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# Asuka's Ass

Underneath Tokyo 3, the Geofront is a maze of secrets. The worst kept of which was Maya Ibuki's feelings towards Ritsuko Akagi. To those in the know, it felt like only the good Doctor herself was oblivious.

In the flickering light of the control room, Maya sat at her terminal, eyes focused on the data streams flashing across her screen. The hum of machinery and the soft beeps of the MAGI system filled the air, blending into the background like the pulse of the Geofront itself. But even amidst the overwhelming complexity of their work, Maya's thoughts wandered.

Her gaze flicked upwards for just a moment, toward Ritsuko, who stood a few meters away, cigarette in hand, staring intently at the latest reports on the Angels. Ritsuko was calm as ever, her white coat pristine, her hair neatly tucked behind her ears. Sharp, focused, and utterly unreachable.

Maya's heart skipped a beat, as it always did when she watched the older woman for too long. She quickly averted her eyes, cheeks tinged with a faint pink, her fingers nervously tapping at the keys. To anyone paying attention, it was obvious. How Maya leaned a little too far forward when Ritsuko walked by. How her smile came just a little too quickly when Ritsuko gave her even the smallest bit of attention.

To everyone, that is, except Ritsuko herself.

"You should say something," he whispered under his breath, his voice barely audible over the rhythmic hum of the room. "You know, before..." He trailed off, his tone growing serious. Before things get worse. Before the next disaster. Before the world changed again. Life at NERV had that kind of urgency.

Maya shook her head slightly, a bitter smile crossing her lips. "She's busy," she replied quietly. "There's never a right time."

Makoto gave a small sigh but didn't push. He knew better. The tension in NERV was a constant undercurrent, and personal feelings often drowned in the chaos. Maya's affections, however strong, always seemed to take second place to the immediate crisis at hand. That was the nature of their work.

Maya's terminal beeped softly as she finished her final analysis, eyes narrowing at the numbers flickering across the screen. It was almost too perfect, the way the data aligned. She frowned, leaning closer. Something felt off, even if she couldn't place it exactly. She needed to double-check the diagnostics on Unit-02.

"I'm going to head down to the hangar," Maya announced quietly to Makoto as she stood, not wanting to draw too much attention.

He gave her a knowing nod, but said nothing, his eyes flickering back to his own screen. He didn't need to ask why she was really leaving, and Maya didn't want to acknowledge it herself. It was easier to stay busy. To pretend she wasn't always on edge around Ritsuko, waiting for a moment that would probably never come.

As she made her way through the Geofront, the corridors grew quieter, colder, the soft hum of the base's infrastructure the only companion to her footsteps. Maya let out a long breath, trying to shake off the gnawing feeling of tension that always sat in her chest after talking to Ritsuko. The hangar was familiar, predictable—something she could control. At least, she thought so.

But as the massive doors slid open and she stepped into the dimly lit space surrounding Unit-02, a voice called out from the shadows, cutting through the stillness.

"Well, well, if it isn't Maya-chan herself."

Maya flinched, immediately recognizing the smug tone. Asuka Langley Soryu stepped out from behind one of the support columns, her arms crossed, a cocky grin spreading across her face. And she wasn't just in her usual uniform—no, she was proudly showing off her new plugsuit, the red material hugging her body in a way that demanded attention.

"What are you doing down here?" Asuka asked, her voice dripping with confidence. "Admiring my Evangelion? Or just here to gawk at me?"

Maya blinked, taken aback by the sudden appearance of the pilot. She kept a steady eye contact, and for good reason. She'd only ever seen pictures of the girl's face before she'd arrived. Never her body. Thus, when she'd shown up with a pair of cheeks that were bigger than her head *each*? It had been a big shock, to say the very least! "A-Asuka, I'm just here to run some diagnostics. I need to check Unit-02's status before the next sortie."

Asuka rolled her eyes dramatically, strolling up to Maya with a swagger that radiated her usual self-assurance. Assisted tremendously by the sheer weight and heft she was packing back there. It was astonishing that the plugsuit was able to fit around those glutes, a true marvel of human engineering. "Sure, sure. But now that you're here, you might as well admire this," she said, gesturing to herself with a smirk. She whirled around, and *good gracious* the material was not leaving much to the imagination was it? "Pretty amazing, right? Designed to be the perfect match for me and Unit-02. Not that I needed anything extra to look good."

Maya's eyes widened slightly, unsure how to respond. "It's... um... very functional."

Asuka raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed with the lukewarm compliment. She leaned in a little closer, her grin turning mischievous. "You're too easy, Maya. You know, you could stand to learn a thing or two about confidence. Especially when it comes to you-know-who."

Maya stiffened immediately, heat rushing to her cheeks. “Wh-What are you talking about?”

“Oh, don’t play dumb,” Asuka drawled, crossing her arms again and tilting her head. “Everyone can see how you look at Dr. Akagi. You might as well wear a sign that says ‘Hopelessly in love with my boss’.”

Maya’s face flushed a deep crimson, her heart hammering in her chest. “I... It’s not... I don’t—”

Asuka cut her off with a wave of her hand. “Please. It’s pathetic. You can’t just sit around waiting for her to notice you. That’s not how it works. You have to make her notice you.”

Maya’s mouth opened, but no words came out. Asuka’s boldness left her speechless, the younger girl’s sheer confidence almost overwhelming in its intensity. Maya looked away, trying to find something—anything—else to focus on, but Asuka was relentless. It felt like her butt, as large as it already was, filled up the rest of the space in the room when it was *only* really the size of a pair of especially large watermelons. And that was the only way she could use the word ‘only’ when thinking about those things, they were frankly absurd!

“Seriously, you think she’s just going to one day turn around and realise you’ve been pining for her this whole time?” Asuka scoffed, shaking her head. “No way. You’ve got to get in her face. Be direct.”

Maya frowned slightly, still unable to meet Asuka’s eyes. “That’s not really my style...”

“Well, maybe that’s your problem,” Asuka said with a shrug, her tone matter-of-fact. “If you don’t take risks, you’re never going to get what you want.”

Maya could feel herself shrinking under Asuka’s words, her anxiety rising like a tidal wave. But then, in the midst of her discomfort, Asuka’s voice softened, just a touch.

“Look,” she said, less aggressive this time, “I get it. She’s intimidating. But you don’t have to be her. You just need to stop being afraid to show her that you’re worth paying attention to.”

Maya blinked, surprised by the subtle shift in Asuka’s tone. For all her arrogance, Asuka was offering advice in her own brash, unapologetic way. And, maybe, it wasn’t entirely wrong.

“Be more like me,” Asuka finished, flashing a wide grin. “Not too much, though—you could never pull it off. But you know, a little confidence wouldn’t hurt.”

Maya let out a small, nervous laugh, shaking her head. “I don’t think I could ever be like you, Asuka.”

“Good,” Asuka said, turning back toward Unit-02 with a dramatic flourish. “The world couldn’t handle two of me.”

Maya was left speechless at how up front and blatant the girl was. Look at her, leaning over that handrail like that, all but thrusting her ass right up in Maya's face. It was blatant, it was obscene it was - mathematically flawless.

There is no such thing as a perfect circle in real life. A perfect circle, defined by mathematics, required an infinite number of points placed in perfect symmetry around a center—each equidistant, each flawless. But the real world, the physical world, was messy. Atoms, molecules, even space itself, were uneven, rough at the microscopic level. No matter how precise a human hand, no matter how advanced a machine, the world operated on limitations.

Even something as small as a pencil's tip on a piece of paper—the tiniest imperfection, a microscopic bump in the surface, would ruin the circle's perfection. The particles that made up the material of the paper and the pencil itself were never perfectly smooth. The line, however carefully drawn, would always be flawed. Imperfect.

And yet, Maya had seen some now. Asuka's cheeks were perfectly round. Huge, round globes that defied physical common sense.

"You should be more **assertive**," Asuka said, shifting her weight ever so slightly, causing her cheeks to ripple, and yet... They also wound up still being perfect circles. "You should **assess** the situation and **assume** the **assignment** to **associate** **assuredly** with Doctor Akagi~"

Jiggle, jiggle, flick, flick. It was **ast**onishing to see, watching her flick her cute yet enormous butt around from side to side. Maya knew she was blushing brightly, she must look like a lit up Christmas tree. Oh gosh! She could never - She could never bring herself to do something like that! It was so embarrassing!

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Deep breath, now. Maya's not the only one with a crush on her superior. Makoto Hyuga had one on Misato Katsuragi as well. It wasn't just her looks. It wasn't just her natural physical beauty. It was also her alluring personality, so open, so carefree! It wasn't something as shallow as mere sexual attraction. Still, he made sure he was presentable before knocking on the door to her office.

"Come in!" Misato chirped from within. He opened the door, wondering what she needed assistance with - and then the folders he'd been carrying slipped from his grip, clattering to the floor as his eyes bulged out of their sockets. Or at least it felt like it.

For you see, Misato Katsuragi was apparently engaged in a workout regime. A rather intense one, at that! She was wearing a leotard, alongside some skintight sheer black yoga pants which looked like she'd taken a layer of black body paint, dipped a paintbrush in it, then flicked it at her body until it seemed to cover everything.

"Don't mind me!" she said, while bent over with legs wide apart! He didn't know where to look! Oh, sure, he knew where he *wanted* to look, but he didn't know where he *should* be looking! "I'll be done in a minute. I have to finish my reps, you know how it is. Take a seat, I'll be done soon."

"Uh... If you're sure...?" He muttered nervously to himself, and took a seat. As if in invitation, Misato stood up straight, looked over her shoulder at him, and winked. Gulp! He wasn't imagining this, was he? Was Misato... flirting with him? She began to jog in place, with her butt at eye level, right in front of him. Was her butt really that big normally? He'd kinda figured he'd notice something like that! "S-So what did you want me in for?"

"What do you think of our new pilot?" Misato asked, lifting her knees, making those cheeks quiver. Each one seemed to be bigger than his head. Makoto tried to look away, but it felt like they were everywhere. The sheer gravity drawing him in. "Asuka seems like a good girl, doesn't she?"

"I suppose," Makoto said. "She seems like such a smart alec, with a pretty wise mouth. It'll get her into trouble one of... one of..."

Huh? Was this a form of exercise too? Misato was putting her hands on her hips and sorta, kinda, squirming in place. Not really doing much movement, just sorta wiggling her butt while leaning forward a little. It didn't look like any exercise he'd ever seen before. Sure would keep him up at night, hard as a rock!

"I agree," Misato said, stepping back just a tiny fraction. "Asuka's such a smart ass. But I find that cute about her, don't you? She's a smart. Ass. Go ahead, you can call her that. I won't tell anyone."

"Asuka is a smart ass," Makoto repeated. "Ah... I feel a bit awkward calling someone a smartass, but you're right. She is."

"It's fine," Misato said. She scooted back just a little bit more. "I don't mind if you call someone a smartass when they really are a smartass. I'm not going to write you up for it."

This is one of the reasons he adored her so much. Makoto smirked to himself. "Asuka is a smart ass," he said, taking Misato's lead, while fully staring at Misato's big round, delicious -

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Maya blinked, and the dimly lit corridor of the Geofront vanished. In its place was the unmistakable hum of fluorescent lights, the chalky scent of old textbooks, and the soft creak of wooden desks. She stood frozen in a classroom—her heart raced as she glanced around, confusion washing over her.

Where am I?

She looked down at herself and felt a jolt of disorientation. She was no longer in her NERV uniform. Instead, she wore a student's uniform, complete with a crisp, white blouse and a pleated skirt, the fabric stiff and unfamiliar. Her fingers instinctively reached for the familiar ID badge clipped to her lab coat, but it was gone.

"Makoto?" she muttered in disbelief, turning to her left. There, seated beside her, was Makoto Hyuga, equally stunned. He was dressed like a high school student, complete with the standard-issue blazer, a notebook lying open in front of him. He blinked at her, adjusting his glasses, confusion etched on his face.

"Uh... Maya? Where are we?" he asked, glancing around the room as if expecting to wake up from a dream at any moment.

"I—" Maya tried to respond, but something was off. Her mouth opened, but the words felt wrong, distant, as if someone else were speaking through her.

"Quiet, Ibuki!" came a sharp voice from the back of the room. It was Shigeru Aoba, his arms crossed over his chest, though he looked as bewildered as she felt. He, too, was in a school uniform, seated behind them with a guitar case propped against his desk, looking completely out of place in this academic setting. Yet the stern expression on his face didn't match the confusion in his eyes.

Maya wanted to protest, to say something—anything—but her body wouldn't listen. Instead, her back straightened, and her hands folded neatly on top of her desk as if they were compelled by some unseen force. She glanced at Makoto, who had suddenly pulled a textbook from his desk, flipping through the pages like a dutiful student.

"I... I don't know what's happening," Maya whispered, though her voice came out more formal than intended. Her lips moved in perfect cadence with the scene, not with her thoughts.

Suddenly, the door to the classroom slid open with a loud bang, and in walked their "teacher"—Asuka Langley Soryu.

Asuka strode into the room with the same commanding confidence she always had, except this time, she was wearing a sleek black teacher's outfit. The sharp heels of her shoes clacked against the tiled floor as she approached the desk at the front of the classroom. Her eyes gleamed with smug satisfaction as she surveyed the room. Hips rolling from side to side, pushing the snug fabric around them to its absolute limits.

"Well, well," she said, her voice dripping with self-assured arrogance. "Looks like everyone's in their proper places, ready to learn." She gave an exaggerated nod of approval, her gaze locking onto each of them in turn.

Maya's heart thudded in her chest. She knew this wasn't real, that it was some sort of dream, but everything about it felt unnervingly vivid. Her mind screamed that something was wrong, that she wasn't supposed to be here. But her body didn't listen. Instead, she found herself pulling out a notebook and preparing to take notes, just as Asuka demanded.

"Today you will be taught by my smart ass," Asuka said, whirling around and planting her butt right on the table. On the back of her skirt, there was... a wig that looked like Asuka's hair, alongside a pair of glasses. "Since my butt is smarter than all of you. Understood?"

"Yes, miss Asuka~" all three of them chirped in unison.

"Excellent," Asuka said. "To start with then! Maya Ibuki! You must learn to be a booty slutt!" She bounced her own butt on the table, then tweaked her right cheek in a sort of beckoning gesture. "Slam your hands on the edge of this desk! Stick that keister in the air!"

Maya found herself jumping to her feet and skipping to the front of class and - Ack! It wasn't so obvious while she was sitting down, but this skirt was really short! Also, she seemed to be wearing nothing but a g-string underneath! N-No! Stop! She didn't want to show it off to her colleagues! Not like - Not like this! Before she knew what she was doing, she was in position! Leaning over the desk with her rump lifted up, right where those two could see!

"Now shift your weight from side to side!" Asuka instructed, demonstrating what she meant. Like a puppet on a string, Maya found herself aping that very same motion. No, no, no! Not like this, not like this! Mmmph! Each movement was making her feel weird. A strange pressure in the pit of her stomach. "Left! Right! Like a pendulum then squat and pop!"

Asuka dipped down, and Maya soon followed as if she was trying desperately to keep an eye on it. Then she bounced back up, leaning over even more! This was so embarrassing!"

"Gut, aber es kann besser sein," Asuka said. She strode around the table then bounced her hip right into Maya's. "Teacher's **assistant**? If you wouldn't mind?"

Maya turned to see Misato herself, and her eyes bulged out! What was this now?! That woman was wearing what Maya could only think to call a slutty schoolgirl uniform! A tiny tartan pleated skirt, a tied off white shirt that did nothing to hide her cleavage, prancing along next to Maya, and slamming her hips right next to hers. That pressure again... It was getting bigger, more intense!

"As you can see, Misato is a wunderbar booty slave!" Asuka said. "Now then! A demonstration, boys, of the Newton's Cradle!"

The Newton's Cradle is a table decoration. Five hanging balls in a row. You lift one up from either end, let it drop to collide with the rest of the row, and only the one at the other end moves.



So it was here, with Asuka bouncing her butt right into Maya's, and the application of physics - really, high school level stuff - meant that her butt stayed still, but Misato's swung up, right before swinging back to collide with Maya's, stuck in the middle of two hot *enormous* butts! Oh! That pressure was growing *unbearable*!

"You see?" Asuka said, her butt swinging up and slamming back down. Unlike a Newton's Cradle, where the force will run out over time, Asuka was clearly putting a bit more oomph into it. "This is what it means to have a smart ass!"

"My ass was dumb until Asuka educated it," Misato said. "Now it's also a smart ass!" She peered back at the boys. Aoba was staring slack jawed, while Makoto was blatantly jerking it, eyes glued to Misato's rump. Not that Maya could blame her. It really was a *smart ass*.

"You too can have a smart ass!" Asuka said. "Although, it must be cautioned, Misato's ass is merely *smart*."

The two of them slammed together, and Maya moaned as she finally felt relief from that strange pressure building in the pit of her stomach. An orgasm. Of course. It made sense now.

"Where my ass is a genius!"

=====

At some point, Maya must have followed Asuka into the changing room. When, exactly, she could not recall. Nonetheless, here she was, standing in front of Asuka while she took off her plugsuit. She hit the vacuum release, which let some air inside the suit and made it possible to take off.

"Call it **assinine**," Asuka said while peeling the red plugsuit off her shoulders. "But you know, this plugsuit has a fassinating colour design, sind Sie einverstanden?"

"What do you mean?" Maya asked, while her gaze travelled down Asuka's body. She couldn't help herself. It was as though her eyes were being dragged down, against her will to focus on -

"The colour red is one of passion," Asuka said. "So already, this is quite the striking look. And then there are these black bits - Ack! Even I do not know what they are meant to be, but they certain do draw attention to my feminine attributes, do they not? My considerable - " Jiggle. "Hefty." Jiggle, jiggle. "Feminine **assets**."

Maya could see what she meant. The black stripes around Asuka's waist certainly seemed like landing strips tailor made to guide your gaze directly to her behind. Though those glutes certainly didn't need any help in that area! Not even a little! Though Maya did wonder how this topic of conversation came up. Actually, she couldn't clearly remember the last few minutes -

Nor could she remember that exact train of thought a moment later, when without warning, the plugsuit hit the floor.

"To be honest, I don't get the feeling you're paying much attention," Asuka said, leaning over very slightly, peering back over her shoulders. "I know! Perhaps a roleplaying session will help?"

=====

Maya stumbled into Doctor Akagi's laboratory, trying to contain herself. Alright. Okay! This is it, you've worked up the courage, you have a *smart* ass and you have the **assertiveness**, the **assuredness** and the proper **assessment** of the situation, all you have to do now is go inside and -

"Guten tag, fräulein!"

Greet Doctor Asuka Akagi, who was sitting on the edge of her desk. Cross legged. Wearing a labcoat, a pencil skirt, her red hair tied up in twintails, a pair of glasses perched on the end of her nose. Underneath the lab coat was what looked like a diving suit. Black, snug, tight, worn just in case she needed to muck about in LCL.

Asuka nodded with exaggerated authority and walked over to Maya, glancing at her with feigned disinterest while she used her butt to close the door. By grabbing the handle between her cheeks and pulling it shut. Not by hip checking it. "So, Ibuki," she began, her voice dripping with arrogance, "I've noticed that your data analysis is impeccable, as always. You're very... thorough." She let the word hang in the air, her gaze flicking over to Maya with a smug grin. "Quite impressive."

Maya's cheeks burned even hotter, but she forced herself to stay in character. "Thank you, Dr. Akagi. I—I always strive to meet your expectations."

"Of course you do," Asuka replied, waving a hand dismissively. "It's not like you could get away with anything less than perfection under my supervision. You have to live up to the expectations of my ass."

Maya nodded while Asuka turned around. The pencil skirt barely hid the *sheer perfection* that were her cheeks. Asuka looked back over her shoulder, raising an eyebrow, her voice dropping to something almost conspiratorial. "Tell me, Maya... why do you look at me like that all the time? You're always staring. I know, it is wunderbar to stare, but why...?"

"I... I respect you, Dr. Akagi," Maya said, her voice trembling, though it felt good to get the words out. "More than anyone. You're brilliant, and I—" She paused, gathering her courage. "I admire everything you do."

Asuka's smirk widened, and she put her hands on her hips, adopting an even more arrogant stance. "Natürlich, of course you do," she said, slipping into German, her confidence blooming. "Why wouldn't you? I am the best, after all. Ja, ja, I know, you can't help it. You're obsessed with me. Obsessed with my butt. You cannot help it. Nobody can! Now show me the depths of your love, by getting on your knees and planting a big wet one on my perfect!" Jiggle jiggle! "Hypnotic!" Jiggle jiggle. "Cheeks!"

Ah! Of course, of course! Maya would do that right away, without delay! Though, the part of her that recognised this was purely roleplay dearly wished, with all her heart, that the real Doctor Akagi had an ass even half as big and round and beautiful as -

=====

"I want that report first thing tomorrow," Doctor Akagi said. The *real* Doctor Akagi. Maya blinked slowly, shook her head, rubbed her forehead. "I'm heading home to get some rest. It's been a busy day. If I stay up any later I will make critical mistakes..."

Huh? Huh?! Huh?! Maya looked around slowly. She was... Sitting at her console? Doctor Akagi was leaving the room and *nice butt*~ Wouldn't she look better with red hair though? Hrm? Strange. She'd thought she was talking with **Assuka**. Hadn't she gone to check on Unit 02...?

Apparently not. There was a report coming in on Unit 02's stat**ass** and everything was fine. Had that entire conversation been just in her head? Surely not.

"By the way," Maya said aloud. "What do you guys think of our new pilot?"

"The German?" Aoba quipped. "I think she's a real smart ass."

The two men crossed their legs and adjusted their posture at the same time. Not that Maya was paying much heed. Oooh, she felt all hot and sticky for some reason. Yeah. No question of it. Asuka has a real smart ass. A very intelligent butt, hehehe~

"You know she's been burning the midnight oil if Doctor Akagi's going to bed," Makoto remarked.

"Yeah, but we still have another hour on the clock," Aoba griped.

Anyway! Maya returned her attention to the console to resume her work and - for a flash there she caught sight of sheer and total perfection. A perfectly round pair of globes wobbling side to side, clad in tight red material that left nothing to the imagination, and a pair of black stripes that seemed to almost aim the gaze towards the cheeks like a bow aims an arrow - She licked her lips and squirmed in her seat. One hand at the console. The other trails down her hips.

*Ritsuko likes big booty babes.*

A clear image danced across the front of her vision. Herself, in a slutty schoolgirl outfit, while Asuka's smart ass taught her how to use her ass to get what she wanted. What she needed. What she *craved*. Those words were written on a blackboard at the head of the **class**, and-

*Use your ass to seduce her.*

Those words flashed on her console, accompanied by the briefest of glimpses of that *perfect butt* swaying ever so slightly from side to side. It was happening frequently, but briefly. So briefly it was subliminal. The effect was like - It was the same as the story about the Shepherd's boy, who was asked how many seconds in eternity. He answered that a bird landed on a diamond mountain to sharpen its beak once every hundred years. When the mountain was reduced to nothing, the first second of eternity would have passed.

*You can have a nice ass too.*

Over the course of her shift, from start to end, every two seconds it would flash on her screen. Briefly, so briefly, for perhaps ten milliseconds, a certain animation would appear in a loop. A plugsuit clad ass swaying back and forth like a pendulum. Back and forth, jiggle jiggle. Sometimes with words accompanying it. Almost as though her console had been hacked.

Which would be impossible, of course. Only a handful of people had access aside from the three of them, and the lowest ranked out of the rest were Doctor Akagi and -

"How are you guys doing tonight?"

Misato Katsuragi, who had just happened to waddle in now, as if she'd been waiting for Doctor Akagi to leave before talking with them. She'd brought coffee with her too, which made her Aoba's instant favourite. Her being her made her Makoto's. As for Maya? She liked Misato enough but -

Butt.

Goodness gracious would you check out that ass. The men sure were! Maya couldn't blame them. It was huge! Easily the size of basketballs, but with the firmness of a ripe pear! Normally she'd think they were pigs, but in this case? Oink, oink! She must taste like bacon. Misato stood right next to Maya's console, back turned, standing at just the perfect angle that if Maya turned her head so it was just barely uncomfortable she could turn and look, and you'd better believe that she was doing both. Hurt her neck to do it, but she couldn't look away. The sheer gravity of those globes was acting like a black hole for her eyes, and her peepers were well past the event horizon. Practically on their way to getting spaghettified - or maybe that was just her free will? Who needed that anyway, when you can simply... stare at hot big booty cheeks all the livelong day?

"Uh... New exercise regime...?" Maya asked. The question had come into her mind out of nowhere. When she blinked, she could almost see it. That looping animation of *a genius ass* accompanied by those words. "You seem a bit different today!"

"I bet I do!" Misato turned back to smirk. "Wanna join our all women workout regime? Asuka's taken the lead on that, the clever little thing."

Asuka had...? In that case, she couldn't exactly say no, could she? Maya giggled in her agreement, then returned to work, staring at her monitor, finding herself lost in sexy daydreams...

And occasionally having to wipe the drool from her face, even as she ignored the blatant raging erections from her two work colleagues.

"Asuka has such a smart ass," Misato whispered, and all three of them nodded. "So much smarter than the rest of us put together!"

# GX Duel Ghouls

Jaden Yuki and his friends raced through the darkened halls of Duel Academy, their footsteps echoing off the cold stone floors. The once lively and vibrant school had become a twisted nightmare ever since the arrival of the Duel Ghouls—former students turned into eerie, zombie-like duelists with a hunger for energy. They had no choice but to press on; they needed to reach the nurse's station. Alexis, Jasmine, and Mindy followed close behind, their expressions tense.

"We've got the medicine," Alexis said, clutching the small vial in her hands. "Once we get this to Fonda Fontaine, we can figure out how to stop the spread of these Duel Ghouls."

Jaden, always the optimist, flashed a grin. "Don't worry, we're almost there. After we give Nurse Fontaine the medicine, we'll have Blair back to - "

He cut off as they rounded the corner, the entrance to the nurse's station now in sight. The door was ajar, and the eerie flicker of dim fluorescent lights spilled into the hallway. The usual warmth that radiated from the nurse's station was gone, replaced by an ominous stillness.

"Something's not right..." Jasmine whispered, her hands tightening around her duel disk.

Mindy shuddered. "You think the nurse is okay?"

"Let's find out," Alexis said, her tone firm, though her eyes betrayed a flicker of uncertainty.

The group approached cautiously, Jaden taking the lead as he pushed the door fully open. Inside, the station was in disarray. Medical supplies were strewn across the floor, beds overturned, and the air felt thick with an unnatural chill.

"Nurse Fontaine?" Jaden called out, stepping inside. His duel disk hummed faintly as if sensing the danger ahead. "We've got the medicine! Is Blair okay?"

From behind the nurse's desk, a figure slowly rose, her movements jerky and unnatural. Fonda Fontaine, the academy's once-kind nurse, now stood before them, her skin pale and eyes glazed over with an unnatural crimson hue. Her duel disk was already attached to her arm, glowing ominously.

"Jaden..." Alexis murmured, taking a step back. "She's one of them!"

Nurse Fontaine's lips curled into a twisted smile, her voice no longer the gentle tone they were used to. It was cold, lifeless. "You're too late, children. I don't need your medicine anymore. But I do need your energy."

Jaden narrowed his eyes, stepping forward and activating his duel disk. "If you want our energy, you're gonna have to duel us for it!"

Fontaine cackled, the sound unnerving and echoing through the small room. "A duel, you say? Fine. But this isn't going to be your average one-on-one duel, Jaden." She raised her hand, and a dark energy pulsed from her body, sending ripples through the air. "This is a Battle Royale. You, Alexis, Jasmine, Mindy, and I... a duel for survival."

"Battle Royale?" Mindy asked, glancing nervously at her friends.

"That's right," Fontaine hissed. "The rules are simple: if your life points drop to zero, you'll become one of us, a Duel Ghoul! Your life points will reset to 4000, and you'll continue duelling, but your energy... will be mine."

Jaden clenched his fists, his eyes filled with determination. "We won't lose! We'll take you down and stop this madness once and for all!"

Fontaine's laughter only grew louder, as shadows coiled around her like dark tendrils. "We'll see about that. Duel Disks, activate!"

The room erupted with a burst of energy as the four duelists readied themselves, their duel disks lighting up, projecting their life points on the floating displays:

Jaden Yuki – 4000 LP  
Alexis Rhodes – 4000 LP  
Jasmine – 4000 LP  
Mindy – 4000 LP  
Fonda Fontaine – 4000 LP

The oppressive atmosphere grew thicker, tension settling over the group as the chilling aura of the Duel Ghoul nurse filled the room.

"Let's get this started!" Fontaine growled, drawing her first card with a swift motion. "I'll show you the power of the ghouls."

Jaden grinned, his confident nature shining through despite the growing danger. "Alright, you're on! This time, we're playing for keeps."

Alexis, Jasmine, and Mindy exchanged determined looks, their duel disks whirring to life. They knew what was at stake. There was no room for error.

"Everyone," Alexis said, her voice calm but firm. "Stick together. We can't let her turn any of us into ghouls."

"Got it!" Jaden called, his hand hovering over his deck, ready to draw.

Fontaine's eyes gleamed with malice as the dark energy swirled around her once more. "Let's see who'll fall first. I'll drain every last one of you!"

And with that, the Duel Royale began.

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As she was outnumbered, the nurse went first. She looked at her hand and smirked. Normally, she'd make use of a Nurse Burn strategy to end these clowns nice and quickly. By using cards that turned an enemy's life gain potential into burn, she could rapidly whittle them down until they had nothing left.

However, as a Ghoul, she was now forced to tap into a side of herself that she repressed. Ignored. Denied. And that was the simple fact that nurses... were really fucking hot. That's why she became one in the first place, you see. Not only to ensure she was surrounded by nurses, but to get a chance to wear the uniform herself, out in public, helping people heal up! Oh! It filled her with a forbidden erotic thrill that she didn't think she could fulfil out here, in Duel Academy.

Perhaps she'd taken this role specifically to contain that side of herself? If so, too bad! It was loose now, and there was nothing to be said about putting that side of her away anymore.

Her instincts as a duellist were telling her that Alexis and Jaden were the biggest threats. On the other hand... There was some weak meat to have first. Her instincts as a Ghoul were paramount here, overriding her common sense. Go for the weak ones in the herd first. Always start with them! Therefore!

"I activate the Field Spell - Horny Hospital!" Miss Fontaine announced. Their surroundings transformed in an instant from a regular infirmary to a porn set set up to look like a hospital. All the nurses were spilling out of their uniforms (just the way they should be), while the male patients all had enormous visible erections. The four of her opponents all blushed, as well they should! From now on, if any of you cum, you instantly lose the duel!"

"Come? Come where?" Jaden asked. The three girls all sighed wearily.

"Is he for real?" Mindy asked.

"Yes. Yes he is," Alexis said, sounding a little frustrated about something. "Urgh, I never imagined we'd have to face an effect like this."

"It's fine guys, we'll be able to handle anything she throws at -" Jaden began, but Miss Fontaine wasn't hanging around to let them do their pep talk, they weren't all friends here anymore! Unless you count *sex friends* that is!



She immediately threw a monster onto the field, and licked her lips with sheer anticipation. "I summon Kiss Nurse, who will be taking your temperature orally!" She cackled, finding the whole thing personally very amusing. On the field, a curvaceous redheaded nurse appeared, licking her enormous ruby red lips with a tongue that could easily be mistaken for a snake. "Once per turn, it gives a patient a deep French kiss! And I'll pick you! Mindy!"

"Huh? Why meeeeeee!" Mindy yelled, putting her hands over her mouth in vain, for the nurse rushed forward in front of the girl, leaned over, puckered her lips... and Mindy's eyes glazed over, completely mesmerised, as she leaned in to give the nurse a big ol' smooch. Anyone watching would easily see the tongue poking around inside her mouth. To Fontaine, it was a highly erotic sight. Seeing the student enthralled by the sexy nurse, completely under her control...

But the others didn't see it that way. It was plain to Miss Fontaine what they were seeing.

"Ew," Jasmine made an ick face.

"Poor girl," Alexis made a gagging sound.

"Hey now, forcing her into that using magic is pretty gross!" Jaden warned, pointing an accusatory finger at Fontaine. "You'd better not think of cheating, or else!"

"Not to worry, Mister Jaden!" Fontaine cackled, seductively sliding a spell card into her backrow. "I activate Horny on Call! This allows me to summon another Nurse from my hand right away, but it cannot attack, nor be used as tribute nor material!"

Another nurse appeared on the field, this one a bright and brilliant blonde, and it would surely appear as though she was smuggling watermelons in her uniform - if not for the fact that her cleavage was fully exposed, making it clear that those babies were the real deal! The girls all had a moment of insecurity there, comparing themselves to this total babe, but the moment passed as quickly as it came.

Speaking of coming! Fontaine pointed at Jaden!

"Now, your turn! Time for you to cheat on Alexis when my nurse gives you a titjob that will last until your next turn! Until then, Titjob Nurse cannot be destroyed or targetted for battle or card effect!"

Thus affording her invincible protection. Not that she was thinking of that right now. Instead, she was watching with care as Jaden struggled against the spell cast upon him. The nurse jumped forward, boobies jiggling under her uniform. Go ahead, Slifer Slacker! Fight it all you want, resist the urge, but it's impossible. The nurse slid her uniform open and a moment later -

"Oh my god!" Jasmine gasped. "Alexis, you lucky girl!"

"We're not dating!" Alexis said, having turned scarlet. Both girls were looking away from the boy. "You creep, making him bigger like that with your magic!"

"Girls, I didn't do - " Fontaine blinked, tilted her head, and for a moment she returned to her usual self. "My goodness, that's the largest I've ever even heard of. How does he keep his balance like that? It must be affecting the bloodflow to his brain... no wonder he shows such levels of brilliance while being poor scholastically!"

Alas, her professionalism faded into the darkness once again. You could tell because the shadows of exhaustion around her eyes fell back upon her face, and her back hunched ever so slightly, because of course, evil zombies have terrible posture.

"Anyway, set two cards and then I end my turn. Better hurry girls, Jaden's going last and if he cums first then he's on *my* side! Kukukuku! Return to me, Kiss Nurse!"

Kiss Nurse pulled away from Mindy, making a sound like a wet plunger being pulled off a wet slab. The girl dropped to her knees, bleary eyed and breathing heavily. Eyes affixed to the retreating rear of the nurse.

"Mindy, are you okay?"

"Yep, definitely gay," Mindy quipped, staring quite hard at Alexis' legs in particular. Then her waist. Then her boobs, and at last her face... Her scowling, kinda pissed off face. "Oh, you were asking if I was okay? Uh, no, pretty sure I'm not. That nurse is really good at - What the hell is happening to Jaden?!"

"Don't think about it," Jasmine said "Take your turn! Quickly! I don't know how long he can last!"

Mindy tried to stand up but her legs were too shaky. So instead, she sat on ass and played from there. Not exactly dignified, but under the circumstances it wasn't as though she had much of a choice. "Dunames Dark Witch, come on out!" Mindy called, and before her appeared a slender woman clad in flowing dark robes adorned with intricate designs and patterns, reflecting a balance of grace and power. Her long, dark hair cascades down her back, with a few strands framing her face. She has bright, captivating eyes that convey a sense of wisdom and allure.

"I activate the trap card, Nurse Recruitment!" Fontaine cackled "From now on, until my next turn, all summoned monsters become either Sexy Doctors or Sexy Nurses. They cannot attack without giving their owner a sexy lapdance first!"

he once graceful and elegant Dunames Dark Witch now has a darker, more sinister aura. Her dark robes have transformed into a nurse's uniform, but it's warped and eerie. The uniform is a mix of traditional white, but with dark, almost blood-red accents running through the seams, like

veins of corruption. The uniform itself is torn in places, frayed at the edges, hinting at the dark magic that has taken hold of her.

Her long flowing hair is now tied up in a messy, dishevelled bun, strands falling across her face, which gives her an unsettling, feverish look. Her eyes, which were once bright and wise, are now glowing faintly red, conveying the loss of her original will and the influence of some dark force. There are dark circles under her eyes, suggesting fatigue or unnatural energy draining from her. In her hand, rather than a wand she's holding a nasty looking syringe filled with a mysterious green liquid.

"Hot," Mindy said, then used her free hand to slap herself quickly. "Not the time for this! Your Kiss Nurse has only 1500 ATK, while my Dunames Dark Nurse has 1800! I'll take the lapdance and leave you down a monster!"

"Ah, wait - " Alexis began, but it was too late. Besides which, in a duel like this, a team isn't meant to discuss strategy. "You sneaky - She didn't hear the effect of your other Nurse because she was being smooched, so she didn't know it was useless to attack right now!"

"Thems the breaks!" Fontaine shrugged. "Besides which, she seems to be enjoying the show."

Indeed, Mindy was getting some ass all up in her face right now. She even pulled out some money and slipped it into her corrupted Witch's garter belt, and the moment she did, it rushed forward to clobber Kiss Nurse with her syringe. While the enemy Nurse simply put her hands on her knees, leaning forward, lips first and pursed, ready for a smooch!

"I'll discard Honest!" Mindy taunted. "This boosts my Light monster's ATK by another 1500, the same attack as your monster! Then I'll discard *another* Honest to boost its ATK even higher!"

"Awesome move!" Jaden gave a quick fistpump into the air. "Now she'll take 3300 damage -"

"I activate Emergency Arousal Button!" Fontaine announced, activating her other trap. "In response to your second Honest! When two nurses battle I negate the damage that was taken - but then the *next* player to take a turn will take that same damage!"

The sadistic side of her was relishing the fuck out of this. Jasmine hadn't realised yet, had she? Mindy nodded, ended her turn, and the moment she did - Both the Dunames Dark Nurse and Kiss Nurse descended upon Jasmine like vultures, right as she was drawing a card.

"Huh? W-Wait not there! What are you - Oh! Ohhhh!" The Kiss Nurse had already stolen her lips, but the real damage was coming from the former Witch, who was injecting her boosted syringe directly into Jasmine's butt, and then - "Mmmmmph~"

Climax! Glorious, wonderful climax! Kukuku! Fontaine had already known the girl was gay. Had a submissive streak a mile wide. Had a crush on Alexis, but would have settled for dating Mindy - might even have been planning to ask the girl out after the fact.

When the monsters left what rose was another slutty Duel Ghoul. Eyes surrounded by exhausted shadow, posture frankly absolutely awful. Jasmine licked her lips, as her life points reset, and her duel disk became darker, more twisted, with sharper edges, and somehow manifested pictures of Alexis and Mindy coming out of the shower on its underside.

Best not to ask for the details about that.

"Jasmine, no!" Mindy gasped. "I thought you would be able to take it!"

"Oh, I took it alright!" Jasmine made a lazy, yet suggestive, move with her hips. "And soon so shall you! I summon Harpie Lady, then activate Elegant Egotist to summon Harpie Lady Sisters -"

"Who immediately become Harpie Nurse Sisters and Harpie Nurse due to my Nurse Recruitment," Fontaine said. Indeed their uniform was tattered and form-fitting, with a dark grey color scheme, accented by deep crimson lines that resemble veins of corruption spreading across the fabric. Instead of the pristine white associated with typical nurses, her uniform looks almost burnt, the edges frayed and blackened, symbolising her fall from grace. The wild, free-flowing hair of the Harpies is now tightly bound in a messy, haphazard bun, typical of overworked and fatigued nurses.

