dress. No longer was a vampire Sailor Moon standing before her, but rather a vampiric Princess Serenity!

With this change completed she aimed her wand squarely at the Vampire Queen, not a trace of hesitation in her body language. W-Wait! The Vampire Queen tried to charm her, tried to exert the natural influence she should have over a vampire 'descended' from her - and it was like running into a brick wall! "Moon Blood Escalation!"

"Noooooooo!" The Vampire Queen wailed, as a bright crimson energy washed over her, sucking all the blood out of her body in a single go - and in so doing reducing her to ash on the spot. An instant defeat, leaving Princess Serenity as the one and only Vampire Queen.

=====

It only took about a week for the world to fall. A giant crystal palace lay within the centre of Tokyo, each crystal making it up specifically designed to reflect sunlight away from the interior, or at least refract it so thoroughly it had no effect on the living dead.

Within that palace, there were countless minions. Half conscious, brainwashed civilians who dutifully served the every whim of the vampiric mistresses of the planet Earth. All singing their praises. Some having brief debates over which part of her was more alluring - was it Serenity's eyes? Her legs? Her tummy, her breasts, her butt? Or perhaps her gleaming hair... Or was her bite better than all of them?

There hadn't been any kind of a brutal war, no conflict. You see, Serenity had always been imbued with a natural charm, a charisma that led all to innately trust her, save those whose hearts had already been twisted with greed and vice. This effect had combined with the supernatural aura of the vampire that is used to lull their prey into a false sense of security, rendering her nigh irresistible. All she need to was appear, and those around her would fall to their knees in supplication and surrender... an effect that was cemented further when she or her Inners fed.

"You know something, girls?" Princess Serenity said, running her fingers and tongue around her fangs. Still not quite used to them. "I kinda miss ice cream."

"We could make a blood themed ice cream...?" Mercury offered.

"Oooh! Yeah! Do that!" Serenity excitedly jumped. "Ah! But my general point was, I'm starting to wonder where that Vampire Queen came from, you know?"

"Apparently she slipped in from a parallel universe," Mars answered while staring intensely into a flame. "She's conquered other worlds as well. They are starting to wonder where she is."

"Oh, is that so?" Serenity said, rising from her seat, elegantly slinking across the room as a truly sinister thought settled in on her thoroughly corrupted mind. "Perhaps we ought to say hello to those worlds, then...? I'm sure they, and others still, are in need of the wonderful utopia that I have on offer. Kukukukuku!"

Bad End?

Nabiki the Vampire

Sometimes you just want to cut loose. Have a bit of fun. Relax, go out, meet some people and really let it all out. Nabiki Tendo might be the Ice Queen of Furinkan, but she was no stranger to the party scene. Nor was she a stranger to Halloween parties.

Ah, yes. Halloween. One of many traditions Japan had pulled in from Western influence in recent years. She'd looked into it, of course. Something about an 'all saint's day' or something along those lines? No matter. It was really used as an excuse by people who wanted to dress up like monsters. Yokai come to life all around her, as well as those of further Western influences. She could see a few Egyptian mummies dotting around, one or two wolfmen too. Of course, there were quite a few based on television shows as well.

Though in particular, Nabiki had noticed that girls were taking the chance to show off a little. They weren't content with showing up in idle facepaint or wigs, they wanted to really show off a bit. We're talking skintight attire, something that shows off a bit of cleavage, or leg, or tummy or whatever. It was an impulse she understood, but avoided indulging in. Otherwise her father would never let her leave the house.

Well. By 'never' she meant 'until she pulled out the right distraction'. Probably something to do with Ranma and Akane. Or Happosai. Those were the two topics that were most successful at distracting him. Still, it wasn't worth the effort. He'd been plenty happy to see her go out and about dressed up as a yukki-onna.

There was only one problem with this plan.

"Oh, Oyuki from Urusei Yatsura? She's cute. Kinda prefer Lum and Benten though."

Namely, that. As it turned out, people tended to recognise what they saw on television these days rather than comprehending the mythology behind it. Oh well. Nabiki wasn't going to let that get to her, she was here to party! Cut loose!

"Excuse me, Nabiki Tendo?" a boy whispered in her ear. Oh, pardon her. A man. He looked to be about her age, quite handsome, debonair, a confident attitude about him. He was wearing a flashy tuxedo replete with a flowing cape. Fangs, too? "May we speak somewhere more private for a moment?"

It didn't take a genius to see where this was going. This guy was clearly confident with women, and was seeking to score off her. Alright. He seemed nice enough. Probably got a bit of dough on him as well. Nabiki had a long standing habit of using her natural beauty to trick idiots into asking her out, whereupon she would fleece them dry and blackmail them until she got bored of it.

She soon found him in an oddly otherwise empty room. How strange. In a party like this, usually there was someone occupying every room, chatting away, dancing, or having a bit more of a frisky kind of fun.

"First of all, you know who my family is, right?" Nabiki asked. Which, of course he must. He knew her name. That meant he had to know that if anything untoward happened to her, then his limbs would be broken in several places. If he was lucky.

"Of course, fair Nabiki," the man smoothly said. He took her hand and kissed the back of it. My goodness, how old fashioned. "Long have I admired you from afar." A blush tinged his lips. "Ahhh... sorry, that sounded cooler in my head. I'm a little nervous, you really are one of my favourites..."

"One of?" Nabiki raised an eyebrow. This was going to be easier than she thought. "What's your name again?"

"David," the boy said. Not a man anymore in her eyes, but a boy playing at being a playboy. "Ahh, listen. I do like you, quite a lot. I would like to go on a date with you."

"A date...?" Nabiki chuckled. Jackpot. She was gonna fleece him like a sheep. Shear him naked. A shame really, why did the cute ones always wind up being so stupid- Her thoughts stopped when she made eye contact, her reply dying in her throat. His eyes. There was something about his eyes that she simply couldn't look away from, no matter what.

Her thoughts felt uncharacteristically sluggish. Such pretty eyes. There was definitely something about them. She couldn't put it into words. Staring into them made her head feel like it was made of cotton.

"I... would... love to..." Nabiki heard someone say using a very good copy of her voice.

"Of course you would," David smiled, his face suddenly filling her vision. His handsome, reassuring, confident face. "You don't need to manipulate me. You don't need my money at all, do you Nabiki? I am perfectly capable of making you happy, all by myself."

David then reached out, grasping her collar. He tugged it down, exposing the nape of her neck. Nabiki tilted her head to the side, and heard something like a hiss -then a pressure on her neck, which fast became a rushing sensation. Oh! She clung to him on instinct. Holding her body fast against his. Her eyes rolled back into her head as something - Something amazing was happening to her. It felt more intimate than a kiss, and yet - And yet!

It was over too soon. David backed away, wiping at his mouth. "My apologies. You looked far too delicious," he said. "The next time I feast upon you shall be our wedding night."

"Wedding... night?" Nabiki muttered in reply. Instantly, the thought of her self in a traditional Japanese bridal gown came to mind, while David was next to her in... a western tuxedo. The next of both worlds. The implication of wealth from him, the serene beauty of a Japanese bride from her. It made her heart skip a beat, but -

What was this feeling? The more she looked at him, the more she wanted to look at him. She was finding it hard to breathe, and that feeling only intensified when he pulled out a small box, containing -

"Here, our engagement ring," David said. "Wear it until our wedding night. Won't you?"

"Yes, I will," Nabiki said, pulling the ring from the box and slipping it onto her finger - where it sparkled brightly, causing a rather goofy smile to fall onto her face. She felt something from it creep under her skin, then spread out through her body, a feeling of -

Total and absolute unquestioning obedience. She snapped to attention on the spot, while David strolled around her.

"Phew, was worried you'd snap out of it there, for a minute!" David said. "Yes, you'll do nicely. Another new bride... Ah, but knowing your family as I do, if we simply elope they'll assume the worst. They wouldn't be *wrong* about that exactly, but... It's not as if they know how well I intend to treat you."

Nabiki said nothing. She thought nothing. She simply stood at attention awaiting instructions.

"Layering the hypnosis probably was a bit thick, huh?" David tutted. "I think you might have taken the ring anyway out of greed, but best to play it safe. My dear Nabiki Tendo. Were you ever truly happy toying with the hearts of others? Creating distance for yourself, when you could so *easily* have found happiness in a true romantic relationship? Why, you could have had your pick of any boy that took your fancy... Although, I suppose all the cutest guys around were already smitten with someone else, or too stupid to keep up with you."

Once again, Nabiki did not reply. David let out a weary sigh.

"Right, I should have phrased that in the form of a question," he said. "Did what I said sound about right to you?"

"Yes, Master!" Nabiki immediately replied.