But you know what else? They all looked fucking *hot*. Some of them were carrying clipboards, others vials of medicine, but they were all gazing across the field towards Alexis with their eyes on the prize.

"Hehehehe..." Jasmine giggled. "I could just stall out, you know. Wait for Jaden to cum, but -"

"Slow play!" Alexis said. "Whatever magic you're using, it will punish you for deliberate slow play! Or else it's not a fair game at all!"

There's the champion's attitude beneath it. Jaden would've tried something else. Maybe bating her into playing, to get things over with faster? But Alexis was always no nonsense. A shame she hadn't taken her turn yet. It meant that she could not be attacked by any player. Not yet, not now!

"Tribute to the Doomed!" Jasmine said. "I discard a card and destroy your Dark Nurse! Then I play Monster Reborn to bring it back - and equip to it, United We Stand!"

"N-no! Jasmine! Don't!" Mindy gasped. "If you attack now then I'll -"

"Get to make out with me anytime you want," Jasmine interrupted Dunames' attack rose enormously from the effect of the mighty equip card, restricted for good reason! It granted 800 ATK to the equipped monster for each and every monster its owner controlled! More than enough to clobber Mindy into the dirt! "Dunames Dark Nurse! Give your former master the treatment you gave me!"

A moment later, Mindy herself was staring hungrily at Alexis and Jaden. Two down. Two to go!

"I set one card and pass!" Jasmine announced. "Your turn, 'Lexis!"

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Alright. As stupid as this game had been so far, Alexis had been in tighter spots. Jaden, too.

"Hey, careful down there, don't squeeze so hard!"

Yes. Tighter spots. Not gonna follow that thought up any further, thanks! Though she was feeling a slightly immature compulsion to throw something at Jaden's head right now! In any event, it was her turn. The sooner she ended it, the sooner Jaden didn't have to put up with *that* anymore!

"I play Polymerisation!" Alexis announced. She put the card on the field, then sent two monsters from her hand to the graveyard. "I bring out Cyber Blader - Which I guess is now Cyber Blader Nurse thanks to your stupid card."

This monster had effects based on how many monsters the opponent had out. Unfortunately, they had out too many. Not that this was an issue right now. She couldn't clobber Jasmine or Miss Fontaine, but Mindy was wide open. Therefore!

"I equip Fusion Weapon to my monster, boosting its ATK by 1500!" That made it 3600. All Jaden would have to do is put up with a single lapdance from his own monster - and that would be the end of it!

At least, it *should* be the end of it. Cyber Blader.. What did they do to you? Her sleek, athletic bodysuit has been replaced with a tight-fitting nurse's uniform—but it's far from the pristine white expected of a nurse. The uniform is a metallic grey, reminiscent of her original design, but now streaked with glowing green lines that resemble dark circuitry or veins of energy, pulsing unnervingly across her body.

The nurse outfit is torn and battle-worn, showing the wear of both combat and corruption. Parts of her body are wrapped in what looks like dirty, corrupted bandages that glow faintly with a sickly green hue, particularly around her arms and legs, suggesting she's become more of a twisted tool of control than a healer.

Also, her butt was enormous, as Alexis discovered when it met her crotch! Oh no, now she was bisexual too! Oooh, this butt was way too soft! Her own monster was - It was way too fucking much!

"Sorry, forgot to mention, the higher the attack the hotter they get," Miss Fontaine said, a wicked cackle under her tone. "Should've mentioned that sooner, sorry~"

"N-Never mind that! Finish your attack!" Alexis commanded. Phew! That was more difficult than she'd expected! Cyber Blader Nurse dashed across the field right towards Mindy and -

"I activate Mirror Wall!" Jasmine announced. "Now any monster from an opposing player will be instantly cut in half!"

Oh no! Alexis watched in horror as her monster collided with her own reflection, cutting her monster's ATK clean in half - and ensuring that Mindy only took 1800 damage instead of 3600! She still had over half her LP left... And it meant that Jaden would have to hit her with 4400 damage to finish her off, which was eleven times Alexis' own estimate!

Which was bad... But she still had two cards left in her hand. A pair of traps which wouldn't help right now - but it might well save them later on. For now, she set them and ended her turn to free Jaden from that big breasted *whore* who was *hogging the dick*. By which she meant, uh, tormenting the poor boy against his will. Obviously. No jealousy here!

"Thanks, 'Lexis!" Jaden said as the large breasted nurse retreated. "Phew! Now I can focus on the game and put an end to this sick brainwashing strategy! And I'll start by taking a cue from you and summoning my favourite fusion! Polymerisation, baby!"

"Gee what are the odds they'd both start like that?" Jasmine asked.

"Kukuku~ Must be nice having the plot on your side," Mindy cackled. But this was no laughing matter for either of them, because now they were facing down E-Doctor Shining Flare -

Oh god it had its dick out. Oh *god* it was even bigger than Jaden's! Don't get wet, don't get horny! Focus, focus, focus! Come on, girl. If you let this get to you then you'll wind up just like those two! Just let Jaden deal with this, and then -

"I set three and end my turn without attacking," Jaden said.

"Wait, what?!" Alexis yelled. "But you-"

"No conspiring!" Miss Fontaine warned. True enough, can't do that. She would give him a piece of her ass later. Uh... Piece of her mind. Maybe her ass too. How was this stupid horny duel making her so stupid and horny all of a sudden?! "My turn again! I'll summon Hypnotherapy Nurse in defense mode!"

It was a mysterious, gothic nurse with an unsettling aura. Her nurse's uniform would be a combination of deep, dark colours—primarily black and deep purples—intertwined with glowing hypnotic spirals in silver or green that flow across her clothing. The uniform is tight-fitting, with long sleeves and a high collar, giving her an authoritative and slightly menacing presence. The overall design of her uniform would also be slightly tattered, adding a sense of danger and corruption. Most of her face was hidden by a medical mask - but her eyes were revealed in full. They glowing with a hypnotic swirl pattern. Her eyes would be luminous, constantly spinning in a mesmerising, multicoloured pattern (green, purple, and blue). Around her neck there was a stethoscope, slowly swinging back and forth... back and forth...

"Since I cannot attack this turn, she will activate her effect instead. I'll use her effect on Alexis," Fontaine whispered. She suddenly found herself frozen in place, helpless to do anything but watch. *It's hopeless. I can't win. Jaden is our only chance.* Those words danced across her mind. Sapping at her confidence. *Jaden will win. Jaden always wins, all I can do is give him a chance...* "Which will inflict 200 damage for each sexy, sexy nurse on my side of the field!"

There were three of them just now. They descended upon Alexis, and *just give up, let Jaden win. He'll save you, he always saves you that handsome hunky boy~*

That's right. Of course. It was obvious when put like that. What other choice did they have...?

"Unfortunately, that switches all my nurses into defence mode and forces my turn to end," Fontaine shrugged. "Your turn, Mindy! Kukuku! Make it a good one!"

Alexis was breathing heavily, watching her brainwashed friend draw a card. There was anticipation here. Sheer, total anticipation! Why, it had almost been like she'd been totally and completely brainwashed into accepting her own defeat!

"I also drew Polymerisation, what a coincidence!" Mindy announced. "I fuse Marie the Fallen One with Guardian Angel Joan! This will set you up nicely for defeat, Alexis! Then I activate Mystical Space Typhoon to get rid of Mirror Wall! My monster attacks your Cyber Angel! You're toast!"

"I activate my trap card," Alexis announced. "Blazing Mirror Force! It destroys all my opponent's attack position monsters - and then damages them and me at the same time with half the total damage!"

"The fool," Mindy grinned. "She wants to become a Duel Ghoul that badly? You'll help us take down Jaden!"

"Not a chance," Alexis said. "Because I *also* activate Ring of Destruction! I'll destroy that enormous monster you've got, Jasmine. Now we'll *both* take damage equal to its attack as well! Since the cards activated in the same chain, I'll take lethal damage twice over - but so will the two of you!"

It played out just like she imagined! The Dark Nurse had the ring appear around its neck, then explode, taking her and Jasmine out of the duel - and at the same time, the attack from St. Joan was instantly reflected back with fire as a receipt, scorching both Jasmine and Mindy alike, and torching Alexis as well.

She felt her Life Points drop to zero, noting her friends dropping too, and she had full faith that Jaden - That Jaden... That Jaden would....

Would rock her world~ Oh, he's such a hunk with a giant dick~

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Once again it was down to Jaden to save the day. He was used to it by now, and it kinda annoyed him how used to it he was getting. One might almost expect it to give birth to a complex of some sort having that much responsibility thrust upon him, and one might further expect it to manifest in a truly, shall we say, *supreme* manner?

But hey, he had to give credit to Alexis for fighting the good fight. All three of the girls dropped at the same time thanks to her smart plan, and he was gonna make sure her sacrifice did not go to waste. He draw a card and - Perfect!

"I activate Pot of Greed!" Jaden announced. "This lets me -"

"Draw two cards, yes, yes I know what it does," Fontaine said. Even a Duel Ghoul was getting tired of people explaining that. Oh well. Jaden drew his two cards, and got ready to put an end to this. Once and for all!

"I activate Windstorm of Etaqua, since you're being such a wiseass," Jaden began. He was ending this right here, right now. Fontaine had no traps set, which meant the end was in sight. All her monsters were in attack mode. "Next, I activate call of the haunted to return E-Hero Avian to my side of the field! Then, I activate Feather Storm to switch the ATK and DEF of all your monsters!"

"Wait, that leaves them defenceless!" Fontaine gasped.

"Sure does!" Jaden smirked. "I also summon E-Hero Wildheart to the field, and play Monster Reborn to summon Burstinatrix to the field! Turn my Flare Wingman back to attack mode - and now! Wingman, attack!"

It attacked, and it didn't really matter which one it struck. The effect would be the same in all cases. Those nurses had lower DEF than ATK, and Flare Wingman did its damage based on the ATK value in the GY. That meant the school nurse was taking a hefty dose of damage no matter what!



Soon enough, all Jaden had to do was deliver one last attack, and then -

"Mmmm, Jaden~ Gimme some of that di~ick!"

"Huh?" he gasped, turning just in time to see Alexis Rhodes, Duel Ghoul edition, with her tits out tackling him to the floor.

"Kukuku, does this feel better than that nurse earlier?" she asked, pinning him down with her tits wrapped around his cock.

"Uh, kinda in the middle of - " he began, and then went cross eyed. Actually that *did* feel better. Wait. Wait, hold on! Focus on one thing at a - "Avian! At-"

But that was when Mindy sat on his face, completely drowning out whatever he might have had to say. Oh, and for good measure Jasmine had taken to licking his shaft like it was a popsicle.

"Kukuku~" Fontaine cackled, her posture getting even worse now. "My plan came to fruition after all! I knew you would turn on each other, in more ways than one!"

"Could you save the monologuing until after we've won?" Alexis asked, right as Jaden spurts all over her breasts. Ah! No! Shoot, he didn't mean to - It was just that Alexis was so... fucking... hot...

He made a sucking groaning noise right into Mindy's pussy as he felt his energy drain out of him, his life points hitting zero, and then -

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Blair felt like she'd been kicked in the side of the head by a mule. She hadn't been, of course. For one thing, she was alive. But she kinda sorta wished she wasn't. Maybe then she wouldn't have to endure this mind numbing headache!

But she couldn't help herself. Had to get up. That noise. That damned noise... What was that? She tossed the bedsheets off herself, absently noticing that she was in the medical ward at the academy, trying to remember... what had happened right when she'd passed out? How had she wound up here? Had someone taken her here, or -

The curtain separating the bed from the rest of the ward was pulled aside, but not by her. Blair stared out at the scene that lay there, and it was like a slap of cold water right across the face.

Namely, she was looking at Mindy and Jasmine sucking on Miss Fontaine's tits, while Alexis was on her hands and knees between the school nurse's legs. Not a stitch of clothing anywhere

to be found on any single one of them! That's the sort of sight to wake you up, alright! For some boys, it'd wake them up for every night the rest of the week as well!

"What the... hell?" she squeaked out, then turned her attention to the one that had opened the curtain. "Jaden! What happened while I was out?"

"Not much," Jaden said. There was something strange about him here, too. His eyes looked kinda... distant. Like they weren't seeing him. There wasn't his usual life, his usual energy. He was, if anything, looking at her as if she was his next meal. Then he held up his duel disk. "Say, wanna pass the time with a quick game?"

## Kallen the Milf Hunter 2

When Kallen woke up the next day, she was already moving on automatic. Nervous, tetchy, wondering how much of what happened yesterday was a dream or real. Her stepmother was her usual bitchy self. Her birth mother was as clumsy and withdrawn as always.

Man! Having a dream like that... What did it say about her subconscious?! Then again, her boobs did feel kinda bigger. More sensitive as well. Also, she'd actually woken up an hour early and spent the entire time masturbating.

That was weird, right? Honestly, with the way she felt right now it was hard for Kallen to say for sure. As for those two... Maybe they were a *little* curvier than normal? It wasn't like Kallen looked at other women like this. She didn't give a fuck about how hot or curvy other women were!

*But you'll be giving a lot of fucks to women soon enough ~*

Anyway! She needed to get to Ashford. This was another day she was meant to be undercover. So she put on her uniform, tugged at the skirt a bit, and tried- oh how she tried - to put that weird dream behind her. It was an ordinary day undercover, you're a sickly nobleman's daughter, it's just a normal everyday at Ashford Academy, just relax and -

"Heads up everyone! Surprise inspection from the Viceroy today! Let's get to it!"

The Viceroy? Cornelia? She was coming *here*?! Oh no. Oh no! That was bad, that was bad, that was really, really bad! No sooner had she arrived on campus than she'd heard something like *that*?!

Milly was frantic. Understandably so. No sign of Lelouch though... Which was kinda weird. She'd tried asking where he was, but apparently he was taking care of Nunna, who had come down with something nasty out of nowhere.

Great timing, but she could hardly grumble about it aloud. Guh! Now they were having to work all that much harder to get things done. Fortunately Sayoko was able to pick up some of the slack.

"Sayoko, Kallen, I need you to do a quick tour of the academy perimeter, before Cornelia's security gets here," Milly said. "We gotta make sure we do our own check before they do theirs. Hop to it! Go, go, go!"

Which is how Kallen found herself wandering around the campus grounds, alone with Sayoko. The pretty, young maid who had shown a frightening level of proficiency. Though... This was as good a time as any to ask a few things that had been bugging her.

"How long have you been working for the Ashfords?" Kallen asked. "I mean, it's pretty amazing that a family like that would hire a Japanese woman, so..."

"I'm uniquely qualified to take care of Master Lelouch and his sister," Sayoko said. "This is my primary purpose. They treat me well, and pay me well too."

Is that so...? That answered the rest of Kallen's questions too, then. The two of them soon circled around to an area that was out of sight... and would have probably made a really good infiltration point if anyone had known about a visit... Urgh. If only she'd known, she might have tried something, but as it was...?

All of a sudden she felt something wet hit her skirt. Looking back, she saw Sayoko standing there with a glass of fruit juice.

"Oops, how uncharacteristically clumsy of me," said Sayoko... Who was not wearing the same kind of maid uniform as before. To Kallen's surprise and to her horror, it almost looked... Dare she even say it? "That will leave a stain, like that..."

It looked sexy. There was a boob window, for one thing, and huge slits up the sides. The uniform looked like it was stitched together up her left and right which left a lot of skin exposed, and made the fabric hug ridiculously close to her ridiculous curves.

"Sayoko, what the hell was that about?" Kallen said, trying to make eye contact and, quite frankly, failing. Sayoko licked her lips seductively.

"Pardon me dear," Sayoko said. Her hand reached out quick as a whip, grabbing the bottom of Kallen's skirt and rubbing it with a piece of cloth. "I'll have this out in no time at all!"

Her hands were working furiously, but as Kallen soon noted they were not exactly *staying* on the skirt. Instead, her hands were slipping underneath, and poking into places which were very sensitive and prone to also getting soaked very quickly! Especially with this kind of attention!

"Oh dear, you're going to have to take that off completely," Sayoko said. "You're completely soaked through!"

Left with no other option, Kallen stripped down while Sayoko took her to a tumble dryer. Great. Now she'd have to sit here buck naked while Sayoko - Sat her *on* the tumble dryer and *made her stay on it* while it was *switched on*.

"H-Hey, what's the big -" Kallen protested, but then she started to feel the vibrations passing through her clit, and rational thought became a whole hell of a lot harder.

"You've been a bad girl, Kallen," Sayoko said. "I need to examine you carefully for weapons. After all, you've not been searched yet, have you?"

Ah? Was that what this was? An effort to strip her down so she could search with a minimum of fuss. Kallen couldn't quite bring herself to stand up off the tumble dryer while Sayoko performed her search, that sneaky ninja maid was really controlling her well. A little too well! Ooooh~ Shoot! She'd found *it*!

"Tsk, tsk!" Sayoko said, brandishing Kallen's concealed switchblade accusingly. "We cannot have you meeting a Princess while you have this on your person, Kallen! Who knows what kind of crazy idea you might have had!"

"I wouldn't!" Kallen protested. Uselessly. Honestly now, she wouldn't have! It wouldn't have worked, and all it would accomplish was blowing her cover.

"Of course you would say that," Sayoko said. Her spare hand lingered on Kallen's thigh, still vibrating intensely from the tumble dryer beneath her. "But can you explain to me why you had such a concealed weapon on your person while on campus?"

"Uh, I'm a sickly daughter of nobility?" Kallen offered. "You've seen how hot my bod is! All the boys want a piece!"

"Several of the girls as well," Sayoko said, reaching up to squeeze her breasts. "So you are saying it is a self defence measure? Most would use mace, not something potentially lethal."

"Mace can be lethal if you spray too much!" Kallen said. "Or in the wrong context! A knife like that would make them back the fuck up before they tried anything!"

"I don't know," Sayoko said, by now hugging Kallen's body ludicrously close to her own. Oh no! This was just like - Just like yesterday! "The temptation of this body of yours... It might be enough to overcome the fear of any blade!"

Was this an interrogation or a seduction, here? Kallen didn't know anymore! Either way, apparently she was now getting engaged in a sloppy makeout with the hot, curvy and dare she even say *MILFy* maid who apparently secretly had ninja training *all this time* and -

And you know what, ninja-maid feels like a really hot kink~

Kallen felt her eyes roll back into her head. Mmm~ She was really too damned good at this! Was this also a product of her training? As a ninja? Or as a maid? Or was she simply a natural? Sayoko was still teasing her. Oh! Not there! Not like that! Ohhhh~

"Leave the knife with me," Sayoko said. "And promise you will behave yourself in front of the visiting Royalty. We do not want a scene. We do not want *undue attention* paid to the Academy. Now, do we?"

"N-No! We don't!" Kallen shrieked, but weirdly, it felt like nobody but Sayoko and herself heard it. Like they were lost in their own little world. As if she'd been waiting for that, and that alone, Sayoko suddenly, and simply... Used her fingers to quickly strike between Kallen's legs, giving her the relief that she'd been unknowingly getting more and more desperate to feel as time went by.

And then... Just as suddenly, she was up on her feet again feeling absolutely fine, like nothing had happened. Sayoko was still holding onto her knife. Tucking it into her apron No doubt intending to store it somewhere *safe* and *far away* from the visiting royalty.

"You should return to the others promptly," Sayoko said. Kallen nodded, and turned with the intention of getting her clothes and then getting out of there to put her thoughts together and then - Smack! She felt Sayoko's hand clap the curve of her as, and she damn near came again there on the spot. "If you misbehave, I shall assuredly punish you appropriately."

"Yes mommy!" Kallen replied immediately, and then continued back the way she'd come. It was happening again. She didn't know what it was exactly, but for some reason, anyone that had anything like a motherly appearance about them - be it a doctor, or someone she met on the train, her wicked stepmother or the ninja maid - then something utterly bizarre and twisted was happening to their bodies and minds!

She could only hope that it didn't get too bad. Or too severe. The last thing she needed was -

The Royal cavalcade arrived and the very first thing that Kallen saw was a leg. A big, meaty leg clad in white trousers, with a thigh like an oak tree. If the oak tree was made of tender flesh. Big crimson boot, the sort that would be best used stepping on Kallen's back. She was already drooling from just the leg alone.

Then she got to see the rest of the Viceroy. Elegant, regal, things that Kallen hated, but in this moment she could see full well why others might be charmed by such things. The way she moved, with such authority and confidence, like she knew what she was doing at all times no matter where she was or what the situation was. This was a woman with a *purpose*, and that *purpose* was to use sheer, absolute sex appeal to drop you to your knees and beg for her to step on you.

"Greetings, your highness!" Milly said to the Viceroy, somehow managing to retain the willpower necessary to not drop to her knees and kiss this woman's boots. "Welcome to our humble academy!"

"As always, a pleasure Miss Ashford," Cornelia said. "My sister and I will be taking a guided tour of the grounds today - Though we have also brought along a member of our research team. Miss Cecile. She was quite eager to conduct interviews with the members of your student council."

"Certainly!" Milly chirped happily. "Oh, Kallen! Could you escort Miss Cecile to our meeting room? I shall personally take care of the Viceroy and her sister."

No double entendres? She *was* taking this seriously! Kallen peeled her eyes away from Cornelia, and turned to look at - Cecile Croomy. Who this author would like noted is an often overlooked *absolute babe* from Code Geass who deserves a lot more attention than she gets.

Kallen's eyes narrowed as she watched Cecile Croomy step through the gates of Ashford Academy, her presence as striking as it was unexpected. Dressed in a fitted, vivid orange uniform that seemed both official and friendly, Cecile looked entirely out of place among the soft, muted hues of the academy's traditional uniforms. Her jacket was crisp and bright, neatly buttoned with a high collar, its professional cut speaking to a position of authority. Paired with a modest skirt and sleek, thigh-high black boots, she definitely gave off the vibe of Britannian military.

There was something in the way Cecile carried herself—straight-backed, confident—that hinted at experience and precision. This wasn't the demeanour of a typical school staff member or academic guest. Kallen could tell, even from a distance, that this woman was no stranger to responsibility, and she moved with the quiet assurance of someone well acquainted with a high-stakes environment. Yet, as Cecile's navy-blue hair brushed her shoulders, framing her face, her expression softened, with a gentle smile that radiated an unassuming warmth.

For a moment, Kallen's guard wavered. Cecile seemed almost approachable, a far cry from the severe Britannian officials she was used to. But she quickly reminded herself of Cecile's ties to the Britannian military and kept her distance, studying the woman's every move.

Then she caught sight of Dat Ass, and her hatred of all things Britannian melted like an ice cream cone left out in the desert. Ohhhhh, those cheeks were big, round and succulent.

"Hello Kallen," Cecile said, friendly, cheerful, approachable and pretty. "Ah... It feels a little awkward calling you by your first name - Miss Ashford didn't mention...?"

"Kallen is fine," Kallen said.

"Then you can call me Cecile, I insist," Cecile said. Gosh, she really was friendly wasn't she! Super charismatic and likable, you'd never guess she was a vital cog in the research arm of a globally reaching oppressive regime with designs on total world conquest. "Please, do lead on."

Kallen led on, feeling more than a little self conscious. She rubbed the side of her head, feeling like she was being looked at. Well, obviously. Cecile would have to look at her to know where she was going. That much was obvious after a moment's thought. But she more meant... like she was being looked at by a horny boy, rather than a pretty scientist.

She heard a sniff right next to her ear, then whirled around to see Cecile standing there.

"Don't mind me," she said. "You have such an unusual scent."

Crap. Oh, crap. Basic pattern recognition was starting to kick in, here. Something erotic was about to happen between the two of them, from the second they were alone! Except... Hold on. Maybe if she played this right...? It was risky, but...?

"Oh, that might be the pheromones," Kallen said. Yes, yes, that might work! Rakshata was brilliant, but she didn't have the same equipment that Britannia would have access to! Play up the role of the daughter of a noble family who wound up in a rotten situation! There was a risk Britannia might work something out, but what was the alternative?

Being dommed by MILFs. Which some people would pay for, but Kallen wasn't 'some people' thank you very much!

"Pheromones," Cecile repeated. She sniffed Kallen again. "Oh yes, I feel quite heady after inhaling that scent. What sort of pheromones are those?"

"To be honest, I'm not sure," Kallen said. "There was a laboratory experiment gone wrong - you know how it goes. I've noticed people behaving very strangely, but it always feels like a figment of my imagination... Do you think you can help me out?"

"Anything for such a charming young woman," Cecile said. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a device that looked like a miniaturised factsphere. "A little something we're working on to facilitate medical studies. It's based on a Nightmare's factsphere - You know that many inventions have their basis in military application?"

Yeah, she was well aware of that. They'd already arrived at the council office. It was just the two of them, much as Kallen feared it would be. She perched on the edge of the table feeling self conscious. Unusual feeling for her, but under the circumstances...

"Hrm...~" Cecile hummed. She stuck the device into Kallen's mouth. "Ah! Oh yes, there is definitely something unusual in your body fluids. It's more potent in your saliva, but it's in your sweat as well!"

"Oh no! Any idea how to cure it?" Kallen asked, feigning innocence.

"Well, I'd need to see the experiment directly to be able to cure it properly," Cecile said. "If I have a better idea for the cause then the cure should be easier to figure out."

Ah. Was that the case? Kallen was rather hoping that she'd be able to use that Britannian engineering wizardry to sort her out. Then, maybe, she could sneak the results off to Rakshata for them to... weaponise.



Imagine it. Britannia's soldiers left helpless before an army of MILFs. It was ridiculous. It was absurd. But on the other hand? Given the sheer overwhelming advantage Britannia had, anything would do, wouldn't it?

"Alright then!" Cecile chirped, suddenly brandishing a needle. "I'm just going to give you a prick, okay?"

"Huh? Oh sure thing!" Kallen said, rolling up her sleeve. Unlike some, she had no reservations about getting a shot. It might sting a bit, but once it was done, it was over with. "Will this mitigate the effects at all?"

"No, not a bit of it," Cecile said. "I said that I'll give you a prick."

It shot out of Kallen's skirt like a bat out of hell. An enormous veiny prick, completely erect, aimed right at Cecile's chin.

"You've been such a bad girl, Kallen!" Cecile said. "An experiment that could cause this kind of pheromonal reaction...? That's not something even a high class school like Ashford could accomplish!"

"S-So what?" Kallen asked. A little timbre of fear started to enter her tone. Cecile, meanwhile, was turning around and dumping her skirt and -

My god. It was a full moon! A huge round pair of cheeks, each capable of smothering a baby elephant. Kallen forgot how to do the thing. What was it called again? Important for living? Oh yeah, breathing.

"Confess!" Cecile smacked her ass. Kallen let loose a needy whine. She all but collapsed off the table, reaching out for the ass, but her fingers just barely missed it. "Only good girls get the ass. Confess!" Another smack! "You must have been near a Britannian research facility, but even a nobleman's daughter wouldn't be allowed into such an area! And even if you were, it would have been reported! You wouldn't need to ask me about it!"

Kallen's cock twitched as if in warning. Her newfound balls were aching up a storm. So this was their new interrogation technique, was it? A supplement to whatever they were working on before! No doubt they'd already had the thought Kallen herself had - it was a nasty measure to break a society without breaking the things you want from the society; The people and the resources!

She lunged for that ass, but no matter how she went for it, Cecile was just out of reach. Damn her! Each time she tried, Cecile would demand that she 'confess' and smack her fine ass all the harder. Guh! Like hell she'd betray Zero for the sake of her balls not bursting!

Unless...

It was difficult, but Kallen rose to her feet. Then... she turned her back to her new nemesis, and thrust her own ass up in the air. "Confess!" Kallen yelled, and smacked her own ass with both hands! "This means Britannia's been experimenting with pheromones, right? For military puposes? Confess!"

"Nnnrgh~" Cecile grunted, staring back at Kallen's ass. "You dare turn my own technique against me?"

That felt like a reference to some work of fiction that Kallen wasn't familiar with. Whatever. Kallen wasn't letting herself get dominated. Not this time! She'd be the one in charge around here!

"Face facts," Kallen said. "Before you injected me with this, you were sucking those pheromones in like a drug addict. You said it's in my body fluids, right? Then imagine what would happen if I nutted inside you! It'll be more potent there than anywhere else, right?"

There was a part of Kallen that was asking what the hell she was doing and saying. She was ignoring that part. It was obviously part of Cecile's mindgames. Look! See? She's drooling!

"So confess!" Kallen insisted- and Cecile buckled.

"Alright, fine! I'll tell you!" Cecile begged. "Stick it in me, please! I need it so badly! I feel like I'll go insane if you don't!"

Kallen took that as her surrender. She whirled around, grabbed Cecile by the hips and put it all the way in with no resistance at all. If anything, Cecile's pussy seemed to almost gobble her up on the spot. Nice~

"So, gonna tell me?" Kallen asked, smacking her ass while she fucked the scientist nice and deep. "Be sure to tell me everything, or I might take it out~"

"Okay! Okay!" Cecile whined. "It's - It's a holdover from experiments being performed during Clovis' era! He was a horny bastard and he thought this would be an effective interrogation technique! Ah! But there were several downsides, like - Like!"

"Like the interrogator getting the tables turned on them," Kallen said, suddenly and violently nutting inside of Cecile. The scientist's fat ass jiggled and rippled as she whimpered in pleasure, succumbing to Kallen's cock. "So here's how it's gonna be from now on. You're gonna be our slut on the inside. You're gonna leak all your juicy secrets to me. And if you do, I nut inside you again. Deal?"

"Yes, deal, forever it's a deal!" Cecile begged, and so Kallen rewarded her, shooting her load inside, and - Fuck, this felt *great*. Exactly what she'd needed! She watched with great

amusement as Cecile slumped down to the floor in a twitching ball of pleasure, cum leaking out of her. The sight was delicious.

"Hrm...~" Kallen licked her fingers. "Like this, I could easily make good headway into freeing Japan!"

The idea was simplicity itself. Sexually dominating Miss Cecile was one thing. But there were a pair of hot Princesses on campus too! If she got her prick in them, made them cum the way that she'd made the scientist cum... Then she'd all but own Area Eleven! She could free the Japanese people without spilling blood!

"Oh, hey Kallen! Can you take care of the Viceroy for a bit, gotta shoot off to do a thing, bye!"

Or so Kallen thought until she found herself alone in a room with Cornelia herself. Gulp! She felt rather... intimidated, to say the least. She'd kind of half thought she'd be able to simply walk up to the princess, slap her in the face with her dick, and then break her. Break her like a *bitch*.

Now she was getting the feeling that if she tried that approach, she's the one that would wind up broken instead. Those thighs were god tier alone, but the rest of her was also sublime. A true Goddess, not of victory, but being a great big mommy dommy!

"I see," Cornelia said, pointedly looking down at Kallen's new cock. "Miss Cecile must have used the new interrogation technique on you."

"Th-That's right!" Kallen said. "So you'd better back up or - What are you doing?"

The literal answer to that question was 'getting on her knees, opening her mouth, consuming Kallen's cock, then dragging herself backwards all the way before standing back up as if nothing had happened'. There was evidence of it though. In Kallen's memory, yes, but also the thin layer of drool covering her shaft.

In a word: *nnnnrgh* ~

"You were saying?" Cornelia was mocking her now. Kallen had completely frozen in place. Her body was not listening to her. The Princess pushed Kallen back onto the table. "This really is a disdainful method of interrogation, but I cannot deny its effectiveness."

Flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling, Kallen suddenly found herself looking up at Cornelia li Britannia as she discarded her trousers and her underwear, shortly followed by the rest of her uniform and -

"Mommy~" Kallen whimpered.

"I see, latent mother issues," Cornelia said. "I wonder what you're seeing right now."

Never mind what she was seeing, think about what she was feeling! Cornelia! Squatting down! Pushing her pussy onto Kallen's cock and gobbling. It. In! This was different to Cecile in every possible way! It felt like Cornelia's pussy was giving her a nice, tender bearhug! A warm embrace on a cold winter's night! It was heaven, it was bliss, it was - It was -!

"None of whatever you're seeing is real," Cornelia said, staring Kallen right in the eyes. "You're hallucinating. It's a potent hallucination. A consistent one, but a hallucination nonetheless."

Her breasts were bouncing all over the place, which was annoying because Kallen wanted sooo hard to suck on those nips!

"It's playing on your insecurities," Cornelia continued, her body going like a jackhammer. So lithe, so sexy, so impossibly desirable! "Your fears, your hopes, your repressed needs. Most hallucinations took on an overtly sexual nature. It would be interesting and telling to find out what you think is happening."

"Ah! Ah! Ahhhh!" Kallen moaned.

"Definitely sexual," Cornelia continued. She grabbed Kallen's hands and forced them to feel her breasts. Her superior breasts. "Now, tell mommy all about it. For what reason did Miss Cecile feel warranted to interrogate you~"

Kallen felt herself turning to mulch under Cornelia's ministrations. She was sooo hot, soooo superior, sooo sexy! It felt awful trying to go against her. Even trying to lie felt *wrong, wrong, wrong!* Her legs circled around Cornelia's waist as she allowed herself to be fucked by this gorgeous dominant woman.

"It - It was a misunderstanding, mommy!" Kallen burbled out. "I - I asked her for help with a problem she'd been having and she thought I'd done something naaughty, mommy! I didn't mean for it to happen, I swear!"

"Hrm, the baby talk is new, but not surprising given your issues with your mother," Cornelia said. She pushed down one last time, embracing Kallen to her, and then - "There, there, that's a good girl. You can snap out of it now - but remember, if you do something naughty against the Britannian Empire, mommy will be *super* disappointed in you! Do you understand?"

"Yes, mommy!" Kallen said immediately, feeling herself shoot her load.

The next thing she knew, she was laying back on the table staring at the ceiling. She'd done it. She'd managed to persuade mommy that she hadn't been bad! She hadn't even lied!

All of which made her feel unduly good about herself. Alright, sure. She couldn't use this cock to conquer Britannia. But do you know what she could use it to do? Submit to all the mommies out there in the whole wide world!

# Team Love - Nemona

Man, this was the life! Orion sat back in his chair absolutely loving this. Every bit of it, every square inch. How could he not? He had, let's count - Four totally and completely cute babes crawling all over him, and each of those four girls was every bit as eager as he was to make that collection *bigger*.

There was Penny, Iono, Dot and Juliana, each a different flavour of girl. The cute nerd, the outspoken performer, the shy girl and the adventurous type. All four of them as naked as the day they were born, vying for his attention, putting their bodies on display and - Mmph!

"Oh boy, girls, gotta say, you're getting way too good at that!" he chuckled. "However, we're going to need to go bigger if we're going to spread the love around. Maybe another gym leader, or - "

"Or Nemona," Penny interrupted. "She'll be the easiest target to get and she's a Champion already."

"Huh? Nemona?" Juliana gasped in shock. "That weird hyper girl that kept on challenging me to battles? It felt like I couldn't even buy a Super Potion without her running the cashier desk!"

"That sounds like her, alright!" Iono laughed, seeming to find the idea amusing. "She's a tough trainer, always looking for a challenge. She must have seen potential in you, sweetie!"

A Champion, huh? Yeah, that would open a lot of doors across the region. It would make it easier to get access to the other Gym Leaders, and she'd be able to help them scout out other trainers worth joining the cause. The cause of love!

"So she's a total battle maniac who is high on energy, and is looking for a good challenge...?" Orion muttered to himself. "Juliana, you're our best bet here. Wearing her down mentally or physically is going to be a hell of a job, but you're also our best bait by the sound of it. Got any ideas?"

Juliana stopped for a moment to consider the question, mulling it over carefully in her mind, before a big smile crept up her pretty face.

"I think I can come up with something," she said slyly. Magnificent! This is why you always have to pay attention to the needs and abilities of your team. You never know when they might have a good suggestion for you!

=====

Man, it sure was boring around here! Nemona stretched out her arms and fell onto the grass. Urgh! Where had that girl gone? Come on, she was needing a good battle here! She'd even started using a more basic team than her usual, starting over as if from scratch!

Oh... Oh wait a minute! Wasn't that -

Nemona's heart raced as she spotted Juliana at the edge of Mesagoza's bustling plaza. There she was—calm, confident, and completely unaware of the challenge racing toward her. Nemona couldn't help but grin as she broke into a run, already planning her strategy for their next battle.

“Juliana! Let's—”

She froze mid-sprint. Juliana was already locked in battle—just not with her.

Across from her stood a boy, his brow furrowed in concentration as he commanded his Pokémon with precision. The way he fidgeted and smiled between attacks made it obvious to Nemona that this wasn't a serious battle. It was sparring, a friendly match that Juliana was clearly dominating.

"Is she holding back?" Nemona wondered, watching as Juliana's Pokémon gracefully dodged an incoming attack. Her opponent's Pokémon wasn't bad, but compared to Juliana's polished movements and pinpoint accuracy, it was clear who would come out on top.

Within minutes, the battle was over. Juliana's Pokémon landed a decisive blow, and the boy smiled, recalling his tired partner. Nemona's excitement bubbled over, barely able to contain herself as she waved energetically.

“Juliana! That was awesome! I was just thinking about challenging you to a battle, and then I see you here getting all warmed up!”

Juliana wiped a bit of sweat from her forehead and smiled as she turned toward her friend. “Nemona! Hey! I've been sparring all day with Orion, so I guess I'm warmed up and ready.”

Nemona's eyes sparkled as she glanced between Juliana and Orion. “Oh? Sparring, huh? You two must be training pretty hard. That means you're really ready for a battle with me!” Her fists clenched, bursting with enthusiasm.

Juliana chuckled and shook her head, holding up her hands. “Not just yet. I should probably take my Pokémon to the Pokémon Center first.” She reached down to give her partner a soft pat on the head. “They've been working hard all day, and you deserve nothing but my best, right?”

Nemona's grin widened, practically glowing with excitement. “Of course! You know I don't want anything less than 100% from you. But that means I get to enjoy the anticipation a little longer, huh?”

Juliana nodded. “Yeah, just a quick stop at the Center. It wouldn’t be much fun for you if I went in with my team exhausted.”

Orion, now standing beside Juliana, chimed in with a relaxed smile. “And we wouldn’t want it to be too easy for Nemona now, would we?”

Nemona blinked, just noticing the boy who had been sparring with Juliana. She tilted her head. “Oh, wait. Who’s this?” she asked, eyes narrowing slightly but not in suspicion—more like curiosity.

Juliana let out a soft laugh and gestured toward Orion. “This is Orion. He’s... my boyfriend.”

Nemona’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “Boyfriend? Ohhh, okay! So you’ve got a sparring partner and a boyfriend. Lucky you.” She smiled, her expression friendly but still competitive. “Nice to meet you, Orion! So, how’d you two meet?”

Orion chuckled, a bit of pink dusting his cheeks. “We met at a Pokémon tournament a few months back. I was eliminated pretty quickly, but Juliana caught my eye. We just started talking, and, well... here we are.”

Juliana nodded with a playful grin. “He’s been a great help in training. Keeps me on my toes.”

Nemona crossed her arms, intrigued. “Well, I hope you’re making sure she stays sharp. I’ll need her at her best.”

Orion fished around in his bag for something and pulled out a small, glimmering item. “Oh, speaking of which—I actually have something for you, Nemona.” He extended his hand, revealing a sparkling Nugget.

Nemona blinked at the item before chuckling softly. “A Nugget, huh? Thanks, but...” She rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly. “I already have, like, a dozen of those. I appreciate the thought, but it wouldn’t be right for me to take gifts from a rival. You know what I mean?”

Orion smiled, pocketing the Nugget again. “Fair enough. I figured it might help, but I understand. No hard feelings.”

Juliana laughed, watching Nemona’s proud stance. “You’re always so serious when it comes to rivals, aren’t you?”

Nemona gave a determined nod, her eyes gleaming with passion. “Of course! A proper battle should always be fair and square. I want to earn every victory!”



Juliana grinned, turning back toward the Pokémon Center. "Alright then, I'll be back soon, Nemona. Let's make sure this battle is one we both remember."

Nemona punched the air with excitement. "You bet! I'm already itching to get started!"

As they walked toward the Center, the three of them talked about their training routines, laughing and exchanging stories. The anticipation for the upcoming battle simmered in the air, but for now, they enjoyed the calm before the storm.

After all, the best battles weren't just about winning—they were about the friends you made and the challenges you shared along the way.

=====

So much for that idea. Nemona was *supposed* to take those gifts and get herself gradually brainwashed over time, but no, she had to have all of them already. Despite that, Juliana couldn't quite stay mad at the overly energetic girl. Her seemingly random appearances to challenge her to a Pokémon battle sure did keep things interesting, after all!

"Go, Gardevoir!" Juliana called out. Time for their backup plan! You know what they say, right? No plan ever survives contact with the enemy!

"Alright, Rockruff! Take her on!"

Rockruff, huh? By now Juliana knew for a fact that this girl had stronger Pokémon than this. She was handicapping herself to try and keep things interesting. Juliana shot a look at Orion, standing to her left, and nodded. They weren't trying to actually win this fight. Instead...?

"Gardevoir, use Hypnosis!"

Her Gardevoir stood tall, ready, poised and elegant. Its flowing gown-like form barely stirring in the breeze. As it prepares to use Hypnosis, a soft, otherworldly glow surrounds it, an aura of psychic energy that makes the air around it feel charged yet calm.

However, the target this time is not the enemy Pokémon. Instead, it is the trainer herself! Gardevoir locked eyes with Nemona. Shimmering psychic rings materialise in the air between it and the target, rippling outward in concentric circles. These rings are soft yet mesmerising, glowing faintly in shades of blue and violet.

Any moment now, Nemona's eyes would droop and she would fall asleep, making her easy pickings for a capture from a Love Ball -

"Look like it missed," Nemona said. Huh? "Rockruff, use Sand Attack to lower its accuracy!"

Why that devious - not only would that move lower Gardevoir's accuracy, it would also make it hard for her to focus on using Hypnosis! The poor thing rubbed at her eyes, yelping in frustration. Not pain, mere irritation. Like an itch it couldn't scratch!

"It's fine," Orion whispered to her. "This chick is either smarter than she acts, or she's got a pretty strong will. Try kicking her butt and let's see if that causes enough emotional damage for us to catch her."

"Hey, hey! No conferring with your boyfriend over there!" Nemona called across the battlefield. Heh. Quite right. In the heat of battle it was one on one - unless specified previously, of course!

"In that case - Magical Leaf! This Grass attack never misses, making your Sand Attack pointless!"

Glowing leafs surrounded Gardevoir, then after a moment they all turned to point their stalks directly at the enemy Pokemon - right before bursting out towards it, and exploding into light upon impact. Not exactly the strongest Grass move, despite the flash aesthetic, but...

Juliana was paying more attention to Nemona's eyes. No psychological damage here as she watched her Pokemon faint. Sure enough, after knocking out her other two Pokemon, Nemona was showing zero signs of emotional distress. If anything, she was super happy and excited at the loss!

"Awesome battle!" she said, giving Juliana a big thumbs up. "I've got more training to do! Catch you some other time, babe! And... Nice to meetcha, Mister Orion! Later!"

Like that, she ran off, not even giving them the chance to *attempt* a capture. Oooh, that girl! It was amazing how someone can frustrate and infatuate you at the same time, that Nemona was exemplary at it! What a friend, what an enemy, what a dichotomy!

"What an ass..." Orion muttered to himself, watching Nemona's skirt flutter as she ran off. Juliana playfully bapped him on the arm. "Alright, alright. Time for more drastic measures..."

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Nemona sprinted toward Levincia, the wind in her hair and her heart pounding with excitement. She could barely contain herself—Iono's stream had just been hijacked by some mysterious new villain team, and they had the nerve to challenge her, specifically. They called themselves Team Love—a name so absurd, she almost laughed when she heard it. Almost. But now? Now she was dead serious.

As she neared the massive screens that plastered the city, Nemona looked up at the larger-than-life broadcast playing across every single one of them. The Team Love symbol—a

heart, dripping with gooey pink, distorted into jagged edges—flickered ominously on the screen. Behind it, the shadows of masked figures loomed. They were dressed in sleek black, their faces hidden behind heart-shaped visors. The leader, or at least the one standing at the center, raised a hand in mock salutation.

The figure's voice was electronically altered, crackling with distortion.

"Attention, Trainers of Paldea! This is Team Love—and we've hijacked this little livestream of yours. Your precious Iono and her gym members? Oh, they're safe... for now." A playful yet menacing giggle echoed through the speakers. "But unless someone strong enough comes to stop us, I'm afraid her viewers are going to witness something far worse than a boring fashion stream."

Nemona clenched her fists. "What nerve!" How dare these clowns kidnap Iono, one of the strongest gym leaders in Paldea! She'd met Iono before, battled her even, and while the Electric-type leader had her eccentricities, Nemona respected her skills as a Trainer. These thugs were about to get a serious wake-up call. And to drag her—Nemona—into this? Well, that was their biggest mistake.

The masked figure continued, "Of course, we're not unreasonable. We're giving one Trainer the chance to rescue your little influencer friend." A gloved finger wagged in front of the screen. "You know who you are, Nemona."

Nemona's heart practically leapt out of her chest. They knew her name? She had to admit—it felt pretty cool being targeted like this. She glanced around, seeing a crowd gathering, their eyes glued to the screen, murmuring in excitement. She was used to being in the spotlight, but this... this was something else. A real villain team? She'd dealt with Team Star back in the day, but this? It felt like something straight out of an action movie.

"Oh-ho!" The masked figure's voice crackled again, filled with mock surprise. "We know how much you love a challenge, Nemona. So here it is: defeat us, or Levincia will lose more than just its Gym Leader. You have one hour to find us. We're waiting for you... inside the gym. Show us the depth of your love! Team Love out!"

The screen cut out, plunging the city back into the bustling noise of the streets. Nemona's mind raced. Inside the gym? Bold move, Team Love. Real bold. She cracked her knuckles. One hour? She didn't need one hour—she could take them on right now.

She bolted toward Iono's gym, weaving through the streets as she replayed the broadcast in her head. A villain team kidnapping a gym leader was the kind of thing she lived for! Her blood was pumping with the thrill of the challenge. She didn't even care about the looming threat—they just wanted to fight her. And she was more than ready.

As she reached the gym doors, she paused for a moment, taking in the sight. Team Love—what a joke. Who even comes up with that name? She shook her head, grinning. These people really didn't know who they were messing with.

"I'm coming for you, Iono," she muttered, reaching out for the gym's doorway and giving them a hard push open. The doors to Iono's gym swung open with a heavy thud, the electric hum of the city giving way to an eerie silence. Nemona stepped inside, her gaze sweeping the vast, dimly lit space. Normally, this place was alive with Iono's energy—buzzing fans, flashing lights, and that spark of excitement in the air. Now, all she could hear was the distant crackle of static from the overhead speakers. Her heart thudded in her chest, but it wasn't from fear.

This was a challenge. A real challenge. Team Love didn't know what they were in for.

As she took a step forward, her thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice. "Nemona! Wait up!"

Nemona turned to see Juliana jogging toward her, breathless but smiling. "Hey! I heard what's going on. I figured you might need some help." She gave a little shrug, her usual cheerful demeanour brightening the tense atmosphere.

Nemona blinked, surprised but pleased. Juliana? Here? That was a stroke of luck. She was always ready for a battle, but having a friend alongside her? That made things even better. "Juliana! Oh man, I'm glad to see you. These Team Love punks are going down hard."

Juliana smiled, though Nemona noticed something... off. It was subtle, but there was a glint in her eyes that didn't quite feel like the Juliana she knew. Still, Nemona brushed it off. They had bigger things to worry about. Together, they headed deeper into the gym.

The deeper they ventured, the stranger things got. The lights flickered softly, casting weird, soft pink glows along the walls. The floors were spotless, too clean—like someone had scrubbed away the usual chaotic energy of the gym. Neon hearts flickered in the distance, and Nemona felt something strange. Her muscles were ready for a fight, but her mind? There was this odd pull, like her thoughts were being gently tugged in another direction. She shook her head, trying to clear it.

"So," Juliana began casually, "Team Love, huh? Weird name, don't you think?"

Nemona scoffed. "Totally. Love's got nothing to do with what I'm about to do to them." Her grip tightened around her Pokéball. She couldn't wait for the moment when she'd get to face off with these wannabe villains.

They moved further into the gym, and Nemona felt something... off. The air seemed heavier. Dim heart-shaped lights pulsed gently from the walls, bathing the gym in soft pink hues. It was

almost soothing. Too soothing. She should've been on edge, but instead, she felt this creeping warmth—a strange sense of calm.

Juliana moved beside her, chatting easily as they walked. "You know, Nemona, Team Love might be onto something." Her tone was casual, friendly, as though they weren't walking into a villain's lair.

Nemona frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," Juliana continued, voice soft and playful, "think about it. If you joined them, you'd get so many battles. Non-stop battles. Wouldn't that be fun?"

Nemona let out a laugh. "Please, like I need some fake team to give me battles. I get enough just being me!"

But even as she spoke, Nemona's resolve wavered. She was ready to fight, but... battles? Endless battles? That did sound good. She blinked, shaking her head. No. Focus.

Ahead, the gym corridor stretched, and the further they went, the softer her focus became. The pink glow wasn't just relaxing—it was hypnotic. The lights pulsed rhythmically, in time with her own heartbeat. She found her thoughts drifting. Battles. Rivals. More rivals. Team Love... wouldn't be so bad if they offered her that, right? No, stop it. She needed to focus on the rescue.

They passed by large screens, and flickers of movement caught her eye. Images of Pokémon battles, flashing quickly—so quickly she almost missed them. But every time she glanced, there they were: flashes of intense fights, high-stakes matches, Pokémon battling with fierce determination. The kinds of battles that made her pulse quicken, that thrill of competition that sent adrenaline rushing through her veins.

She shook her head again, harder this time. What's going on here? This wasn't right. She wasn't here for fun, she was here to rescue Iono. But the flashes kept coming—battles, fierce and endless, all hers if she just... let herself follow the path.

"Nemona?" Juliana's voice was soft, almost comforting now. "You're strong. But with Team Love, think of how much stronger you could be. You could battle anyone, any time."

Her heart skipped a beat. Anyone? She loved battling. Her life was battling. But—

"Stop it," Nemona said, her voice sharp. She tried to glare at Juliana, but her friend just smiled—innocently, warmly. "You're trying to mess with me. I'm not falling for this!"

Juliana tilted her head, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. "Oh, Nemona. We're not messing with you. We just... know what you want."

As they approached the main battle arena, the hypnotic lights grew stronger. More subtle whispers floated through the air. Nemona was doing her best to stay focused on the mission, but it was getting harder. So many battles. All she had to do was relax a little. It was as though the pink lights were seeping into her mind, drawing out every desire she had for battle, for competition.

"I'm not—" Nemona's words faltered. The whispers grew louder in her head. Join us... battle... so many fights... it'll be perfect.

For a second, she swayed on her feet, her vision blurring slightly. The thought of endless battles, of constantly being challenged, was too enticing. Her resolve was cracking. She could barely think straight, her mind wrapped up in the idea of being part of something that gave her everything she wanted.

Juliana leaned closer, her voice soft. "Team Love can give you what you want, Nemona. All the battles you could ever dream of."

Nemona's grip on her Pokéball slackened. All the battles. It was too good to ignore. And suddenly, everything felt so simple. Team Love wasn't bad. They just wanted to give her more chances to fight, more rivals to defeat. Maybe... maybe this wasn't so wrong.

But just before she could fully fall into the trap, the doors at the end of the corridor slid open with a hiss, revealing a large, glowing arena. At its centre was a huge, pulsating heart-shaped symbol, shining down like a beacon. And standing before it was another masked figure—someone clearly in charge. The voice that crackled through the speaker system sent shivers down her spine.

"Welcome, Nemona. We've been waiting for you."

It was at that moment she realised—this was their plan all along. And she'd nearly fallen for it. She shook her head violently, clearing the last of the hypnotic fog from her mind.

"Juliana," Nemona said, voice steely, "this ends now."

But Juliana only smiled. "Does it?"

And in that moment, Nemona wasn't so sure. The subliminal messages had done their work, just enough to weaken her resolve. For the first time in her life, Nemona wondered—what if Team Love could give her something she couldn't get anywhere else?

And with that tiny crack in her armour, their real plan began to take shape.

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When dealing with someone like Nemona, it's absolutely vital that you layer things. She's stubborn, strong willed, determined... but also a total battle maniac. If you try to blow the coat off her back, she'd cling it to herself all the tighter. If you beat down on her with the hot sun, she'd probably button up out of sheer stubbornness.

On the other hand, if you imply to her that she'll have a more challenging time if she took the coat off, she'd sling it over her shoulder. But she'd also see through any blatant manipulation as well, which meant this had to be taken care of *extremely* carefully.

Orion saw his chance, and tossed the Love Ball at the Champion at her ultimate moment of weakness. The expression on her face flickered just a little bit, showing eagerness, anticipation, the chance for lots of fun challenging battles was exactly what she wanted more than anything else.

In other words: A moment of confusion about what she should do next. The ball struck, sucking her inside it, and Orion grabbed both Dot and Iono, hugging them to his side as he strolled down towards the ball as it shook once. He strode forward, hands slipping down their waists. It shook twice. His hands reached their butts. It shook three times. Juliana joined him, leaning into his chest, while all four of them stood over the ball. The light flickered and - Caught!

"Got her!" Penny fistpumped the air, then tackled Orion from behind. "Wow! Now this is an acquisition! Shall we see what we got?"

"Juliana, if you would?" Orion asked. "My hands are preoccupied right now."

The girls giggled, and Juliana obliged, dipping down to pick the ball up. Quite deliberately bending at the waist to give him the best possible view of her butt while she retrieved their new party member. Lovely! Let's check her stats.

A level 70 Fighting/Electric type? Woah! That's pretty high level! That might be a problem for him, wouldn't it? Controlling someone with a level that high could be an issue. Let's check her moves for now and worry about the details later... Thunder Punch, Close Combat, Wild Charge and Bulk Up. How aggressive of her.

Before he could decide what to do with her, Nemona's ball opened on its own and she jumped right on out. Then threw a flurry of punches at the air, like a boxer doing some shadow-boxing.

"Alright, boss!" Nemona said, then another flurry of punches flew out. "You wanted to give me some challenges, right? Come on, come on! Let me at them! Lemme addem!"

Oh yes, controlling her would be an issue, that was for sure! Even so, Orion did have an idea.

"You want a challenge?" he asked. "How about this - Reckon you can outlast me in bed?"

Nemona stopped cold, fist outstretched. She slowly turned to look at him, then a smirk appeared on her face. She sized him up, and then started taking off her clothes.

"See, the thing is, I know that you're playing me," Nemona said while dumping her skirt on the floor. "But it's working. Cuz I'm absolutely gonna crush you in the sack, and we both know it."

The scary part was, at Level 70...? He was pretty sure she was on the money about that. Oh well. With Nemona on her team, that should make things a lot easier for recruiting purposes... Though there was one tiny, small dilemma he'd have to keep a close eye on.

Namely: Now that Team Love was known to exist, someone may take action to try and stop them!



# Furinkan's Boys club

Oh man, but she needed that. Ranma sat up, in girl form, naked as could be, covered in sweat and let out a careless, defenceless stretch, while her pretty, cute face was practically bursting at the seams from the biggest beaming smile you ever did see.

Behold, the expression of the well fucked.

In all honesty Ranma knew she should feel weird about this whole thing. She was a guy, after all, and she just used her cursed girl form to have sex with Akane's cursed boy form. She still thought of herself as a guy. So why is the narrator using female pronouns for her? The answer is simple: The narrator is not Ranma. Ranma was still using male pronouns inside her own head, but the narrator finds it easier to make it clear that Ranma is in girl form by using female pronouns.

That's all rather besides the point anyway. Ranma was walking on air. For a while now, she'd been super stressed out and hadn't even known it. Travelling with Pops all that time, then Jusenkyo, the Dragon's whisker, a surprise engagement, all the weird stuff that's popped up out of nowhere. No matter how skilled you are as a martial artist, or how confident you might be, that stuff wears you down over time, you know?

And there is little in this world that alleviates stress like a nice hard fuck. Not that Ranma had the faintest idea of that until today, of course. It really does knock some things loose inside your brain. Gets it swimming in dopamine. Hehehe! In all honesty, the one thing Ranma could really do with right now was finding some hot water, and giving it a go the other way -

"Hey, where's Akane gone?" Ranma asked aloud. She could see Kodachi and Asuka, having worn each other out. Neither one was willing to say uncle first. Whatever! "Yo! Where are you?" Ranma called. Gone to the bathroom maybe? Alright, fine. Ranma grabbed some clothes and... Strolled out through the ominous hole in the wall. "Hey! How am I meant to show you I'm the better date if you abandon your date in the middle of it?"

Really kinda not the point anymore here Saotome, get some perspective.

Case in point? This hallway was a battlezone. It looked like someone had declared war in here. The place was pretty empty of people, but plenty of stuff that people would want to clean up. The sight set Ranma's martial artist instincts into high gear. Her senses lit up. Picking up every trace of motion and sound around her, until -

There! That sound! What was that sound? Ranma whirled to face it, then tiptoed in that direction. A room over here. The door was very slightly ajar. No singing, huh? No celebrations? No sign of anyone else nearby. Maybe they'd seen Akane...?

Ranma peeked inside, and saw...

The last source of recent stress that she'd been experiencing. Shampoo, from some backwater village in China, located not too far from Jusenkyo. And by not too far, Ranma meant 'enough that the walk made both Ranma and Genma absolutely famished by the time they were there'. So, maybe a couple of hours?

At that village, Ranma's hunger had led to her making a big, big mistake. She'd stolen the prize feast for a tournament, which led to a fight, which led to a stupid, asinine law. The Kiss of Death. A simple peck on the cheek, which was a promise to hunt you down to the ends of the Earth if that's what it took to end your life.

And let me tell you, that chick took the promise *seriously*. Ranma was pretty sure that she could win a straight up fight with the girl, but here's the thing. It doesn't matter how much stronger you are than someone if they are that plain determined to kill you. Eventually, you're gonna have to *deal with them*. Before they work out a way to get you. They'll keep coming. Relentlessly, without mercy, and the only thing you can do in the end is hope you can duck them long enough that they completely lose the trail.

This girl was like a bloodhound. Kept showing up all across China. Determined, fearsome, relentless, and absolutely bloodthirsty. Ranma could handle her in a fight. Put her down, maybe knock her out, but she'd be right back the next day to pick up where she left off.

Right now, that girl was sitting in a certain boy's lap. Ranma's fiance, Akane, or rather 'her' cursed form. Shampoo's arms were wrapped around the back of Akane's head and, by god, that girl was going in *deep* with the tongue. Akane's eyes were kinda rolled up into his head, and his hands were placed rather precariously upon Shampoo's rump.

"Wo ai ni airen!"

Right. So. Ranma quietly closed the door. Then rested against the wall next to it. Took a deep breath. Looked down.

"Well, I'm not dropping into a pit of feral cats," Ranma said. Then pinched her cheek. "Nope, not having a nightmare. Shampoo, the crazy Chinese chick, is making out with Akane."

And Ranma didn't know how to feel about that.

On the one hand? Hot. Very hot. Shampoo was very cute, as is boy form Akane. On the other hand, kinda being cheated on right there. While we're at it let's toss another hand into the mix right here, because this made it very likely that Shampoo was sticking around for a long, long time.

Oh no. Oh very no. Oh, as they might say, no.

Talk about an out of context problem! If it was, say, a giant monster rampaging through the streets, Ranma could deal with that. A bully? Easy. A gang of thugs? Trivial! Something which actually involved examining her own personal feelings and confronting them, potentially leaving herself vulnerable?

Ladies, gentlemen, we may have found the one thing Ranma fears more than cats. Because Ranma was deathly afraid of cats. Not sure if that's come up in the story yet, but this boy/girl has ailurophobia like no other. Those sneaky little whiskered freaks! Being all sneaky, pretending to be innocent little creatures when they were actually sadistic predators!

"Ranma, I kill!"

Ah, but wait, there were other things Ranma was deathly afraid of as well, with much better reason! Ranma ducked and rolled, barely avoiding a crushing blow that would have sent her head through the next three rows of buildings. Then immediately jumped to her feet like a coiled spring when a foot was planted in the floor right where her head had been a moment ago.

Fairly safe to say that Shampoo had spotted her. Call it a hunch.

Ranma was as the wind, by now used to the ferocity of Shampoo's attacks. He layered her killing blows sometimes five deep, making it necessary to preemptively dodge well in advance. It's the brutality of it, y'know? It took Ranma a bit to notice there were no more attacks coming and she was doing flips for no good reason.

Because as it turned out, Akane was hugging Shampoo from behind, groping her boobs and slipping her some tongue.

Now, this sort of rapid turnaround is the sort of thing that would make an intelligent person turn tail and, bluntly, fuck off. Not be here anymore, in the presence of the psychopath who has spent, by now, at least a month trying to track your butt down so it can be put upon a pike. Ranma, like most people, did not much like the idea of having her butt put on a pike. She had a rather nice butt. In both forms! It would ruin the aesthetic.

However, this is Ranma Saotome we're dealing with here. Common sense is allergic to Ranma. Yes, it should be the other way around; That's just how badly they get on together. For that reason, instead of fucking off, Ranma stood her ground, put her hands on her hips and copped an attitude.

"Well, well, I see how it is," Ranma shrugged. "The first pretty thing to come along, tries to take my head off - and you're already smitten! Can't keep your hands off her even while she's trying to kill me!"

This only seemed to urge Shampoo on. If Ranma had any sense of how other people think, then maybe she would have determined the motives for these two. Alas, see the previous comment about Ranma and common sense.

"I mean, all things considered I woulda thought you'd be more aware of how this makes you look," Ranma said. True enough! Akane is a girl who happens to have a curse that turns her into a boy. If any 'boy' should have awareness of how this kind of behaviour comes across, then surely it would be such a girl. Right? "But no, you've got no self control at all. See ya at home!"

With that said, she spun on her heels and walked right on out of there, only stopping for a moment to hear Shampoo whisper a phrase. And by whisper, I don't mean 'quiet like', I mean 'blatantly pretending to be quiet while obviously saying it loud enough that Ranma couldn't help but hear it'.

That phrase being "Wo ai ni airen!"

Recently, Ranma had been travelling through China. She'd picked up a few words here and there. Couldn't speak the language fluently, but she knew enough to recognise that phrase. It stopped her in her tracks. Made her hunch her shoulders. Then spin around, stomping across the floor, whereupon she grabbed the foreign girl's hair and gave it a good tug back.

Then she stared Shampoo right in the eyes. This was her alright. The girl that gave her the kiss of death. Alright then. In that case, Ranma gave her the lesser known 'kiss of imminent threesome'.

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It's really, honestly, not that hard to deduce Akane's reasoning here. Shampoo wanted girl form Ranma dead. Therefore, it was her responsibility to keep Shampoo preoccupied long enough for Ranma to, bluntly, fuck off. Yet Ranma declined to fuck off. Ranma stayed right where she was.

It was a good plan otherwise though. Until Ranma refrained from fucking off, it only seemed to have one flaw.

"You leave silly Ranma alone, yes?" Shampoo asked, pulling away her lips long enough to let Akane draw breath before diving right back in. "You leave her for Shampoo yes? Too too much sexier, cuter, make love like wild animal~"

That flaw being twofold. The first part being, Akane's boy form had acquired a taste for sex. Rather liked it. The second part was *Shampoo is way too cute*. Not cute like a rabbit, but cute like sexy. Like a girl wearing a bunny uniform, like you'd see in casinos or sleazy restaurants. Cute face. Big boobs. Slender waist. Squeezable butt. Magnificent legs.

And energy to burn. In hindsight Akane could tell that Ranma was holding back a bit. Shampoo? She didn't seem to know *how* to hold back. It was like wrestling an octopus - if that octopus was deliberately trying to make you feel so good you stopped fighting and rolled over. Let your hands rest upon dat ass and let her do whatever she wants to you, because you're about to feel *amazing* no matter what it is.

"You forget about Ranma too too soon~" Shampoo purred into her ear. Ah! Of course, it wasn't hard to see Shampoo's reasoning either. There's a hot stud right here that obviously had a relationship with the girl she had sworn to kill. On top of that, now Shampoo was sworn to marry that boy. It was a superb chance to, in one fell swoop, score herself a hot husband and to inflict psychological damage on the person she hated more than anyone else in the world.

Normally Akane would fight against that, but her body, her hormones? They were up for it! His inner girl was panicking a bit. Was this what it was really like for boys? Had the curse worn her - worn *him* down to this point? Reducing him to thinking with his dick, guiding himself down paths he'd normally find infuriating to see others travel. Paths that would make him sick to his stomach, think much less of the pervert that simply couldn't control themselves.

It was almost a relief when Ranma pulled Shampoo off. Gave her this mean look. For a moment Akane thought he was gonna be punished for being so weak willed.

Then Ranma's lips met Shampoo's, and - Oh, wow, that's why boys like girl on girl action! Huh, finding out a lot about yourself today, Akane. His hands reached out and trailed down the backs of both girls, both pushing them together and feeling their figures at the same time.

Soft. Yet strong. Both of them had such delicate figures, and yet... They could probably both bend Akane in half if the urge to them. Weird. That juxtaposition actually kinda made him even harder than he already was.

Look at them. Shampoo was completely baffled that the girl she was trying to kill was making out with her, but Ranma... Ranma was such a natural physical learner that she was already melting under the pigtailed beauty's touch.

Akane hefted them up, one in each arm, and carried them to the nearby room. The one where he'd been making out with Shampoo, not the other room where - Crap! Neither of these two were the girls he'd come here on a date with! Uh...? Hold on a second...

"Give in already, you pathetic long legged bimbo!"

"Hah! Says the gymnast who can only win by cheating!"

"Ohohohoho! Is that the best you can do?"

"Ohohohoho! I'm only getting warmed up! Wouldn't want this to end too - oooohhhh~"

They were fine. Wow, but that was a lot of sexual tension getting let out in there. Back to Ranma and the extremely hot foreign girl who wanted to decapitate her. The two of them were also pretty entangled. Clothes cast aside, Shampoo on top, pinning down Ranma by the shoulders and glowering down at her, their now naked nipples barely touching... Holy fuck that's hot.

"What your game?" Shampoo asked.

"Dunno," Ranma said, then impressed Akane by slipping free of Shampoo's grip. "Personal theory is this curse we both got messes with your hormones and makes you stupid."

"Hey, that's my theory too!" Akane protested.

"Oh, finally decided to join the conversation, did we?" Ranma said. Suddenly, her hands were at the back of Shampoo's head. "Honestly! Is this that thing where, if you got nothing nice to say, don't say anything? In that case! Put this bitch to bed!"

Shampoo's butt was waving around in the air all naked and enticing. Ranma was, once again kissing the warrior babe. Holding her in place. Akane wet his lips, stepped forward, and grabbed onto this hips. He was already nice and erect. Long since, actually. All he had to do was push it in and -

*Have sex with your third girl within the same hour!*

As Akane sank in, he heard a voice. A familiar voice. Ah...Yes, of course. That's how she thought she sounded in her own head. When she was a girl.

*That's right! You're normally a girl! You're meant to be a girl! Not some horny playboy! Control yourself!*

Come on, didn't we already have this conversation already? We like Ranma -

*And we're having sex with the girl that's trying to kill her.*

Damn skippy we were! Ohhh, her pussy was sucking him in all the way! Shampoo was probably really hard up. Probably surrounded by stupid boys for ages. She was so pretty she must have had a ton of suitors - and most likely if they were aiming for the kiss of marriage, none of them could beat her up. Huh! That sounded weirdly like the opposite of her situation.

*That's right. Remember how it is? The way the boys look at you like a piece of meat?*

Yeah, she could always feel their eyes on her, even when they thought she couldn't tell.

*Blatantly staring at your chest or rear.*

Or the legs! It was the only part of gym class Akane didn't care for, running around in those bloomers getting her thighs scrutinised by the boys.

*They thought they had a **right** to date you if they were able to beat you in a fight. None of them ever thought of asking you out. You were a prize. Nothing more.*

Yeah... yeah, that's right. It pissed her off **so much** every morning. Having to deal with it. Those boys. Those *perverts* trying to attack her. So they could pin her down and do whatever they wanted with her! And Kuno! He was the worst. The actual worst! Challenged her to fights all the time, and then held back! Disrespecting her as a woman and a martial artist!

*Don't you see? You're behaving just like those horny boys!*

No! No, I'm not! Akane's vision focused on the two girls writhing around beneath him. This wasn't the same. It's not the same not the same not the same not the same!

*Why not?*

Nnnnrgh! The release came, and Akane found himself buried deep in Shampoo's pussy. At some point Ranma had shifted around to making out with him. Lips locked together. Ahhh~ Akane might never get used to this. Hell, he hoped he never did. Shampoo was slumped over as well, looking like all the life had been drained from her body, and then -

"Let's go."

Ranma grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the room, while Akane was still trying to pull his trousers up. "Hey, slow down dummy!" Akane yelled, and a moment later found himself hit in the face with hot water from a thermos - which Ranma then poured out over her own head as well, switching them back to their true genders. After that, Ranma pushed Akane up against the wall with a cocky smirk on his face, and then -

Gosh, she couldn't quite remember what happened after that.

*Hrm...? Mind your hands there, what do you think you're touching right now?*

That voice sounded like her as a boy. Come on, this was different! Ranma's her fiance!

*Oh? You mean you wouldn't hook your leg around his waist if he was in girl form?*

... Okay, maybe she would. Big deal. Whatever! It wasn't like she was going around kissing any boy that took her fancy, she was only going after her future husband.

*Future wife at the rate things are going. Beside which, you were having a go for being horny at the cute, affectionate girl that obviously wanted a piece of me.*

Yeah, and?

*Here we are making out with Ranma like we're sucking the last bit of oxygen from a tank.*

Before Akane could rebut... herself? Oh no, was she going schizo here? Or was this her own guilt about her behaviour tonight being bounced back at her? Anyway, the point was that Shampoo was in the doorway next to them. Giving them both the once over. A truly evil eye. Which passed when she realised they weren't the pair she was looking for.

"You two! See extremely sexy boy and sneaky temptress with pigtail?" Shampoo asked this in a rather threatening tone. She seemed kinda flushed. "Shampoo not done yet. Need airen's touch again!"

"Uh, they went thataway," Ranma said, pointing towards the exit. And off she went, adjusting her clothes on the way, on the prowl like a wild animal. "Phew. I didn't think that would work."

"Hold on, hold on," Akane said. "So, let me get this clear. You pulled the two of us into a hot, heavy and nasty threesome that's going to keep me awake for about a week -"

"Two weeks," Ranma corrected. Akane decided not to argue this point. Actually, she'd been about to say a month.

"-Then when we were done, you pulled me outside, changed us both back to our normal forms, kissed the soul out of my body, and you did *all of that* purely so that we could completely throw her off our trail?"

"Yeah," Ranma said. "I'm glad you picked it up so quick, I was worried it was a bit too much, but you read me right away!"

Oh. Oh goodness. He's stupid. He's actually stupid. No, wait. Let's not jump to conclusions here.

"I mean the two of us aren't dating each other, that would be super weird," Ranma continued on. There it was. Confirmation, as if any was needed, that the boy/girl she had a crush on was a *total idiot*. "Can you imagine anything more awkward?"

"A thing or two do come to mind," Akane said slowly. Part of her was curious now. How deep was he planning on digging that hole?

"Heh! But I bet I'd show you a better time than you'd show me!" Ranma continued. "I mean, Asuka sure seemed to have a lot more fun with me than Kodachi had with you!"



Here comes the eye twitch, ladies and gentlemen. Will we get a throbbing vein?

"And I sure made you cum first earlier, huh? You wouldn't be able to keep up with me if we were dating, that's for sure!"

There it is! We have the throbbing vein on the forehead!

"Oh, I see what you're doing!" Akane sniffed. She crossed her arms and turned away. "You're trying to get me into bed, aren't you? Well, reverse psychology doesn't work on me, stupid!"

"Thinking pretty big of yourself, huh?" Ranma asked, getting right into her face. "I already get you into bed every night, remember? We sleep in the same bed!"

"As girls, so it doesn't count!" Akane protested.

"Ohhh, Kodachi! That flexibility of yours is soooo~"

The dual chorus of two girls climaxing together rather made Ranma's point without him having to say a word. It most certainly *can* count if the girls want it to. That didn't make Akane any less upset with him, mind. Look at him, standing there with those broad powerful arms, that unreasonably charming smile, those bright blue eyes.

*You're getting horny again~*

Shut up! Stupid inner manliness trying to lead her down the path of the pervert! Well, anyway! Akane stomped right past this... This jerkass, found her date, remembered which form she was in and poured some cold water over herself. If Ranma was going to be put in his place, it would have to be via this stupid double date!

"Sorry about that ladies," Akane said. "So, where were we again?"

# Fate Skill Grinder

The air inside Shirou's living room was thick with tension, the shadows of the evening stretching long across the floor. Sakura lay on the tatami, bound and unconscious, her breathing slow and steady, but Rin could feel the oppressive weight of the magic that had gripped her sister—both foreign and familiar in the worst possible way.

The Skill Grinder sat discarded on the table, its influence severed, at least for now. But Rin's brow remained furrowed as her hand hovered over Sakura's chest, her magic probing deeper. The soft glow of prana illuminated the room, flickering like the last remnants of daylight outside the window.

"First things first," Rin announced to the room. "We need to deal with Sakura. We can't leave her in this condition, there's no telling what she might do to sabotage us." But that wasn't the only reason.

A magus wears many masks. It's a principle drilled into every heir of an ancient bloodline—emotion is a liability, attachment is a distraction, and sentiment has no place in the world of magecraft. To survive as a magus, one must embrace cold rationality, maintain control at all times, and hide their true self behind the polished mask of professionalism. This is the mask Rin Tohsaka has worn her entire life, a carefully constructed facade of confidence and detachment, sculpted through years of rigorous training and isolation. It's a mask that defines her interactions with the world, one that allows her to stand tall as the heir to the Tohsaka name.

But behind the mask, Rin is still human. The ice that coats her exterior melts, even if only slightly, when it comes to Sakura. The sister she was forced to abandon—for duty, for the sake of the Tohsaka lineage. Rin tells herself that her emotions are secondary, that the rational choice was to let Sakura go, to preserve the Tohsaka family's magical potential. Yet, despite her efforts to distance herself, the mask cracks whenever she thinks of Sakura. Guilt gnaws at the edges of her carefully composed demeanour. The years spent pretending not to care, pretending that Sakura's life with the Matous was for the best, have left deep fractures in her heart—wounds she has tried to ignore.

"We should keep a watch out," Rider said. "Archer and I would be best suited to watch for the enemy returning."

"Oh? You're volunteering to leave your Master alone with them?" Archer asked, quirked an eyebrow.

"Of course," Rider said, her voice soft, sibilant and seductive all at once. "This is a sign of trust. Saber. If my Master escapes her bonds and tries to attack them, please restrain her without harming her."

"I shall do what I can," Saber said, and you could hear it plainly in her tone. She would take that oath seriously. Do all that she could to keep Sakura restrained without harming her - though there was also that warning that if this was not possible, she would protect her own Master, first and foremost.

The two Servants soon left the room to take their posts. Shirou stood at a distance, his eyes darting between Rin and Sakura, his worry palpable in the silence. Saber stood stoically behind him, her eyes sharp and ever watchful, her presence a constant reminder of the conflict still brewing outside. And soon enough, at the far end of the property, Archer and Rider were keeping a silent vigil, their spiritual form blending with the air around them. Invisible to those without the sense to see spirits, with Archer's dutiful vigilance and superior vision, backed up by Rider's own superior senses.

But Rin's thoughts were elsewhere, spiralling deeper into the mystery that lay before her. She approached Sakura cautiously. It was possible she was faking her state of unconsciousness. Then, she reached out for her head... Rin's fingers tensed as she delved into the remnants of magic clinging to Sakura's circuits, analysing every thread. The Skill Grinder's influence was woven tightly around Sakura's mind, a force that had tried to reshape her consciousness, twist her will, and Rin had almost finished her analysis of the effect upon her when she noticed something strange. Beneath it all, there was something else. Something darker. Something far more familiar, yet horrifying at the same time..

*'What is this?'*

Rin's breath hitched as her prana encountered the tangled mess of magic circuits, buried deep within Sakura's body. It was foul, decaying—like an infestation. At first, she thought it was a side effect of the Skill Grinder, some byproduct of the alien magic. But no. The deeper she looked, the more it became clear.

These magical pathways, twisted and decayed as they were, bore the unmistakable signature of Matou magecraft.

Rin froze.

The Matou family's magical arts had always been shrouded in secrecy, but this... this was beyond anything she had ever imagined. These weren't just magic circuits; they were alive, writhing with a life of their own. The crest worms. Rin's mind reeled with the revelation.

The Matous... they did this to her?

Her fingers trembled, and for a moment, she almost withdrew her hand. But no. She couldn't stop now. She had to know how deep it went. She pressed forward, digging deeper into the magical corruption that had taken root in Sakura's body. The Skill Grinder's influence would be

superficial compared to this—the crest worms had been there for years, feeding on Sakura's prana, warping her body and mind.

All this time...

Rin clenched her teeth, the realisation like ice in her veins. Zouken Matou—that decrepit old monster—had been using Sakura as a vessel for his vile experiments. The crest worms had consumed her sister from the inside, feeding on her magic, warping her circuits until they were unrecognisable. All this time, Sakura had been suffering, and Rin had never known. She had never even suspected.

*'How could I have been so blind?'*

Inner turmoil assailed her. Rin has always believed that a magus is defined by their ability to make sacrifices. Her mask tells her this is true. But standing here now, faced with the reality of Sakura's suffering, the facade falters. What good is power, what good is control, when it comes at the cost of someone you love? For years, Rin buried these feelings deep beneath her sense of duty, believing she had no choice. Now, as she faces the truth of what has been done to Sakura, the mask feels suffocating. It tells her to stay calm, to be rational, to think strategically—but all she wants is to protect her sister. Emotion might be a liability, but Rin realises now that the deeper crime was ignoring it for so long.

For a magus, the mask is survival. But for Rin, it's also the cage she must break free from if she is ever going to save Sakura.

Sakura stirred slightly beneath her, a soft groan escaping her lips. Rin's hand shot back, and for a moment, she was paralyzed by the weight of her discovery. She had come here to break the Skill Grinder's influence, but this—this was something far more insidious.