"... Are you saying that because everything I say sounds about right to you, or because that's how you genuinely feel?"

"Both, Master!" Nabiki replied, again with great enthusiasm. David pinched the bridge of his nose and let out yet another sigh.

"Okay... So I'm going to have to reprogram you a little bit while you're in this condition..." he said. "I have to choose my words carefully here, so you don't arouse suspicion. Though you do have permission to arouse me -"

Upon hearing that little joke Nabiki immediately began to grind her butt into David's crotch. Leaning back into him while giving him a sultry gaze that could melt ice at ten paces.

"Ah, not right now, though this is very nice!" David said. "Ahem! Let me, uh, reprogram you a bit first, then we can cut loose properly. Okay?"

Nabiki stopped gyrating into him, but she did pout. She was enjoying that. Granted, she was being made to enjoy doing that, but this was neither here nor there. Taking a deep breath, David began.

"Starting from when I snap my fingers: You are to behave like your normal self from now on, with the sole exception being when I say the phrase 'Ice Queen Bride'. Then, you are to return to this state and await further instructions. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Master!" Nabiki said. Then, David held out his hand, took a deep breath and snapped his fingers. He winced a bit, as if thinking she might explode from a spark caused by his fingersnap, but instead all Nabiki did was blink slowly. Her vision slowly focused and centred upon the *man* in front of her. A blush crept onto her cheeks. How uncharacteristic of her. Oh! She could barely keep eye contact!

"Is everything okay?" David asked.

"Of course it is, why wouldn't it be?" Nabiki asked.

"I love you."

She broke out into a giggly fit upon hearing those words. Oh! Oh dear, this was quite unlike her! Yet she couldn't help herself. "I love you too!" she said, and oh she wanted to crawl under a rock! This feeling of love was far too much for her! "If you tell anyone about this, I'll - I'll ruin you!"

"Do you mean financially, or in bed?" David quipped. She playfully hit him on the chest for that. "Gosh, you're more like a schoolgirl in love than I thought you'd be..."

"Oh, I'm sorry, do you want me to be more cold and aloof?" Nabiki sniffed. "Fine then, David-baby. I can be cold. I can be aloof. I was simply overwhelmed, that's all. It won't happen -"

"I love you."

And she broke instantly, breaking out into a girlishly giggling fit. "I love you too~" she sang. "Oh, gosh! What's wrong with me? I'm acting so weird!"

"I think I get it," David said. "You've never been in love before, so you're basing your reactions on... Fascinating. Well, that's fine too, my Ice Queen Bride."

The instant those words were said, Nabiki's brain shifted to 'off' mode. Awaiting new instructions.

"Instead of being this super girly girl in love routine, how about... You save that for later, because it was kinda cute," David said. "Instead, I want you to become devoted to me instead. Intellectually decide that you want to be my bride, and behave in a rational manner otherwise. Oh, and you will still return to this state if you hear me say 'Ice Queen Bride'. When I snap my fingers, hit me with what you got."

Once again, Nabiki opened her eyes. Her vision focused much faster than before, and -

"I love you," David said. This time, Nabiki replied with a smirk.

"That's nice, David-baby," Nabiki replied, reaching out to pat him on the cheeks. "Very well. I'll indulge you for a little while, okay?"

"Certainly, dearest," David replied. Much, much better. "Marry me, and I shall offer you power and riches beyond your wildest imagination. Pleasure to surpass any dream." Ohoho, that did sound promising. Exactly what she wanted from a relationship. "For now, enjoy the party... as for myself, I think it is time for me to feast a little."

He then bore his fangs, and Nabiki rationally concluded that if she wanted this relationship to work, then she simply had to let him feast upon her blood. It was only logical. A completely and totally rational decision that she had taken of her own volition.

A sigh escaped her lips, and she clung to this man as if clinging on to him for dear life. How strange. She wasn't normally like this... But it was all entirely rational. She was the Ice Queen of Furinkan, after all. She didn't do stupid little things like fall in love.

=====

The next morning, Nabiki woke up feeling groggy in her bed. She'd collapsed in it wearing the yukki-onna costume she'd worn to the party last night, which wound up making her feel really, really hot. It was quite the stifling outfit. A wonder she'd fallen asleep at all. Although, she did have quite nice dreams about -

Him.

"Oof, never mind that girl, you've got a day to get ready for," Nabiki said to herself. She slapped her own cheeks and rolled out of bed - and caught sight of a picture of the man she'd met last night. David. The mere sight of him made her... Sigh!

The rest of the day went by like she was walking on air. She barely even noticed Ranma or Akane's usual bickering. The anticipation built up within her as time went on, each second feeling longer than the last until finally, night came and with it?

"Goodness, look at you," Kasumi smiled. "I thought the party was last night?"

"It was," Nabiki said. She was wearing her best dress. A slinky black number with a slit up the thigh, which she'd been reserving for a special occasion. "I'm going on a date, if you must know."

"Poor guy, doesn't know what he's in for," Ranma quipped.

"If you must know, I actually like this one," Nabiki said. Surprising herself, actually. "I think I might love him more than money."

You could hear a pin drop as she walked out of her home, or maybe if you listened closely enough you could hear her heart beating in her chest. Here it was. This was it. She was going on a date with a boy she actually liked. This was novel. Quaint. Unique. She couldn't wait to get there. They'd be meeting at his place. She'd read the address so many times today that she could forge it perfectly sight unseen.

Before long she'd arrived. She knocked on the door, and before her third knock it had opened wide, and she tumbled into his arms, pushing him back inside his own home, kissing him with a passion that genuinely caught even her off guard.

"Well, hello to you too, beautiful," David said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head. "Wow, you look incredible. I feel like the luckiest man alive."

"My sentiments exactly," Nabiki said, looping her arms around the back of his head and holding on as if she didn't want to ever let go, in case he flew off out of her life forever if she loosened her grip even slightly. "So, what are we doing tonight?"

"I was thinking I'd brainwash you into becoming one of my many vampire brides and then transform you into a creature of the night," David said, matter of factly, so casually that Nabiki could only laugh it off as a joke. A really weird joke, but she loved him all the - "Ice Queen Bride."

The light in Nabiki's eyes faded on the spot. "Very good," David said, looking her in the eyes and studying for any sign of resistance - and finding none. "Now that we're not at a party, we can

have some actual fun together. I was going to have you dress up in a variety of fetish clothes, but - Damn, that dress is killer! It feels like it would be a crime to take you out of it."

As he spoke, David took her arm and guided her deeper inside his home, throwing open a door and revealing a photo studio, with sets showing a bedroom, a kitchen surrounded by lights and cameras, with a row of costumes hanging on mobile racks.

"On the other hand, it would be a greater crime to go through all this effort and not take full advantage," David said, gesturing to that rack of costumes. "Have your pick, Nabiki darling. No need to be shy. You may change in full view."

"Yes dear..." Nabiki sleepily replied, detaching from his arm and slinking forward. She reached up to the straps keeping her dress up, then looked over her shoulder at David with a powerful seductive gleam. David swallowed nervously at the sight. For as much as he was in control over this situation, and he could have Nabiki indulge any whim he desired, it still felt like she had a measure of power over him. That's just the kind of girl she was. The dress dropped to the floor, and David, still blushing, whistled and squared his thumbs and index fingers.

"Nice..." he whispered. "I knew you had an elegant, slender body but this exceeds my wildest..." he trailed off. "Okay, not my *wildest* fantasies. Some of those involve tails."

"Like a bunny tail?" Nabiki asked, an air of mischief around her tone, despite her being brainwashed. She pulled a bunnysuit from the rack and held it up to herself. "Would you like to see me dressed like a slutty bun-bun, Master?"

"Ahhh! It brings me to tears!" David happily wailed, pressing his forearm over his eyes. Over the top? Yes, but he did like a bit of a show. "She knows me so well already! Oh, but don't call yourself a slut, you are not a slut so rid that thought from your mind. You're sexy. You're sultry. You're seductive. Those I can accept. But never a slut. You will soon belong to me and I don't like sharing my brides with other guys."

"Ahem!" Nabiki coughed, having managed to change her clothes in that little time. It was a true delight. A bright green bunny suit, a snug fitting leotard that left the shoulders covered and framed the female figure like the most perfect photograph. Combine this with the stockings, the high heels, and the cute little poofy tail on the butt, and you have a true delight that can even distract from the ears being adorned atop her pretty little head. For Nabiki, a naturally leggy girl, it was only natural that she was perched on the end of the bed with her legs hanging over, one crossed on top of the other. Though her eyes were blank, she was trying her very best to give a sultry glare at David. "How does it look, Master?"