"Rin..." Shirou's voice cut through the silence, gentle but insistent. "What's going on? Did you figure out what's wrong with Sakura?"

Rin didn't answer right away. Her mind was racing, processing what she had found. How long had Zouken been doing this? How had Sakura survived for so long under this kind of torment?

She swallowed hard, pushing her emotions down. This wasn't the time to fall apart. She couldn't afford to let her feelings get in the way—not now. Not when Sakura needed her. One thing at a time. Take it all one step at a time, don't lose control over your emotions, not when there's more at stake here!

The mask slid over her face once again. Focus on the Skill Grinder. Focus on the thing you can *fix*. It seemed as though Sakura's mental defences were as sturdy as though ought to be. Which spoke to how potent this thing was. How sinister, how vile, yet how subtle... Warping her mind as surely as *Zouken had corrupted her body*.

"Nnrgh!" she grunted, hitting an unexpected roadblock. Her fingers pulled away, almost as though they were being pushed out. "Hrmph! This will be trickier than I thought! It's pretty clear she's been brainwashed, but how exactly it's done so... I can't quite tell."

It is worth noting, at this time, that Saber and Rin were both wearing bellydancer versions of their typical attire. For Saber, a blue set that was almost like armour, while Rin was wearing one that was black in the bottom half and red up top, with a golden cross over her chest.

"We must keep our own mental defences strong as well," Saber said, while unconsciously leaning back to push her butt directly into Shirou's crotch. "A moment's slip could lose us our own free will and rationality."

Rin nodded in agreement to that, while absently flicking her hips from side to side, eyes wandering over Shirou's body. Mmm~ She'd just had a taste then, but... No, no, save it for later, once Sakura is back to normal.

"It's definitely done *something* to her magical circuits," Rin grumbled to herself. She almost didn't quite want to admit that she didn't know what, exactly. "We'll need to do some kind of a purge to push the effect out..."

=====

And here is where, unnoticed by anyone else, Sakura was smiling a sinister smile for herself. Snuck into her pocket by Rider was another Skill Grinder that they had all missed. She could escape handily at any time she wanted, but that wasn't what she was up to right now. No. Instead, Sakura was playing a longer game.

Her brilliant big sister was quite knowledgeable about magic, but didn't know everything. She read quite far and wide, but there were many topics on which she was still ignorant. This was not one of them. She knew a fair bit about this. Perhaps not as many as other mages across the world, but a bit more than the average.

In time, she would learn those facts as well. It was simply in her nature. To improve, to persevere, to work hard. She had not yet scraped anywhere near the tip of her potential, and much that she did not already *know* she could deduce or infer from other observed facts. That's what made her a prodigy. Potential! Untapped potential, combined with hard work! Those two factors collaborating within the same person! It's what made Sakura always look up to her, see her as a guiding light, and -

Also develop a deep rooted frustration with her. For not *seeing* what *that family* was doing to her for *all those years and fucking years!* You saw it now, huh? Come on, you were turning a blind eye all this time weren't you? Going along with it instead of answering her prayers to come and

save her, please big sister Rin save her please! Until those prayers ran dry and left her an emotionless husk. Going through the motions. Not living. Merely existing.

Until he came along.

Until he jumped that stupid bar.

Until she started going to his place.

Until she caught him checking her out recently, noticing how pretty she'd become.

Until she was rewarded. Gifted. A chance. An opportunity. To make him happy. To make Rin happy. To make herself happy, happy, happy! One big happy family! A real family. Not a family as defined by a mage, but a really real family. Who cared for each other. Who loved each other.

Who needed a bit more of a push to realise that what the Skill Grinder was offering was not a bad thing. It would be a good thing. No conflict needed. Everyone getting what they wanted, what they needed. Even that Saber servant over there. Sakura could see it. She could sense it! You're frustrated as well aren't you? Yes... Now she was going to push for it. For your happiness. All of your happiness. All of you! Do you hear?! You deserve to be happy as well!

She was going to do the impossible and save *everyone*.

The first thing she was doing was a tiny bit of mental manipulation. She *could* use magic to simply, for example, make her decide to go all in on the harem right here and now. It wouldn't be hard... but that kind of spell inevitably wears off on someone with a decent magical resistance. What's more, any mage worth their salt would notice what had happened to her right away, especially if it was as big a change as that. Which is why she was being a bit more subtle about what she was doing.

Instead of telling her sister *what* to do, she was telling her what *not* to do. It was easy enough. Inventing a few excuses and whispering them in her ear. No, you can't do that, it would take too long. No you can't do that either, it would be very risky for the poor girl. Close off each route, each and every one of them, until Rin chooses the right path of her own seeming volition.

Which would make it seem like all the better an idea, since she had it all by herself.

"I hate to say it, but we're going to have to have sex with her," Rin said. "One at a time. It's the only way."

Jackpot. That's exactly what she wanted. There was some actual theory about this, as well. Based in tantric magic. By using that, it was hypothetically possible to make adjustments to another person's magical circuits. The most obvious use was to share energy between mages, or establish a greater bond between two people. But you could do more than that. Much more.

Normally Rin would have most likely suggested engaging in some form of memory manipulation, to make Sakura forget the events of the day and return to her previous self. Or perhaps a more detailed, personal circuit surgery that she would perform over several hours while the others stood guard... or perhaps even take her to that creepy priest while they took care of matters personally. Excuse after excuse was fed to her that made each idea seem untenable, until this, the result Sakura wanted, was the only option left.

It was yet another step onto the harem path. Taken by her own volition. Perhaps she was aware of it already, but it hardly mattered if not. Each step made it likelier. Each step would make them happier. Each step would bring them greater fulfilment, under the wisdom of the Skill Grinder.

But there was also the question of the other two. Saber had a very strong magical resistance. She wasn't *entirely* immune to it. Shirou, on the other hand, was the easiest to influence in the room by a long way. She'd already blocked his obvious objection to it, so -

"Are you sure about this?"

Huh? What? He still objected? Even though his reasons for doing so were defied already? She'd given reasons to ignore those objections, so why...? Was his magic resistance higher than it first seemed?

"What happened earlier... What we did just now... that was born of necessity," Shirou said. He was bashful, shy, breaking eye contact. "I mean, you know, we can't just *do that* every time there's a problem, right?"

"Hrm, yes, you did just rock my world," Rin admitted, slowly nodding her head. "In addition, it could be a problem since the enemy wants us to form a harem around you, so it's entirely possible this circumstance was contrived to lead us in that direction."

"Zugzwang," Saber said. "The compulsion to move. It is a term in chess. It refers to a time when a player is caught in a position where any move that they may make will make their position worse - but they cannot simply pass. They *must* move a piece. As a commander, I faced many battles where there was no ideal choice, only a series of bad ones. In war, there are moments when even the smallest action can trigger a chain of events that leads to ruin. It is not unlike the battlefield, where each step forward can mean the difference between victory and defeat. But sometimes, no matter how carefully one plans, a single move can leave you cornered, forced to act against your better judgement, knowing that any path you take will only lead to greater loss."

A moment after that, Saber's gaze settled on Sakura. She found herself staring up at the... very, very beautiful woman. Her gaze was stern, yet also gentle. Warm, yet determined. For a moment Sakura was enchanted. She'd forgotten how to breathe. The other two people in the room almost seemed to vanish into the ether - and when you consider that those two were the

most important people to her, the two she loved more than any other, it says a *lot* about Saber's raw presence.

Charisma. She didn't quite know who this Saber servant was but she must have been a potent ruler in her time. A leader, who had guided armies into battle. Confident in her ability. She must be a potent legend. Joan of Arc, perhaps? No, her bearing didn't quite seem French... Ah, it was fruitless trying to guess when she was so spellbound by how pretty and regal she was!

"Then I shall volunteer," Saber said. "Leave us be. I shall ensure this young woman's magic circuit is cleared by myself if I have to."

... Sakura was confused for a moment there, until she realised that her own arousal, combined with her Skill Grinder granted ability to manipulate the minds of others had combined to slip a little arousal into the Servant's body. How much arousal? Well, if zero is an asexual extremist, and ten is an incurable nymphomaniac, then Saber was hovering around an eight right now, while Sakura herself was a hard nine. That is, entirely curable nymphomania. Versus 'horny enough to think this was a good idea'.

"Alright, I guess we're doing this then!" Rin shrugged. "Shirou, we need to discuss what we're gonna do next. Saber, when you're done come and get us. We'll need to talk as well, and Shirou should be ready for another go by then!"

"Eh? But- Wait, hold on a second, if this is what the enemy wants, then - "

"It's better to break her brainwashing than let her be an enemy asset," Rin said. "We can't double guess ourselves, not up against *them*, so let's head to your workshop and figure out what to do next! Okay! Have fun, you two!"

Ah... Okay then! All of a sudden Sakura found herself alone in the room with a Saber class Servant that was taking her clothes off, leaving them in a neat pile and... Definitely feeling some jealousy right now, not gonna lie. That was a really cute body she had. That skin was *unfair*. Not a blemish, not a scratch, you'd never know she was a warrior. And the muscles underneath! While she had retained a womanly figure, there was something powerful, toned, athletic underneath. To be honest, Sakura hadn't quite been fully sold on the idea of having a harem for Shirou, but now?

If she didn't have the taste of that ass in her mouth before too long she might just go insane.

Saber wandered across to her, sighed wearily, sat down, and then... Lifted Sakura up by her bonds, putting her gently onto the sofa.

"How long were you pretending to be out cold?" Saber asked. Ah? "I noticed that you were awake for a while there, listening to our conversation. Before I begin, I wish to establish what is going to happen here. Do you understand?"



"Mmm, yes!" Sakura said. "So long as you understand that Shirou deserves a harem~"

"I understand no such thing," Saber said. "I barely know him, for one thing, and for another... A harem is a weighty responsibility to place upon a person. Also, according to the knowledge granted to me by the Grail, polygamy is very illegal in this time."

"Only if we get married," Sakura said. "I'll be happy to marry him while the rest of you can -"

Saber interrupted by putting her finger to Sakura's lips. "Furthermore, you still have one of those gadgets on your possession," Saber said. It wasn't a question. In the next moment, Sakura felt... something cold and metallic pressed against her neck. She couldn't see it. But it was definitely there. "Tell me where it is, and what Skills you have built in to it. Should you raise your voice, I shall have to do something regrettable."

Sakura gulped nervously. On the one hand, Saber did not seem like she was bluffing. On the other, it felt like she didn't really want to do this either. "Attacking a bound opponent isn't very honourable," Sakura said.

"Yes, that's true," Saber said. "But if that bound opponent is *still* a threat due to the use of magic, then there is no longer a problem."

Ah. She could follow the logic. Saber must have noticed what she was doing, and was reacting accordingly. She was tempted to try for a seduction play but under the circumstances... Sakura felt her eyes grow cold as she looked at the Servant. Feeling a bit more like herself. Or rather, the self that she was before meeting Shirou.

"Right pocket," Sakura said, cold and clinical. "Seduction, Mind Control, Rope Escape, and Sex. If you give me a kiss, I promise not to be disobedient. Is that okay?"

Saber nodded, then leaned in closer for a kiss... Oh! It seemed as though she had forgotten a Skill, there. She had one hundred levels in Kissing. In other words, she was so good at Kissing that even the Gods of the Ancient era would have knelt before her, had she planted a big wet one on her.

And so, Saber herself was melting too. A moment later, Sakura shrugged off her ropes, while Saber dropped her... sword. She was assuming. I mean, what else could that invisible thing be but her sword? Most likely a Noble Phantasm of some sort.

Now then. Let's make sure this Saber class Servant understands full well the wisdom of establishing a harem for Shirou, shall we?

=====

None of this was according to plan. Shirou was *meant* to have become a superhero using that device. He was *meant* to be using his newfound superpowers to accomplish the impossible and save as many people as humanly possible. Hell, he was *meant* to be saving more people than was humanly possible!

And now he learns that the thing he was using to get that capable was, at its heart, a corruptive device that was determined to lead to horny ends. For example: The instant he was out in the corridor alone with Rin, the hottest girl and most desired amongst his peers, she pushed him against the wall and stuck her tongue down his throat. Lifted her leg and hooked it around his waist. Frenched him so hard he thought she might pull out the Eiffel Tower when she drew back.

Which she did. Drew back, that is. The part about the Eiffel Tower, not so much. She was breathing heavily. So was he. He noticed that his hand was on her waist. His other on her thigh.

"We're losing," she said. Then somehow found a way to move her body closer to his than it already was. "It annoys me, but I'm also really turned on right now."

"Yeah," Shirou replied. "Even though we already just had sex, I kinda feel ready to go again. That's not normal, is it? There must be something we can do..."

She was scowling. It was a face he still wasn't used to. The girl at school always seemed rather easygoing, charming, bright and happy. This version of her though? It was her real self. Intense, intelligent, confrontational and maybe just a little bit overconfident. It was a hell of a contrast - but if he was being honest he kind of preferred this version. Which says a *lot* considering -

"I think... Whatever's affecting us is taking advantage of our mutual attraction," Rin said. "The truth is, I've liked you for a long time. The only reason I never did anything about it was because..."

"You thought it would be kind of weird if you asked me out, out of nowhere," Shirou interrupted. Ah, he already knew *that*, didn't he? He'd performed that perfect analysis on her already, right down to the core of her being. "Besides, it would distract from your duties as a Magus, in particular your preparation for the Holy Grail War..."

Her expression turned completely flat, and all of a sudden Shirou found his ear being twisted around quite badly.

"That's a really unfair advantage you have, Emiya Shirou," Rin said. "You know literally everything about me, while I've only got a surface level read of you. That's a really big advantage you've got, buster! How are we supposed to be boyfriend and girlfriend with such an unhealthy imbalance in the relationship?"

"Ah, well... I suppose... I guess you could always use one of the Skill Grinders to scan me, and - Boyfriend and girlfriend?"

She was blushing now. Ah. She'd said something she hadn't meant to.

"I mean, after what we just did, if we didn't at least try to have a date it would mean we'd done something really stupid, so - You know - We should at least go on a *few* dates to check if we're compatible, and -"

It was funny. There were two instincts in Shirou's mind right now, at war with one another. The first, his survival instinct telling him that he absolutely must not do the thing. The other, his instinct to *mate*, which was telling him that he very much ought to do this thing. Unfortunately, the latter won out -

And he patted Rin on the head, in exactly the way one might if they were rewarding a dog for doing a trick.

You can probably imagine her expression. Suddenly staring up at him in wide eyed confusion, which slowly - oh so slowly - turned into anger. Which, in turn, became a vicious left.. Oh yes, that's right, she did a lot of weight training and martial arts practise.

"Well, if you're going to be like that... Let's check out your 'workshop'."

She turned and stormed off. Damn. Did she have to be so cute while acting so haughty?

# Negima Stultus Pulchram Rewrite

Have you ever tried to get information out of a bimbo? It's like trying to get chocolate out of a carrot. None to be found here, thanks. Please look elsewhere. Nonetheless, Kaede did feel a certain responsibility. To Ku Fei, and to the rest of the girls on campus too. Something had changed the girl. Something had corrupted her, transformed her - and was very obviously trying to use her as a vector to change others as well.

"Hey, hey, go ahead and say it~" Ku Fei teased. "Stultus! Pulchram!"

"Thanks, but no!" Kaede politely declined. She smiled at the martial artist. Then again, it was a rare thing indeed for her to not be smiling at someone. "Come along now, I'm quite certain you will find something very interesting at the middle of this library"

"Awww," Ku Fei pouted and stamped her feet. "But Ku Fei is boooored! All there is around here is lame books! Ku Fei wanna fight! Or fuck!"

"Shush!" a girl blushed and put her finger to her lips, for she was here for... the same reason that anyone comes to the library. To read, of course!

But Ku Fei skipped across to the girl. Towered over her. That large slit up the side of her dress coming into play here, as she put her foot up against the wall next to the girl's head. A leg kabadon! How rare! Especially with such a meaty, powerful leg. She'd as well have slammed a log into the bookcase, for all the power that was behind it. Except you couldn't call a log a work of art the same way that leg was.

"Hey cutie!" Ku Fei giggled. "Tell ya what. If you say the magic words, then Ku Fei will leave you alone~"

"Ah, no!" Kaede rapidly interfered. "Look up there, Ku Fei! Is that not a butterfly, de gozaru?"

"Eh? A butt fly?" Ku Fei repeated back a joke that didn't even work in Japanese. Which was, of course, the language they were currently speaking. "Oooh, a flying butt! Ku Fei wants to see that!"

That confirmed it. The spoken words obviously had a bad effect if they were said aloud. It would be best if Kaede said nothing at all from now on to keep herself from being tricked into saying it and falling to its influence - and yet... That also seemed like a really bad idea! If she didn't talk, then Ku Fei might well go off and -

Slam! Another leg kabadon to another girl trying to read a book!

"Hey, cutie, can you say Stultus Pulchram?"

This was getting intolerable! Actually, no, it had been intolerable for a while. Now it was getting truly ridiculous! Kaede had to drag Ku Fei away from her before she spread this ridiculous curse further!

"This way, this way, we'll be able to fight down here," Kaede said, starting to feel the panic a little bit. How much longer could she keep Ku Fei busy before she did something stupid- Ah... Not stupid, that's the wrong word to use in this context. Dangerous. Yes, dangerous was a better word, a more accurate word, and definitely the word she should be using going forward.

"Tag, you're it!" Ku Fei suddenly shoved her, quite hard. If not for Kaede's ninja reflexes, she could have done herself quite the injury! It's worth remembering, this girl is a talented martial artist, even if right now she's rather on the, ahem, bimbo side of things.

"Wait, come back!" Kaede yelled, jumping to the top of the bookcases, and - "Huh? Where did she...?"

One would think that a bimbo would be easy to see. Especially one wearing a bright red cheongsam. But no! She was also adept at stealth as well as martial arts. No doubt employing the use of blind spots to throw Kaede off. Well then. A cat and mouse game begins, but she would do well not to underestimate her opponent today. While Ku Fei had the appearance of a complete fool, it was clear she was much, much more than that. She was a scoundrel, up to mischief, and absolutely had to be treated as a cunning, dangerous -

"Hey cutie, can you say Stultus Pulchram for me?"

Or she might give herself away mere seconds later, either or. Kaede was on top of her in a moment flat - and then found a foot pinning her throat to a nearby bookcase.

"Guk!" Kaede grabbed the ankle and - Wow, this skin was *soft*! Smoother than silk and - No, bad Kaede, don't give in to the subtle yet obvious seductive wiles of the bimbo!

"Tee hee!" Ku Fei giggled, while the girl she'd been hitting on ran off. "Looks like you found me!"

"Ku Fei! Let go, de gozaru!" Kaede struggled, but this girl was terrifyingly strong. She couldn't even manage her replacement technique like this!

"Only if you say the magic words~" Ku Fei giggled.

"I'm... sorry!" Kaede attempted. "Please? Thank you?"

"Nuh uh!" Ku Fei said, pulling her foot away lightning fast, but then hauling Kaede right into a headlock, tight around her neck. Not so much to compress her breathing or bloodflow, but enough to keep her mouth pressed to the side of Ku Fei's body. "Stultus. Pulchram! Those are

the magic words, dummy!"

"Mmmf~!" Kaede tried to lift her off the ground, or slip out, but... damn, this technique was solid!

"I won't let you out unless you say the magic words~" She then released her grip, instead rolling behind Kaede to grab her wrist, twisting it up behind her back and - Ah! Ah! She'd wrench the arm out of her socket if she wasn't careful!

"Okay, fine! Stultus Pulchram!" Kaede said, and then - Popped into a pink cloud right before Ku Fei got kicked in the side of the head by the *real* Kaede. For you see, Ku Fei had grabbed a clone that had been sent in as a scout.

"Oof!" Ku Fei grunted, collapsing to the floor. "Like, that hurt, and stuff!"

"And stuff this!" Kaede taunted. Then she pointed at Ku Fei dramatically. "I'm onto your game, de gozaru!"

"Yeah, it's called tag!" Ku Fei giggled. "You oughta, like, lighten up a bit more and stuff!"

"Yeah, Kaede!" A familiar voice said that back to her. "You really oughta, like, relax a lot more, de gozaru!"

Oh no! It was a worst case scenario! Kaede had thought she'd popped that clone when she'd gone in for the attack, but - the spell had overtaken it anyway! Before her was a version that was... really, really hot. Annoyingly hot. Aggressively hot.

She was wearing *damn near nothing*, for a start. A black miniskirt, looked like it was made of leather. Alongside... What do you even call that? It was sort of like a half tube top. You know, half of something that's already basically half of a shirt. Kaede was no prude, but that was plain obscene! The only thing it seemed to cover was the upper half of her breasts (nipples included). Couple that with some high strapped sandals, and you've got the look of a party girl who is out to get laid tonight and knows for a *fact* that she can have her pick of the room. Boy or girl, straight or gay, it didn't matter, you were waking up in her bed tomorrow morning.

Needless to say, but Kaede was not impressed. Well, okay, she was *impressed*, but not *impressed*, if you catch my meaning. That body was a work of art, but the idea of one of her clones winding up this way - it didn't sit well with her. At all!

"Um, I'm, like, not good at numbers," Ku Fei said. "But you're outnumbered now, ain'tcha?"

Tsk! Like hell she was! Kaede quickly made another clone and -

"Tee hee~"

It came out stupid. Oh no... Oh no! She tried to dispel both of them, but... nothing, the two of them stared at her with their dumb, vapid expressions, and - They were starting to move around her. Trying to corner her, circling in, cutting off her escape.

... This would be a bad time to find out if they'd retained her strategic capability, or her overall capacity as a ninja. To put it bluntly? Time to *fuck off*!

"Hey, what's that over there?" Kaede yelled, pointing in a random direction. Then, Kaede jumped to the top of the bookcases and beat a strategic retreat the opposite way, hoping against hope that she could get away. Find help. And that in the time it took her to do that? That these three idiots didn't wind up corrupting the whole damn library!

But she had to admit, the sound of their incessant giggling was not setting her mind at ease.  
=====

The anatomy of the bimbo is quite fascinating, when you think about it. They have breasts comparable to the size of their heads, with no apparent sag. Their waists are so slender that anyone with basic understanding of the human body must surely wonder at the shape and positions of their internal organs. Yet at the same time, their hips were the ideal form for childbirth, their butts were enormously round, and you know what, let's go back to their waists and breasts for a bit. How are they able to keep upright given those proportions?

How has their spine not been destroyed by the sheer weight at the front of their chest? If they lie on their back, how do they possibly sit up again? How do they keep such perfect posture, move so effortlessly, when common sense says that their bodies absolutely should not, could not, possibly move anything like that?

The simple truth is: They're too stupid to know it shouldn't make sense. No, really. It's just that simple. They're too ditzy, too scatterbrained, too easily distracted by sex to give the slightest damn that their biology is bonkers.

Thus, all it took for all three girls to regain their stamina after their intense workout with Ku Fei was to simply... Kinda forget it happened. Haruna forgot first. She was sitting there in her especially revealing bunnygirl outfit, stretching out her limbs, a beautiful and peaceful smile on her dumb as rocks face. Ayaka was next, pulling herself up and checking her slinky red evening gown hadn't managed to become marked or stained in grass. Which, in defiance of logic, it hadn't.

"Hey, sleepyhead! Wake up!" Ayaka spanked Asuna's butt, clad as it was in a super, super snug pair of cutoff jeans. It was almost as if the fabric itself had realised how tantalisingly hot that ass was, and was hugging to it as tightly as humanly possible, and do you know what? Don't blame it even a little. "Come on, we gotta fuck, I'm, like, way too horny!"

"You're horny?" Haruna gasped. "I'm horny too!"

"Wooooah, shut *up*!"

The two of them fell into a giggly fit that completely belied the utter threat they held to any non-bimbo that valued their intelligence. Given the state of the world today, it's easy to joke that this meant a smaller proportion of the population than it used to.

"Mmmm~" Asuna whimpered, rising and stretching as though she'd deliberately and meticulously done so as sexily as possible, to the highest scientific standard available. Which is funny, 'cuz she was terrible at science before becoming an airhead. "Did someone say they're horny? I'll fix that, like, right now!"

"Yay, Asuna's awake!" Ayaka and Haruna threw their hands into the air and celebrated in the style that bimbos have throughout history. Through a sloppy french kiss and grabbing each other's butts or boobs.

"Hey, don't leave me out!" Asuna pouted, jumping to her feet to properly stamp them on the ground. "Ooh! That's the problem, there's, like, one... two... Uh..."

She stared at her fingers as if trying to will them to tell her what came next. Which only brought a frown to her face. Yet again: These girls are dangerous. Really, they are. Absolute menaces. I promise.

"Oh, hey, that reminds me!" Haruna said. No idea what had reminded her of anything, but there you go. "We were, like, trying to corrupt other girls into becoming dumb skanks like ourselves!"

"So we were!" Ayaka gasped, happy at being reminded of such a thing. "Corrupting prudes into lewds is, like, the best! Ohohoho! Let your president take the lead, and then -"

"Denied!" Asuna crossed her arms. "You'll do something to put people off, way too, like, loud and obvious!"

"Um, paging mister kettle much?" Ayaka asked, and the two long standing rivals put their hands on their hips and leaned into one another, to the point you could almost see the lightning sparking between their eyes. It had to be somewhere. It certainly wasn't present in any kind of spark of intelligence between the two of them.

"Girls, girls!" Haruna stepped between them, taking the chance to sneak a grope. Not that she *needed* to sneak one, but you know how it goes. "Let's not fight!" Which was rich coming from a girl who loved, adored, treasured moments where she could stir up a good argument. "After all, Asuna is normally the one who would, like, insist we rush in while Ayaka would totally be the one stopping her - but let's not, y'know, let that get between us or nothing!"

From there, she stepped back to watch the show, like the shit-stirrer she was.



"You see? Normally you'd have totally agreed with me! Ohohoho!" Ayaka cackled.

"Oooh! You're soooo impossible!" Asuna puffed up her cheeks. "I oughta spank you for being such a bad girl!"

"Oh? Is that a promise?" Ayaka teased, turning her back and gently bending over to stick her butt right out there. Wiggled it around, inviting Asuna to spank it. Frankly, it's a miracle that every hand in a mile radius didn't spontaneously twitch in her general direction. Asuna certainly couldn't resist giving her a nice hard -

Smack!

Some sounds are just plain satisfying to hear. The pop of bubble wrap. A baby's innocent laugh. A complete jerk taking a waffle iron to the balls. But for our purposes, let's say that the most satisfying sound is a bimbo's butt getting a proper hard smack. Music. Like chocolate for the ears.

The argument between them was soon forgotten. Heck, come to it? Haruna herself forgot that she was even supposed to be stirring things up for her own amusement, finding more entertainment in getting behind Asuna and - Smack! Oooh! There's something about a snug pair of cutoff jeans that hide absolutely nothing! The way it frames around the shape of the butt, hiding next to nothing at all!

A veritable conga line, appropriately enough with Ayaka, the natural born leader of the class, taking the head, while Haruna, the gossipmonger, taking the rear. Three horny bimbos all lined up in a row, butts thrust out, inviting a nice hard spanking. Their quivering behinds, like ripe juicy apples. So inviting, so juicy, you almost can't help but want to take a bite!

"Wait, hold on, we're forgetting something aren't we?" Asuna suddenly stopped. Haruna, on the other hand, did not. Nor did Asuna do anything to stop herself from being spanked. She's a bimbo, she's into that. Actually, to be more precise, as a bimbo she's into *basically everything*. "Um! Hold on, I can't think clearly..."

"So nothing changed since you became a bimbo~" Ayaka sang, which prompted Asuna to whirl her around and grab the girl's other cheeks. Stretching out her face. In turn, Ayaka did the exact same thing to her.

"Oh! That's right!" Haruna chirped, stepping to the side so she could spank them both at the same time. Quite thoughtful, that girl. "We were gonna corrupt some other girl! Who do you think it should be~"

Ah, now we're getting somewhere! It would be easy to joke that bimbos don't think. Well, they mostly don't. But there are a few things they do think about! Quite vehemently! They think about sex. They think about boys. They think about girls. Things related to sex in a general sense, like

how to get it, how to dress for it, how to seduce and how to make sure whoever they bang comes back for more, more, yet more still!

And this topic right here? It was related to sex in a roundabout way. Namely: How to pick out who to flirt with next.

"It's gotta be, like, someone that's normally alone so they're easy to pick off," Ayaka chirped.

"They gotta have a really hot hidden side to them too, something kinky and dirty," Haruna added.

"And they gotta be just about smart enough that they'd totally be a problem if we, y'know, let 'em run around, but also just about dumb enough that we could totally trick them!" Asuna said.

The three of them looked to one another. Grinned vapidly. Began to giggle, and as one said the same name:

"Chisame~"

How had they come to that conclusion so effectively? The answer is simple enough: Their brains were frictionless, like they'd been oiled. While they might have the lights out, nobody home treatment... Think of it like a switch being flipped. If there was something getting in the way of them getting laid, then those brains that were normally smooth as glass would suddenly become like the finest motor vehicle ever designed, purring like kittens, which is quite appropriate because they wanted that pussy full pronto.

That's what makes them dangerous, you see. It's the same principle that leads to the majority of car accidents happening near the residence: Sometimes the things that seem completely harmless are far more harmful than you could imagine.

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Those who had first met Chisame would think that she was kind of a surly girl. Reserved, cynical, and always keeping her distance from the bizarre antics that seemed to swirl around Mahora Academy like a never-ending storm. With her sharp tongue and constant complaints, she was the type who, if anything, appeared to hate standing out. That was the Chisame everyone saw in class, the one who huffed in frustration whenever magic or mayhem pulled her unwillingly into the spotlight.

But they didn't know everything about Chisame.

Alone in her room, in front of her computer screen, Chisame wasn't the cynical loner. She was "Chiu," a beloved online idol with a legion of fans. She loved it—the attention, the admiration, the sense of being perfect and adored. Here, as Chiu, she was bubbly, confident, and

irresistible. The virtual stage was where she felt in control, where everything was polished, where she could be someone else for a while.

"And remember, darlings," she chirped in a singsong voice, flashing a peace sign toward the camera, "keep your tech in check and stay fabulous with Chiu!" She threw in a wink for good measure, grinning as her avatar on screen sparkled with hearts and glitter.

She ended the stream with a flourish, and as soon as the camera went dark, her entire face dropped. The smile faded into a blank, tired expression. Chisame slumped back in her chair, letting out a long, dramatic sigh.

"Why do I do this?" she muttered to herself. "It's exhausting."

But the truth was, she liked doing it. She just couldn't ever admit it—not even to herself. For someone who acted like she didn't care what others thought, being Chiu gave her a strange sense of satisfaction, of feeling... appreciated. She liked the attention, the idea that, somewhere out there, people adored her—adored Chiu. Even if it was all an act, it felt good. Better than good. But of course, she'd never say that aloud.

Stretching her arms above her head, she was just about to settle into some mindless web browsing when there was a loud knock on her door.

Her eye twitched. Now what?

With a resigned sigh, Chisame trudged to the door and flung it open. Standing before her were Asuna, Ayaka, and Haruna, each of them dressed in outfits more bizarre than the last.

Asuna was in a tight white top and cutoff jeans, as if she'd just rolled out of summer break. Ayaka, by contrast, was draped in a red evening gown so glamorous it looked like she was about to attend a royal ball. And then there was Haruna, dressed as a casino bunny girl, complete with the ears and a fluffy tail. All three of them with bodies that looked like they'd been drawn by a horny boy who just discovered he liked girls.

Chisame stared at them, blinking slowly, trying to process the sheer absurdity of the scene. The sheer size of Haruna's boobs, which the bunny girl leotard made short work of boosting. The firm roundness of Asuna's tush, which she could tell even though the girl was facing her. Not to mention Ayaka's slender waist, and meaty thigh. It was bizarre, each of them was an over the top hyper-exaggerated, hyper-sexualised girl, but each one of them had very different attributes as their primary focus. Haruna was top heavy, Asuna bottom heavy, and Ayaka was all about the leg and hips.

"No," she said flatly. "Just... no."

Then before they uttered a word she slammed the door in their face. Locked the door, stacked a chair up against the handle for good measure, nope, nope, nope, they can stay outside.

"Here," Asuna said, handing her another chair. Good idea, stack even more weight against the door to keep them from getting in! Them and their nonsensical magical adventures! She had no time or patience for -

Once she'd finished stacking the chair, Chisame slowly turned back to look at the three girls standing right there behind her. In their stupid, overly revealing clothes. Staring at her with eyes that displayed no sign of intelligent thought.

"Wait, how did you - " Chisame began, and the three of them swaggered up to her like models on a catwalk. Big exaggerated hip movements, bigger still vacuous smiles. "Okay, whatever the hell's going on here, I want no part in it!"

"Chisame, we need your he~elp!" Asuna giggled. "We've, like, been cursed or something!"

"Yeah, totally cursed!" Haruna chirped. "Um, I think we were made, like, into bimbos or something?"

"Ohohoho! That's a good joke," Ayaka laughed... perfectly normally for herself. "You, thinking? In this state?"

The three of them then descended into a rather scary giggly fit. Yeah. Cursed. That about fits. Chisame didn't like this. Didn't like the *smell* of it. Chisame blinked. "Cursed?" Her scepticism was palpable. "And why is it my problem?"

Haruna, ever the opportunist, leaned in, her bunny ears flopping slightly. "Because you're smart, Chisame! You're the only one who can help us figure this out."

That got a flat stare in return. "Since when have you three ever come to me for help before?"

Ayaka, stepping forward with the air of someone delivering a royal proclamation, said, "This is different, Chisame. We're in real trouble. We've been cursed, and the only way to figure it out is to... um..." She paused for dramatic effect, clearly trying to remember the lines they'd planned. "To say the words stultus pulchram."

Stultus Pulchram...? That sounded like latin. Ah, something like 'pretty stupid'? Or was it 'beautiful fool'? Something like that. It certainly seemed to fit. The three of them were much more, ahem, beautiful than normal. In one sense anyway.

"Hold on, don't duck my question!" Chisame said. "How did you get in here?"

"Oh, that's easy," Haruna said. She produced a pen and notepad from... somewhere. Hard to see where she had any storage space on that skintight outfit that did its absolute best to show off *absolutely everything*. "I, like, drew a locksmith into existence and he unlocked your window!"

"A hunky locksmith," Ayaka licked her lips.

"Nice butt, too~" Asuna pouted.

Scary. They were stupid, but still have some kind of semblance of intelligence and reasoning about them. What a frightening combination. Think of it like a bell curve. At one end, if you're smart enough, you'd usually have the capacity to be aware of the harm you might do, so you don't do it. At the other end, you're too stupid to do anything really troublesome. Right in the middle? Where you're *just* smart enough to think that something complicated is a good idea and *just* stupid enough to follow through on it to the end... Those are by far the most dangerous sort!

"Alright, but why didn't you ask Evangeline about this?" Chisame asked. A reasonable question. She would know a lot more about this sort of thing than her. "I can look stuff up online, but she knows more about this magic horseshit. Never mind about some... What was it again? Stultus Pulchram?"

Clung! She felt it. Like someone had tasered her right between her legs, bringing all her nerve endings to life... having turned all her pain receptors into pleasure instead. Hotness. Wetness. A need that burned her up from the inside out. Her thighs felt hot. Her nipples ached. Her brain felt like it was turning into pudding, and her voicebox wanted to - it wanted too!

"Tee hee~"

Giggle vacuously! Doing it once felt enthralling, so she did it again. And again, and again. The other three girls joined her, before Asuna stepped forward, grabbed the back of Chisame's head and pulled her into a hot and searing smooch. Their boobs pressed into one another. Asuna's were bigger, much bigger, utterly dwarfing Chisame's.

But that didn't last long.

Chisame felt her body being pushed back, and back as more and more mass appeared down there, manifesting into reality from who knows where. Felt good. Felt amazing. Hard to say what felt better, Asuna's lips on hers or the sensation of her growing boobies, rapidly swelling, swelling, getting bigger, softer, rounder, her nipples getting harder and -

And her butt was getting bigger too! Rounder, sluttier, hotter, all the things she could only ask for! Oh! She felt *amazing* right now! It was strange, she sorta felt happier like this somehow. Felt kinda silly for trying to stay out of this now, tee hee! She shoulda maybe played along and stuff!

Especially since now she'd be able to, like, have sex with anyone she wanted, anytime she wanted. Oooh, like Asuna! Maybe Haruna and Ayaka after that! Mmm~ She pulled away as the transformation completed, and took a good look down at herself.

"Oooh~" she gasped. "Soooo hawt!" Chisame whirled around to get a better look at herself. She was wearing what could be best described as a cyber-bikini. Fabric crafted to look metallic and futuristic, alongside these cool shoulder armour thingies. It was super appropriate given her interest in, y'know, computers and junk! Her waist was super slender too, much more so than the others. Tee hee, was that her unique trait? A super slender waist? "I can't wait to show my audience!"

"Um!" Haruna interrupted. "Can you still, like, use computers?"

What a silly question! Chisame giggled. Of course she -

"Um, how do you turn this thing on again?" Chisame asked. But she rapidly found herself distracted by a brand new thought, which she shared with the others:

"Gawd, y'know what would be the hawtest thing evah?" Chisame asked. The others looked at her blankly. "Making all the girls in the world into hawt ditzy bitches like us!"

But first! It was time for the orgy. They had to celebrate her joining the ranks of the ever growing airheads, didn't they?

# Keijo Hypno Harem Hijinks

The King's Game continues! You know, it's kind of amazing the things you can get away with in public if nobody gives a damn. Or maybe they were enjoying the show? Kukuku! Oh, Mio really did hope that the rooms would be ready soon because then? They could get *naughty*.

Kotone, Rin and Hanabi were becoming more and more suggestible round by round. At this point, they weren't even paying much attention to the rules anymore. Mio was basically the King even when they didn't draw, and she wasn't saying numbers to them either. She might be even better than a King at this point - Call her a Queen, it was more fitting!

"Say, Kotone!" Mio said. "As your King, I order you... to grab Rin's thigh."

Kotone, now staring openly at Mio's swinging bust, raised her hand into the air and slammed it down onto Rin's thighs with a very satisfying sound. Perfect. Magnificent. Absolutely divine! Of course, she wasn't going to make them do things that were too dirty with her, not yet. She could probably order them to kiss her at this point, but -

"Hey, sorry about this," Kotone said.

"It's fine," Rin shrugged. Both of them staring right at Mio's chest. "So long as Mio doesn't touch me like that, it's fine."

If she did make such an order then they'd probably snap out of it in an instant. Because they'd see through what she was doing. They weren't quite so suggestible they'd play along with her that easily.. These girls were skilled Keijo players who were heavily suspicious of her, and aware of her Titty Hypnosis.

Even so, the fact they were at this point was enormous in and of itself. They were being worn down, a little at a time. Their willpower sapping away. In fact, instead of moving on to the next round, Mio simply sat there, rolling her shoulders, making her titties sway back and forth while pretending to think. When, in truth, she was dunking them deeper underwater, so deep, so impossibly deep, that she could see a little trace of drool start to pool in the corners of Hanabi's mouth.

Perfect, exactly the sign she was waiting for~

"Hanabi, your Queen is sending you to the showers!" she said. "Leave the door unlocked. You are to remain in there for, oh, ten minutes and are not allowed to leave, no matter what!"