"Perfect!" David clapped, quickly moving to the cameras. "Alright. Keep on posing while I take a few commemorative pictures." He snapped a picture, and she immediately moved, onto all fours, lifting her butt up in the air and wiggling around her poofy tail. "Sublime! So, tell me Nabiki. Before I brainwashed you, what did you want from your ideal man?"

"Rich," she said without hesitation. A picture was snapped and she whirled around, onto her knees with her hands behind her head, thrusting out her chest. "Powerful. Handsome." Another picture, and this time she lay down and arched her back up, biting on her index finger while one of her bunny ears flopped to cover one of her eyes. "Just like you, David-baby."

"... For a moment there I thought you weren't brainwashed anymore," David nervously mopped his forehead. "Hehehe... You know, I was going to wait until your wedding night for this, but I just can't help myself." He moved forward with purpose, lifting her chin, and tilting her head. Nabiki leaned into it, closing her eyes. "You're too delicious a treat to pass up."

Then, the vampire's bite befell her, and even through the mist of hypnotic powers battering down her senses, Nabiki felt a strong blissful wonder pass through her. Ohhhh, it was so gooooood! So much better than she could have hoped and dreamed for!

A dream that she never, ever wanted to wake up from.

=====

It was late by the time Nabiki returned to the Tendo compound. She staggered in, a blissful expression over her face, a smile that was warm and all enveloping. Although, to those with a watchful eye, she might have seemed a bit paler than she'd left. Nonetheless. She crept in through the front gate and tiptoed through the house, hoping to get up to her room without waking anyone -

Only for a light to come on, and her elder sister Kasumi to stroll out wearing a bathrobe.

"And what time do you call this?" Kasumi asked, sounding mostly worried even if her words conveyed a mother hen's thinking. She sniffed the air, no doubt for alcohol... or something more elicit. Finding nothing untoward. "Young lady, being out with a man at these hours of the night - it gives quite the bad impression, you know. Especially when it's with someone you are not engaged or married to."

"Not to worry about the engaged part," Nabiki held up her hand, showing a bright and brilliant ring to Kasumi, one that made her jaw drop. "I've got myself a rich, handsome sugar daddy." Who she would love and cherish forever and ever. "Shush, now. Shush. I'll tell everyone else in the morning."

"N-Nabiki! This is so sudden...!" Kasumi gasped, but then a look of concern came over her. "You seem quite pale tonight. I thought it might be the light, but... Hrm? What are those marks on your neck -"

Suddenly, Nabiki held the ring directly in front of Kasumi's face, and a bright red light shone out from it. Then, Nabiki's voice seemed to echo and boom with a commanding, irresistible presence.

"You will do all you can to support my engagement," Nabiki commanded. "Furthermore, you shall hide that my beloved David is a Vampire, at any cost."

"At... any... cost..." Kasumi repeated. Nabiki then patted her big sister on the head.

"Good girl," Nabiki said. She turned away, but then a moment later turned back and flashed the ring once again. "Oh, and tomorrow morning, wear something cute and ask Doctor Tofu on a date." In her view, Akane couldn't be the only one of them getting any action. Yeah... she could hear her little sis in the training hall right now, fooling around with Ranma's girl form. They were being quiet. Quieter than they usually were together. But not quiet enough to trick her new ears.

Then, and only then, did Nabiki slink off up to her room, where she collapsed onto her bed and stared at the ring. She wasn't *fully* vampire yet, but she was close. After the wedding. After that, she'd be turned all the way.

What should she wear first tomorrow night, then? The bunny outfit again? He liked that. He liked that a *lot*. Oh! Perhaps the harem girl outfit? The brown one, with the translucent silk that left almost everything visible! Oooh, a naked apron? Or maybe a sexy nurse?

And then... She blinked, and writhed happily in bed, a different gleam coming to her eyes.

"What a nice, normal date with a hunky stud of a boy," Nabiki giggled to herself. "Oooh, I feel giddy all of a sudden... Ahhhh, it's him, isn't it? Every time I think of him, I feel like I'm turning stupid!"

But she wasn't stupid. She was Nabiki Tendo. The Ice Queen of Furinkan. She stared at her ring and let out a smile much more in line with her normal personality.

"I'm going to take him for everything he's worth," Nabiki said to herself. "Hrm... Though it might take a few lifetimes to do it." Yes, indeed, she had returned to her normal personality at this point. Barely aware of the truth, happily playing along with her new fate. Little realizing the extent of her future happiness...

Though some might say that if any girl would make a very fine vampiress, an excellent bloodsucker, a supreme creature of the night? It surely would be the Ice Queen of Furinkan. Soon to be yet another of David's happy brides.

Faire Massage Parlor - Code Geass

Everything was proceeding as he had foreseen. Lelouch Lamperouge could finally begin the rebellion he'd been formulating in the back of his mind for so, so long. He'd come up with the Zero persona first, on the grounds that nobody would want to follow someone of his age, or his background, into battle - Not to mention that Britannia would want his head on a pike, and therefore keeping his identity a secret was a must.

The event at Lake Kawaguchi was most fortunate. On the one hand, Lelouch was irate that those closest to him had been put in danger, and was glad of the opportunity to teach a vital lesson to that oaf Kusakabe. His final lesson, which he paid tutelage for via his own life.

Now, the Black Knights were known to the public. He could begin recruiting, organising, building the structure through which he would attack the Holy Britannian Empire in a way that it was not yet ready to deal with. The die was cast, and nothing would be able to -

"I got free massage tickets! You're all coming with me!"

Nothing could stop him except for Milly Ashford. The entire council was dragged out, despite the grumblings of himself, Nina and Kallen.

"We have paperwork to finish," Nina had protested. Milly had already completed it.

"Ah... I'm not sure my health is up to it..." Kallen had tried to excuse herself that way, but apparently their staff were well trained in a variety of methods that would help improve even the sickest person's health.

"Sayoko has the day off, I need to take care of Nunnally," was an excuse that normally worked, but -

"Oh, they're coming as well! Nunna was super excited about it, her very first massage!"

There was no escape. The others had seemed uncomfortable, but alas Milly was apparently quite determined to help them all de-stress after three of them were taken hostage. Hence, their arrival to this strange massage parlour that Lelouch had no recollection of hearing about before.

The Faire Massage Parlour. It seemed to be going for something of an Elven motif. Ah. He had been spending too much time around Rivalz - he could already hear him saying:

"Better than an Elven motif, right?" Rivalz laughed a little at his own joke. "Oh, sorry Suzaku, I didn't mean anything by it. Just a pun."

"Not to worry," Suzaku said, waving it off with his usual friendly, relaxed tone. Though Kallen didn't seem too impressed. "Shall we go in? I could do with a good back rub, the military doesn't provide those."

"Hrm, next you'll be complaining you don't wake up with a chocolate on your pillow," Kallen muttered. "Must be nice being in the army, huh?"

That seemed a bit disingenuous coming from a nobleman's daughter. Lelouch was the only one here to understand her frustration. But it doesn't matter. They were greeted at the door by a group of women who seemed quite into their role. Tall, slender, he could almost believe they had stepped from a movie set centred around Elves. He would grant them this much, the makeup they had used was top of the line, granting them an otherworldly appearance that suited the idea of Fae well.

"Lelouch Lamperouge," one of them said. "We are ready for you now."

Were they, now? Very well, so be it. He went inside the room, and felt the chill of paranoia grip his soul. He didn't like this. Isolated from the others at such a vital time? Come to think of it, for Milly to pull this out now, when she had never shown an inkling to before... he had almost accepted it was because of the event at Lake Kawaguchi, but the more he considered it, the more hollow it seemed.

The room was very obviously designed to make one relax. A comforting colour palette, soothing music played on pan flutes, a light flower aroma in the air that was fairly obvious, yet not overpowering. He didn't like this. He didn't like it at all...

Even so, all he could do was sit down on the table, as he was starting to feel ever so slightly groggy. No, wait. Something wasn't right there either, he shouldn't let himself relax, not when he still had his suspicions about this place. As soon as the masseuse came in, he'd use his Geass to get them to tell him everything. Yes, that was the trick. If he did that then everything should be fine and he would be able to -

Relax.

His shoulders slumped while his mind still raced. If it was someone else, then who? The military wouldn't be so obtuse about cornering him - they'd have hauled him in. Then perhaps another foreign power? Or someone else with a Geass that compelled people to -

Relax.

Too many possibilities at play. Where was that masseuse, anyway? They should be here by now, they said they were ready for him? Were they trying to make him wait in an attempt to make him -

Relax.

"You are far too tense for your own good, young man," said an airy voice at his shoulder. "Relax a little. Go ahead, it's fine. You're perfectly safe here. Relax. I won't harm you. Relax. Everything will be fine soon..."