"Is that all?" Hanabi- shrugged. Then she rose from her chair, and backed off towards the shower that the cafe owners were so, very helpfully permitting them to use. Her eyes never

wavered. Her blinking was lower than the average, and Mio rewarded her with an extra little jiggle from her titties and a saucy wink. "See you in ten!"

Alright then! Her attention returned to the other two now. "Your Queen insists that Rin puts her hand on Kotone's thigh," Mio said. "Then sit in silence, imagining whatever you happen to be looking at right now until I return from the little girl's room~"

And then, she slipped out of her seat, adoring the way the two of them were staring straight ahead. While she slipped off into the shower room. She closed the door, silent as the grave. Kukuku! She'd left the door unlocked like a good girl. There was her silhouette formed against the curtain, her clothes sitting in a nearby basket, steam escaping. Oh, it was such an erotic image!

Mio quickly and quietly removed her own clothes. Ten minutes, she'd given herself. The curvy girl with the magenta hair surely deserved much longer than that! And she'd get that, in no time fla~at!

She threw the curtain open, and Hanabi gasped, trying to cover herself, but to no avail! Mio's eyes had instantly recorded ev-er-y-thing! Not that she'd need to, for it would all be laid bare before her before too long!

"M-Mio!" Hanabi gasped. "Wh-what are you doing in... In..."

"Relax," Mio instructed, leaning over and smiling at the girl. She didn't even roll her shoulders yet. Hadn't set her boobies swaying amidst the steam, but Hanabi's gaze had dropped down to them as if pulled by a magnet. "You can relax, Hanabi. I'm not going to try anything at all, promise~"

"Ah... if you say so..." Hanabi meekly replied, but the words seemed a struggle to say. She made her gaze snap up to meet with her future mistress. "What are you doing in here?"

"I said relax," Mio said, only now beginning to sway her boobs back and forth. Hanabi's eyes dropped again, and this time a rather dumb smile appeared on her pretty, cute face. "It's fine, like I said, it's not that I asked to be in here." Which she hadn't. "We were playing the Queen's game, remember?"

"Huh? Weren't we playing -"

"The Queen's Game," Mio repeated, increasing the jiggle and sway of her bosom. "Not the King's Game. We found that boring and started to play the Queen's Game instead. You remember, right? The rules of the Queen's Game? It's much more fun than the King's game, isn't it?"

"The... Queen's Game..." Hanabi frowned. "What were the rules...?"



"Oh, don't worry, I'll be sure to engrave them into your body, your mind, and your soul," Mio said, stepping into the shower alongside Hanabi. By now, the girl's hands had dropped to her side. Perfect. "As per the Queen's Game, you cannot leave the shower for ten minutes. Remember?"

"But I've already been in here for -"

"No time at all," Mio interrupted. "Besides, I have to wash you down from head to toe. Make you clean. Scrub your body. And your brain!"

"What was that about my - " Hanabi asked, but a moment after that, she had her eyes rolling back into her head and her tongue flopping out of her mouth.

"Don't worry," Mio said. Grinning ear to ear as her breasts massaged this girl's body. Her nipples were quickly finding and exploiting erogenous zones the girl probably didn't even know she had. "I won't touch you with my hands. That's a promise!"

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Atsuko was bored already. She'd gone all around the place, seen everything there was to see, and had even managed to get a few exercises done. Alas, it didn't seem close to time for the rooms to be ready, so she decided to check on what the others were doing. It wasn't good or healthy to be by yourself. Humans are social creatures, at heart.

So here she was, strolling into this cafe where she figured she'd find at least a few of her fellow classmates and future rivals, and what did she find? Well, Atsuko's eyes scanned the room as she stepped inside, taking in the strange sight before her. Rin and Kotone sat at one of the tables, both blankly staring ahead. Their hands resting upon each other's thighs, their faces showing no hint of emotion, as if they'd frozen mid-conversation. Also, was it her imagination or were their hands kinda wandering a bit? Heading off in places they probably shouldn't?

Atsuko blinked, momentarily thrown off. Keijo training *could* get weird. Maybe they were just resting after an intense session, though the way they were so still was unsettling.

"Uh, you two okay?" she called out, stepping closer. Waved her hands right in front of their faces. No response. Kotone's hand stayed on Rin's thigh. Neither girl so much as blinked.

Before Atsuko could move further, a high-pitched, nervous voice rang out. "Oh! Atsuko! Hi there!" Usagi popped up from behind a nearby booth, waving frantically with a too-wide grin. "They're, uh, totally fine! Just, you know, super tired. We've been playing the King's Game all afternoon, and it got a little... intense. You know how that can go!"

"King's Game?" Atsuko repeated, eyeing Usagi suspiciously. Her explanation sounded rushed, and that grin was a little too forced. "So... why are they just staring into space like that?"

Usagi stepped closer, clearly trying to block Atsuko's view of Rin and Kotone. "Yeah! It got super competitive, and I guess they just, um, overdid it a bit. You know how people can get carried away in games like that. Kotone's just being a little clingy because of one of the dares. You know how she can be when she gets into the spirit!"

Atsuko raised an eyebrow. The King's Game could get wild, sure, but this still seemed... off. She glanced back at Kotone's hand, still resting on Rin's thigh, and then at their blank expressions.

Usagi, sensing her unease, doubled down. "Yep! Totally normal! Everyone's wiped out, and, well, Rin's not much for talking when she's tired. They'll snap out of it soon, I swear!"

Atsuko paused, trying to decide whether to press further. Usagi was acting weird, but at the same time, she was always a bit excitable. Maybe she was just trying to cover up for some silly dare gone too far. Still, something about the whole situation felt off.

"Huh." Atsuko crossed her arms, feigning casualness but not quite able to shake her suspicion. "If they're just tired from the game, I guess that makes sense."

Usagi visibly brightened, clearly relieved that Atsuko wasn't pushing harder. "Exactly! You know how crazy things get with these games."

Atsuko watched her for a moment longer before shrugging. "Mind if I join in then? King's Game sounds like fun, and I've got nothing better to do while we wait for Mio and Hanabi to get back."

Usagi's smile faltered for a split second, her eyes widening. "Join... the game? Uh, well—"

"Why not?" Atsuko added, taking a step closer. "You said you were all playing, right? Let's keep it going."

Usagi's brain raced as she tried to think of an excuse. Letting Atsuko into the game would blow everything wide open—Mio's hypnosis, Kotone's odd behaviour, Rin's trance...

"Well, uh..." Usagi stammered, glancing nervously at Rin and Kotone again. "I mean, we kind of already finished the main rounds. Plus, uh, we promised Mio we'd wait for her before starting up again! You wouldn't want to miss out on that, right? She's got some amazing ideas for the next round, and it'd be way more fun if we all play together."

Atsuko's gaze lingered on Usagi, sensing her unease. Something was definitely going on, but for the moment, she decided to play along. Maybe Mio would have some answers when she got back. "Fine. I guess I'll wait until Mio returns, then," Atsuko finally said, leaning back against a chair.

Usagi nearly sagged with relief, her grin returning, though still a bit too wide. "Great! I promise, it'll be worth the wait!"

Atsuko nodded, but her eyes drifted back to Rin and Kotone once again. They still hadn't moved, hadn't even twitched. Something about this entire setup wasn't adding up.

As Atsuko went to the counter to order a drink, Usagi kept talking, her voice a stream of excited chatter, trying to keep Atsuko's mind occupied and away from Rin and Kotone.

But even as Atsuko waited for her coffee, a part of her couldn't shake the nagging feeling that whatever was happening here went deeper than a simple game. And she wasn't going to let it go so easily when Mio returned.

Which, as it turned out, wasn't too long a wait. The shower room opened, and Hanabi stumbled out with a really strange smile on her face. Mio strolled out quite casually as well, stretching and grinning perversely, though that wasn't all too peculiar. That girl's personality was rotten to the core, right there!

"Oy, Mio!" Atsuko warned. "You didn't do something like use this game to drag Hanabi into the shower with you, didja?"

"No, I would never!" Mio gasped. "Well, well! Fancy seeing you here, Atsuko! Will you be joining our game?"

Hrm... If she was being honest, Atsuko wasn't entirely sure up until this moment. Her instincts were telling her that something was off around here, and she needed to keep a close eye on it.

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And it was going so well. Oh, darn! In all honesty Mio didn't mind Atsuko joining the game, but she sort of wished the girl with the iron cheeks had joined a fair bit earlier on! As it was, the other players were currently extremely suggestible, and would go along with almost anything Mio said, so long as it wasn't too blatantly, directly lewd. Indirectly? Yes, certainly.

That is, so long as nobody pointed out how strange it was that they were going along with it. Which Atsuko would. Which meant that she'd have to start over from scratch, and hope that nobody else came along to interrupt their fun. Would they have enough time before the rooms were ready? Maybe!

For one thing they'd have to do the sticks properly this time. The other girls were distracted by Mio's tits, but not Atsuko. Her attention was entirely, 100% focused on the sticks.

Thus, Usagi had to hold them out, nice and fair, while Mio tried not to pout. Ooh! She had to rethink everything, now! She'd been having so much fun with Hanabi, but now she couldn't finish

the girl off! Her body had been given a thorough *education* on the fun times they could have together, but now...?

"I'm King," Rin said. She grabbed the side of her head and shook it. No! The effects of titty hypnosis were starting to wear off! "Urgh... Hrm. I wonder what I should do~"

Mio leaned back, watching with a satisfied smirk as Rin surveyed the room, eyes sharp and calculating. It was subtle, but Mio saw it—the moment when Rin's gaze flickered toward a reflective surface. A glass on a nearby table, left by another customer. There it was: Atsuko's number, mirrored faintly in the glass. Mio's grin widened. Well, well, looks like Rin's sharper than I gave her credit for.

Rin took her time, letting the tension build in the room, her posture exuding quiet confidence. When she finally spoke, her voice was calm, almost nonchalant, though there was a certain edge of amusement beneath the surface.

"#3," Rin said, her tone smooth and authoritative, "do ten thrust squats while balancing a book on your head."

Atsuko blinked, clearly taken aback, glancing at her stick before looking back at Rin with mild confusion. Rin, not missing a beat, added with a sly smile, "By the way, Atsuko, try to keep your number hidden better next time." She gave a small, pointed nod toward the reflective glass.

Atsuko's eyes followed Rin's motion, and her expression shifted into one of realisation—and a hint of annoyance. "Ugh, seriously?" she muttered under her breath, glancing back at the glass. "That's how you knew?"

Rin's smirk deepened, and Mio had to stifle a chuckle. Impressive, she thought, watching Atsuko's face flicker between irritation and grudging acceptance. She wasn't thrilled at being caught out, but she knew the rules of the game. No one escaped their punishment, even if it was Rin's quick wit that had put her in this position.

With a long, dramatic sigh, Atsuko stepped forward, reaching for a book from the nearby shelf. She stacked it carefully on her head, giving it a quick test to make sure it wouldn't slide off too easily. She was all business now, despite the absurdity of what she was about to do.

Mio couldn't help but enjoy the contrast. Atsuko, usually so composed and straightforward, is now forced into this strange and humiliating task. Her movements were precise, like she was tackling the situation with the same determination she used for training, but there was a twitch in her jaw that gave away her reluctance.

While Mio would normally enjoy the show, this was her time to quickly conspire while Atsuko set about the task at hand.

"Girls," she whispered, leaning over with a twinkle in her eye, letting her boobies sway underneath her damp shirt. "Here are some suggestions for the next round, 'kay...?"

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"And that's ten!" Atsuko said, not too much later. She took the book off her head, and resolved that she should probably add that to her routine going forward. It was a good way to work on her balance, while also strengthening her core! Both vital attributes for any Keijo player, even with with a butt that was as impenetrable as iron.

For those of you who have just joined us, don't worry about that, it doesn't quite mean what it seems to. What matters here is that she was able to rejoin the table, cool as a cucumber, even if she did feel a little bit embarrassed at the public display.

"Alright, you got me," Atsuko said. "Let's play another round. Maybe I'll get King this time, huh? See how you like whatever I come up with!"

Was it her imagination or had the air at the table changed, somehow? Well, whatever. She shot a glance over to Mio, who was leaning back in her chair. Watching the game with an almost detached amusement. As if she was some Goddess watching from on high, staring down at the games being played by mortals. With eyes that seemed to know already how everything was going to play out.

*'What's her game here...'* Atsuko wondered.

"Alright, let's move on," Rin said, clapping her hands lightly to get everyone's attention. "Next round. Let's see if anyone else can get creative with their orders."

Mio's smirk didn't fade, but she said nothing, just a silent observer to the chaos she had already begun to orchestrate. Atsuko kept her eyes on her for a moment longer, trying to read her, but Mio was a difficult one to figure out. Cool and detached on the surface, but always with a hint of mischief lurking just beneath. Whatever she was planning, Atsuko was sure it wasn't going to be obvious.

Usagi gathered up the sticks, put them behind her back to shuffle them up - then held them out for the girls to take. It's funny, but even though they never used their hands they all went out whiplike to grab a stick. It made Atsuko wonder how dangerous these girls would be if they didn't have to attack with their hips, butts or chests. Looking at her stick, she had... Tsk, #2. Not the King yet, huh? If they played long enough her time would come.

"Hrm, I'm King!" Kotone chirped. "Or should that be *Queen*?"

"I don't know, Queen's game sounds like it would need a rules tweak~" Mio teased. "Alright, your majesty. Command your subjects!"

"In that case, #4 should lay across #3's lap... and get spanked for her trouble!" Kotone commanded. "Let's make it... Ten spankings, and don't hold back!"

"H-Hey, isn't that a bit much?" Atsuko asked. Really? Being put over another girl's knees and spanked in public? "That's kinda fetishy, huh?"

"Have... Have you ever watched a game of Keijo?" Hanabi asked. Mio and Usagi giggled like gossiping old ladies. Bah! So what, a whole bunch of girls get in swimsuits and bash their butts and boobs against each other? What's so fetishy about -

You know what, she was gonna pretend she didn't even try to internalise that stupid question. It did feel kinda awkward complaining about, you know, letting one of the girls - Usagi, as she flipped her stick around to reveal #4 - get spanked. If you cant handle that then you got no business being on Land.

She lay across Hanabi's lap, as it turned out Hanabi was #3.

"You know, Usagi is Mio's underling," Kotone whispered in Atsuko's ear. "I'll watch Mio if you keep an eye on Usagi."

Right, got it. Good to hear that she wasn't alone in figuring something was weird about this game. So Atsuko would watch carefully as Usagi lay there, adjusting her position with her butt up in the air, and then Hanabi raised her hand... And then -

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Boing, boing, boing, boing. Multitasking is a myth. Boing, boing, boing, boing. Human beings actually only concentrate on one task at a time. Boing, boing, boing, boing. When they have to do two things at around the same time, they will shift between them. Boing, boing, boing, boing. However, that does not mean that human *perception* is only concentrating on one thing. *Boing, boing, boing, boing!* Have you ever been in the middle of something else, then noticed something out of the corner of your eye that you suddenly have to react to? It takes your full concentration away. It could be something dangerous. Someone you wanted to speak to.

Or! Hear me out on this one! Or it could be something as innocuous as a hot statuesque Goddess gently swaying her titties back and forth, back and forth while you're watching her subordinate get a good hard spanking!

Jiggle boing, **jiggle boing!**

That's right, Atsuko. The other girls were staring helplessly at Mio's pendulum swinging boobs, big dumb vacuous smiles on their pretty faces, helpless to do anything but stare. And stare. And drool a little bit.

"I think we should play the Queen's game," Mio muttered. As if thinking aloud. "Yes, that is a far more appropriate name for the game we are playing."

While just to her left, Usagi was vibrating her butt so quickly it was almost impossible to follow. Hanabi's hand raised into the air - and then fell once again, landing squarely on Usagi's hot, fast butt. Kukuku, the power of the Outfighter! This insanely light girl was able to move at speeds few could keep up with! It was a strength, but in its own way a weakness as well.

"Of course, the Queen's game should have different rules," Mio continued. "Now, I wonder what those should - "

"Shut up, would you?" Atsuko said, still staring as Hanabi's hand raised, fell and *mmf!* "Queen's game... Whatever! You think this is Chess or something, huh?"

As a matter of fact, that was one way to think of it. A game of chess where her goal was to capture as many cute pieces as possible... But Atsuko was standing guard at the gate, so to speak. Or something like that? Chess wasn't really her game. Keijo was. And she could see right away that Atsuko wasn't being distracted by her breasts. Nor Usagi's ass. She was shrugging off all attempts to hypnotise her. As if they were bouncing right off her steely cheeks -

In which case... Might it be better to take a different approach here than she had with the other girls? Hrm... Perhaps it would... Yes, that might be the smart thing to do here. Take a completely different approach to deal with this musclehead!

"And that's ten!" Hanabi said, and oh how Mio envied her! Bringing the flat of her hand down upon those vibrating cheeks, grabbing hold of some fine bunny-booty! It made Mio want to do a cute little hop, hop, hop right there and then! Maybe later? Once she had control over the situation again.

Which wouldn't be too much further into the future if she had any say in the matter...

"Wow, Usagi! You endured it! Good job!" Mio snuck a quick goose as Usagi returned to her seat. The girl welcomed it. Hehehe, the benefits of having a minion who didn't need any brainwashing! Atsuko didn't seem too pleased, though.

But Mio? Oh, she was happy. She had a plan for the next time she became King. She'd already palmed the King stick, you see, while Atsuko's attention was on Usagi, and everyone else was staring at her tits. Of course, Usagi noticed right away when she gathered them up - but the good girl was going to play along. As would everyone else.

All she had to do was wait for the moment when Atsuko was checking her stick in the next round - and then make the switch back. "Oh, look! I'm King!" Mio chirped happily. She did a little dance in place. "I'm the Queen, and you have to do what I say~ Everyone! Pair up for a butt tug

of war! Let's put our Keijo abilities to the test, shall we? I'll take Atsuko~ Why don't we show them how it's done, cutie!"

This was her plan, and honestly, it was rather brilliant in conception.

"You wanna do a butt tug of war against me?" Atsuko asked. "Alright. I don't know your game, but let's get it over with!"

The rules were simple enough. A line was laid down in the middle of this otherwise empty cafe. A foot in front of the two competitors, who were standing ass to ass. The idea was simple. The first to push the other over their line using only the power of their ass would win. The thing is? Mio had zero intention of winning.

"Three! Two! One!" Mio counted down, bracing herself on the floor in a way that would normally get her disqualified in a game of Keijo. You have to control instincts like this, you see. You can't put your hands on the Land, but this was not the Land. It was a regular old floor! "Let's go!"

As expected, Atsuko's butt was like a wrecking ball - but Mio's butt wasn't to be sneezed at either. She survived the initial push easily enough, and by easily she meant *by an inch*.

"You ain't winning this one," Atsuko warned. "Maybe Non would win, but your butt isn't soft enough to - Oh!"

"Something wrong?" Mio asked. Here it is. This is how you get past the impenetrable defence. It's resistant to all pain, right? So you don't feed it *pain*. You feed it *pleasure* instead. Quite brilliant, yes? Through precise manipulation of her hips and muscles, Mio was able to effortlessly strike at Atsuko's erogenous zones! "Or maybe something's *right* for a change, yes?"

"Y-You total pervert!" Atsuko bit her finger, but Mio was relentless. She swung her ass around and clobbered it into Atsuko, not with the intention to batter down the gate, but rather to coax it open a little at a time with a completely addicting sensation! She'd had plenty of practice lately with this technique, and now was the chance to refine it! "You want to win at this cost to, do you?"

"I win!" Kotone chirped. "Good game, Usagi!"

"Aw, but my butt was so fast!" Usagi chirped. "See? I can move it so quickly and precisely." Indeed you can, my pretty bunny. How good of you to pick up on this plan and add to it. Swinging your ass back and forth like a pendulum. Mimicking the effect of titty hypnosis right where Atsuko couldn't help but see it.

How long would it take to break the girl? Mio couldn't help but wonder. Oh! But it was a delight! She almost hoped the rooms would never be ready at this rate, humiliating her out in public made Mio feel so *complete*! Kukuku!



# CG Yokai Takeover

Today was a truly glorious day for Ashford Academy. For today was the day they would take their first steps into a truly better society! One that relied far less on false promises of meritocracy, when in truth it was a far more corrupt nepotism that drove most of the Empire's politics. Replace that with a society where those within it would be cherished, their potential brought forth, and absolutely everyone would get to have really great sex pretty much at the drop of a hat!

Wait, hold on, what was that last part? A swish of an enchanted tail, and it's gone from your mind.

Hanabi watched the students file into the gym with no small amount of satisfaction. Look at them, like the good little sheep they were. She had half a mind to give them all wool and hooves and make them walk around on all fours letting out loud bleating noises - but no, she was not that cruel, not that cold, and that was definitely not why they were here today. They were here to have *fun*!

It's the key weakness of a society like this. Time was, this many people? It would be hard to glamour them all. Fortunately for them, Milly Ashford had already done so with her natural human charisma. All they had to do was put her under their control, then the rest of the council for good measure and the rest of the academy fell like dominoes.

Actually, no. Dominoes fall one after the other. This was more like they'd taken out a supporting wall in an otherwise stable building. Warped its foundations out from under it and let the whole jolly thing collapse!

"Welcome one, welcome all!" Hanabi chirped happily to the assembly. "As your new student council president, let us resume our first vital order of business! To begin with, all boys must surrender their penises! Yamato, our penis confiscation officer, will make the rounds shortly to ensure that there is no *contraband* on campus!"

There was some general murmur about this, which only goes to show how strong the spell they'd enchanted everyone with had become. Normally people would think that was a weird joke, or refuse to play along, but instead the chatter was about how it was about time, or minor concerns about what would be done with all the penises. Not to worry, boys! You'll find out before long.

As for Yamato herself, she was sitting on her enormous nutsack in the corner of the room, coolly inspecting her nails... or pretending to be. Next to her was an enormous pile of uniforms. The Ashford girl uniform, to be exact! A snug black pencil skirt, a yellow blazer and a white shirt. Calf high socks optional in either black or white - but why bother when you can show off dem yams? I'll tell you why! Variety!

"We're also abolishing the male uniform, so once Yamato has taken your penis please step into the changing room and put on the girls uniform instead!" Hanabi announced, to much applause. "Alright everyone, please line up! The sooner you do, the sooner we get this over with!"

"You heard her, get to it," said the man of the hour. Oh, pardon me. The '*man*' of the hour. Lelouch Lamperouge, whose penis has already been confiscated, and whose clothes had already been changed into the Ashford girls uniform. "I can personally guarantee that it's quick and painless."

Oh, look at him, he's so *cute*! So feminine and so girly and, *damn girl* those legs! Did he shave them beforehand or were they naturally hairless? No matter! Lelouch absolutely rocked it in that mini! Oooh, Hanabi could hardly wait to see the results!

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This would take some getting used to. Lelouch wasn't used to wearing skirts. Legs exposed like this, having to be mindful of how you sit. Still, he was nothing if not a fast learner. It was time for homeroom class for the time being. While it was true enough that most of the boys were still having their penises confiscated, that was hardly any reason for school to come to a screeching halt.

"Hello class!" Hanabi said. "I'll be your new homeroom teacher from now on!"

Oh, how interesting, this teacher looked exactly like their new council president. She even had the same name! Of course, it wasn't her, because the idea of her being both teacher and council president was ridiculous. Probably an aunt or something. Thus, Lelouch (and everyone else) paid it no heed and went out about their day without a second thought on the matter.

"Now then, as you will have noticed, there are still several boys having their penises confiscated," Hanabi said. "Expect them to trickle into class, wearing the girls uniform, all throughout the day! I want you all to treat them just like any other girl from now on, too!"

There was some muttering there, but Hanabi simply brought out her tails, and made them... sping around... So pretty, so serene, all you could do was watch them and feel yourself ascend as if into the heavens. Everything she said made sense. Nobody should question it. Of course, Lelouch could no longer conceive of a reason to question it, and his mind had been trying. For some reason. He wasn't entirely sure why...

And then, just like that, it was time for mathematics. Miss Moo-reen (no, definitely not Maureen) Pierson had swaggered into the classroom, and - as always - each of her breasts were as big as the rest of her torso, and seemed to be constantly leaking milk. She had left a trail of it on the floor behind her as she went. What was more, she was wearing a headband on her head which comprised a pair of cow ears which, to Lelouch's perception, seemed to be moving as if they were real... But it could be some sort of concealed motor as well. More information was

required. He hadn't been able to find it out yet, but Lelouch was a canny investigator and he was certain he would eventually puzzle it out!

"Alright class, today we'll be learning about complex numbers," Miss Moo-reen bellowed. "Sometimes called imaginary numbers, because they fundamentally cannot exist in reality - and yet, we can still perform mathematics with them!"

Aha, how interesting! Sort of like yokai, if you think about it! They *clearly* don't actually exist, and yet you can interact with them anyway, after a fashion. Of course, it only goes without saying that half the class was too busy staring at her enormous leaking boobs too actually take in the information, but the clever bit about this class was that she knew this and made use of subliminal techniques to get things done.

For example, she would write her lessons out on a sheet of paper, and then pass them over her breasts. Not hiding them for more than a second at a time, as she lifted the paper and let it rise and fall, passing it over six times while slowly repeating its contents. Then she'd grab another sheet and repeat the process, while everyone was mesmerised by her boobage. Brilliant.

Next up was science class, taught by Miss Spacetime, which Lelouch had always found an appropriate name because this shortstack still managed to have curves which, according to her very own lessons, must surely affect space and time around herself. Which made sense considering that the size of her breasts combined with the size of her ass was about two and a half times that of the rest of her body put together.

"In accordance with the general theory of relativity, when you reach sufficient speeds time and space will distort around you," the teacher said while standing on her desk. She was, at most, three feet tall and was shaped like an hourglass. "Furthermore, when we say the speed of light, we must consider the environment it's travelling through. Nothing is faster than light in a vacuum, but light is significantly slower in an atmosphere."

Her curves might be why the class seemed to be over in the blink of an eye. Before Lelouch knew it, he was sitting in literature class, headed up by Miss Smut, who was reading -

"And then, by the twinkling moonlight, she stared up at his face with deep longing before peering down his manly physique to behold his erect rod pointing directly at her entrance," the teacher read out. This teacher might not be a physical standout like the others, but she did always have them reading trashy porn. She seemed to get off on doing so.

The school day ended with a history lesson, and in came everyone's favourite teacher Miss Hanabi, her tail swishing behind her the entire lesson as she told everyone all about Japanese history, in particular the period where all humans served and worshipped yokai.

"And as you can all plainly see, everyone was much happier, much less stressed, and got laid *all the time*," Hanabi said. Now, one might ponder how exactly she had the time to be student

council president, homeroom teacher, and history teacher all in the same day. Lelouch didn't. Nobody did. This was all totally normal for all of them. "Ah, that seems to be the end of day bell! A quick reminder, if you're in the Futa Club you must report for your first day at the double!"

Of course. Lelouch grabbed his bags and went off there without delay. Though a few interesting sights did catch his attention en route. It seemed as though a few boys wanted to openly test out their pussies. One was sitting on their girlfriend's face, another was openly scissoring with their own. A couple of students were also breastfeeding from Miss Moo-reen, greedily supping at her hot leaky milky tits, and there were also quite a few students and faculty dressed as slutty maids who were doing their best to keep everything spick and span.

All of which registered as interesting to the young genius - but certainly not *strange*. It was normal stuff. Not *boring* per se, but hardly worth his attention.

Thus he continued on his merry way to the Futa Club where normally his brilliant mind would have been trying to find a way out of this mess... But it was being blocked from even considering anything wrong in the first place! My, what a sinister control they had over everyone.

At the club room, Lelouch found a crowd of six boys gathering around Yamato, all eager to join. She looked around at them, then pointed at a pair seemingly at random, giving them a lazy "You two seem like you'd be hot as futa, so you're in," and dismissed the others, who left with their heads hung low. Lelouch, meanwhile, was allowed inside.

Inside the club itself proper, there was a mixture of boys and girls. More girls though.

"When do we get our dicks?" one girl asked, and the other girls made agreeing noises.

"Hold on, I need to do a quick spiel first!" Yamato said. Then she yawned. "Joining the Futa Club is irreversible. The girls will grow big, huge cocks and the boys will get their own junk back, and the rest of them will become girls, with huge boobs and stuff. You can't back out once you've joined. You'll be a Futa for the rest of your life."

Nobody backed out. Nobody even questioned it. Though there were a few responses here and there.

"Oooh, I can't wait to knock up my girlfriend~" said one girl, who - if Lelouch recalled correctly - had come out as gay last month.

"I wanna fuck my ex-boyfriend in the ass!" said another girl, and several of the others expressed keen interest in this as well. One of the boys was practically salivating, for reasons Lelouch could only speculate upon.

"And what about you?" Yamato asked, pointing to one boy in particular. Hrm? Wasn't that -

"Well / need my cock back to ensure that my noble lineage continues," said the son of a noble family. Ashford was full of them. If Lelouch was thinking tactically, ethics off, then he might have noted that this was a likely reason for Ashford being targeted by the yokai - a means to use the students to reach multiple influential families at once. "I am, of course, Master Sebastian Von Eisenberg the Fourth, captain of the Equestrian Club!"

"Good for you!" Yamato slapped him on the back. "You'll go first, Horse Boy. Sit on my dick and we'll get you changed in no time flat!"

Oh, that was Yamato's dick? Lelouch had assumed it was a pet snake. It was rather absurdly long, three feet in all. She lay back, allowing it to point up straight in the air, while Von Eisenberg wandered over, soon enough straddling it and before long he had it stuffed all the way into his ass, and then -

He began to moan as the impossible large dick impossibly managed to fit inside the boy's anus. Yamato smirked, then fiddled with Von Eisenberg's jacket, undoing the buttons to reveal a pair of breasts. Not especially large breasts. Though the nipples were certainly fairly large and brown.

"I changed my mind," Yamato said. "In your case Horse Boy, since you're kind of an ass, I'll give you a big ass instead of big breasts."

"Technically he was also being a boob," Lelouch quipped, which got some laughs from around the room. Regardless, Yamato seemed set in her direction. Sebastian's bottom began to swell and grow, a fact which became more obvious when Yamato used her other hand to lift up the skirt, allowing everyone to watch as a dick grew right there.

"Start bouncing," Yamato commanded, and so Horse Boy started to do just that. His newly growing dick getting bigger, bigger, yet bigger still. Flopping around, slamming into the floor. Even seemed to cause some cracks in the tiles. Huge balls and a huge shaft! It almost reminded Lelouch of a horse's genitals, which he'd had the misfortune of seeing during an inspection of the Equestrian club on his first week as vice president. "That's a good Horse *Girl*! Now this is the part where you -"

"Cumming~" Horse Girl bellowed, and shot out big thick white ropes of cum from her spontaneously erect shaft. A moment later, her big bootied self collapsed to the floor in a writhing heap. Massive hips, huge butt. She almost reminded Lelouch of a horse in those areas as well.

"I'm so creative, aren't I?" Yamato cackled to herself. "Alright, who is next?"

The rest of the club took their turns, climbing on top of Yamato's shaft. Curiously, Lelouch was being rather left out, despite his efforts to reach the front of the queue. It became rapidly obvious that he was being held off for last, and frankly?

It was getting kind of annoying. While he had no balls to become blue anymore, the other members of the club were soon having all manner of fun with their new dicks. Four girls even managed to arrange themselves in a circle, each penetrating the next in line until the last wound up with their dick buried in the first. Lelouch was somewhat reminded of the effect of a car attempting to tow itself as they humped into each other, slightly shuffling around in their orgy circle.

But they were far from the only ones having fun. Blowjobs, titjobs, footjobs abound - but Lelouch was being kept separate from it all. As if an exception had been carved out for him.

Before long they were all changed, and Yamato was showing no signs of changing him yet.

"So...?" Lelouch asked, while Yamato inspected her nails. "Are you going to...?"

Before she could answer the door slammed open and the council president/homeroom teacher/history teacher waveform collapsed and it became the council president, Hanabi, standing in the doorway, at first seeming delighted. Until her gaze fell upon Lelouch and... for reasons he could not yet comprehend, she looked quite cross.

"Yamato! Why is Lelouch still not a futa?" Hanabi asked, reaching across the room, her arm momentarily seeming longer than it appeared so she could grab and pinch the girl's cheek.

"Ehhhh~" Yamato yelped. "It's because! Because! I know he's your *favourite* so I wanted to make sure you were involved, y'know?"

"Aww, shucks!" Hanabi's demeanour changed in an instant. "I knew you cared!"

"N-no, I don't! Baka!" Yamato pouted, utterly indignant, but not so much as she was tsundere. For her trouble she got her hair tousled. "What are you staring at? Get on my dick already so that I can give you one!"

"Of course," Lelouch bowed, mostly to hide his smile. "I shall climb aboard your snake train presently!"

"This is why I like him!" Hanabi said. "Hot, smart, and charisma oozing from every pore. I'm so lucky we got to brainwash him before he worked out what was going on and set up a contingency for us!"

Lelouch promptly forgot that Hanabi had said anything in particular, but was left with a general sense that he'd been complimented. He was rather eager to get this over with, though he also wished that the two girls would stop staring at him like that. There was something slightly unsettling behind their smiles...

He descended upon the beast and felt the transformation strike him almost right away, though the process did seem to be slower than the others for some reason. Ah! It was clear why after a moment: It was to grant Hanabi the chance to grapple Lelouch's own body.

The instant her hands reached Lelouch's chest, the rate at which his new breasts began to come in grew, faster and faster under her ministrations. Though right now, Lelouch was paying more attention to her words than deeds.

"That smell of yours~" Hanabi sniffed. "It's so *regal*! You're of Royal blood, aren'tcha?" That observation almost made Lelouch stand up to protest, but Hanabi held him in place with surprising strength. "Shush, shush now! Don't say a word. It's okay, we won't tell, will we Yamato?"

"What's there to tell?" Yamato asked while giving a lazy shrug which - ohhh, that caused some interesting muscular motions elsewhere in her body, which echoed right through her dick and into Lelouch's ass.

Hanabi's hands found their way inside Lelouch's uniform and soon enough were toying with his nipples. Rolling her palm and fingers around them like she was turning a ball on a table. Perhaps she intended to play the role of magician, palm them right off his chest and make them disappear? Or more like the opposite, intending to make them grow larger, larger, harder, harder!

"When I detected that scent, I knew I had to have you," Hanabi said. She nibbled playfully on his ear. Rubbed her cheek against his, like a cat marking its scent. For a moment there Lelouch had the thought 'no, that's the wrong one' but it faded under the realisation that other animals did the same thing as a mark of affection. "But then, I looked into your life. Your history. Made Milly scream it out while my tails fucked her pussy and ass. The more I learned, the more I adored you! And then! I started to taste it! Your ambition! Your motivation! The flames of vengeance!"

"Those things are like catnip to yokai~" Yamato pouted. "Especially Kitsune."

Ah, again with the cat themed metaphor? How amusing, when you think about it there's more of them than you'd expect within the English language. Common kitty themed metaphors. Landing on their feet, nine lives, their dexterity, their grace, behaviour...

"So I looked into your dreams," Hanabi said. By now, Lelouch had the largest breasts out of the humans in the room, and that was no small feat. It was because Hanabi was relentless about it. Couldn't stop herself, almost. "I felt so small, so tiny, so insignificant underneath your plans, your aspirations, your drive, your motives!"

She removed one hand to cup Lelouch's face, forcing it to turn to look at her.

"Then I encountered him, your inner self," Hanabi said, an odd smirk playing on her face. "His eyes were aflame, like the mighty Phoenix of the west. It told me what you wanted as a command. A Gentler World, even if you had to conquer it yourself, and - "

Huh... How curious. Lelouch was able too see directly into her eyes right now, and she had something strange about her. Now, you might be thinking 'he's been brainwashed to not notice anything amiss about the yokai, he should think this is all normal'. Well, yes. Because this is something strange that isn't to do with *yokai* specifically. It is more to do with the power named for an aspect of Irish magic (though misspelt): Geass.

For Lelouch had obtained a mighty Geass himself from the immortal witch C.C. It allowed him the power of Absolute Command. With eye contact, he could compel a person to obey a single request, a command that he could give them that they would attempt to fulfil no matter what. If it was against their best interests, it matters not. If it ends their lives, it matters not. If it undoes their lives work, goes against their ethics, their fundamental beliefs? They would still try to do it. He could only use it on a person once in their lives, but it would hold fast forever, until the command was obeyed.

The aspect that Lelouch found curious was this: Those obeying his commands would develop rings around their iris. Which was making Lelouch wonder... when had he used his Geass on Hanabi? He couldn't quite recall. But he must have done, at some point surely.

"I shall become your Empress," Hanabi drooled, reaching between Lelouch's legs to cradle his newly reformed cock and balls. Especially the balls. Lelouch felt them begin to swell already, like balloons getting overstuffed with water. When she was done there, she moved to the shaft, and began to sculpt it from a human design to a more... Canine like one.

Do you know about knotting? It's something that happens when canine species mate. To put it simply, the head of the penis swells up while in the act, locking it in place to ensure it stays in place, and now... Lelouch had a bulbus glandus, is what I'm saying here.

"Aww, that's sooo cute~" Yamato teased. "I knew you had it bad for him, but not this bad!"

"Baka!" Hanabi pouted. "You've - you've got it all wrong! Dummy! Don't go saying things like that, he'll get the wrong idea! I only wanna be Empress so I can feast on the ambition of an entire Empire at once!"

"Uh huh..." Yamato gently pushed Lelouch off her dick.. "Go ahead, Tsundere-Fox. Have fun with your new husbando~"

"Tsundere! I'm not that far gone!" Hanabi yelled. "Anyway! Let's get a proper look at you - and by the way, you should really use feminine pronouns for yourself from now on."



Ah, alright, she should start doing that now. Lelouch found herself standing in a mirror that must have surely always been there, but she couldn't remember noticing until now. Fully body length, letting her take a proper look at her new body.

To start with, due to Hanabi's ministrations Lelouch's breasts were enormous. Thrice the size of her own head, and yet her back didn't complain at all. Her nipple were every bit as large as well, oversized even when considering the sheer magnitude of her new bosom. They were also permanently erect, but Lelouch hadn't worked that out yet. For now, she was assuming they were hard purely because of the intense arousal Hanabi had caused through her boob play and groping.

Her butt was rather big too. Not nearly as exaggerated as her boobs, but still far larger than any typical human being. Merely twice... no, 1.9 times the size of her head. Precision matters in all things.

Lelouch's face was strikingly different as well. Before, she had the hard angles of a man, with a pointed chin, a narrow face, sharp and masculine... now seeming more like a mature woman, a beauty with grace and experience.

The final point worth consideration was her cock. At least two feet long, and the only reason Lelouch hadn't tried to estimate its true length was because the very act of doing so might make her erect. Shifting its length considerably as arousal took hold. The impression Lelouch had was that this shaft belonged to a fox rather than a human being, and as for her balls...?

They were tight. Swollen. Absolutely huge, of course, but by now that should go without saying. Merely looking at them in this reflection gave Lelouch the impression they were full, potent, heaving and *ready*.

Hanabi certainly seemed to think so. She was on her knees, drooling, ignoring the ongoing orgy elsewhere in the room.

"See something you like?" Lelouch quipped. It was like a spell had been broken over Hanabi, as she crossed her arms and looked away.