She had appeared behind him as if she'd simply stepped out of thin air. Her fingers danced upon his shoulders, and despite himself Lelouch slumped down onto the table. Comfy. So comfy. The stimulus was too much for him, even his brilliant mind felt sluggish and slow. All he could do was lie there and let her do her work.

It seemed as though he really was in no danger here after all, despite how odd and unnatural this all was. This was a perfectly ordinary massage, nothing weird about it at all. He could feel her trying to work the knots out of his muscles. Spreading out her touch to induce a *relaxed* state of body. A breath escaped him and his arms hung down from the sides of the table. He was fully and completely unable to move.

"Goodness, for such a svelte body you do carry a lot of stress about you, do you not?" the masseuse asked. "I know. I know. As leader of the Black Knights, you have so much to worry about, don't you?" How did she know that...? Oh, never mind. The thought couldn't catch within his mind. He was too *relaxed* for the meaning behind that to occur to him.

"A lot of people rely on you," the masseuse continued. "So many. More than you realise. One day, you're going to save this planet from a truly terrible fate. Your foolish father, what sort of plan is that? To unite all humans, living and dead, into a single being? It would remove the simple pleasures of the world. Reduce everything to merely existing, and not living at all. No passion. No glamour. No imagination or wonder. How is it you put it? Such a thing would stop the march of time."

Lelouch bumbled under her touch. The words made no sense at all, but it hardly mattered. It was likely intentionally babbling to get him to *relax* so she could do her work more effectively.

"Hiding your status as a Prince. Caring for your little sister. Your work on the student council must feel like time off by comparison," the masseuse continued. "Ah, my apologies, mentioning *her* made you tense up. I shall leave her out of this from now on. Instead, let us focus on you. On your svelte body, which could so easily pass for a girl's. Don't you think, Lelouch?"

Pass for a girl's body...? Really...?

"Oh, you should see the fanart," the masseuse continued. "You look so cute in the Ashford girl's uniform. Though personally, I always felt you'd make a better futa than a girl..."

A better what? He wasn't familiar with that term. Again, all he could do was sigh and relax. Lie there. Let her work her magic. Ahhhh, he could feel the stress melting off him. He really and

truly had nothing at all to worry about. Nothing at all. This was all completely fine, and he should have come in for a massage much sooner than this.

Though an idle thought bobbed its head up from time to time within the sticky moccasins his mind had become: How exactly did she know so much about him?

"Sadly, a massage can only do so much for a continual level of high stress," the masseuse said, in a voice you could hear the pout in. "So sad, don't you think? Would you like to know another way to get rid of that stress? A better way? A more fun way?"

"Yes, okay..." Lelouch replied.

The masseuse leaned in close to his ear and whispered a single simple word: "Sex."

Huh? Sex? Was she suggesting that he should get intimate with - Woah! Her hands now began a much wilder motion, more frantic and more... numerous? It was as though he was being mauled by an octopus for a moment there, before it mastered the art of a thorough rubdown. Those delicate yet strong hands settled upon Lelouch's sides, flowing up and down them, from hips to under his arms over and over again in a steady wavelike motion.

"Don't you think you'd be happier as a futa girl?" the masseuse asked. "Yes, a big dicked futa girl with all sorts of lustful needs. I think that's just the trick, don't you agree? It would solve all of your problems in one fell swoop."

All of his problems...? Lelouch wasn't seeing the track in logic. Although, he could feel something strange happening to his butt. Was it getting bigger or was that just his imagination? Bigger, rounder, fuller... his hips as well, there was definitely something off with his hips.

"Let's run through this as a hypothetical," the masseuse said. "Try saying it aloud. Tell me that you're a futa-girl."

"I'm a futa-girl..." Lelouch said. Then, the masseuse squeezed his rump. Ohhh, what was that? "I'm a horny futa-girl with an enormous hung dick and big spicy tits." Where had that come from?

"Spicy tits, huh? Interesting adjective..." the masseuse said. "Alright. So now that you're a big dicked futa-girl with spicy tits, that means you've got to make use of it. Right? Your meat, I mean. After all, big dicked futa-girls get really horny all the time, especially when they have spicy tits."

There was kind of a sense to that. Lelouch hated to admit it, but he could - She could sort of follow along with the logic. Ah, the masseuse flipped a button and now Lelouch found himself flipped over onto his front, where his erection towered over him. With one hand, the masseuse

squeezed and rubbed at Lelouch's temple, while the other... played with his other head with an equal amount of delicacy and skill.

"Big horny futa dicked girls need to dick lots and lots of girls," the masseuse repeated. Yes, obviously. That much was fairly obvious. "They must build a big horny harem of beautiful women, and luckily for you, there are plenty of pretty girls in your life who would be ideal, don't you think?" That's right. There were quite a few hot babes all around him at all times. Ah! Now the masseuse was firmly grasping her rod, rubbing it up and down expertly. Not too hard, yet the grip was firm, jacking Lelouch off right there on the table, making her dick grow and grow and grow with each passing jerk.

"You don't need to be alone, Lelouch," the masseuse said. "Don't burden yourself with the weight of the world. Let others help you carry that load. Adjust your plans. Have lots and lots of sex to help you *relax*."

"Relax..." Lelouch repeated. "Lots and lots of sex." She couldn't help it anymore. She was a horny futa girl, after all. Destined to be an Empress with a big harem of wide hipped busty babes.

Next the masseuse moved her hand off from Lelouch's scalp and roamed it around Lelouch's chest. It had been quite flat there, until she began to massage and squeeze the pectorals. Like magic, like water flowing into a basin, Lelouch's breasts began to grow and swell quickly, becoming hotter, hotter still, in fact you might even call them *spicy*.

At the same time, Lelouch's hair began to flow much longer, billowing down like an ebony waterfall, spilling forth as if darkness itself was freely falling from the top of Lelouch's head.

"Lelouch vi Britannia, harem futa-Empress!" the masseuse said. "Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

"Harem... futa-empress..." Lelouch burbled. Yes. Yes! Of course! Destroying Britannia outright solved nothing. It would only kick the problem down the road! True reform was needed. Radical reform... which she would be able to enact by seizing the throne herself! Of course, she was fully aware that this was a trap many revolutionaries had fallen into in the past, but - She could already see the path needed to make it work!

Her balls seized up, and before she could stop herself Lelouch came all over her hot spicy tits. The white gunk spread out across her, practically seeming like a strange tube top from the sheer volume and viscosity. All she could do was lie there, panting and planning, feeling a true clarity of mind come over her as the masseuse cleaned her up.

"There we go, no need for a sad ending this time," the masseuse said. She then produced Lelouch's clothes - which, of course, were the Ashford's girl uniform. A snug and short pencil skirt alongside a quite tight blazer. Though Lelouch's was a little undersized - you could plainly

see her navel, and there was a strong hint of cleavage as well, which was a little inappropriate for a uniform like this. Nobody really complained though. "Do you feel better now?"

"I feel quite fantastic, my regards," Lelouch said. She reached up and tied her long, beautiful dark hair up into a ponytail, as she had judged was her best look. "Now, if you will pardon me, I must reunite with my friends." In particular, it was necessary to find some alone time with Shirley. How strange. It was as though all of a sudden she had greater empathy for others, and could plainly perceive the girl's crush on her. Clearly, Lelouch needed to add the poor girl to her harem immediately to make up for it. With her *perfect* hourglass figure, absolutely pristine both top and bottom she was certain to have no issues enticing her to bed. "We have much to discuss... And much to do to help us all *relax*. I am sure you understand."

Of course, it went without saying that the masseuse understood all too well.

=====

Kallen was in a complicated situation, make no mistake about it. As a resistance fighter who happened to be half Britannian and half Japanese, she'd pretty much had to take full advantage of her situation to create a cover story for herself, which meant attending the prestigious Ashford Academy.

Which, incidentally, she didn't much care for. Having to put up with this sickly rich girl act, the demure and quiet Kallen Stadtfeld who had to take time off from school to recover her strength... All the while surrounded by suckups and sycophants who wanted to get with the pretty rich girl.

Toss on top of that the blatant propaganda they called lessons. It was a weird relief to get invited onto the student council. It gave her an excuse to get away from everyone else. The council members were all a bunch of goofballs, but they were nice enough. For Britannians. She didn't have the feeling that any of them were trying to get into her good graces for any other reason than... The same reasons anyone was nice to anyone. They were just plain being friendly.

Kallen had been really stressed out when they'd been taken hostage during the Lake Kawaguchi incident. Relieved when they had been let out safe and sound... But now Kallen was getting annoyed at the blatant abuse of power on display here.