"Size queen~ " Yamato teased, which made Hanabi turn her nose up. Then, she tilted her head and frowned. "One thing I don't get," Yamato said. "Why not go all the way? Make him a kitsune? That's where we're going with this anyway, right?"

"That's your problem right there," Hanabi shot back. "Dummy. You should take your time with this sort of thing. Enjoy yourself a little bit. If you rush into things too much, then it all passes you by. Sometimes it's more fun making the cake than it is to eat it."

"Yes, that's quite true," Lelouch said, even if she didn't really understand what they were talking about. "Quite often, I had the feeling Milly enjoyed setting up festivals more than she enjoyed doing them! It's the same thing here."

"Okay, okay, fine!" Yamato shrugged. "Size Queen Tsundere and her new foxy Emperor boy toy~ You two have lots of fun together baking that cake!"

She looked meaningfully down at Lelouch's rump while saying that. Hanabi, meanwhile, hooked arms with Lelouch and led her out of the room.

"Is the club finished for the day...?" Lelouch asked.

"Yes, that's right! It is!" Hanabi said. "But have no fear, you'll be returning there every day. By the way! Have you ever thought of doing anything with your hair?"

"My hair...?" Lelouch asked. "To be honest, I like to keep it fairly simple. I've had it like this for as long as I can remember."

"Tie it into a ponytail," Hanabi instructed. While her own swished behind her. Ah, she wanted to match...?

"Sorry, my hair's not long enough for that," Lelouch chuckled. Maybe she'd grow it out...?

"Don't worry about that," Hanabi grinned wickedly, showing an impossible number of rows of razor sharp teeth. For a moment there, her face seemed to contort, growing longer, like a fox's face instead of that of a pretty girl. "I'll take care of that myself~"

# David's Vampire Harem

The room was dark and shadowy. Cobwebs hung from every corner. Overhead was an ornate glass chandelier the likes of which seemed designed to loom ominously. And in the middle of this room was a large round table, around which several figures were seated, their faces cast in the blackest of shadow. For here was a place where only the darkest-

"Ow!"

"Sorry, Ishizu! I can't see where I'm going."

A heavy sigh broke through the darkness, and a moment later the lights come on to reveal Ami laying across Ishizu's lap. Not in a seductive way. Or more accurately, not in an *intentionally* seductive way. It was rather clear that the poor girl had tripped in the darkness.

Standing by the doorway was Nabiki, who was letting out another heavy sigh while one finger lingered under the switch and the other was on her hip.

"Do we have to do this in pitch darkness?" Nabiki asked. "What if I have a presentation to make? Or notes to hand out? None of us will be able to see anything, and we'll be tripping over each other if one of us gets up to get some water..."

"It was meant to be a stylistic choice," Ami said, rising from Ishizu. Then, because it was polite, she gave the Egyptian babe a quick peck on the lips before returning to her own seat. Though one was left with the impression the two of them rather wished that Ami had tried to share Ishizu's seat. "You are correct, of course. There's really no need for us to be atmospheric when we should be more practical"

"Ahem!" Raven coughed. "I happen to prefer the dark, but we should not get distracted from the reason we are here. Michiru, if you would?"

Indeed, she would. Sailor Neptune held up her magic mirror, allowing both Raven and Princess Ayeka's magic to flow into it, giving it a bigger kick. Even so, they could only use it to show events in the past... And even then, the events were rather *focused* on the tender cleavage of a certain mother figure for their husband. A cleavage that was mostly exposed by a barely there bikini, while the woman herself frolicked in the sand.

"I still don't understand how she gets them so... Perky and perfect..." Alexis grumbled. She looked down at herself. There was nothing wrong with her bust, of course, and this was true for the rest of them.

"She's dangerous," Cammy said. "That woman is canny, powerful, and she's building an extremely strong harem. My instincts are warning me of danger."

They all agreed with that, and when you consider the sheer power assembled in this room, it said a lot. I mean. Raven is a complete beast by herself, but then you toss in Princess Ayeka and two Sailor Senshi. Oh, and on top of that Benten (who was in the next room) has access to a lot of really weird and esoteric outer space nonsense as well. Like bubblegum that makes whatever you're imagining at the time you chew it and blow the bubble. Which is made available to freaking toddlers, can you imagine what adults can get their mitts on?

This is not a group that you mess with lightly, is what I'm saying. Especially when considering that Ami is a legitimate genius and Nabiki Tendo, sufficiently pissed off, can get *really creative* in how she punishes you while making full use of all tools available to her.

"She wants something from him, but I can't wrap my brain around what it is," Nabiki admitted. She crossed her arms, scowled deeply and tapped her foot on the floor. "She's definitely manipulating him. Trust me on that much, at least! It takes a manipulator to know a manipulator, and she's above my league."

"I'm aware that David is her adopted son," Ayeka said. "There is no blood relation here."

"What, you think she wants to bang him?" Cammy asked, a little nervous laughter escaping her.

"That's no laughing matter," Penny quickly added. "She definitely wants him to look at her in a sexual way."

All fell silent. Not really wanting to digest that one. At the very least, David himself felt very uncomfortable about it, they could tell that much. Though the question did still linger:

"What the hell could she want from him that she can't just, I dunno, take? Or ask for?" Cammy scratched her head in genuine confusion. "If she's *that* strong..."

"A doting adopted mother should be able to ask for almost anything from him," Michiru mused. "Anything except *funtime*."

Oh yes, funtime! They all knew what she meant. After hours activity. In all honesty, their minds wandered at this point. To their own little bit of private funtime with him later on. They would call it the privacy of their bedchambers, but there were quite a lot of them at this point. Enough that you couldn't really call it *private*, per se.

They all had their little preferences in how they had their funtime. For Nabiki, a little playful spanking. For Ami, a lapdance. For Ayeka, she liked to embrace him tightly. They all briefly wandered off into the realm of fantasy... Only to come roaring back when, instead of David's handsome face...

"Hello, sweeties!"

"That's it!" Ami said, rising to her feet in a great haste. "I know what we need! We need a MILF!"

"A MILF...?" Raven repeated. "I see. Yes, that would help us fend her off. It'll be harder for her to entice him if there's already a good example of her *type* around!"

"Not to mention it would help Shinobu out with cooking!" Nabiki said. Indeed, she was rather preoccupied right now, keeping David and Benten fed. The two of them were watching a rather big game, you see, as David's beloved New York Giants were playing - and not faring well based on the mood they could all sense through the walls.

"Huh? Oh! Yes, that too!" Ami said, her brilliant brain quickly catching up to the thought process that she'd accidentally laid down out of pure, undiluted lust. "We need to find a MILF, pronto! For the reasons Raven stated, and *no other!*"

"Ami dear, you're drooling..." Michiru whispered. "Isn't your mother available? She's practically as cute as you are, plus about two decades, so...?"

"No dice! That would be too weird!" Ami put her arms up in a cross. "Besides which, I used my vampiric powers to set him up with a chiropractor!"

"I'm out as well," Ayeka sighed wearily. "While there are *certain* people one can think of, it already took all of the influence one had with Washu and Tsunami to divert the attention of the Juraian Empire away from our dear husband."

"And we can't get to another world without Anna's help in the first place," Penny said. "So it needs to be someone *here*. Does anyone know a good MILF we could recruit?"

"A good MILF...?" Nabiki coolly replied. "Come along, girls. I know the perfect - "

"Pretty sure Kasumi's been scouted already," Cammy interrupted. Nabiki visibly twitched.

"Damn, you're right..." Nabiki stroked her chin, and after a moment let her wicked smile return to her pretty face. "In which case! I have another one in mind!"

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Nodoka was a rather traditional Japanese woman, so this Halloween holiday never quite sat right with her. Oh, the younger generations seemed to enjoy it - but then again, they always would enjoy this sort of thing, yes? It was good that they were able to inject some Japanese flavour into it.

She'd set up some decorations on the outside of her home. Custom made, of course, using a few recycled pieces of absent trash. As the wife of a poor martial artist, she had to be creative in what she could use - and of course, she'd made her own candy for anyone paying a visit rather

than buying the store bought. It was good practise, and it was cheaper. If she dare say so, it was also more tasty than the store bought as well, and more traditionally Japanese to boot!

Ah! There was a knock at the door! Her first visitors of the night! As they had taken the holiday from the Americans, she was quite eager to see what kind of tricks they might perform.

Part of her wished that Genma and Soun hadn't gone out drinking, they would have surely enjoyed themselves as well, but - Never mind! Nodoka pulled open the door, ready to lean down to greet the little ones, only to find -

"Trick or treat!"

Why, it was Nabiki, alongside several girls that were roughly her own age. Each of them in some form of costume or other Nabiki herself was wearing a flowing white blue kimono, and a long silvery wig. There could be no doubt what she was meant to be! A yuki-onna! One that had little trouble showing quite a lot of thigh, based on the slit up the side of her kimono, and was the low neckline truly necessary?

Oh, but she was not alone. A western girl with blonde hair, wearing makeup that made her skin seem palour, and eyes dead, while she was wearing a tiny ruffled skirt and a very snug jumper that had the word 'zombie' written on it. She would shortly learn this girl was 'Penny'.

Then there was another pretty blonde girl wearing a tiger print bikini, a pair of gogo boots and a pair of hair clips shaped like horns. This one was called 'Alexis', apparently.

"May we come in, Auntie?" Nabiki asked, lingering by the doorway.

"Of course," Nodoka replied. "Please, do come inside."

Thus invited, the three girls did just that. Almost as though they had been held back by an invisible force up until Nodoka had given them permission to come right on inside.

"Oh dear, all by your own again?" Nabiki mused aloud.

"Well, yes," Nodoka said. "Ever since Ranma and Akane married, they've had the dojo all to themselves. I can hardly wait for the grandchildren! They'll be quite adorable."

Nabiki nodded, obviously anticipating the day she became an auntie. Well, of course she would, why wouldn't she? The middle Tendo sister set a bag on the floor and sat down opposite her.

"Don't you think it's a shame?" Nabiki asked. "There you are, left all by yourself, while everyone else head out to have fun! Why not dress up for once? Have a bit of fun, what's the harm?"

"Oh, a middle aged married woman like me - " Nodoka began, but Nabiki's eyes began to glow red. A strange, enchanting red that drew her in, sucked in her attention, kept her completely and totally focused on her and her alone. Her mouth tried to work. Tried to bring up some form of protestation, but -

"Go on," Penny said, suddenly to her right. "You don't have to go out."

"It'll just be us that sees," Alexis whispered, suddenly to her left. Ah... If it would just be the four of them, then what was the harm...?

"Alright, why not?" Nodoka asked, and the other girls all giggled excitedly. In all honesty Nodoka was feeling rather giddy as well. She'd always wanted to play dress up with a daughter. Until recently, Akane was the closest she could get, as obviously Ranma would never, ever willingly wear women's clothing even in his cursed form, as he was a proper man among men.

Yes, dear reader, that is an example of dramatic irony being used for comedy.

"Here, try this first!" Nabiki said, and of course, Nodoka grabbed the clothes being offered to put them on immediately, without a moment of delay. Obviously, we're skipping the part where she takes off her clothes and puts them on to focus on each costume in turn, in no small part because each of them had a charm to make her behave like a particular character.

To begin with she'd been given a smart business suit. You know the sort. Sleek, black blazer with a white shirt underneath. A short pencil skirt with a tiny little slit on the left side. Smart high heels, and to complete the look a pair of glasses without any actual glass in them.

The instant she had this costume on Nodoka turned towards the three girls, pulling her glasses to the end of her nose and staring at them all. Her attention eventually focused on Alexis, sizing her up.

"Excuse me, young lady, this is highly unprofessional attire for a workplace environment," Nodoka said, getting right into her personal space. Her hand roamed around her exposed tummy as if trying to place emphasis upon it, and she peered meaningfully down at her breasts. "Do you have any understanding of proper dress codes? This is not a beach resort, nor an alien convention. I suggest you consider more... appropriate clothing if you wish to be taken seriously."

"Yes ma'am!" Alexis chirped and giggled. Next, Nodoka turned towards Penny. A sharp intake of breath followed.

"This is completely unacceptable!" Nodoka said, toying with the hem of Penny's skirt, and brushing a hand against her zombie makeup. "Is this some sort of team-building exercise gone horribly wrong? Your presentation lacks professionalism and focus. You can't expect to motivate others with... blood stains and torn clothing. You'll need a complete overhaul."

"If you say so, Miss!" Penny replied. Lastly, Nodoka looked Nabiki up and down, and nodded in seeming satisfaction.

"Now, this is a bit more presentable," Nodoka said. "However, it's still far too... ethereal for the workplace. The cold exterior might work in negotiations, but the frostbite isn't exactly conducive to office harmony. Perhaps you could channel your intensity into something more... productive?"

"Not to worry, I am already working on it," Nabiki coldly, professionally replied. Though her eyes were dancing with fire and lust, especially as Nodoka strolled off. Mmm, mmm. You could tell where Ranma got his girl form's body from!

Speaking of Nodoka's hot bod, her already quite pleasing MILFy allure was growing in a quite literal sense. Her hips were getting wider, with the skirt growing with it. Which it was doing by becoming just as much shorter as it was getting wide. Not because of conservation of mass or anything like that - I mean, if that mattered a whit of a damn, then where is the extra mass for Nodoka's body coming from, hrm? It was doing this purely because it was the sexier option.

"That's very nice, Auntie!" Nabiki said, then pulled out another costume for her to change into. "How about this one? A girl can't stop at her first set of clothes!"

"So true," Nodoka said. Though one could tell from the little laughter underneath that she was a little too used to the life of frugality. She took the costume gladly, carefully taking off her businesswoman outfit, and in the process, giving a good eyeful to all the girls present.

"Betcha wanna tap that, huh?" Penny whispered to Alexis.

"Wrong trading card game," Alexis whispered back. "Uh... Maybe try something like, that booty is attacking my life points directly?"

"Needs to be shorter," Penny whispered. "Brevity is the soul of wit."

That gave Alexis something to think about. But she'd be given something else to think about once Nodoka had finished changing clothes, this time into a rather slutty nurse. The neckline on that pinstripe uniform was of the variety that, if you looked up too quickly from her cleavage to her nose, you'd have a case of the bends. As for the hem of its skirt... frankly, with as much boobage as was going on here, you'd barely notice that the hem was within a half inch of showing the bottom curve of her ass.

"Now, where did I leave the thermometer?" Nodoka muttered to herself, though her attention immediately drifted toward the three girls gathered in the room with her.



"Did someone say they needed a charge?" Alexis teased, her eyes sparkling mischievously as she flicked her fingers, mimicking Lum's signature electric attack. Though, fortunately, no actual sparks followed her gesture.

Nodoka blinked at her, her mind visibly processing the question. "A charge? Oh dear, I think I was... Oh! Oh my, yes, I was checking vitals, wasn't I?" She rummaged in her apron pockets, pulling out a handful of bandages, a stethoscope, and what looked suspiciously like a lollipop. "What was I doing again?" she asked, a dazed look on her face.

Alexis giggled. "Oh, Nodoka, you're supposed to be taking care of us, aren't you?" She struck a pose, one leg kicked up, arms in the air, the perfect picture of Lum's flirtatious yet impish energy. "But I think I'm feeling electrifyingly fine!"

Nodoka nodded absentmindedly, staring at the lollipop in her hand. "Are you sure, dear? I feel like... hmm..." She paused, twirling the lollipop between her fingers as if it were some sort of medical tool. "Perhaps I should listen to your heartbeat just to be safe?" She made an attempt to focus, her fingers fumbling with the stethoscope, but Alexis danced out of her reach with a playful laugh.

Nabiki, standing off to the side in her yuki-onna costume, gave an elegant shiver, her icy blue kimono fluttering slightly as if a cold wind followed her. Unlike Alexis's bubbly energy, Nabiki was calm, composed, and carried herself with the otherworldly grace of a snow spirit. Her skin was pale, her lips almost blue, and her eyes held a distant, detached look, as though she could freeze someone with a single glance.

"Don't worry about her, Nodoka," Nabiki said coolly, her voice smooth as ice. "It's not like she'll listen anyway. Maybe you should tend to me instead. I'm feeling... quite cold." She lifted her hand, her fingers trailing through the air as if beckoning a frost to settle over the room.

Nodoka's eyes widened with concern. "Cold? Oh no, I can't have that! A chill could lead to all sorts of ailments!" She hurriedly grabbed a nearby blanket, nearly tripping over her feet as she wrapped it around Nabiki's shoulders. "There, there, dear. All warm now!"

Nabiki gave a small, almost imperceptible smile, though her eyes retained that distant look. "Mm, warmer... for now," she murmured, her voice barely a whisper, as if the cold still lingered just beneath her skin. "But warmth is fleeting, you know. It always returns... to cold."

Nodoka, still shuffling through her scattered medical supplies, absentmindedly approached Penny. The zombie cheerleader continued to groan playfully, though her eyes sparkled with amusement as she clutched the lollipop in one hand, slowly twirling it as if it were a prize.

"Brains..." Penny moaned again, her voice gravelly, but her lips curled into a teasing smile as she watched Nodoka fumble with yet another set of bandages.

"Oh dear!" Nodoka exclaimed, her eyes widening in concern as she finally focused on Penny. "You poor thing! You need more bandages, don't you?" Her hands fluttered nervously as she looked Penny up and down, noting the torn cheerleader outfit and the streaks of fake blood. "You've sustained so many injuries!" She grabbed a fresh roll of gauze and leaned in as though she were about to wrap up Penny's arm, but stopped herself short, tilting her head in confusion.

"Wait, wait... no, that's not right... cheerleaders don't usually suffer this much damage, do they?" Nodoka furrowed her brow, her mind visibly tangled in a knot of thoughts. "Perhaps... a sports injury?"

Penny groaned again, this time more dramatically, stumbling forward in character. "Braaaaains... Can't cheer without 'em," she said, her zombie persona slipping into a mock-serious tone. Her arms flopped loosely at her sides, mimicking the clumsiness of an undead athlete.

Nodoka's eyes lit up. "Oh, I understand now! You're suffering from extreme fatigue due to... brain strain! Yes, yes, I think that's it." She began nodding enthusiastically, patting Penny's shoulder. "Well, no wonder you're exhausted! You've been cheering your little heart out, haven't you?"

Penny didn't answer right away. She was too busy staring at the epic boobage going on. Part of her brilliant mind was focused on working out exactly how much those breasts had grown over the last couple of minutes. Big. Bigger! Maybe even a little bigger than Penny's own now! How appropriate. A true MILF should have the biggest breasts of all!

It was time for Nabiki to reveal the next costume, though. The final one, brought out at last: Which Nodoka took graciously, dropping the ditzy nurse act, all too eager to put it on.

The scatterbrained, fluttery nurse was gone. In her place, Morrigan's seductive confidence took over. Nodoka's posture straightened, her once-distracted gaze now sharp and playful. She stood with a subtle sway, one hand on her hip, her lips curving into a mischievous smile.

"Well, well, what a change," Alexis commented with a wide grin, adjusting her Lum horn headband as she admired the transformation. "Look at you, Nodoka! You're like a whole new woman!"

Nodoka tilted her head with a soft, teasing laugh, the hint of Morrigan's flirtatious energy in her voice. "Oh, darling, you flatter me," she purred, a playful spark in her eyes. "This costume does have its charm, doesn't it?" She stretched her bat-like wings with ease, as if they had always been a part of her. Then smoothed her hands down the costume itself. Askin-tight, deep green bodysuit with a plunging neckline, adorned with bat-shaped accents on the chest and hips. The bodysuit is paired with thigh-high black boots, adding a sleek, dangerous edge to the look. Large, dramatic bat wings sprout from the back, and smaller, matching wings sit atop the head like a crown. The gloves are long, extending past the elbows, and the costume is completed by a flowing cape with bat motifs, giving the wearer an air of both mystery and dominance.

Penny let out a low whistle, her zombie-cheerleader costume still in full tattered glory. “Who knew Nodoka could pull off Morrigan so well? You look amazing,” she said, impressed. “You’ve got that whole confident, sultry thing down already.”

Even Nabiki, in her calm, frosty yuki-onna persona, couldn’t help but smirk at the transformation. “I have to admit, you’re pulling it off better than I expected, Nodoka. Looks like this costume’s magic agrees with you.” That’s not saying Nabiki had low expectations: Quite the contrary. She had high expectations, and this beauty had exceeded them!

Nodoka glanced at herself in the mirror, twirling a strand of her hair between her fingers. “I must say, I feel quite... empowered.” Her voice had taken on a velvety tone, almost hypnotic. “Now, what was it we were talking about before I slipped into something a bit more... fitting?”

Nabiki straightened slightly, a rare flash of uncertainty crossing her face—something that didn’t go unnoticed by the newly Morrigan-inspired Nodoka. “Oh... right. It’s just a small thing. I, uh, met someone.” Nabiki’s voice was casual, but the subtle tension in her posture suggested this wasn’t just a passing encounter. “His name’s David.”

Alexis and Penny shared a look, and smiled. "Ooh. David. He sounds ni~ice!"

Nabiki gave a small, almost imperceptible nod. “Yeah, you could say that. He’s been... around lately. And well, he’s kind of curious about meeting you, Nodoka.”

Nodoka raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. “Me? Why on earth would a boy like him want to meet me?”

“Well,” Nabiki said, crossing her arms with a hint of embarrassment. “I may have mentioned that you’re kind of like... my mother figure.”

Nodoka’s smile softened, a warm light flickering in her eyes despite the Morrigan costume’s more suggestive nature. “Oh, Nabiki, dear,” she said, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, “I would love to meet him. If he’s someone important to you, then he’s important to me as well.”

Penny leaned in, grinning. “So when are we meeting this guy? I bet he’s dying to meet the ‘mom’ of the group.”

Nodoka, in full Morrigan mode, gracefully waved her hand as if summoning them. “Well then, my darlings, what are we waiting for?” Her eyes sparkled with excitement, her confidence radiating as she spoke. “Let’s not keep young David waiting any longer. After all, first impressions are very important, aren’t they?”

Alexis pumped her fist in the air. “That’s the spirit! And with you in that costume, Nodoka, I’d say David’s in for quite a surprise.”

Penny grabbed her pom-poms—though one was half falling apart from her zombie getup. “This is gonna be great! He’s not gonna know what hit him.”

With that, the four girls gathered their things, the playful energy between them sparking with the thrill of what was to come. Nodoka, fully embracing her Morrigan persona, led the way, her wings sweeping elegantly behind her...

And the girls hung back, watching as the final aspect of her new curves settled in. A nice, round and thick pair of cheeks. Alexis made groping motions behind her, while Nabiki elbowed her. Though internally, she couldn't wait to get her hands on them either.

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David staggered out of his room two hours later, run completely ragged. "That woman is insatiable," he said, wiping sweat from his brow. "It's obvious her needs were ignored for a long, long time. Thank you, girls. That was exactly what I needed after - After! After that humiliation! That betrayal! Oh, how could they lose so cruelly!"

Then he turned around and walked right back into the room to let off some more steam.

"Perfect!" Nabiki smirked. "Now, that should be a suitable counter to Anna trying to steal him from us."

"And we get a super hot mommy to dote on us!" Ami giggled. The other girls were excited as well. "Good work, girls! A tactical and sexy victory! The very best kind of win!"

=====

Or... was it a victory? For you see, Anna herself was watching these events with a crystal ball, smiling to herself. A crystal ball which was being held up by a familiar looking woman who we shall return to shortly.

"Just as planned," Anna smirked triumphantly. Then she waved her hand to check on her other children. It now showed Angela watching a cheerleading show put on by Mariko Konjo, while sitting in the lap of Tatewaki Kuno. "I gave Angela permission to acquire the cheerleader as a new succubus, and also the kendoist as a battery."

Another wave of her hand. Kimberly was being shown a competitive gymnastics routine by both a black haired girl with a black rose in her teeth, and a blonde girl wearing white lilies in her hair.

"Kimberly has the White Lily to match with the Kuno girl."

Another wave of her hand, and the image changed to show Tarek, who had a young woman dancing for him dressed as a bellydancer, while at the same time, Nagisa was being served by that woman's sister while dressed as a maid..

"Tarek has claimed Natsume, and Nagisa took Kurumi."

Lastly, Tobias had a new feathered friend! A woman with feathery wings on her arms was sitting in his lap. How amusing, he hadn'y even started to change her yet!

"And Tobias has taken Kiema of the Phoenix Tribe," Anna chuckled. "Our power base in Furinkan is now complete. Thanks to David's oh so thoughtful girls delivering him a wonderful gift. What do you think, my new acquisition?"

For you see, the crystal ball was being held up by a woman by the name of Hinako Ninomiya. A woman who was now, for all intents and purposes, permanently in her adult form! A woman who set the crystal ball aside for long enough that she could bow deeply.

"I proclaim my love and servie to you for all time!" Hinako announced, allowing Anna to put her feet upon her back to use as a footstool. "Those foolish girls thought to outwit you, but instead did precisely as you intended!"

"Yes, people do tend to wind up doing that," Anna shrugged. "It's generally more fun than forcing them to do it! Like the north sun and the east wind! A gentle push to get what you want will often pay dividends!"

# DXD Ranma

Alright then. Somehow, Ranma had wound up in this situation again. Hot women, throwing themselves at him from every which way. Was he really just that much of a stud?

Checking himself out in the mirror, Ranma had to conclude that yes, yes he was. I mean. Once is a coincidence. It could happen to almost anyone that worked out as much as him, right? Twice, though? No, that could not be a coincidence. He was a super manly guy. Devil, whatever, the point was that a stud like him was almost too dangerous to walk the streets. Why, he might end up with a dozen more girls after him without meaning to!

"What are you doing?" Sona asked. "There's work to be done. Preen in the mirror later. Unless you intend to be turned into flowers?"

"Huh? Nah, I have trouble enough being turned into a chick," Ranma replied. He turned towards her, Sona Sitri, fully intending to brag in her face, and -

Fell completely flat at her totally neutral expression. This wasn't like it was with Akane, where she'd go out of her way to tease him if he showed the slightest weakness. So he'd do what he always did. Counter. Reply in kind. Let his mouth run away from him.

"Please, at least tell me you know the myth of Narcissus..." Sona sighed. "This might be hard to grasp at the moment, but there are numerous mythical factions across the world who find basis in numerous cultures. I would like you to begin researching Greek myths, as those are fairly well known and should give you a good basis for further studies."

"Oh yeah?" Ranma grumbled. Studying? Blegh, no thanks! "And what do I get out of it?"

"Normally I would spank you for being disobedient," Sona said. She lifted her hand into the air and manifested a force field around it - and then clobbered her own behind, leaving a sound echoing through the room that made a cannon seem quiet. "But instead, if you can answer ten questions about basic Greek mythology correctly by this time tomorrow, you get a free lap dance."

Cue Ranma turning beet red as Sona walked off without another word. Oh gosh, this really was new for him huh? The girl *blatantly* wanted him, but she was so cold, so clinical about it. Felt like if Nabiki was trying to lure him into bed. Except way less evil.

It said something about that girl that she was more evil than any of the Devils he'd met as of yet. That may change though, there were apparently a bunch of families... Though if Ranma was a betting man (and if you're familiar with his history with the Gambling King, you'd know he was *not*) he'd bet they'd all fail to be as evil as Nabiki freaking Tendo.

You know what, he probably shouldn't complain. His life was in a much better place now than it was back then, and it wasn't even a contest!

The sound of footsteps approaching pulled him from his thoughts. Ranma glanced up and saw Tsubaki, Sona's Queen, making her way toward him. Her long black hair flowed elegantly behind her, and she wore that serene, unflappable expression she was known for. But there was a glint in her eyes today, something more playful than her usual stoic demeanor.

"Ranma," she greeted, her voice smooth. She stopped in front of him, her gaze steady. "You seem deep in thought. Did Sona-sama burden you with more strategy discussions?"

Ranma shrugged. "Nah, just the usual. She's always got plans on top of plans. Gotta keep up, y'know?"

Tsubaki smiled, a rare sight. She took a seat beside him, a little closer than usual. "You've been doing well. Better than any of us expected, honestly." Her voice dropped slightly, turning more personal. "It's impressive, seeing how quickly you've adapted. I'd be lying if I said it wasn't... attractive."

Ranma blinked. Attractive? He opened his mouth to say something, but the words got stuck somewhere between his brain and his throat. He wasn't used to direct compliments, especially not from someone like Tsubaki.

Before he could form a response, she stood up, her hand brushing his shoulder lightly as she walked away. "Don't overthink it. I'll see you at training later."

Ranma watched her leave, still trying to process what just happened. Tsubaki, always so composed, had just... flirted with him? That was flirting, right?

He barely had time to recover when another figure appeared—a smaller, more energetic one this time. Momo, the Bishop, bounced over with a bright smile. "Hey, Ranma! Got a minute?" she chirped, stopping in front of him with her usual enthusiasm.

"Uh, sure," Ranma replied, still feeling off-balance from Tsubaki's approach.

Momo beamed, her eyes practically sparkling as she plopped down beside him. "I was just thinking... you've really made a big impact around here. It's kinda amazing how fast you've become part of the team. I mean, Saji was good and all, but you? You're something else."

Ranma chuckled awkwardly. "I'm just doing what I know how to do. No big deal."

Momo leaned in a little closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's more than that. You're strong, fast, and... well, honestly, kinda cute. You know that, right?"

Ranma froze. Cute? Him?

“Uh...” He rubbed the back of his neck, his face heating up. “I dunno about cute.”

Momo giggled, clearly enjoying his reaction. “You’re modest too! I like that.”

Ranma didn’t know what to say, his mind racing. First Tsubaki, now Momo? What was going on?

As Momo hopped to her feet and waved goodbye, promising to see him later, another presence made itself known—this time, it was Reya, the calm and gentle Rook. She approached quietly, her soft smile easing the tension that had been building in Ranma’s chest.

“Ranma,” she greeted, her voice soothing. “I wanted to check on you. Sona-sama mentioned you seemed a bit... distracted lately.”

Ranma sighed. “Yeah, just... got a lot on my mind.”

Reya nodded, sitting beside him with a graceful ease. “It’s understandable. You’ve been through a lot, adjusting to this new world. But I think you’re handling it better than anyone else could.”

Her compliment was more subdued than the others, but no less sincere. Reya wasn’t the type to flirt outright, but the way she spoke, the quiet admiration in her voice, wasn’t lost on Ranma. It was comforting, and he found himself relaxing a little.

“I appreciate that,” he said, glancing at her. “Just trying to figure out where I fit in all this.”

Reya smiled gently. “You already do. More than you realize.”

As Reya stood and walked away, her words lingering in the air, Ranma was left sitting on the bench, his head spinning. First Tsubaki, then Momo, now Reya... Was the whole peerage interested in him? It wasn’t something he was used to, not like this. Sure, he’d dealt with love confessions and chaos back home, but this felt... different. More serious.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. Just when he thought his life had gotten simpler, things were getting more complicated. And then there was Sona—her calm, composed exterior cracking just a little when she was around him.

And her sister, Serafall... well, she was a whole other problem.

Ranma shook his head, standing up from the bench. Maybe he wasn’t as good with feelings as he was with fists, but one thing was clear: his life in the Sitri peerage was going to be more complicated—and more interesting—than he’d ever imagined.

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Ranma walked through the halls of Kuoh Academy, his mind still spinning from the recent encounters with Sona's peerage. He had dealt with a lot of strange things in his life, but being surrounded by beautiful, powerful girls who were interested in him was a whole new kind of weird. And not the chaotic kind he was used to in Nerima—this was different. Softer, but no less confusing.

He needed someone to talk to, and there was one guy who had experience in this particular area: Issei Hyoudou. After all, the guy was practically a legend when it came to dealing with a peerage full of girls. If anyone could give Ranma some advice about handling the attention, it was him.

Ranma found Issei hanging out near one of the school's courtyards, leaning casually against a wall. Beside him was Asia Argento, the newest member of Rias's peerage, looking as bright and innocent as always. She was talking animatedly, and Issei was nodding along, but his eyes lit up when he saw Ranma approach.

"Yo, Ranma!" Issei waved, grinning widely. "What's up, man? You look like you've got something on your mind."

Asia turned to greet Ranma with a warm smile. "Hello, Ranma-san! It's nice to see you."

"Hey, Asia," Ranma greeted with a nod, then turned to Issei, scratching the back of his head awkwardly. "Yeah, uh... I was hoping to talk to you about somethin'. You got a minute?"

Issei's eyes lit up with curiosity. "Sure! What's on your mind?" He gave Asia an apologetic look. "Hey, Asia, mind if we catch up a little later? It sounds like Ranma's got something important to talk about."

Asia smiled sweetly. "Of course, Issei-san! I'll see you later." She waved at both of them and skipped off, leaving Ranma and Issei alone in the courtyard.

Ranma leaned against the wall, crossing his arms. He wasn't exactly great at asking for advice, especially on stuff like this, but Issei seemed like a guy who understood. "So, uh... you seem pretty happy with your situation. Y'know, with all the girls in Rias's peerage and everything."

Issei chuckled, rubbing the back of his head. "Oh man, you could say that. It's kinda like living in a dream, to be honest." He grinned, his eyes practically sparkling at the thought of being surrounded by his beautiful teammates. "I mean, I'm surrounded by amazing girls every day, and they actually like me. It's the best!"

Ranma sighed. "Yeah, that's what I wanted to ask you about." He shifted his weight, feeling uncharacteristically awkward. "I, uh... I'm kinda in a similar situation with Sona's peerage. The girls are... y'know, bein' friendly. But, like, it feels different than what I'm used to. Back home, it

was always Akane punchin' me or girls fightin' over me, but this? They're actually... nice. And I don't really know how to handle that."

Issei blinked in surprise, then gave him a knowing look. "Ah, so that's what's going on. Yeah, I get it. It's kinda overwhelming, huh? When girls are nice to you instead of trying to smash you into the ground?"

Ranma nodded. "Exactly. I mean, it's not like I hate it or anything. But I've always had people fightin' me, chasin' me, or just plain causin' trouble. Now, I've got Tsubaki bein' all serious and flirty, Momo callin' me cute, Reya givin' me compliments... and then there's Sona herself. I think she's interested, too. But I dunno what to do with all of it. It's like... I don't wanna screw things up, y'know?"

Issei leaned back, crossing his arms and looking thoughtful. "Yeah, I totally get that. Believe me, I've been there. When you go from being chased around by chaos to having actual nice, supportive girls around you? It's a big change. But here's the thing, Ranma: they like you because of who you are. Not just because you're strong or because you can fight. They see something in you that they respect—and, well, that they're attracted to. You've earned that, man."

Ranma frowned, processing Issei's words. "You think so? I mean, I just do what I do. I ain't tryin' to impress anybody."

"That's the thing," Issei said with a grin. "You don't have to try. Girls appreciate honesty. I mean, look at Asia." He gestured toward where she had left a few minutes ago. "She's the sweetest girl ever, and she joined the peerage because she felt safe around us. We don't treat her like a tool, and that means a lot. It's kinda the same with you. The girls in Sona's peerage probably feel that way too. They see you for who you really are, not just a guy who can throw a punch."

Ranma let out a long breath. "Yeah, but it's not just the peerage. Sona herself... and even her sister Serafall... they're actin' weird around me too. I can't tell if it's just them bein' friendly or somethin' more. And if it is somethin' more... man, I dunno how to handle that."

Issei chuckled. "Sona, huh? I wouldn't have pegged her as someone who'd get involved like that, but then again, I'm not surprised. You're a cool guy, Ranma. You've got this strong, dependable vibe, and girls love that. As for Serafall... well, good luck with that. She's a whole different level of unpredictable!"

Ranma snorted. "Tell me about it. She's always got that cutesy magical girl act goin' on, but there's somethin' serious behind it too. And I don't wanna offend anyone, especially not someone like her."

Issei nodded sympathetically. "I hear you. But here's what I've learned, man. Don't overthink it. Be yourself, and be honest with them. If you're not sure how you feel about someone, just tell

them. Trust me, girls appreciate honesty more than anything. It saves you a lot of trouble in the long run.”

Ranma considered that for a moment, then gave a slow nod. “Yeah... I guess that makes sense. I ain’t used to all this talkin’ about feelings and stuff, but if bein’ straight with ‘em works, I’ll give it a shot.”

Issei grinned, clapping him on the shoulder. “That’s the spirit! Just take it one step at a time. And hey, if you ever need more advice, I’ve got plenty of experience dealing with beautiful, powerful women. Maybe we can trade tips sometime!”

Ranma smirked, feeling a little more at ease. “Yeah, maybe. But don’t get cocky, Hyoudou. I’m not trying to end up like you, chasing after girls all day.”

Issei laughed. “Hey, it’s a skill! You never know, man. You might surprise yourself one of these days.”

Ranma chuckled, shaking his head. “Yeah, we’ll see.”

As he turned to leave, Ranma felt a little lighter. Issei’s advice wasn’t exactly the most profound, but it made sense. Just be honest, take things slow, and don’t overthink it. Simple enough, right? He’d handle the attention from Sona’s peerage, from Sona herself, and even from Serafall.

It wasn’t like he was scared or anything.

Just a little nervous.

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Sona was a logical girl. Rational. Intelligent. In fact, she did pride herself upon her strategic thinking. The ability to look ahead, to see through the tactics that would be applied by the opponent and find a deft way to strike their soft underbelly at a critical moment...

Such lines of thinking applied to other areas as well. For example: Accurate pattern recognition. It’s an essential skill in developing tactics. Looking through the noise to see the true data within. Then making important decisions based upon the real pattern.

To wit; Herself and Ranma Saotome were *in an intimate relationship*. Or, they were in a relationship that would *become* intimate within the next few weeks. However, there was a wrinkle. The rest of her peerage wanted to climb Mount Ranma too, and there was a possibility that her sister did as well.

This presented a problem. While Sona herself is ranked among the most beautiful girls at Kuoh, the rest of her peerage were also cute as buttons. Mostly, they didn't get the focus she did because she was more well known on campus.

The world she came from had no problem at all with one Devil sharing multiple partners. While it irked her pride a *little*, she had concluded that Ranma was probably man enough to keep up with all of them. His potential as a Devil was already remarkably high as it was. And so, begin the courtship with a simple date... Which might rapidly become something more, given half the chance!

This was supposed to be her great plan. A carefully laid-out strategy for a date with Ranma Saotome, who, despite his unique ability to turn into a girl when splashed with cold water, was somehow the most normal part of her life lately.

Sona was a planner. She organised. She plotted. She knew the intricate workings of the underworld's political landscape like the back of her hand. Yet here she was, twirling a pen between her fingers, stumped by the concept of a simple date.

It was, frankly, intolerable. Every time she tried to come up with something it involved some variant of "sit on his face", or "sit in his lap" or "explore his oral cavity with your tongue until you both pass out". Or some euphemism for sex.

"Okay, Sona," she muttered to herself, adjusting her glasses in what was possibly the world's most menacing intellectual gesture, "you've handled negotiations with rival Devil clans. This is just like that, except... with significantly less chance of triggering a diplomatic incident. Hopefully." Ranma was the sort who could probably cause a diplomatic incident while on a regular date.

She took a deep breath and poised her pen, only to stop mid-scribble. There was a knock at the door. A blessed relief. Ah... That shows how screwed up her thinking was. For a Devil, a blessing was no blessing at all.

Sona looked up just in time to see Tsubaki Shinra step in, her Queen and the kind of person who could make calm seem like an extreme sport.

"President," Tsubaki began with a polite smile that suggested she had overheard more than Sona would have liked, "I see you're still strategizing."