Dragging them out to a massage place in the middle of the school day? She only got away with that because her grandfather was the principal. Urgh! And this place! Look at the room she was in! There was a paper wall with a sliding door to act as a changing room over in the corner. Tatami mats on the floor. The walls all had a pattern of dragons painted over them. That is, the kind with longer bodies that you would see in Asia, rather than the European model which was a fair bit chunkier.

Cultural appropriation much? Urgh! Yet another technique Britannia was using to water down and belittle the conquered Area. Steal bits of the culture, claim it for themselves, pretend it was theirs all along until eventually even the youngest Number doesn't know any better. Disgusting.

They even had a *sōzu* over in the corner of the room, which was a sign they really didn't know what the hell they were doing. For those not in the know: That's a kind of fountain you see in Japanese *gardens* quite a bit. The idea is simple enough. Water pours into a segmented tube, the weight lifts the tube up until it upends the water, causing it to drop back down, causing a loud 'thwack' to ring out.

Thwack.

What was this even doing here? Thwack. This sort of thing should be outside! Thwack. Was it meant to help her relax? Thwack. Well, it wasn't going to work. Thwack. Kallen was too annoyed, too upset, too - thwack - angry to... thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

Before she knew it, she was sitting on the table in the middle of the room staring at the fountain. Water filling up. Then tipping out. Causing a loud sound. Then the cycle repeats. It was a metaphor for her own life, huh? She'd fill up on her undercover life to make sure nobody suspected the truth about who she was, then rush out once she was full so she could make a loud noise against the Empire. Then empty out, and repeat the cycle. Over and over again. Was she getting anything done? Would the cycle ever end?

Thwack, thwack, thwack... She felt kinda... oddly relaxed while watching it. She never even noticed the masseuse enter the room until she felt a pair of hands on her shoulders, gently guiding her down onto the table.

"Hello, Miss Ko-Staffeld," the masseuse began. "I can see that you're quite relaxed already - or at least your mind is. That's a good sign. A young girl like you has many stressors in her life, and may not be aware of how tense her body is."

"Ah... if you say so..." Kallen groggily replied. Honestly, at this point she might as well get it over with. Raising a fuss over this would be suspicious. The masseuse was one of those women from outside who had greeted them. They all looked kinda funny to Kallen, though she couldn't quite articulate why. The word 'beautiful' came to mind, alongside 'ethereal' and 'fairy like'. A sign that the makeup had done its job well.

Although, wasn't that strange? If this place was elven themed, then why was this room Asian inspired?

"Goodness, such powerful muscles!" the masseuse gasped. "You must live a quite active life!"

"Not really..." Kallen lied. Great. She was trying to play up the sick fragile girl routine, but of course a masseuse would see right through it. Mmf! Those hands, though! It felt like they were

melting her flesh and reforming it with each pass. Sweeping around her shoulders and upper back in a massive arc, spreading their touch everywhere and pushing out tension that, as the masseuse said, Kallen didn't even know were there to start with.

"You know... you're practically perfect as you are..." the masseuse mused, apparently to themselves. "Oh, never mind me. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself, Kallen?"

"Not much to tell," Kallen said. Small talk, huh? Whatever got this over fast enough. "Daughter of a nobleman, student at Ashford Academy, new member of the student council..."

"Right, but those are merely facts about yourself," the masseuse said. "I wanted you to tell me about yourself. Your hobbies. Your interests. Your likes, dislikes..."

Urgh, really? That was actually kinda surprising. If she was being honest, the conversations she tended to get pulled into at school were usually pretty shallow. Stuff about school work, or whatever. Hobbies? Interests? Does 'overthrowing Britannia' count as a hobby?

"You're getting tense~" the masseuse sang, her hands pushing down into the middle of Kallen's back, forcing a groan out of her that seemed to drag that tension out as well. "Come on, I won't judge. What are you into? What do you do in your downtime?"

Pilot a Nightmare Frame in rebellious activities against an evil Empire that is oppressing my people. "Um!" Help organise the group as its membership is growing and swelling at a remarkable rate. "I- I'm into!"

"Sports, right?" the masseuse interrupted. "I mean, with muscles like these, you have to be." On the table, Kallen felt something strange. It was almost as though, wherever the masseuse rubbed her hands, the muscles under her flesh grew more... potent. More efficient. In particular her back muscles, around her shoulders. It felt like she could carry fifteen, seventeen times her own weight easily. "You like showing off how strong you are, right? All the time! Right?"

"Y-Yeah, I'm a total showoff!" Kallen repeated. Then, as if giving her a reward, the masseuse pressed this spot right in the middle of her spine that made her entire body spasm as though a bolt of electricity went through it. Kallen's tongue rolled out the side of her mouth, and her eyes rolled up in her head. That was gooooooood~

So good that she didn't notice when the towel was removed and the masseuse began to rub her hands up Kallen's legs. All the way up, gripping them firmly, right until hitting the underside of Kallen's butt, then stopping and cycling back down to her ankles and repeating the process.

"You're strong," the masseuse said. On her second pass up, her hands ever so slightly went onto Kallen's butt before going back down. "Such a strong girl. A showoff." On the next pass, she went slightly higher. And then back down, and repeated this process over and over. "Strong legs. Strong body. Strong mind. Strong soul." Each time, she brought her hands higher and

higher, until eventually she reached a pass where her hands wantonly, obviously groped Kallen's butt. "Strong libido."

"Nnnnnngh!" Kallen grunted, unable to articulate her thinking. Not that she was doing much thinking right now. Her worries all felt far off, like they were happening to someone else. A different time, a different place, a different life. She didn't complain or even think it strange that the masseuse was now squeezing her cheeks, rubbing them together, covering them with massage oil and - Oh, would you look at that? Her cheeks were growing and swelling, becoming more muscular and powerful. "Stroooooong!" Kallen whined, not exactly sounding mighty in so doing.

She was then effortlessly flipped over so that the masseuse could work over her front, this time starting with Kallen's belly. Sculpting it as though she was clay, turning her rather fit stomach into a firm and obvious six pack with a few simple touches.

"Strong girls like you need strong men in their lives," the masseuse whispered. "Do you have any men that you like? Or women, for that matter?"

"Nnnnnoooo..." Kallen moaned. "Ahhh... Ahh... I have a crush on Zero! He's sooooo mysterious and cool and -"

"Shush now," the masseuse interrupted. "You're only admitting that because I've got your head feeling fuzzier than something found under a neglected sink. Let's pretend you didn't admit to that, okay?" Right. Pretend she didn't say that. Of course. She could do that. "So, what do you think of... Lelouch?"

"Nnngh, kinda cute, not my type -"

"Oh, but Lelouch *is* your type," the masseuse interrupted. "So smart. So confident. Capable of handling multiple women at once. Even big, strong women like you can't *help* but want to share him."

Want... to share Lelouch? The idea sort of settled into Kallen's mind. It was true enough. Lelouch... He - or rather *she* - had lots of girls at school drooling all over *her* all the time, and they all seemed to be totally okay with the idea of sharing her. Ahhh... Kallen could sort of see why, but - But!

Now the masseuse went to work on Kallen's chest as well. With fingers dripping from the oil, she grabbed Kallen's breasts without a hint of gentleness. It was like a groper being given full permission to do what they wanted. Digging in her fingers, squeezing the flesh deeply, but in this case Kallen only felt good. Fucking good! To the point her back arched off the table, and her hands gripped the edges so intensely that it cracked.

"There we go!" the masseuse sang. "Your boobs are now twice the size they were before. Good thing I made your back muscles strong enough to cope, otherwise you were gonna have some *real issues*. Teehee! How do you feel?"

Kallen blinked slowly as the spell over her mind faded. "Not that it's any of your business, but I feel fucking amazing."

She was handed her uniform, which she changed into and - Huh, did it have this much cleavage before? Oh yeah, wait, now that she thought about it, yeah it did. Exposed her tummy, too. Her fit, muscular tummy that she was very proud of.

With the massage done, she wandered out to the lobby to meet with the others - and on the way she ran into Lelouch, who was looking absolutely adorable, like ever.

"Hey," she said, not even bothering to feign a demure voice. "How was your massage?"

"Pleasant, relaxing," Lelouch said, brushing down her ample chest. "Ah, that was almost as good as sex. You know that my door is always open, Kallen?"

Of course she did. Everyone knew it was... And Kallen really, really wanted to ride what Lelouch was packing under that skirt. Just like every other girl at Ashford did. However... her true affection was still for Zero.

Oh yes, without a doubt, Zero still had her heart. And her loins. Oooh, the very idea of tying him down, stripping off those striped trousers and riding his dick from dawn to dusk! Or - Or maybe Zero would do the same to her? Either way, Kallen only wanted one thing, and that was to get fucked by the mysterious masked man who was the talk of the whole wide world.