"Strategizing," Sona echoed. It was the most dignified way to put it. Calling it 'panicking at the concept of dating a martial artist with an allergy to normality' would have been too honest. "Yes. I am strategizing."

Tsubaki took a seat across from her and crossed her legs gracefully, as though this were a summit on international peace and not the comedic circus of Sona's love life. "Might I suggest something simple? A quiet evening in the park? Perhaps dinner?"

Sona blinked. "Dinner? With Ranma?"

Tsubaki raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Sona narrowed her eyes suspiciously, as if Tsubaki had just suggested throwing a live hand grenade into a barrel of confetti. "Ranma doesn't do 'quiet.' Dinner, maybe. But we're talking about someone who could cause a full-scale brawl in a tea shop just by ordering the wrong kind of ramen."

Tsubaki, to her credit, didn't flinch. "I suppose you could avoid restaurants that serve ramen."

Sona was about to contemplate the logistics of that (impossible) when the door burst open with all the subtlety of a tap-dancing rhinoceros. In came Reya Kusaka, one of Sona's Bishops, looking far too excited about something.

"President!" Reya announced, eyes gleaming with mischief, "You should take Ranma to a hot spring!"

Sona froze. Slowly, deliberately, she turned her head to face Reya, the way a queen might turn to a jester who had just suggested they stage a circus in the middle of a coronation. "A hot spring?"

"Yeah! Romantic, intimate, and when Ranma turns into a girl? Instant comedy!" Reya beamed, clearly proud of this complete disaster waiting to happen. "Nothing says romance like 'oops, wrong gender!'"

Sona's mouth moved wordlessly for a moment, her brain wrestling with whether she wanted to scream or just lay face-down on her desk and quietly give up on life. Or, just as an alternative, she could imagine the wonderful sight of Ranma's girl form carefully dipping her whole, sexy body right into the hot water, transforming from cute busty babe into hot studmuffin right before her eyes...

"You do remember," she began, with a calmness that could only be described as dangerous, "that Ranma has the ability to turn even a bath into a martial arts competition. Now imagine that in a public hot spring."

Reya looked thoughtful for all of two seconds. "Hmm. Okay, so maybe pick a small hot spring. Fewer witnesses."

At this point, Sona was contemplating what sort of tactical advantage she could gain by declaring Reya a foreign agent of chaos and expelling her from the peerage. But before she could act on that thoroughly reasonable idea, the door creaked open again. Momo Hanakai entered, clutching a book to her chest.

"President," Momo said, her voice soft and gentle as a summer breeze, "you could take him to a library. A nice, quiet afternoon of reading together."

Sona blinked at her. A library. With Ranma. That would be like inviting a hurricane to a flower show.

"Ranma. In a library?" Sona repeated, making sure she hadn't somehow misheard and that Momo wasn't suggesting an alternate dimension where Ranma could sit still for more than ten minutes.

Momo nodded enthusiastically. "It would be peaceful. You could share books—"

Reya, who clearly hadn't finished causing problems for the day, cut in. "Books? Ranma? Have you met Ranma? He's more likely to end up wrestling a bookcase than reading from it."

Sona groaned. She knew it was only a matter of time before—

The door swung open again, and in marched Tomoe Meguri, sword slung over her shoulder as though she was about to storm a mediaeval battlefield and not, in fact, offer dating advice.

"Just duel him," Tomoe declared, her tone so confident that it took a moment for Sona to realise she'd suggested combat. For a date.

"Duel... Ranma?"

Tomoe grinned. "Yeah! A friendly spar. You know Ranma loves a challenge. Nothing says 'I care about you' like a good, old-fashioned martial arts showdown!"

Sona pinched the bridge of her nose. "Tomoe, the objective is not to defeat Ranma in combat. It's to... spend time together."

Tomoe waved her hand dismissively. "Details. The best dates end with both people too tired to stand. You know what I mean!"

Sona did not. She did not want to. Unfortunately, her peerage was giving her a range of options from "chaos" to "absolute chaos" with no middle ground in sight.

Just as Sona considered shutting the door and locking it forever, there was one final, dramatic intrusion.

Serafall Leviathan, her older sister, burst in like a magical girl mascot on too much sugar, her arms spread wide and her outfit gleaming with entirely too much sparkle.

"Sona-tan!" Serafall sang, twirling around in what Sona could only describe as sparkle-based warfare. "I heard you're planning a date with Ranma-kun! Why didn't you invite your big sis to help?"

Sona felt the familiar sensation of her dignity trying to escape out the window. "Sera-nee, this is a private matter—"

"Private? Pfft! Take him to the beach!" Serafall declared, waving a wand that might as well have been the flag of impending doom. "Swimsuits! Sunshine! Maybe a swimsuit contest! Ranma-chan would look so cute in a bikini!"

Sona stared at her sister. For one long, silent moment, the only sound was the quiet hum of her sanity leaving the building.

The door creaked open for the last time, and Ranma Saotome walked in, looking completely unaware of the absolute bedlam that had just occurred.

"Yo, Sona. What's all the commotion?" he asked, scratching his head.

Sona stared at him. Then at her peerage. Then at the blank piece of paper.

She sighed.

"Nothing," she said, finally. "Absolutely nothing."

# Oneshot - Kasumi the Succubus

It was a quiet evening at the Tendo Dojo, or at least, it was for now. Halloween was approaching, which might explain why things felt just a little too calm. As in, the same feeling one gets just before the storm. It was the most supernatural night of the year, where anything could happen. Then again, when your day-to-day life involves cursed springs, transforming animals, and martial arts fiancées, even Halloween seemed like just another Tuesday.

In the living room, Ranma, Genma, and Soun sat around the table, eyeing a small wooden box with a mix of suspicion and confusion. The box had arrived that afternoon, accompanied by a note that was frustratingly vague. Something about guarding it carefully and not opening it under any circumstances. You know, the usual ominous stuff.

"Another demon in a box?" Ranma muttered, scratching his head. "Didn't we already do this? What is it this time, another Oni?"

Genma, currently in panda form, held up a sign: "Don't worry, we can handle it."

Soun, looking far more serious than the situation warranted, nodded gravely. "We must be vigilant. Whatever is in that box could be dangerous."

Yes, because leaving a possibly cursed box in the middle of the living room is always the best plan.

Ranma rolled his eyes. "Yeah, sure, no way this could go wrong."

Hey buddy, leave the sarcasm to the narration!

Just then, the door slid open, and in stomped Akane, looking determined—but also, well, ridiculous. She was dressed in what appeared to be a witch's costume, but it was clearly homemade, and not exactly what you'd call "well-crafted." The hat was floppy and misshapen, the cape looked more like a tablecloth with holes cut in it, and her broom..., it was just an old, beat-up broom. One was left with the sense that she'd noticed Kasumi about to throw it out and felt it could be put to better use.

"Ranma!" Akane called, standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips. "What do you think of my Halloween costume?"

Ranma took one look at her and flickered between two expressions. The first, transparently checking her out 'cuz she's cute... and then an immature smirk, as though wearing his own mask. "Oh, that's supposed to be a witch? I thought witches were supposed to be scary, not pathetic."

Akane's eye twitched dangerously. "What did you just say?!"



Ranma shrugged, still grinning. He turned his back and put his hands behind his head, taking care to not look at her *too* much, unless he accidentally gave her the impression that he thought she was adorable. Somehow. “I mean, come on, Akane, you look like a witch who’s been through a laundry accident. Maybe next time, try making the hat not look like a deflated balloon.”

Akane’s temper snapped instantly. “Why you—!”

And before Ranma could even start his next smug retort, Akane grabbed the nearest object—which happened to be the mysterious box—and swung it at Ranma’s head.

WHACK!

“Hey! What’s your problem?!” Ranma dodged just in time, but the box wasn’t so lucky. The force of the blow knocked the lid clean off, sending it spinning across the room. Everyone froze as a low, sinister laugh echoed from the now-open box.

The air in the room grew heavy, and a strange, shadowy mist began to swirl out from the box, accompanied by more eerie, seductive giggles. The temperature seemed to drop a few degrees, though whether that was due to the magic or just the realisation that something bad was about to happen was up for debate.

“Oh, great. Now what?” Ranma muttered, stepping back.

The mist swirled faster, and suddenly, a small figure materialised above the box—tiny, chibi-like, but undeniably mischievous. The figure had long, green hair, two bat-like wings sprouting from her back, and an outfit that was strikingly similar to a certain infamous succubus’s—though somehow adapted to her chibi size.

She floated there, hovering just above the box, her eyes gleaming with playful malice. “Mmm, freedom at last,” she purred, stretching her tiny arms and wings. Which is simply good practise for when you’ve been sealed in a box barely bigger than yourself for untold Centuries. “It’s been far too long.”

Ranma blinked. “Wait... is that supposed to be a succubus?”

The chibi-Morrigan smirked, eyes gleaming as she fluttered her wings, circling Ranma. “What’s the matter? Never seen a lady before?” She giggled, a sultry yet mocking sound. “Poor boy. You should feel lucky I’m keeping my more... grown-up form in check.”

Akane’s fists clenched. “Who do you think you are?!”

The chibi-Morrigan hovered over Akane, inspecting her with a haughty grin. "Oh dear... a witch costume, is it? How adorable." She reached out and tugged lightly at the edge of Akane's ragged cape. "Darling, even I wouldn't wear something that tacky."

Akane's face went beet red. "WHAT DID YOU SAY?!"

The succubus only laughed, spinning away in a blur of green and purple. "Such temper! I like you. But sadly, little witch, you're not quite my type." She paused midair, then turned her attention to the doorway.

And then, Kasumi appeared, as serene as ever, carrying a tray of homemade candy. "Is everything alright in here?" she asked, her soft voice cutting through the tension. "I thought you all might like some treats. I made these pumpkin-flavoured sweets just for tonight."

The chibi-succubus stopped dead in her tracks, her eyes locking onto Kasumi. Her playful smirk widened into something more sinister. "Well, well, well... what do we have here?" She inhaled deeply, as though savouring the scent. "Mmm... now that's what I call sweet."

In an instant, she darted across the room, heading straight for Kasumi.

"Kasumi! Look out!" Akane shouted, rushing forward, but it was too late.

The tiny succubus giggled as she flew straight into Kasumi's chest, vanishing in a puff of smoke and purple sparkles.

The room went still for a moment as the smoke cleared, and then... Kasumi stood there, seemingly unchanged, except for one glaring detail. Her soft pink apron and modest dress had transformed into a sultry green outfit, complete with bat-like wings on her back—strikingly similar to the succubus's form.

"Oh my..." Kasumi said, glancing down at herself with a calm smile. "It seems I've had a little... makeover."

She sure had! Pretty sure this won't cause any problems in the near future... Honest, it won't!

=====

Okay. So. Akane was not in a good mood. Some people might say that this was business as usual. She's always in a good mood, right? Except for when she's not. Which is more than you think. It's easy to say that someone's pissed off all the time when you're only thinking about the times someone is pushing all their buttons.

This was one of those times where Ranma really wasn't at fault, though. What, you thought she'd blame him for this? No, she knew she'd picked up the stupid box herself, nobody to blame

but her own reaction here. That wasn't the thing that was upsetting her. What was upsetting her was the fact that her own big sister was currently being possessed by a succubus

"Would you like some tea, Akane?" Kasumi asked, her batlike wings fluttering behind her head. She was holding a tea tray. Which Akane was staring at with deep suspicion.

"What, is there some kinda aphrodisiac effect on it or something?" Akane asked. She made sure to put herself between her sister and her fiance. "I'm onto you! I know what kind of story this is!"

"Huh?" Ranma gormlessly replied. "I thought it was a regular Halloween story."

"Yes, that was my assumption too," her father said, while Mister Saotome nodded along like an idiot. "You see? The narrator is in full on wise-ass mode. Perfectly normal Halloween story."

Akane sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Ranma. Without using any insults, describe my costume."

"Uh...?" Ranma muttered, then looked down at her again. "Kind of a lame - I mean, a cheap - I mean, a dress with a low hemline and a boob window."

Akane stared at him. Stared very intensely at him, for a long, long time.

"Ohhh, we're in a horny Halloween story," Ranma slowly realised. Then checked himself. "Huh! I'm in guy form, that must be why I didn't notice. Shoulda spotted it, your boobs are definitely bigger than - "

Clang! The tip of Akane's elbow met the top of Ranma's head, and for good measure Akane was digging that sucker in there.

"Stay away from Ranma, okay sis?" Akane scowled. "I won't let you use your newfound sexual powers lure him away into bed, got it?!"

"So you don't mind if I go and drain the soul of any other young men I happened upon?" Kasumi asked, tilting her head and smiling a smile that was way, way too innocent. It had to be a put on. But at the same time, anyone faced with it simply couldn't care because *gosh* she's pretty. "Okay! This is as good a reason as any for Doctor Tofu to vanish from the series!"

"Hold on, wait, wait!" Akane grabbed Kasumi's arm and sat her back down. "I'm not letting you drain anyone's soul. Right, Ranma?"

Ranma was staring at Kasumi's butt. Rather too busy to answer. So Akane repurposed her elbow and dug it into her fiance's ribs.

"Sorry, sorry!" Ranma burbled helplessly. "She's possessed by a succubus! I can't help it!"

"Yeah, that's reasonable..." Akane muttered to herself, but when Ranma stared at her in total disbelief, Akane's demeanour changed entirely: "I mean! How dare you be easily manipulated by magic specifically designed to bewitch the attention of a man! I'm going to irrationally blame you for it in a way that is simultaneously in and out of character!"

Much better. Now, back to the extremely hot succubus they'd accidentally unleashed just in time for Halloween!

"Oh! I just remembered!" Kasumi gasped. "I need to return a book to Doctor Tofu!"

Everyone in Furinkan suddenly felt a premonition of doom. Even those without a trained danger sense felt like someone had walked upon their grave. Kasumi Tendo paying a visit to the good Doctor was bad enough. It turned a good man into a one man wrecking crew. No, not a Nerima Wrecking Crew. That's not a thing outside of fan communities.

Getting away from the point here. The thing that *matters* is that Kasumi Tendo, possessed by a succubus, paying a visit to Doctor Tofu could have only two possible outcomes. The first: The good chiropractor goes from zero to a hundred in a minute flat, and starts paying *house calls* in a very unhealthy state of mind. That is, unhealthy for everyone in reach of his fingers. The second: The good Doctor gets some - and has his life force drained by the Kasumicubus. Depriving them of a genuinely talented and well liked member of the community, who had done a *lot* more good than harm.

Neither of these are entirely desirable outcomes. Oh, sure, let him get laid when Kasumi wouldn't feast on his life essence. Thus: Akane had to think quickly.

"Ranma, take this book back to Tofu!" Akane said, thrusting the book right into his grasp. For once, the idiot got the point and buggered off without saying a word. Which left - "Daddy, take Uncle Genma out to get sloshed!"

"Mission accepted!" Soun said, with tears in his eyes. Good. That should do it. That left the three of them in the house. Her, Kasumi, Nabiki in her room thankfully oblivious to everything that was going on. No men around to get drained, and Akane could figure out a way to contain this damned succubus before -

"So, Akane, now that it's just us," Kasumi said. "How far have you gone with Ranma?"

Huh, that's funny, Akane didn't remember picking up this lemonade or taking a sip out of it. Regardless of her memory, here she was spitting it out all over the floor!

"H-Hey, we've not done anything!" Akane said. But Kasumi's face loomed over her. "I mean, we held hands this one time, we've seen each other in a state of undress a lot more than I'd like to remember, and -"

"It's not healthy to repress your sexual desires," Kasumi interrupted. "Now, Akane. I know that the two of you have an unhealthy, immature tendency to repress your mutual attraction and lash out in frustration that the other doesn't fully conform to your expectations, but as your big sister I must insist that you tap that. For the sake of your own mental health, you must tap that in either form at every opportunity!"

Akane Tendo had reached maximum embarrassment. Hearing her pure, innocent, older sister echoing her own - Er, that is! Trying to push her into getting laid was the absolute last thing she was expecting to hear today!

"Uh, that's the succubus talking!" Akane said. "Kasumi, don't let it -"

"Kasumi wants to be an auntie!" Kasumi cutely commented. Guh! No, don't put it like that! "Go ahead, Akane! Climb mount Ranma! Your big sis is supporting you!"

"Kasumi!" Akane turned scarlet. Deep red is the meaning of her name, and she sure was showing it here! "S-Stop that, cut it out! I don't want to do... that stuff with Ranma!"

But regardless of her protestations, Kasumi's eyes were full of delight. Mischief. It was almost the same look Nabiki got in *her* eyes when she had thought of something especially deviant.

"Alright Akane, in that case, how about I teach you some baking!" Kasumi said. Huh? That was a sudden change of topic. "I really should have tried harder to show you by now, eh? After all, I won't be here forever, will I?"

This seemed like safer territory to cover... Alright! Time to put their apron on and learn how to cook! There wasn't anything remotely perverted about learning how to cook, so this ought to be safe! She went to get her sister's apron, but by the time she turned around, Kasumi was already wearing one.

"Succubus shapeshifting powers?" Akane asked. Kasumi nodded. "Right, hopefully I don't get too used to that. So what did you want to show me?"

"Simple biscuits," Kasumi said, flashing Akane a smile that was almost too pure to be believed, and do please ignore the bat wings fluttering behind her, really and truly. "Alright then, let's whip them up just like this!"

Akane watched her sister grab butter, flour, eggs and sugar, seeming to know instinctively how much to pour out without even weighing them. It was sorta like when she watched Ranma go through a particularly complicated kata. Akane could replicate the motions, but she could never quite do it as smoothly or as effortlessly as he could. It was the same feeling here.

"All done!" Kasumi chirped, suddenly whipping out a biscuit and popping it in Akane's mouth. Huh? What? Already? "There we go, how does that taste?"

"It tastes..." Akane chewed. Light. Fluffy. Sweet. Very simple and basic, but nonetheless made with love and affection. "Amazing! You're going to show me how to do that?"

"No, I'm going to stand back and watch," Kasumi said, holding out another biscuit, which Akane took. She'd be a fool not to!

"Huh? Stand back and watch what?" Akane devoured another three before she knew what she was doing.

"The succubus magic I baked into those cookies warp your body and mind beyond belief."

Huh. Huh! That wasn't quite what Akane was expecting. By this point, her cheeks were puffed out from all the biscuit she'd stuffed in there. She nodded her head, slowly at first, but then getting faster and faster as she realised the trap she'd fallen into, horror slowly creeping into her soul at the implications of what -

Then she swallowed, and felt a full body shudder pass through her entire body.

"Sex please," Akane said. She fanned herself down, squirmed where she stood, but the heat... Oh, the heat was far too much! "Please, I need sex! With Ranma Saotome specifically! Ohhhhh~"

"Girl form, or boy form~?" Kasumi playfully asked.

"Either! Both at once! I don't care!" Akane collapsed to her knees, clenching her thighs together as the dampness between her legs became truly unbearable. An ache was filling her that could only be satiated by the biggest jerkface she knew sticking his/her face right in there and making motorboat noises. "Ohhh, Ranma~"

"Oh my!" Kasumi teased. She played with her fingers within Akane's hair, and then her clothes seemed to almost melt off her... That is, except for the apron she was wearing. "I'll tell you what, then. How about I set it up so you get that pigtailed dick you crave so much~"

=====

That outa be around about enough time for Akane to fuck everything up and desperately need his help to resolve it. Ah, who was he kidding? The tomboy might be a clumsy violent idiot sometimes, but there have been other times she's really helped him out. Not that he'd admit it aloud. They have a whole thing going on here.

Still, this didn't seem like the sorta mess Akane could really sort out without his help. Kasumi was kind of a blind spot for her, you know? Her big sister, who doubled as a mother figure. The two of them growing up separated by all of three years, with the big sister having to grow up that much faster for the sake of the family. Man! When you put it like that, Ranma really figured he outta get Kasumi something special for her birthday, you know? But what did she even want?

"To be an auntie~" flitted across the Tendo entranceway, like a whisper on the wind meant only for his ears. That wasn't ominous at all. He walked in confidently, hands behind his head. Poked his nose around. Seemed pretty quiet. He steeled himself anyway. Soul of ice, soul of ice, et al. He would not be seduced. He would not be tempted. He would not be -

"Welcome home, handsome~" said Akane Tendo, in her most frightening posture: Standing in the kitchen wearing an apron. Normally the sight of this would send Ranma out of the Furinkan district out of sheer survival instinct - that girl could not cook to save her life and she always wanted him to take first bite for some reason.

Not today. For you see, Ranma's survival instinct was warring with another instinct. One that he normally had no problem ignoring... But for a single, simple fact.

The one biggest weakness of all straight men is simply, categorically: The Naked Apron. It is the ultimate attack upon the male libido, for which there is only one possible defence: Lack of visual clarification. Alas, from the instant it is seen, it becomes burned into the mind, and there is no longer any escape.

"Kasumi showed me how to make some biscuits," Akane's butt said. Akane's bare butt. Hidden by naught but the knot on her apron string, which hung down a few inches and covered, in essence, less square surface than you might find upon a fingernail. Akane's fit toned *cute* butt. She turned around, and his eyes went up to her face. Smiling. Serene. Cute cute, cute, cute! "I can't wait for you to try them~"

He stepped into the room as if drawn in against his will. In response to his proximity, Akane took a sharp breath, and rubbed the side of her head.

"R-Ranma, snap out of it!" said the cute girl. Cute, cute, cute! "Kasumi... The succubus possessing her! It's done something to me, and - Guh, this is so embarrassing! Forget you saw that, or I'll kill you later!"

"Cute!" Ranma burbled. He reached out to grab her. She was right. They were under a spell... Which meant... "Love you... Lots and lots!"

"R-Ranma! I love you too, but - but!"

He lowered his mouth next to her ear, while his hands trailed down her curves, then he whispered in her ear -

"Stupid! If we're under a spell, we can do whatever we want and blame it on that later!"

Akane blinked, taking that in. Then she nodded, pushed him back against the table, and *really* got into the spirit of things! Isn't it amazing what a healthy outlet for your repressed feelings can do for you?

Not that you can call this a *healthy* outlet, I mean, they're pretending that they were brainwashed into having sex with each other, so...

Isn't it amazing what an *unhealthy* outlet for your deep rooted sexual desires can do for you?

=====

Kasumi flitted upstairs, floating down the hallway with a hand on her hip, and a smirk on her normally innocent face. Here comes a girl on a mission, and that mission was simple: Get her sisters laid, pronto!

Akane was actually pretty easy. For all of her protestations, Kasumi had seen the look in her eyes that Ranma got when he, in boy form, walked around shirtless. She'd also caught the look in Akane's eyes when Ranama walked around in *girl form* shirtless.... Right before she dumped some hot water on him and told him off for being shameless.

It wasn't hard to get her sorted out, on that basis. The tricky bit though, would be...

"Knock knock! I'm coming in!" Kasumi sang, and opened the door to find Nabiki lying on her bed, comic in hand, cooly flipping through the pages. "Hello Nabiki~ How are you doing today?"

"Well, I'm not possessed by a succubus, so it's going pretty great," Nabiki said. Kasumi giggled, and closed the door behind her by using her wings. Goodness, these were quite useful weren't they?

"Is there a boy you -"

"I'm not banging Tatewaki Kuno," Nabiki interrupted. "I'm just warning you right now."

Hrm. Oh dear. It seemed as though she'd have to make use of other methods here if she wanted to -

"No, I'm not hungry. Nor am I thirsty," Nabiki said. "And in case you were thinking of trying to rub my shoulders or something..."

Then Nabiki pulled out a bottle with a cross on it, dumped the contents over her shoulders, and for good measure, smeared a thin layer of it over her exposed legs.



"Holy water?" Kasumi asked. "Why would you even have - "

Nabiki rolled over and gave her a really flat look. It dared her to finish that sentence. Go on. Do it. Say something. Live this life, with Ranma Saotome in it, and dare try to say that you shouldn't take precautions. Then, for good measure, try to say it while actively being possessed by a sex demon.

"Well, I mean, I can't do nothing here..." Kasumi whined. "I mean, if you're not distracted by sex, then -"

"Oh, god, Ranma, yes! Knock me up! Knock me up, right now!"

Nabiki coolly turned the page in her comic. Not even phased by that little outburst.

"Look, if you wanna go out and bang Doctor Tofu, just go out and bang him already," Nabiki sighed wearily. "Why you gotta try to distract us by sex anyway? Akane's the only one that would -"

"That's right, tomboy! Take it, take it like that! You like it that way, don'tcha?!"

"Can you do something about that?" Nabiki insisted. "Guh! I'm glad they're finally knocking boots, but I was always dreading the noise in these paper thin walls!"

Kasumi waved her hand and put a soundproof barrier around the room. Should linger even without further maintenance, it was a very basic spell... But what to do with Nabiki? She couldn't use magic on her, not without either an invitation, and that Holy Water would provide a barrier. Even if it wasn't *real* Holy Water, she dared not test it out by touching it.

"Well, the truth is, Nabiki," Kasumi said. "The main thing keeping me here is concern over both of your futures. I am happy with Akane marrying Ranma and having babies."

"Oh my goodness, we're gonna have soooo many little nephews and nieces to help babysit," Nabiki said, flat as flat can be.

"But I am not certain about your intentions for your future. What are you planning on -"

Kasumi stopped. She tilted her head. Nabiki was reading her comic upside down. Huh? Really? That's strange, why would she - Also, what was that under her window? It looked like a ventriloquist's dummy. It seemed rather familiar, but where had she seen that before...?

A smile came to Kasumi's face, and she nodded, eying the underneath of Nabiki's bed carefully. Of course. Of course. She conjured up a little something that looked like orange juice, and set it by Nabiki's bed.

"A stamina enhancer, nothing more!" Kasumi said. Then put her finger to her lips. "Incidentally, the soundproofing works both inside *and* out. Now, if you'll pardon me, I'm about to go lay the most eligible bachelor in town~"

After she shut the door, Kasumi giggled to herself and peered through the door using a simple voyeurism spell. Sure enough, a handsome face poked out from under the bed. She couldn't hear what they were saying, but it seemed rather animated, and Nabiki was peeling off her shorts, and - There we go. Tee hee! How adorable!

=====

"What a haul, what a -" Happosai happily called out while returning after a long night of pilfering underwear. Which, for him, was a *good* and *productive* night, to be sure! However, upon arriving in the Tendo home, he came to a complete stop. Something was wrong. The air felt... *horny*. Before he'd even arrived.

He tiptoed through the Tendo home wondering what might be amiss. The kitchen...? He threw it open, and came upon the sight of girl form Ranma and Akane, naked together underneath an apron!

"Hotcha!" he called out, but was soon grabbed by none other than Nabiki Tendo, who was wearing a man's shirt.

"Hey, don't disturb them now," Nabiki said. Then she pulled a camera out of... *somewhere* and snapped a picture (without flash) of the sleeping pair. Happosai turned to rant at her... except he noticed something strange.

"Nabiki, what's that on your face?" he asked accusingly. Nabiki used her spare hand (having put the camera away again) to check her face. Didn't seem to notice anything amiss. "That smile! You normally wear a knowing smirk. Like you know something nobody else does!"

"Oh, do I, now?" Nabiki asked. She quite visibly tried to force that same smirk - but her face rebounded back into that big, dopey looking smile. "Leave them be, old man. Have your fun another night."

Hrm? What was this? What was going on? Had horny antics been happening here at his very place of residence while he had been absent?! Surely not! And surely... Gasp! What about Kasumi! He bounded up to her room, eager to find out what had happened when all of a sudden -

"Waaaah!" the spirit of a succubus ran from the room with tears in its eyes. "They're so... so pure! Yet they're also not wearing down! It's too much, I can't take it! All that lovey dovey energy, it's overflowing! I need lust! I need desire of a carnal nature! Not- Not thiiiiis~"

It flew off into the night's sky, and all Happosai could wonder was... Would it be a good idea to look inside that window or not?

"Doctor Tofu~" Kasumi's voice hummed through the window. The mere sound made his shoulders shudder. No. There are some things even a martial arts master dares not tread, and this, for certain, was one of them.

# Danganronpa The Ultimate Playboy

It was a complete and total scandal! Here I am, the Ultimate Inventor, being held hostage in my own laboratory by a bunch of brainwashed skanks, being forced to watch as Makoto Naegi used his dick to break the brain of that bimbo Ultimate Swimmer! I almost felt sorry for Aoi. Look at her, laying there against my workbench getting absolutely *ruined* for other men.

Wait, hang on, did I say I felt sorry for her? No, that's not the right emotion. What was it again? Gee, let me think, oh yeah, *soul consuming envy*!

"Right there, Makoto, right there!" she was moaning just like that. Every move she made with that lithe swimmer's physique of hers was designed to cling onto his surprisingly ripped physique. Holy crap, I couldn't get over it. Was he on 'roids or something? Couldn't be! His balls were too big! I tried to look elsewhere, but wound up tracking his hand as it trailed down Asahina's chocolate toned thigh. My own brilliant imagination tormented me with imagining what it was like, but also warned that, based on how she (and the other sluts in the room) were acting, that it must feel even better than that!

"Eeek!" I squealed. A defence mechanism! Honest, that's all it is! You're buying that, right? Aha! I mean, obviously I'm a real badass at heart, so I only do that to throw people off! "Y-You crazy girls, you're not inducting me into that harem cult of yours!"

The three of them gave each other a look, like they knew already I wasn't going anywhere. The Ice Detective, Gothic Doll and the Pop Star Priss. Quite the group he'd gathered already, and soon enough Donut Ditz was gonna join them! Heck, she seemed to have, already!

Donut Boobs had reversed their positions, pushing him to the floor while she rode him cowgirl style. She was making direct eye contact with me, a vacant smile on her face and her hands behind her head as she piledrove that body onto that dick like it was the only thing letting her live.

"Oh, Miu! You gotta try this!" Swimboobs moaned. Eek! C-Come on now, I like to crack wise about people being dirtier than they put out front, but this was ridiculous! "I can't get enough of it! Oh, Makoto! You're exactly what I need!"

Total lost cause there. Alright, come on, let's try a different approach here...

"So much for the Ultimate Detective?" I scoffed, putting my hands on my hips and staring down the Ice Queen herself. "What, all it took was a hot stud giving it to you nice and deep to break your brain? Hmph! Pooichi is a way better Ultimate Detective than you'll ever be!"

"I'm a good enough detective to tell that you're checking out Makoto just as much as the rest of us," Kyoko said. "You're going to climb on board mount Naegi and enjoy every second of it."

"M-Mount Naegi?!" I gasped, trembling at the ridiculousness of it. The reverence in her tone! How absurd it was!

There really was no question of it. He'd mindbroken all of them. It was easy to see how. Watching him with Aoi, he was at once tender and rough. Intense, passionate, totally selfless lovemaking! Urgh! That's how much it was getting to her! Calling it lovemaking instead of fucking, or rutting, or -

"Eeeek!" I squealed, hoping to create some distance between us. "N-No! If you break my beautiful brain with sex, then it would deprive the world of my brilliant potential!"

It was true! If Makoto Naegi managed to turn me from a foul mouthed inventor into a rampant nymphomaniac, thoroughly enslaved and addicted to the deep, deep fucking that only he could provide, then... Then it would only be a total disaster for the entire human race!

"Oh, is that how you prioritise things?" Celeste asked. She was holding her fingers up to her mouth, as if politely making an attempt to hide her smirk. "You do know that it is quite common for athletes to have sex the day before a big game? In fact, the villages set up for Olympic games are well known for sexual depravity."

"Yeah, but I'm not a fucking athlete, am I?!" I yelled at the gambler. "Unlike you, I've got to be able to use my brilliant brain for the betterment of the whole human race! Not just stuffing my own fat wallet with other people's money!" In an instant, her demeanour changed, as if I'd hit a switch.

"Listen, bitch!" Celeste yelled. Her eyes had this weird ominous shadow about them. She'd also dropped that phoney French accent, and by the way, pointing like that with her index finger, with that weird metal covering really added to the intimidation factor. "Get off your high fucking horse and get your rocks off already! You wanna talk gambling?! I'll bet everything I have that after you get slammed by Makoto, you'll be twice the inventor that you already are! But from where I'm standing that don't seem like much!"

"Eeeeeek!" I squealed, and fine, no excuse for that one, it was real and genuine terror. But Celeste wasn't even done yet.

"Besides which! Being so afraid of sex when you've got such a potty mouth?! You've invented more double entendres than you have useful machines, and here you are complaining that a total hunk wants to get you off?!"

"Ahhh~"

"Is it just me, or is she getting off on this...?" Sayaka asked. She'd whispered it, but my superior hearing picked it up no problem.

"It's not just you," Kyoko whispered back, while rubbing at the nape of her stupid neck with that stupid gloved hand of hers. "I'm kinda getting off on this as well."

"Enough from the peanut gallery!" I snapped at them. Oh, but that might have been a mistake. Because now I had their attention as well.

"You know, speaking from experience as the hottest pop sensation?" Sayaka said. "I can tell, you're putting on a pretty deep mask."

"My instincts as a detective say the same thing," Kyoko said. "You're hungry for attention, aren't you, Miu? That's why the loud and brash outburst. You want people to praise you, but..."

"Miu," Kyoko said in her usual steady tone, "I have a theory about you. And about why you tend to... react the way you do in social situations."

"Oh, please, Miss Detective," Miu huffed, though her voice wavered. "Go on, 'analyse me.' Like I need some stone-cold mystery girl to figure me out."

Kyoko raised a brow, unfazed. "Actually, I think you do want that. You put on this loud, abrasive persona, but it's more of a distraction than anything else, isn't it?"

The inventor's eyes narrowed, but there was a flicker of something vulnerable in them. "Psh. Like you'd know, Detective Barbie."

"You often make the loudest, crudest remarks in the room," Kyoko continued, ignoring Miu's defensive barb. "In a way, you're intentionally creating distance between yourself and everyone else, as if daring people to dismiss you. It's as if you're testing whether anyone would bother to see through it."

"Oh, you're so full of it," I said, but my voice was quieter. I shifted uncomfortably, casting a quick glance at Makoto, who was still oblivious to our conversation. Not that I could blame him. Any man not paying attention to Aoi Asahina while balls deep inside her was not a sane man.

Kyoko's eyes softened a fraction, though her expression remained analytical. "I think you've been dismissed before. It makes sense that you'd react by exaggerating every part of yourself. Your brashness, your... vulgarity. But it's a defence mechanism, isn't it?"

A shadow crossed my face, and for a split second, I dropped the bravado. My gaze lowered, hands fidgeting with the frayed edge of my skirt. "Maybe people don't like what they see under the hood, okay? So what?"

I shouldn't have let my guard down like that. It would've been easy for them to... do whatever the fuck they do to girls. Luckily? Up ahead, Aoi let out a truly happy shriek. It was the most joy filled

sound I'd ever heard in my life. I knew it would be a bad idea to look. Tried to stop myself from checking it out, but... I found myself looking anyway. It called out for me. I couldn't *not* see it, you get me? What I saw was like a work of art. Now, as a scientist I'm not really qualified to talk about *art* per se, beyond knowing what I like, so let's just say that I liked it without going into why, 'kay?

Aoi's legs were wrapped around Naegi's waist, and her arms around the back of his head. She was resting her own head on his right shoulder. The difference in their complexion was stark. Naegi had the same typical tone of a Japanese man, while Aoi spent all her damned time in swimming pools. Most of them outdoors, and so she had something of a semi-permanent tan. Even so, her feminine curves would contrast against Naegi's firm, rugged, masculine physique even if they had the exact same skin tone.

He gently laid her on the workbench, and then I got a better look at her face. She was gone. Completely checked out. Living in paradise. Caught a glimpse of heaven and was trying in vain to stay there a little while longer. For a fleeting moment I wondered if anything I'd ever invented had made anyone *that* happy, *that* content, *that* serene...

But then I saw *it*. The penis. Still erect. Still turgid. Still ready to go. The shaft bounced as if waving at me. 'Hi there,' it seemed to be saying. 'Gonna get to know you real well, in the Biblical sense, real soon'.

My heart skipped a beat. I looked around at the other girls. Counting Aoi, that's four girls he's given it to that had the time of their lives. Couldn't say he'd be a bad lay, but... But it was clearly affecting them mentally. There had to be something more going on here. Probably pheromones or some bullshit like that.

"Tee hee!" Sayaka giggled. "Aoi's going to need some time to recover from that -"

But then, to all of our surprise, Aoi sat up, then jumped to her feet like she'd just had a nice long nap. Stretched out her arms, and hugged Naegi from behind. Pretty sure she was deliberately rubbing her boobs into his back, too.

"That was amazing!" Aoi cooed. I swear, there were hearts in her eyes. "I didn't even know that I needed that until right now!"

"Not a problem, Aoi!" Makoto reached around to pat her on the head. "Alright girls, we're done here for now. Thanks for helping us out there, Miu. It's really appreciated."

Huh? Huh?! What?! He's not even going to make the play? After all that buildup, he's not even gonna try to flirt with me?!

"Wait, wait!" I said. "So, uh, isn't this the part where you push me down and have your wicked way with me...?"

Apparently not because Makoto was putting on his clothes. H-Huh?! He was *getting dressed*?! The cheek of him! The cheek of them! Look at the lot of them! They all *knew fine well* that he wasn't gonna do anything, and they were just gonna walk away?!

"So what, is my beauty too intimidating for you?" I asked. "You not gonna mind whammy me like you did these other girls?!"

"It almost sounds like you *want* him to," Sayaka observed. "Are you sure he hasn't already?"

The lot of them left, in turn leaving me to think. Which is a dangerous thing to do, even if I like ya! The question now was... Did I like them, or not?

=====

Miu Iruma was among the least dangerous bundle of interlocking neurosis in Hope's Peak, but weirdly, that also made her the most annoying. Potentially. No doubt she's got the looks. No doubt she's got the brain. It's just unfortunate that she's also got the mouth.

It was while I was processing that thought that I realised something kinda scary. I'd started to enjoy myself. Perhaps it was the sight up ahead of Aoi Asahina, standing side by side with Kyoko and Sayaka, all three of their butts beautifully walking in synch, their skirts swaying gently, their figures no mystery to me at all even before I laid hands upon them. Yet now, there were even less mysteries than before.

The trio turned a corner. Best if we were seen together as infrequently as possible. Still, this left me alone with Celeste.

"Penny for your thoughts?" I asked, and she snorted derisively.

"My thoughts are worth a lot more than that!" she replied. "Still, since you did ask. What are your thoughts on Miss Iruma?"

"She's loud, she's brash, she's not nearly as tough as she likes to show off," Makoto said. She's also probably a freak in bed once you get past her insecurities. How did I not know that? Because she was that messed up, that's how. "She's probably afraid that people won't recognise her as brilliant, and is acting up for the attention... Except she doesn't quite know what to do with it once she gets it."

"I see, there is a logic to that," Celeste said. "Several inventors throughout history only received their due *after* their death. It is only natural that the Ultimate Inventor would be keenly aware of this, and dread such a fate for herself."



Thus the all consuming drive to make a name for herself. It was kinda sad. She had so much potential, and despite what she was saying she was pretty much squandering it.

I'd planted the seeds back there. Miu wasn't going to tell anyone about what had happened. She wouldn't be able to bring herself to. It wasn't in her nature. That much, I could tell right away. Still, untangling that knot was going to be a long, tricky process with a rather tremendous payoff. That body, and that mind, in a single sexy package...