"By the way, how is your relationship with your stepmother doing?" Lelouch asked out of nowhere. "Is she still giving you hell for lifting weights all the time at home?"

"Huh! You know it!" Kallen snorted. "*It's not ladylike, you should be finding a nice man, wear more dresses* - Ptooie! If she's not careful I'll take up boxing, that'll really rankle her."

"Like you get rankled when Milly uses your boobs to carry plates of biscuits?" Lelouch asked knowingly, which gave Kallen the huff. Yeah, Milly had done that once or twice because of how big they were... Heck, the others had occasionally made use of them to store stuff as well!

Because yeah, that was her history now. Neither Lelouch or Kallen, nor anyone else, would notice there were inconsistencies with their personal histories. They would not notice that the darkness dwelling in Lelouch's heart was calmed, that his desire for vengeance at the cost of his own soul and sanity had been turned into a more pragmatic quest to make things better for everyone. They would not notice that Kallen's relationship with her mother - her real, birth mother- had improved tremendously after the woman gave her support during this rebellious

phase of her life. They would not find it strange that Kallen wasn't behaving like a sickly girl anymore... Nor would they especially notice that the two of them were happier following these changes.

So come down, won't you? This massage parlour is truly one of a kind. It'll change your life for the better, because even though the owners and workers were mischievous... They truly did have the interests of any human client at heart. Though don't be surprised if it turned out the solution to many of your stresses in life came down to sex in some way.

Because you'd be amazed how much sex can help you... *Relax.*

One Shot - Fairy Tail Oblivious

It had not been easy, but the two of them stood triumphant, at last! What was meant to be a simple job - transporting a shipment of food between two villages - had somehow managed to become a truly trying quest, culminating in Lucy and Juvia doing battle against an ancient cult within their very own temple. The last cultist had finally fallen. No more of their stupid (yet surprisingly versatile) corn based magic. No more of that, she was done with corn for a lifetime thanks very much. The two Fairy Tail girls were practically leaning on each other, panting heavily and trying to catch their breath so they could properly enjoy a job well done.

"Whew, that... that was a rough one," Lucy said, wiping sweat from her forehead. "Haaa... I just wish you'd noticed that one guy with the corn dagger, it would've saved us a lot of trouble."

"What do you mean?" Juvia asked. "Phew... You make it sound like it was obvious he was there."

"Well, it kinda was," Lucy panted. "He was - I mean, he was right there. In bright red robes, when everyone else was wearing grey. Oh. Wait. Don't tell me, you were distracted by all the 'grey' right?"

It was playful banter. Nothing more to it. However, when you consider mankind's history, always remember this: Much of the suffering and grief caused between friends comes not from malice but from misunderstanding.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Juvia asked, a little put off by her reading of what Lucy had said. "Do you mean that Juvia missed something obvious?"

"Huh? No, of course not," Lucy said. "Oh, forget it. That was just a silly joke."

Too late, the damage had been done. A little joke, huh? Juvia didn't find it funny. What she did find funny was a little something that she'd found part way through their little adventure. Something she hadn't had the opportunity to use. She retrieved it from her bag and tossed it over to Lucy, who caught it out of the air and looked at it with mild confusion.

"There, to recover your strength," Juvia said. "We still need to get back to the guild, so..."

"Ah! Thanks a ton!" Lucy said, and then she chugged the contents down without a second thought. Good, good. Drink it all. Drink every last drop of it. This was a little mean of Juvia, but that wasn't some ordinary water she'd brought with her. It was a little special potion she'd discovered on the way. A quick look, some experiments, and the overall effect was, quite simply, outright obliviousness. "Ahh, that hit the spot! Thanks a bunch, Juvia!"

"No problem!" Juvia chirped back. Let's put this to the test, shall we? "By the way, Lucy owes Juvia some money for that drink. So Juvia will take now, any problem?"

"No, no, it's fine!" Lucy said, blowing it off like it was no big deal. Oho! It worked! It actually worked! "Come on, let's get back home."

Of course, Juvia wasn't actually going to take that money. She wanted to embarrass Lucy, not rip her off. Therefore, she pulled out a felt pen from... somewhere, and then began to draw whiskers on Lucy's face. Oh! Maybe a star around her eye? The girl was simply smiling and walking as if nothing was wrong! Why, Juvia could do anything at all to her, and she wouldn't react in the slightest!

Although, en route back to the guild they did happen to bump into a man. As in, Lucy literally collided into one of them when they turned a corner. The two of them tripped over each other, landing in a crumpled heap on the floor... with the man's hand winding up on Lucy's breast.

"Ah! Sorry about that! It was an accident!" the man hurriedly said, quickly rising to his feet as soon as he realised their position.

"Oh, no, don't worry about it, no big deal," Lucy replied, brushing that off far, far too easily. "Come on Juvia, let's get going."

It was at this moment that Juvia realised how dangerous this potion might be. Lucy had not reacted *at all* to what had happened there. Normally she'd have at least given the guy a dirty look or something, but - No, nothing? At all?

"Ah... Juvia needs to protect Lucy now..." Juvia muttered to herself. "At least until the potion wears off." Oh, Lucy! Juvia was so, so sorry! She had thought this would be a harmless little prank, but now she could see that it was going to cause her a lot of harm! Lucy was a very pretty girl, after all, and the clothes she wore weren't exactly modest at the best of times. Not like Juvia, who often wore a body hiding sapphire coat.

Case in point, Juvia quickly smacked Lucy right on the butt and didn't even get her to jump. Oh no! That didn't get her to react at all! This poor girl... Juvia should not have been so petty to her. No matter. They would be back at the guild soon, and then everyone would be able to help her sort this out. Ah... play it off as if she was tricked, maybe, then ask for forgiveness later on? That might be the best way to go about -

Juvia's thinking there trailed off when the guild itself came into view. The building seemed a bit different, all of a sudden. Were those... were those breasts sticking out of the roof? In the windows, it almost looked like there were scantily clad women spinning around on poles. Not to mention the damage to the door - Had the guild been attacked while they were away?!

"Ahhh, home sweet home!" Lucy said, carelessly entering the building without the slightest hint of caution. No! You oblivious idiot! Juvia rushed forward to get in front of her, just in case - but there was no attack here. All seemed safe...

But all did not seem sane.

The scene in front of her was beyond belief. It was quite obvious the guild had been attacked by someone or something, but - this was not an ordinary attack by any means. Everything was all twisted up and strange. Her friends, her guildmates, they were all out of sorts!

Behind the counter was Mirajane, with her breasts out. Not that she had much of a choice in the matter, given their sheer size. She was bringing out her nipples and squeezing them into glasses, then serving up the milk as though it was an ordinary beverage.

Then there was Natsu, walking around shirtless with muscles that looked ridiculous, like he's suddenly become a bodybuilder overnight. They couldn't stop twitching, either, as if they were trying to show off their strength but were being barely restrained.

Next was Levy, sitting in Gajeel's lap while wearing what could only be described as a slutty schoolgirl uniform, with breasts that should have, by right, toppled her over on the spot. Ah! There was Lisanna nuzzling into Natsu as well while dressed up in a bunny girl outfit! Even Erza was affected, naked from head to toe save for three strips of metal - one over each of her nipples, and the last across her pussy. She was standing proudly, as if deliberately flaunting her assets and -

And it suddenly struck Juvia that it was as though they were all like - like sexy parodies of themselves. In the way they looked, the way they behaved, they'd all been twisted up and turned into -

Oh there's Gray, naked as the day he was born, even without his underwear as well. Striding around with his enormous dick out without a care in the world. Juvia decided to remember this occasion for future reference, no real reason behind it beyond that...

"Hey guys!" Lucy said, stepping by Juvia and snapping her out of her lust filled haze. "Anything interesting happen while we were gone?"

"Lucy!" Juvia grabbed her arm. "They are under a spell right now! We should be careful until we figure out more."

"Oh, really? You think so?" Lucy said. "I don't see anything weird here. Hey, Mira! Got something good on the menu? I could do with something in my belly!"

"Of course! Let me whip you up this fun little pasta in cheese sauce that I came up with!"

Cheese sauce...? Doesn't that use a lot of milk?! Juvia gently guided Lucy away from Mirajane before she did something that she'd regret later. The girl had already drunk one thing that she really shouldn't have today as it was! No need to give her something else to make things worse!

"Thank you, but Juvia needs to speak with Lucy for a little while!" Juvia yelled, and then hauled Lucy away to the library, away from everyone else. Nobody down here? Good! Oh, thank goodness. "Lucy, it is very important that you stay here for now. Okay?"

"Huh? Really?" Lucy asked, oh that oblivious reply was starting to get annoying! "Well, if you insist. I'll get some reading done. Say, could you get me some of that milk Mirajane was serving? It looked totally delish!"

"No promises..." Juvia muttered, and hurried back upstairs. With Lucy safely deposited somewhere else where she dearly hoped the girl could stay out of trouble for five minutes, Juvia could properly investigate what the hell had happened here. The best place to start would be... licking the sweat off Gray's manly chest... "No, concentrate! Fun later, investigate now!"

"Yoohoo! Juvia! Over here!"

That was Levy, still sitting in Gajeel's lap. A book resting in her hand, her hips vibrating like a washing machine, and the man himself looking happy as can be. Hrmph! Well, Juvia walked over towards them cautiously, at any rate. Levy was supposed to be quite smart, right? If anyone knew what had happened here, it had to be her!

"We were attacked by an Eromancer," Levy began, spinning around in her seat to thrust her breasts right into Gajeel's face.

"What's an Eromancer?"

"That's what Natsu asked, right before he turned into Captain Studfire over there!"

Juvia made the mistake of looking towards Natsu - then immediately looked away again. Oh gosh! Being intimate with Lisanna like that, right in front of everyone! Ah! How humiliating!

"He cast this spell that turned us all into sexy parodies of ourselves," Juvia said. "Completely debilitating. Do you have any idea how much sex I've had today? It's a big number. Very big. On every surface in the guild hall."

"Please don't share that much detail..." Juvia quietly asked, a most reasonable request in her mind.

"Sorry, can't help it. It's the nature of my parody," Levy pouted, then arched her back in a way that Juvia didn't think the girl could do and - My word! How lewd! "We all know what we're doing, but we cannot stop ourselves. It feels fucking great though."

"What happened to the eromancer?"

"Tried to lewd Erza," Levy said. "Turns out her parody has the power to be too sexy for anyone to take, so you wind up taking damage from it. Right now she's just posing because that's what her parody is like. Shows off how hot and strong she is -"

"Erza is strongest and sexiest there is!"

"You see what I mean?" Levy shrugged. "Don't do anything to challenge her if you value whatever's left of your innocence."

"The mere act of looking around this room is ruining Juvia's innocence," Juvia pouted. "So, is there way to undo this? If anyone knows, surely you must have read something by now!"

"Clever, clever!" Levy said over her glasses. "That is the one other downfall. It seemed he couldn't control the kind of fetishes we'd indulge. If he could, I'd have lost half my brainpower, but instead he's doubled it - at the cost of multiplying my libido by ten. You know, you're really hot, you should take off your clothes and - Ah! S-sorry, it's really hard to control myself like this."

"Not to worry, I'll sort it out!" Gajeel said and - Oh gosh that was his penis. He was - Oh! He was having sex with her right there in front of everyone! Juvia couldn't look at them anymore! Not either one of them! Out of the corner of her eye she could see Levy, still sitting in his lap, bounce up and down, gyrating her body in a clear and blatant attempt to maximise her own pleasure from the experience. Oh! This was not good! It was completely shameless! She was so embarrassed for them, especially if they would remember this later!

"Nngh! Ah! You - You had Lucy with you, right?" Levy asked. "She - She's the key to this! One of Lyra's songs should undo the effects!"

"Which song?" Juvia asked. Lyra knew many songs. As one of the Celestial Spirits that Lucy had a key to, she could easily summon it and make her perform any song... The problem was, Lucy would need to tell them which song it was they needed to sing.

"I don't know its name, sorry," Levy said. "But I'm sure Lucy will be able to work it - Oh fuck me Gajeel, you always know exactly what I need!"

Right, at this point Juvia saw absolutely no need to hang around here, those two were effectively worthless for now. She turned away, stopping only to drink in the sight of Gray pouring water all over himself and making her dearly wish she was that glass of water, before hurrying back to where she had left Lucy.

She had to hurry. For the sake of her friends, for the sake of the guild, she had to snap them out of this bizarre twist of fate as soon as possible. As it was, none of them would ever be able to

live this down. Lucy was the key! Lucy was the one who would be able to bring them all out of this and back to their usual selves!

"Hi Juvia! I was chatting with Cana, and she asked if she could do body shots off me."

Indeed, that is what she found. Cana... actually didn't look all that different to be honest, her costumes were pretty revealing as they were anyway. However, on closer inspection there was a clear and marked change that was pretty obvious right away.

"Oh, hey Juvie!" Cana hiccuped. Yes, hiccuped. Not 'said', nor 'whispered' or 'yelled'. Hiccuped. "You gotta have a taste of this! Drinkin' off Lucy's body is so sweet!"

"Ahahaha, that tickles!" Lucy laughed, as if nothing was awry, even though Cana's mouth was going lower and lower down her body, and those eyes were promising that she intended to show the girl a very good time in the near -

Nope! Juvia grabbed Lucy's hand and hauled her away immediately, not letting her get pulled into that mess! "Cana, we promise not to make fun of you for this later on, you're not being yourself," Juvia said. She hauled Lucy away, back up to the guild's entrance and back outside.

Alright then. Okay. Deep breath now. Deep breath! What would be the best way to approach this? Lucy shouldn't be too difficult to manipulate in this state. Then again, not knowing what song specifically was necessary to undo the effect would make things rather... difficult. This had to be phrased delicately.

"Say, by any chance, does Lucy know of any technique that could undo, for example, the transformation of a mage into a porn parody of themselves?" Juvia ventured. "For instance, if perhaps Lyra knows a song that could do the job?"

"Huh? Maybe?" Lucy shrugged. "I'd need to see the effect in action before instructing her. That sort of thing sounds like, if I tell her to sing the wrong song, it could make things worse. Hahaha! What a silly idea you came up with, Juvia. That's quite the imagination you have there. It's a good thing we don't have to deal with something like that!"

"Ha. Ha. Haaaaaa..." Juvia trailed off. Yes, this is what she was afraid of. The details mattered. Lucy would need to not only summon Lyra, but also have a good idea of what she was doing. She could wait for the potion to wear off, but that felt like a bad idea. In this condition, the longer they were under the influence the harder it might be to bring them out of it. Worse yet, there was a chance the effects could magnify as time passed. Waiting for Lucy to snap out of this, that seemed like an ill advised move.

In which case, she would have to take more desperate measures. There was a way to break a potion like this, and her own look into how it worked indicated that it should be able to break the effect on Lucy just fine. That method was, quite simply... Push the potion to its limits. Make Lucy

realise something strange was going on around her, shatter her ability to believe what was happening and then - And then! The effect should crumble like sand.

In that sense, it was quite fortunate that there was a cavalcade of ridiculous things happening in the guild. Surely, if she pushed on Lucy's buttons enough, one of them would be enough to snap her out of it!

"Come on, come on!" Juvia said, hauling Lucy inside. She was dragging the girl around a lot today. But with the way she was looking up at the sky with a serene expression, it wasn't as if the girl was in the right state of mind to make decisions on her own! Speaking of decisions - where to start? There were plenty of candidates for weirdness going on around here, any of them should do to start breaking through Lucy's oblivio-

"Hi Erza, how are you doing today?"

No, not Erza! That was the worst place to start! Juvia rushed forward to try and separate them - only to be hurled back by an invisible force emanating from the one nicknamed Titania, strongest woman in the Fairy Tail Guild!

"Lucy!" Erza snarled, her piercing gaze centered on Lucy. Anyone else would have wilted under that glare, including Lucy herself - but the poor girl was oblivious, totally nonchalant. She was saying hello to a friend on a mild spring day. "You is pretty! You come challenge Erza?"

"Hahaha, that's a really funny way to hear you talk," Lucy laughed. Oh no! This was a moment before a disaster struck, Juvia was certain of it! Before she could recover, Erza had picked Lucy up and pushed her up against the wall, using one hand to brace Lucy's body while the other slammed into the wall so hard it made a dent. "You know, I like your new clothes, they suit you well. A new armour? What's its effect?"

"It make weak tremble and climax before Erza's might," was the reply.

"Oh, that sounds very... Ohhhhhh~" Lucy moaned and, indeed, began to tremble when Erza leaned in and nibbled on her ear. Guuhhh! With the entire guild watching, too! Juvia had to do something, quickly! Although, if she stepped in directly... Even in this state of being, Erza was far, far stronger than her. All that would happen then is that Juvia herself would be pinned down just like Lucy, which would be no good to anyone! Think, think, think... What would be an ideal distraction in this situation!

"Hey, did anyone sheee Luschy?" Cana drunkenly staggered up the stairs. "I wash taking body shots off her and - "

"Water-Make!" Juvia yelled, compelled a nearby drink to empty out all over Cana's top. "Oh, Cana! That wet look is extremely sexy! Easily the sexiest person here!"

"...Huh?" Cana grunted, and in the time she did that a dark shadow with glowing red eyes and an *amazing* hourglass figure appeared right behind her. "Ehhh... Erza? What did you want?"

"Teach slutty Cana her rightful place!" Erza roared, tackling her to the ground with a tongue filled kiss that made loud slurping noises which Juvia, oh dear me, she'd do her absolute best to forget ever hearing. For now, she was content to approach Lucy and check on her status.

"Is Lucy okay?" Juvia asked.

"I'm fine," Lucy sighed happily. "Erza likes to play rough sometimes."

"Has she ever played rough like that before?" Juvia asked. She was pretty sure Lucy would have mentioned it if she had!

"No, but I bet that's just because she wanted to show me her new armour," Lucy said. "Look, she's showing Cana right now! It's pretty powerful, I bet she'll have almost anyone on their knees in no time at all!"

Yes, indeed she would, but rather than surrender the attitude would be more like 'step on me mommy'. Clearly, this was going to take a little more effort than an encounter like that. Let's see. Let's see! Who else was here, right now...

Gray! Of course! Once again, she hauled Lucy across the guild hall, this time directly towards where Gray was sitting! "Gray-sama! Juvia needs your help to fix a huge, desperate need she has! I need something shocking and huge that will make someone's brain go crazy!"

Which is when he turned around, and slapped her face with his cock. Ah... Bliss!

"Eh, I guess I'll do what I can," Gray said, nervously rotating his hips from side to side, causing his dick to slap her cheeks on either side of her face. Bliss! Pure, undiluted bliss! "So long as this isn't another of your pick up attempts, and you really are trying to help someone else."

"Ehehehehehehe..." Juvia happily, airily tittered away to herself. Oh! Wait, no! "Lucy has been hit by an obliviousness causing spell! Can Gray help knock her out of it?"

"Don't be silly, Juvia! I'm not oblivious! I'm paying perfect attention!" Lucy said. "And there's absolutely nothing weird going on here at all!"

Juvia then gestured directly at Lucy here, as Lucy made her point far more eloquently than Juvia herself could. Gray seemed to get it. He was nodding along, studying her with care.

"I get it," Gray said. "Yeah, yeah. I get it. She's been turned into an airhead by that dumb pervy mage, right? What's the word? Bimbo or something, right? I guess that kinda fits, she's always seemed a bit scatterbrained to me."

"Oh, Gray! You kidder!" Lucy whapped him on the chest. Rather than summoning a Celestial and getting it to punch him through a wall, like she normally might.

"Waaaah! Gray! Nothing works!" Juvia wailed, leaping into his arms and holding on tight. This was not just an excuse, either! She really was upset by this! Seeing all her friends reduced to this state, it was very disheartening! "Quick, do something very strange! The strangest thing you can think of."

"Fine... Fine..." Gray grumbled to himself. "You really think seeing something super strange would snap her out of it?" Juvia nodded. Yes, that should do the trick. So long as it was strange enough to pierce through the spell, then Lucy should be able to come back to normal, and then - "In that case, here's something I'd never normally do."

All of a sudden Juvia felt herself being bent over a table. Huh? W-wait a minute here, was Gray about to... Her beloved Gray was about to! Her dress was pushed aside and she felt something hard and hot press up against her. Normally, she'd turn into water in order to get away, but right now... Actually, she did kinda want it, so...?

"I'd never normally do this, right?" Gray said, more to Lucy than to Juvia. His hips slammed forward and *fuck yes!* His length, bigger than normal because of the weird spell, filling her up to the brink. Hah! Hah! Hah! "I'd never normally fuck Juvia right in the middle of the guild hall. Or anywhere else for that matter, right?"

It - It was an extreme measure, but - But oooh, it was bound to work! It was extremely out of character for him to do that! Surely Lucy would notice something now!

"Ah, that's so sweet!" Lucy said. "Gray is finally returning your feelings. You lucky girl!"

Or not! Actually... This might be for the best. It was a bit selfish of her to think, but... Gray hadn't stopped having sex with her. He hadn't stopped drilling her pussy like a studly jackhammer when it became obvious that Lucy wasn't snapping out of it. Hrm... M-Maybe it would be fine after all? If she let Lucy snap out of it on her own then - Then maybe, just maybe she could enjoy herself for at least a little while?

After all, if this wouldn't snap her out of it, then what on Earth would?

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Ah, what a wonderful day it had been now that the mission was completed. Nothing weird or out of the ordinary had happened at all! In fact, upon returning to the guild, Lucy had this general sense of calm. A nice friendly chat with Cana and Erza, Mirajane had offered up a new delicious smelling drink, and Juvia had finally managed to get Gray's attention. All perfectly mundane and usual events which did not, in any way shape or form, require her concern.

Since Juvia seemed to be enjoying herself, it was time for Lucy to make a play for some action as well. Not too far away, she could see Natsu being all flirty with Lisanna. It didn't bother her that much, not really, but...

She stalked across the guild hall to where Lisanna was all over Natsu's lap. Well, alright then! Lucy stopped right in front of the pair and adjusted her top, leaning over to show off just a bit of cleavage,.

"Hey, Natsu~" Lucy said. "How do I look?"

"Pretty sexy!" Natsu immediately replied, looking her up and down and very obviously liking what he was seeing.

...

Except, hold on. That wasn't right. Her deliberate attempts to be seductive never, ever actually worked. Ever. It was almost as if she was cursed or something, because despite being cute as a button the target of her flirting never seemed to notice! For him to respond positively like that, without blushing or stammering or trying to pretend he wasn't looking at all!

"Hey! Get off his lap!" Lucy yelled, pushing Lisanna away. "What do you think you're doing in the middle of the guild hall?!"

"She can't help it," Natsu said. "None of us can!" He rose to his full height, seeming more handsome than normal. "That dumb horny mage really did a number on all of us, you know?"

"Shall the three of us talk about it in bed tomorrow morning?" Lisanna asked, hugging Lucy from behind. Ah! Ah! Ah! Lucy's eyes were starting to spin! Wh-What was that about a horny mage?! Lucy ducked, slipping out from Lisanna's grip, looked around the hall and very much wished she hadn't.

"Kyaaa! What are you all doing?!" Lucy yelled. "Cut that out! Cut that out right now! What if Wendy walks in the door?! Do you want to expose her innocent eyes to something like thaaaaat?!"

Right! That tore it! Lucy pulled out her Celestial Keys, and... There! "Hey! Lyra!" In an instant the Celestial Spirit appeared, an adorable young girl brought out alongside her harp. The happy little spirit strummed a few notes and then smiled at Lucy, very obviously deliberately ignoring everything else going on around her. "Play the Song of Calm! Right now! Give their souls a hard cold shower right this instant!"

"Of course, Lucy!" Lyra sang, and began to play the song, letting its soothing notes wash out over the hall. This song was intended for one purpose alone, to undo the most powerful and

potent of emotional manipulation effects, resetting everyone's mood to something approaching normal. As the song echoed out, the notes banished the wicked, sinful, evil and lustful intentions trapped inside everyone's bodies, pushing out the exaggerated curves, bringing down the bizarre lustful behaviour.

Mirajane found herself with her breasts out, and herself in the middle of squeezing her right breast, then turning away in rightful embarrassment. Lisanna and Natsu broke eye contact, and likely wouldn't be able to make it again for a good long time. Erza and Cana disentangled themselves from each other, and Levy climbed off Gajeel, the two of them nervously whistling, and again looking away from each other.

"Uh, thanks a bunch Lucy," Natsu said. "That seemed to do the trick!"

"Indeed," Erza said to the floor. "We all seem to be returned to normal, thanks to you."

"All in favour of memory holing this incident and pretending it didn't happen?" Levy asked, and all present raised their hands. "Alright! But... I am going to still look into countermeasures to keep this from happening again, so... That's the limit, alright? This *didn't happen!*"

That was fine so far as Lucy was concerned... Although, looking around, it did seem as though she'd missed something obvious.

"Say, where did Juvia and Gray get to?" Lucy wondered aloud. Ah. Nobody seemed to know the answer to that one. Not yet, at least. They'd find out... about a week later, when the two of them showed up again. Although, wouldn't you know it, Gray was still pornified, and it just so happened they'd showed up again on a day that wasn't one of the three days a month Lucy could summon Lyra, so they'd have to wait another three weeks before turning him back to normal.

Not that Juvia was complaining. Though, at the very least, she'd learned to be a lot more careful around strange potions from now on. Namely, she'd learned that she should've fed it to Gray instead of Lucy.