"Well well, if it isn't the real deal."

Oh, good. Exactly who I wanted to see. Byakuya Togami, casually bouncing Miu's holoprojecter in the palm of his hand. Figured it out, huh? Well, obviously he would. He's no ordinary Ultimate. Even the Ultimate Inventor would have a hard time fooling him.

"What's that, Byakuya?" I asked, trying to play dumb but it seemed as though he wasn't in the mood for games.

"Let me make this perfectly clear," Byakuya said. "I do not like it when people try to deceive me. I didn't actually much care for what your secret was, Naegi. It was intended as a distraction, but now? It's become a personal mission. You try to insult me with this, while you run around doing whatever it is that you're doing? I see you're with Celeste again today!"

"Yes," Celeste sardonically replied. "Whyever might the Ultimate Lucky Student spend a considerable amount of time with the Ultimate Gambler. Will mysteries never cease?"

"Maybe I wanted you guys to take the hint and back off?" Makoto asked. "I mean, what business is it of anyone else what I get up to in my own spare time? Or are you saying that nobody is afforded privacy in Hope's Peak?"

"My family has been at the heart of too many conspiracies not to smell one here," Byakuya continued. "You reek of malicious planning. Not very *good* planning, but that's almost certainly what it is."

Oh great, you can sense my machinations but not Junko's? While Byakuya would make a good ally against the Ultimate Despair, I couldn't work it out. How do I convince him? How do I *persuade* him? Boys always give this trouble. I can persuade a girl of almost anything, given half the chance. But a boy? Nope, can't be done, it's like I'm walking blind through a maze made of barb wire, so I cannot even touch the walls to feel my way out.

"So? Are you going to confess what you're up to? Or do I have to have associates of mine go through your *family* to find out?"

And now he was threatening my family. My mother. My father. My cute little sister. I felt my hands ball into fists. I could probably knock him out. Maybe. I wasn't a fighter, but I'm cut like a

diamond thanks to my Talent. Trouble is, I'm pretty sure the scion here practises aikido or judo or something. I go for the assault, he has reason to haul me before the principal, and then not even Kyoko could save me from -

"Hey, Mr. 'Gifted' Prodigy, get your smug butt over here before I invent a personality enhancer and make you actually tolerable!" Miu yelled across the hallway, adding in a mutter only slightly quieter, "No, no... Not that even science could fix that!"

"Charming as ever, Miss Irumu!" Byakuya said through grit teeth. "Am I to understand you, too, are part of Makoto's little cabal?"

"Cabal this!" Miu shot back, giving him a thoroughly unamused glare. "I'm not part of any secret club, you paranoid wannabe overlord. I'm actually trying to do something useful here, like catching the stalker that's been creeping on Sayaka!"

Byakuya narrowed his eyes, visibly irritated. "A stalker? And you think this... hologram trickery is the answer? I thought even you would know better, Miss Irumu. Or did you assume your theatrics would fool everyone—including me?"

"Ugh, listen for once!" Miu snapped, visibly exasperated. "I made a hologram of Makoto, okay? Stalker sees Makoto hanging around with Sayaka all the time, so if anyone would draw 'em out, it's him." She jabbed her thumb toward the hologram. "And everything was going fine until you had to pop in, acting like I'm part of some... conspiracy or whatever!"

Byakuya's gaze flickered back to the hologram, his scepticism undiminished. "So you mean to say that our luminary classmate here is a lure in your half-baked scheme?"

Miu threw her hands up. "Yeah, exactly! 'Cause unlike you, the guy's actually pretty good at getting people to talk to him. And I know what I'm doing, thank you very much. You don't have to turn everything into some... some rich-people intrigue novel!"

"And I'm simply supposed to accept that, am I?" Byakuya asked, and no sooner had he said that than Miu had dropped a series of photographs right under his nose.

"I have the originals, and a bunch of other copies already," Miu warned. They showed pictures... of Byakuya blatantly following the hologram. Huh? She had a camera in the project as well? "Looks real bad for you, huh? Right as we're looking for a stalker? Oh, I'm sure daddy would love to find out that the scion he sent to the best school in the fucking world decided to stalk a regular ass pop whore."

"You...!" Byakuya grumbled. "You'll pay for this, both of you!"

"Am I included in this?" Celeste asked with a mocking tone. Byakuya rushed off, flipping her the bird while going by. "Oh my, that didn't go the way he wanted did it?"

"Thanks for the assist," I said, bowing slightly to her. Miu turned her nose up and tapped her foot. "No, really. I think he had me cornered there. Even threatened my family."

"Bah! I know his uncle," Miu shrugged. "He commissioned a sleep apnea device from me one time. If he tries something, he's toast. You wanna make it up to me, you do for me what you did for Aoi."

Well now, that was a faster turnaround than I expected. Celeste seemed surprised as well.

"What changed your mind?" I asked.

"Oh, you know, you just seemed so cool and mysterious, so obviously I'd want a taste and - The hell are you doing, Goth Barbie?!"

What she was doing was a Jojo's reference. She'd gotten right inside Miu's personal space, put her head right next to Miu's cheek, and gave it a good long lick. Wow, that... that's actually kinda hot when it's two girls.

"I taste a liar~" Celeste said, then grabbed Miu's breast and really got a good grip on it. "Tell the truth now. "An inventor should leave the lies to us gamblers! After all, what is an invention, but another representation of the truth of the world we live in? Go ahead, admit it, now!"

"Eek~" Miu shrieked. "Okay, okay! Fine! Geeze! You and Aoi made a mess of my workbench, so... So I went to clean it up. But it was still kinda... fresh, so it smelled really good and I -"

"You licked it up like a dog, didn't you?" Celeste asked. Miu nodded. "Like a bitch, is that not right?"

"Eek!" Miu shrieked. "D-Don't make me say it! It's bad enough that you're keeping me from tasting it again!"

"Alright Celeste, I think that's enough," I interrupted. Celeste reluctantly pulled her hand away. "You girls are sure nobody's watching?"

"I got the school cameras on a ten minute delay," Miu grumbled. "Come on, my loins need it soooo bad! What the hell is in your spunk, it's making me act weird!"

Good question! But you know, now that we had the Ultimate Inventor on side... might be a good time to find out!

=====

This probably does not come across as a tremendous surprise, but I, Celestia Ludenberg, do not get on very well with Miu Iruma. We're two very different flavours of beauty, you see. I, elegant, refined, dark, mysterious and foreign. Her? Rude, crude, lewd and absurd. Miu had never met a double entendre she didn't like. Unless you counted those thrown back in her face.

She is the epitome of 'can dish it out, but cannot take it'. We shall see how true that was, now that the three of us had returned to Miu's laboratory. I had already taken the time to lock the door, as the other two would be rather... let's say, *preoccupied* for the time being.

It truly was astounding watching him at work. It was a lot like watching a master musician picking up assorted instruments and immediately laying out a masterful solo piece with each of them. A fiddle here, the trumpet there, and how about the piano to finish off? The set of skills are each unique, yet he shows no sign of rust. Only polish.

Then you come along with a brand new instrument, one that had not existed until now, and he picks it up, and shows off its true potential in seconds.

I knew intellectually, of course, that we should all feel jealous of the attention he gives the other girls. I knew how strange it was that none of us felt that way. If anything, it was arousing watching him pick up another instrument and make it play to his melody.

"You are brilliant," Makoto whispered. Miu purred like a kitten. "You're one of a kind. There's only one Miu Iruma on the entire planet."

"Urrrgh," Miu was drooling. How uncouth, and yet it was hard to blame her in *this* context. If only I had not seen her behaving in such a manner in far less erotic situations. "It's like your voice is molesting my central nervous system!"

"Oh, my dear innocent Miss Iruma," I cackled. "He has not yet laid hands upon you. When he does, then you shall learn -"

In the time it took me to say that, Makoto had already managed to get his hands inside her uniform. One hand upon her thigh, the other on a breast, while his mouth had found its way into the nape of her neck, and then we learn what sort of beautiful music this instrument can play.

"Aaaaaeeeeiii~" Miu happily screamed. "Well, well, mister studmuffin! It sure seems like you know what you're - Oh! Oh baby, right there!"

His movements were, as ever, efficient yet tender and loving. He was not merely groping her like a piece of meat, though that is something she seemed the sort to enjoy. He was also disrobing her at the same time. Every time he moved his hands, he was unbuttoning buttons, unzipping her skirt, tugging on cloth, disrobing her gradually yet quickly. Miu herself was making rather clear attempts to assert authority and control over the situation, but they were shot down rather instantly. It was clear who was in charge here.

It didn't take long before he had her right where he had Aoi not too long ago, though the position was rather different. For Aoi, he held her close. Showered her with affection. Because those were the things that worked with Aoi. With Miu?

He had her bent over the counter with her butt up in the air before she even knew what was happening. It provided me an opportunity to get a good look at her body, and - I must admit, there I did feel a little jealousy. Annoyingly, Miu did rather earn the title of gorgeous genius. We all had quite splendid physiques, but Miu...?

You could not tell that she spent most of her time in the laboratory. You would swear that she must surely spend it in the gym. Though she was not nearly as toned as Aoi, she was possessed of a figure that was quite healthy. The sort that did not *need* to watch the carbs, but probably did so anyway just in case. Ah! Of course. An inventor of this calibre would probably be fully aware of how important certain nutritional requirements are, and adjust her own diet appropriately. Yes, there was a logic to this.

Though logic did not explain those breasts. She was pushing them into the surface of her workbench as though trying to rub it clean. As for Makoto? He was standing behind her, letting his enormous cock lay atop her cheeks, bouncing it between them, first one of the other.

"You're a tricky one," Makoto said. "You both want and deny tender affection. You want to dominate, and be dominated at the same time. You want to talk dirty, but don't want to be talked dirty to." Here he was, reading her like a book. "But the number one thing you want right here and now is for me to take you from behind like a - "

He winced. This was a personal weakness of his. He could not bring himself to insult women.

"Like a pig," I offered, wandering over to them. "Like a desperate, greedy sow looking to gobble up any meat that comes its way."

"Hey, butt out - " Miu began, but I silenced her with a good hard slap to the butt.

"Go ahead, Makoto!" I demanded, looking at her rather than at him. "Show this dirty mouthed skank what it means to become a cum dumpster."

"C-Cum dumpster~!" Miu sang, and taking his cue, Makoto put it in. He looked to me with pleading eyes, asking me to continue while he did what he did best. "Eeee~ Ohhhh! It's in so deep!"

"Thanks Celeste," Makoto whispered.

"Don't mention it, stud!" I replied. Then gave her a nice, hard spank. "Who said you could stop writhing in pleasure, you pig-slut!"

"Eek! I'm shooooo sowwy!" Miu moaned. Goodness, how adorable, Makoto actually seemed a bit awkward while giving her a good hard fucking. Amazing. This beautiful inventor's specific neurosis made her both trivially easy for him to seduce and sexually satisfy, yet at the same time it was strangely difficult for him to properly handle her. If she had been a complete masochist, it might have been one thing. As it was? He was having a hell of a time with it. "Let me make it up to you by joining your harem~"

# R+V Smart Succubus

Once upon a time, Kurumu would have probably pulled this as a stunt to gain some sympathy, so that she could manipulate the person embracing her into doing something that she wanted. Play up the cute innocent act, let the tears and the blubbing flow freely so she could play on the other person's soul like a well tuned piano.

Not so today. This was not an act. It was not a performance. Kurumu really was bawling her eyes out on the shoulder of the vampire she'd been manipulating, toying with, all this time. Because there's nothing in the world like a genius realising what a fool they'd been. Many have that revelation, but when a genius has it, they see angles that others might have missed.

Everything she'd been working for had been futile. She'd been going against her own damned interests. Sometimes it takes that realisation to lead into others, for it was amazing how often ethics and pragmatism go hand in hand. People think they oppose, but in reality, it turns out that ethics is merely pragmatism playing the long game.

More to the point, right now Kurumu was being embraced and comforted by Moka. A rather adorable sight, if not for the thick, racking sobs coming from the pretty blue haired succubus. Moka was gently patting her on the back of her head, shushing her, telling her that it was alright.

But it wouldn't be alright. Not until she came clean. Confessed to everything.

"Um... Moka?" Kurumu sniffed. "I did it on purpose, you know?"

"Did what on purpose?" Moka happily asked back. No, that wasn't happiness. That was her trying to be upbeat to try and set Kurumu's mind at ease. As if trying to tell her that it didn't matter what she'd done, it would all be alright in the end.

"I, uh, used a High Def camera to capture my Charm in an attempt to brainwash the entire school," Kurumu admitted. "I was trying to turn the entire student body into my harem."

Moka stayed quiet there for a moment. Nodded slowly. "Oh, wait, I have heard of this!" she said. "Um... Configuration? Right? Where you change your own memories of the past to -"

"Confabulation," Kurumu corrected. Actually, she was a little impressed Moka picked that up.

"It's where someone unconsciously fills in the gap by creating a false memory or narrative, leading them to believe that a given action was intentional. But, no, that usually only happens if there's an unclear memory of an event for some reason, and I have an eidetic memory."

Moka was staring at her. Nodding slowly.

"It means my memory is flawless," Kurumu said. "No, really. I can remember events from when my first birthday as clearly as I remember teaching you how to sexually satisfy a boy. " Which was a memory she was pretty sure anyone would carry to the grave. Kurumu was pretty sure she'd gone into Moka's bedroom a little bit gay, just a little, and came out hard bisexual.

It was the legs. Kurumu's legs were perfect, just like the rest of her body, but that didn't stop her from appreciating a fine pair of - No, don't get distracted by the second hottest girl in school, you've got a confession to get out.

"Anyway, I'd already brainwashed a bunch of people as it is," Kurumu continued. "Um, the IT guys, school security, the swim club, a couple of bullies... and I've been working on using you to control Tsukune. I can't work out what monster type he is and it bothers me a lot."

"Oh, he's actually a human that is attending on accident."

Huh. Huh! Oh no, for some reason discovering that he was actually human made Kurumu want to sit on his face. No wonder Moka liked drinking his blood so much. Monsters like them naturally fed on humans rather than each other, for much the same reason you never see a horde of zombies try to eat each other. It tastes better, and you get more from it.

"Th-That's neat, b-but can we- Oh goodness it's warm tonight." Kurumu had to stop to fan herself. Oooh, feeling very horny now. "Listen, I'm trying to pour my heart out, here. I've been messing with your heads for a while now. A whole lot of people, too, and I just realised I'm kinda screwing myself over here."

"Ah... How so?" Moka asked, sweet as sugar.

"Well, as it turns out, I can't mate with anyone that's under the effect of my Charm," Kurumu said. "And that's kinda the main reason I've been doing all this to start with. You know that the succubus race is dying out, right? I don't wanna be the last in line of a long revered species of yokai! I want to revive us. Bring us back! Find out why we can only reproduce under *extremely* limited conditions, and how to get around it."

Moka tilted her head and frowned.

"I mean, that doesn't sound like a good system for reproducing, I mean, it would be like if vampires couldn't have kids with anyone they fed from."

Kurumu nodded, but Moka continued.

"I mean, generally we don't, but we *can* if we want to. It's just not seen as socially alright."

"Ah, well..." Kurumu felt a little flabbergasted at that. It didn't seem like the right time or place for that kind of weird comment. Even so, Moka embraced her again.



"It's okay. It's fine. You don't have anything to worry about," Moka said... and then suddenly spun Kurumu around and pushed her forward, right into Tsukune's arms, whereupon he dipped her like they'd finished a ballroom dance. Lips to lips while she'd been distracted by Moka's tender embrace.

Panic set in. That was her first response. Oh no! Like this, she'd make the Charm on Tsukune permanent! He'd be smitten with her for the rest of his life! There wasn't any way she was aware of to break the spell once a kiss had happened!

Which led to her second instinct: Eh, fuck it, go all in. She grabbed the back of his head and relied on her instincts to give that boy the best smooch of her life. Why not, at this point? Maybe it was his human taste lingering in her mouth, but... slurp! Give her more of this! Mmm, that tasted *nice*! She'd never bothered with regular humans before, so she had no idea they tasted this good! No wonder Moka wanted to take a nibble every so often, if his blood tastes half as good as his lips did then-

Alas, there comes a point where anyone or anything would be satiated. Kurumu reached it quickly, grabbed Tsukune by the shoulders and pushed him away.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry!" she cried, already feeling the tears welling up. "Tsukune, I made you love me forever, I've stolen your will and now -"

"Uh...?" Tsukune sheepishly rubbed the back of his head. "Actually, I overheard what you were talking about. I think the Charm wore off a little while ago?"

Kurumu stared at him in muted shock. A blush crept up her pretty face, as for once she truly had no idea what to say.

"Oh," she finally said, while Moka giggled, and Tsukune looked up at the sky. "So, you're yourself again?"

"I think so," Tsukune said. "I dunno if I'm the right person to check though, so maybe- "

Moka bit his neck and sucked on his blood. Not much, though. Just enough for her to get a taste. After which, she put her hands to her cheeks and licked her lips.

"He's clean," she said. "I'm sure I could taste it in his blood. He's normal. But... I'm still hungry!"

Moka suddenly lunged for Kurumu, and managed to completely bypass her survival instinct. Normally, anyone seeing someone baring fangs and pouncing for the throat would have a fight or flight reaction... but that's why vampires are so tricky. Their bites make you feel *good*, which tricks the brain into letting them feed off you all they want, and now?

Now, Kurumu was having her blood sucked while Tsukune's tongue was in her mouth. Huh! How interesting. Though her brilliant brain could articulate every step that led to this point, she wasn't quite sure in a general sense what the causal chain was. It felt rather disconnected to her actions and choices and -

Ooooh, that right there's the sensory overload. Her eyes crossed right at the moment that Moka and Tsukune each grabbed one of her breasts, and she didn't come back to herself until she woke up in her room, on her bed, with the two of them staring down at her affectionately.

"Soooo~" Moka said while taking off her blazer. She tossed it aside, over her shoulder, without a seeming care in the world. "I think this is the part where you get what you wanted."

Huh? Huh?! Huh?! Oh gosh, all of a sudden she was staring at Moka's bare breasts, but only for a second before Tsukune's face filled her vision, and *kiss*. Wait, hold on here a second, she'd been a *bad girl*, hadn't she? They ought to hate her for it?

Or were they so brainwashed from her charm that even this blatant act of betrayal was now a serious turn on?

We now take a trip inside the head of a genius to get a good look at how her brilliant mind works. There are, of course, several aspects to her mind here, gathered together in a room. At the head of the room we have: Sexy Teacher Kurumu! You know the look even before we describe it, but here we go! White shirt with the top three or four buttons unbuttoned, tight black pencil skirt that barely covered her thighs, and oh yes, we cannot forget the stilettos nor the glasses that she perches at the end of her pretty, perfect nose.

Whap! Then there is the ruler, because there's *always* a ruler. She slaps it into her hand and stares out at the assembled Kurumu's with the kind of lingering eye contact that only a practised seasoned teacher could accomplish so easily. Then walks around the room like a porn star on set.

"Alright everyone, this is not a drill," Teacher said to the class. "We are about to get laid. By no less than Moka and Tsukune."

The instant Tsukune's name was uttered, they all shuddered in unison. Not a bad shudder. A *good* shudder.

"Your assignment today," Teacher said. "Is to determine our next rational course of action. Who would like to take the floor first?"

All hands shot up into the air right away, but one of them had beaten the others by a fraction of a second. This was a Kurumu wearing a fairly typical set of gym clothes - a regular t-shirt, alongside some tight, snug blue bloomers. She had her hair tied up in a ponytail and then she

jumped to the head of the class doing stretches (sexy stretches that's an important detail that must not be overlooked) for absolutely no good reason.

"I say we go for it! Go, go, go!" said Competitive. "We're the best! We're number one! Let's show Moka how it's done!"

"Hey, like, don't crib from my R-O-U-T-I-N-E!" said Optimism, who was wearing a bright orange skimpy cheerleader uniform. Don't let the valley girl talk fool you she - like the rest of Kurumu's inner selves - could mentally run circles around anyone reading. If not for the fact she's, you know, in a whole other universe where we'll never get to meet her.

Sorry, just made myself sad there for a second. Ahem! Another aspect of Kurumu hip-checked Competitive out of the way, this one wearing - let's not fool ourselves here, it's a Morrigan cosplay. One hundred percent, it's Morrigan from head to toe.

"I'm in full agreement," Instinct said. "I feel a strong compulsion to mate with these two. I can already feel it! Ah! The ways to tantalise and delight the flesh! Let us not hold back and give it our all!"

"Or it could be a trap!"

This was from a Kurumu who, it must be said, looked rather... dishevelled. She was wearing only two items of clothing: A long baggy jumper, and a tinfoil hat.

"Think about it a moment," Paranoia observed. She turned her attention to the blackboard, drew upon it so fast that she kicked up an enormous cloud of dust which, upon its settling, had become a diagram. "How convenient is this? It must be a trap. It's the only explanation! We're caught in someone else's illusion! I would not put it past Mizore, or that spider girl, or some creepy stalker to make us *think* we're banging Tsukune and Moka, when actually..."

"An illusion would have incongruity to it," Confidence said, starting beef with Paranoia because, ultimately, they are the opposite to one another. "I mean, like, Instinct do you notice anything weird?"

The whole classroom stopped for a moment there. A faint smile crossing their features. In the real world, penetration had just happened.

"According to our internal analysis, this is entirely in line with Tsukune's *size*," Teacher said, and the others nodded in full agreement. Except Paranoia.

"Shapeshifters, then!" she complained. "Oh, there are no shortage of - "

Paranoia's eyes crossed, and her legs went weak.

"Sh-Shapeshifters who know how to please a girl," she continued.

"My word, such a selfless lover..." Succubus began to fan herself. "Mmm~ Moka's giving him direction. How wonderful!"

"Ahem!" a new voice coughed. The class parted to reveal a Kurumu wearing a labcoat, and the way she moved made it quite clear that the only thing under that was her. This was, of course, Scientist, though she also covered other areas like Medicine, Mathematics and Philosophy. Come to think of it, let's call her, ah, Doctor instead to be more accurate? It's not like these names really matter beyond helping you, dear reader, identify who was speaking over the course of the conversation. "There is one other rather important matter we've not yet discussed."

"In that case, the floor is yours," Teacher said. Doctor stepped forward to address the class. Though, for some reason, she was rather taking her time.

"To put it simply," Doctor said. "We are at the most fertile part of our cycle."

Nothing else needed to be pointed out. One need not be a genius to determine the meaning underlining that. What *does* need to be pointed out was the room suddenly shaking, as if in an earthquake.

"Was that an orgasm?" Competitive asked.

"No, though we're not far off one," Instinct said. "I think that was more -"

The room shook again. Paranoia ducked, covering her hands around her head, holding the tinfoil hat closer to her head. Then again. Again. Again, and yet one last time before -

The floor burst open, and up comes Kurumu wearing an apron, a smile, and not a lick else. Her boobs were even bigger than before, her hips were wider and her entire body seemed to be getting bigger and bigger.

"Baby!" this new Kurumu called out. "Baby! Baby! Baby!"

"Oh no, the motherly instinct is coming out!" Teacher yelled. "We have to control it before - Baby!"

"Baby!" Confidence repeated.

"Baby!" Instinct added, and before long every Kurumu in the room, including those that had not joined the conversation yet, were all chanting the same thing while rubbing at their belly, stars in their eyes, looking off to a future that had seemed so far away and yet now seemed so impossibly close.

Back in the real world, Kurumu was on top. She didn't quite remember how she got there, which was rather novel given that she was definitely entirely awake for all of it. What really mattered was this: She was riding Tsukune cowgirl style. His hands were on her boobs. Moka was sitting on his face, and oh yes, she was also biting Kurumu. Not drinking her blood. A playful vampire bite which felt *fucking fantastic thanks for asking*.

Her instincts were whispering insistently in her ear. This is how you please a man. For that matter, this is how you please a *woman*. It wasn't her intelligence guiding her this time, for once, not exactly. This was information engraved onto her very genes. They were guiding her pussy muscles. And her hips. And her fingers too, while they were at it. Guiding them along Moka's body. Touching erogenous zones that Kurumu knew fine well existed, but most people wouldn't.

Oh, that last part *was* making use of her intelligence to an extent. She'd done her homework on the humanoid figure, and long since discovered common sensitive locations of men and women alike. Points you can press to feel good - or really bad. She knew that everyone was built differently, of course.

This was real. It was *really happening*. It wasn't a dream, or a delusion, nor an illusion. It was real, it was real and it was amazing! Oh, but wait. Maintaining the same position for all of their funtime would be kinda boring, so...

"Moka, let's switch positions for a bit," Kurumu whispered. She pulled away. "To keep things interesting."

"Mm, okay~" Moka sang. "Where do you want us? It's your expertise, isn't it?"

Were they just going along with this to make her feel better...? She could sorta tell they weren't hypnotised. Sorta like, it wouldn't feel *as amazing* if they were doing it under her control...? Ah! Of course. She wasn't just feeding off *that*, but also feeding off their feelings for her.

"Tsukune, I need you to take me from behind~" Kurumu said. She rolled over off of him, sticking her butt up in the air. "I've been a bad girl, after all~" And this position would be better for *reproducing* than cowgirl. It was fun, but *baby*! Must have baby, must have baby right now!

Her intelligence and reason was being overridden by instinct. According to her plan, she wasn't ready yet. But the counterargument: Baby. She needed more time to set up, to experiment, to determine the reason a succubus can only normally have but a single child, with such specific restrictions, but then again ***baby***. Cute baby, with Tsukune's nose and her chin and maybe if she was lucky somehow it would have Moka's eyes and -

Smack!

"You're right," Moka said, but her voice sounded different. "You have been a bad girl."

Smack! A powerful hand was landing right on her rear. The sort of strong where you can tell, they could *really* hurt you if they wanted to - but they were holding back just enough that it didn't hurt. Not exactly. Stung like a bitch, but it wouldn't leave welts or anything like that. Kurumu looked back just in time to see a certain Rosary drop by her, and -

Oho! It seemed that Inner Moka had come out to play. She put her foot on Kurumu's back, then leaned down and whispered those magic words to set her off.

"Know. Your. Place."

Guhhhh~ How could she not climax from this?! Oooh, did she have a masochist side to her, then? Or was her body automatically responding in the way that would make her partners feel the most pleasure?

"Is that all it took?" Inner snorted. "Tsukune. Let me show you how a real woman kisses a man."

Ah, and now going for the superiority play, were we? Well. Kurumu would give her this much. It was a very regal smooch. A total power play. The sort of kiss a dom gives their sub when they've been good. It was easy to see the two of them in that role, and what was more -

Guuuuuh, Tsukune's hot *human* seed was being spilled inside her! So hot, so passionate, so *tasty* and *delicious* and *baby baby baby*~

Kurumu collapsed into a happy twitching mess, looking like none of the genius that she normally was. She barely resisted as Tsukune pulled her into a hug. She was sandwiched between the two of them. Inner Moka returned her Rosary, leaving her pinned between Outer and Tsukune. Ooooh~

"Kurumu, you're a good girl," Tsukune said. "I'm sure, whatever you've done, you're not as bad as you think you are."

"If you were all that bad, it wouldn't have bothered you so much," Moka said. "You wouldn't have admitted to anything. You'd have simply... found another way to use us."

Is that so...? Well, maybe she had. Because the thing about the Succubus that Kurumu hadn't fully grasped was that it wasn't the sex that got them knocked up. It was the emotional connection more than the genetics. To truly, completely connect with your Destined One on a level that is usually only achieved through intercourse.

Thus, despite her plans being well and truly flushed, Kurumu was about to produce something brand new, that had never been seen before in the history of yokai. While a human could fully breed with a yokai to produce another yokai, and a yokai breeding with a yokai produces a mongrel...

What happens when two yokai and a human breed all at the same time? Why, the human DNA might well provide a stabilising force that allows the result to maintain traits of both yokai at once - while still being completely stable.

Of course, to prove this properly, Kurumu would need to perform more than one test. Even a genius cannot provide reliable data from a single analysis point.

# Code Geass - Bloodstained Rebellion

Lelouch vi Britannia stood alone in the dimly lit library, his fingers trembling as they traced the brittle edges of a centuries-old manuscript. The quiet crackle of the fireplace behind him barely reached his ears, drowned out by the weight of his own thoughts. Dust swirled in the low amber glow, disturbed only by his restless movements as he turned yet another page.

He had searched for months, scouring ancient texts, old grimoires, and occult records from Britannia's hidden archives. The nobility of the Empire did not often delve into such matters—magic, dark arts, rituals of the forgotten world—but Lelouch was desperate. His sister, Nunnally, lay in her bed in the palace, frail and unconscious, her body barely hanging on. The best physicians of Britannia had failed him. Every avenue he explored only led to more disappointment.

But here, in the bowels of the abandoned library, he might have found it—the key to healing her.

"The Arcanum Vitae," Lelouch whispered to himself, the title inscribed on the page in a language long dead. He had already deciphered parts of it over sleepless nights. The ancient text promised more than just health. It spoke of life eternal, of power beyond comprehension. But Lelouch's concern was singular. If the magic within could give him even a glimpse of hope for Nunnally, he would seize it.

As he lit the candelabra, its flickering light cast long shadows across the walls, adding an eerie aura to the already tense atmosphere. With measured breaths, Lelouch began arranging the ritual, the symbols sketched on the dusty floor, tracing intricate patterns of a language even he struggled to understand fully. He had made sure no one would follow him here. Suzaku, C.C., even Kallen—none knew of his dark pursuit. This was something he had to do alone.

The manuscript described a sacrifice—a tribute to the powers that governed life and death. He had taken care to prepare every detail meticulously, knowing full well the consequences of a mistake. A ritual this dangerous could not afford errors. Lelouch knelt before the sigils he had drawn, a dagger gleaming in his hand.

"For Nunnally," he muttered under his breath, closing his eyes as he prepared himself. He sliced across his palm, the warm blood pooling in his hand before dripping onto the floor, staining the runes in a deep crimson. The moment the blood touched the symbols, the air grew heavy, thick with an unnatural energy. The flames in the fireplace flickered violently as though an unseen wind had gusted through the room.

A whisper echoed in the back of his mind, low and insidious.



"What do you seek, child of Britannia?"

Lelouch flinched, the voice unearthly in its resonance. But he remained focused.

"Life. To heal my sister," he responded, his voice steady, though his heart hammered in his chest.

The room darkened further, the candle flames growing dim, their light now barely enough to hold back the shadows creeping in from every corner. The very air seemed to pulse with malevolent intent.

"Life has a cost. Power demands tribute. What will you offer?"

Lelouch's breath caught in his throat. He had prepared for this question. He would offer his own strength, his own life force if necessary. Anything to save Nunnally.

"I will offer—"

But before he could finish, the symbols on the floor flared with a blinding light. An unseen force pulled at his body, yanking him towards the centre of the ritual circle. Lelouch cried out in pain as he felt something cold, something ancient, crawl into his veins. His vision blurred, and the library seemed to spin around him.

"Your tribute... will be accepted."

The voice now sounded more like a snarl, dark and predatory. Lelouch tried to pull away, but his body was rooted to the spot. His blood—his very essence—seemed to be draining from him, seeping into the arcane symbols beneath him. He gasped for breath, his vision narrowing to a tunnel.

Suddenly, pain erupted throughout his body. His muscles clenched and seized, and he collapsed to his knees, barely holding himself up. It felt as if ice had been injected into his veins, his heartbeat slowing as the coldness spread through him. His breathing grew shallow, the weight of something primal and malevolent pressing down on him.

And then, it stopped. The room was deathly quiet.

Lelouch opened his eyes, dazed and disoriented. His hand trembled as he touched his chest. His heart... it had stopped beating.

Panicked, he scrambled to his feet, rushing towards a dusty, cracked mirror in the corner. His reflection stared back at him, but something was wrong. His once-violet eyes now glowed a faint, predatory crimson. His skin had paled to a near-spectral white, his veins darkened and visible against the pallor.

"No..." Lelouch whispered, horror dawning on him. This wasn't the power to heal. This was something far more sinister. The ritual hadn't simply given him power over life. It had turned him into something else—something inhuman. A creature of the night.

A vampire.

The realisation hit him like a hammer, and Lelouch stumbled back from the mirror, his mind reeling. He had sought to save Nunnally. Instead, he had damned himself.

The taste of blood lingered on his lips, though he had not yet fed. And somewhere, deep within, the hunger stirred.

A new voice whispered in his mind now, one far darker than before.

"You sought life, and you gained eternity. But can you resist the thirst?"

Lelouch clenched his fists, his resolve hardening as he stared into the crimson depths of his reflection. He would control this power, just as he had controlled his Geass.

"For Nunnally," he whispered again, though this time his voice carried an edge of something darker, something that could not be undone.

The real war had only just begun.

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Lelouch stood in the dimly lit room, the flickering candlelight casting eerie shadows across the dark stone walls of the hideout. His outfit—a grand black and crimson cape, high collar, and sleek Victorian jacket—resembled something out of a Dracula film. His violet eyes glinted with amusement as he adjusted his coat, the tips of his fangs just barely peeking from his lips.

He admired his reflection for a moment before smirking. It was perfect. The dramatic flair, the gothic look—it served his purpose perfectly. Of course, he wasn't going to tell Kallen the real reason for his sudden change in wardrobe. For now, the cosplay story would suffice.

Moments later, the door creaked open, and Kallen Stadtfeld stepped into the room, a puzzled expression on her face.

"Lelouch, what the hell is going on? Why are you dressed like that?" she asked, folding her arms. Despite her irritation, she couldn't help but notice how well the outfit suited him, his regal demeanour making him look every bit the part of a vampire lord.

Lelouch turned with theatrical flair, spreading his arms wide in an exaggerated gesture, his cape flowing behind him.

"Kallen, my dearest companion," Lelouch intoned, his voice smooth and commanding, "I bid thee welcome to the grand theatre of high art and timeless drama. I, too, am preparing for a most illustrious occasion—a tribute to the ancient legends of vampiric lore. And as fortune would have it, I have procured the most exquisite attire for you to don."

Kallen raised an eyebrow, her scepticism growing by the second. "Cosplay? Seriously?"

"But of course," Lelouch declared, his tone rich with regal authority, "No grand performance would be complete without my... queen by my side." His eyes gleamed with a mischievous light as the words rolled off his tongue.

Before Kallen could protest, Lelouch motioned to a nearby mannequin, revealing a lavish, blood-red gown with black accents. The bodice was fitted with delicate lacing, and the full skirt cascaded in dramatic layers. The neckline was adorned with subtle gothic detailing, and the dark fabric shimmered under the light. The outfit looked like it belonged to a queen from a dark fairy tale, regal yet undeniably seductive.

"You're joking, right?" Kallen said, her tone halfway between incredulous and intrigued as she eyed the dress.

"Perish the thought, Kallen. Rest assured, you shall look resplendent in this attire," Lelouch said, his voice rich with smooth persuasion. "Together, we shall make a most striking pair—consider it a carefully crafted performance of strategy and elegance." His words flowed with their usual charm, though beneath the surface, a playful glint masked the deeper intentions he harboured.

Kallen looked at the dress again, her resistance slowly wavering. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy dressing up—she had her own taste for fashion. But the whole situation felt... odd. Still, she found herself imagining what it would be like to wear something so extravagant. Besides, Lelouch had a way of making even the most bizarre plans sound convincing.

With a resigned sigh, Kallen walked over to the mannequin and ran her fingers over the fabric. "Fine," she muttered, giving Lelouch a pointed look, "but you owe me for this."

Lelouch smiled, his eyes gleaming. "I would have it no other way, my dear."

A short while later, Kallen stepped out of the changing room, now fully dressed in the crimson and black gown. Lelouch's breath caught in his throat for just a moment as he took her in. The gown fit her perfectly, accentuating her figure while giving her an aura of power and elegance. Her fiery red hair was tied up into a heart shape over her head, in a tall bizarre bun.

"Well?" she asked, arms folded again, trying to hide the slight flush in her cheeks. "I feel like I'm in a gothic play."

Lelouch stepped forward, his expression softened as he took her hand and guided her to the centre of the room, where the dim light from the candles played upon her like moonlight.

"You are radiant, Kallen—truly, a queen in every sense," Lelouch said, his voice dropping to a lower, more intense tone.

Kallen raised an eyebrow at his sudden change in mood. "You're really leaning into this, huh?"

He smiled faintly, but there was something darker in his eyes now, something that made her heart beat a little faster. She didn't know if it was his charisma or the strangely intoxicating atmosphere, but Lelouch seemed different tonight—more commanding, more... dangerous.

As she began to turn away, Lelouch's grip on her hand tightened ever so slightly.

"Kallen," he began softly, his voice imbued with an unexpected gravity, "Do you place your trust in me?"

The question took her by surprise. Of course she trusted him—he was Zero, after all. But something in his tone set her on edge. The air between them felt charged with an unspoken tension.

"Yes... I do," she replied, though now her voice held a note of caution. "Why are you asking me that?"

Lelouch stepped closer, his expression unreadable, though the faint red glow in his eyes had begun to intensify.

"For," he whispered, gently brushing a stray lock of hair from her face, "what I am about to reveal to you is far beyond mere cosplay."

Before Kallen could react, Lelouch leaned in closer, his breath cold against her neck. She felt a sudden, sharp sting as his fangs pierced her skin. Her body tensed as a wave of shock ran through her, but the sensation was quickly replaced by an odd, almost euphoric numbness. She gasped, her mind spinning as the world around her began to blur.

For a brief moment, Lelouch lingered, his lips pressed against her neck as he drank, his hunger momentarily sated by the warm, rich blood that flowed from her. He drew back, watching as Kallen's knees buckled and she collapsed into his arms, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"What... what did you just...?" Kallen's voice was weak, barely audible.

Lelouch cradled her gently, his expression calm yet shadowed with a dark resolve. "This is the cost of true power, Kallen. Now, you and I shall share it," he intoned, his voice deep with

purpose. "You will become stronger, swifter—immortal. Together, we shall reshape this world in our image. I need you by my side, now more than ever."

Kallen's vision dimmed as her body succumbed to the transformation. The dress felt heavier against her skin, her blood racing through her veins in ways she couldn't comprehend. But as the darkness swallowed her, Lelouch's final words echoed in her mind.

"Long live the Queen."

Ah... Of course! She felt a keen understanding flow through her, now. She'd rejected part of herself out of a preference for the underdog. She had seen how cruel and terrible Britannians could be at their worst... but this had kept her from seeing Japan at its worst and Britannia at its best! There was, or there should be, more to Britannia than racism, cruelty and conquest! Innovation! Art! Advances in science and technology the likes of which the world has never seen before!

And so, she found herself accepting her Britannian side... not the cruel aspects, but the parts that truly sought to make humanity better than it already was. With this power, they could do it. They could change Britannia for the better, unleashing its full potential!

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The moon hung low in the night sky, casting long, silvery shadows across the grounds of Ashford Academy. From a distance, the prestigious school looked serene, untouched by the chaos outside its walls. But inside the Student Council room, things were about to take a much darker turn.

Shirley Fenette was bent over a stack of papers, flipping through them distractedly. Her mind wasn't on her work, though—she had been thinking about Lelouch more than usual. Something had been off about him lately. He'd been absent from school more often, and whenever he did show up, his presence felt different. There was a strange intensity in his eyes, and even Kallen had been acting weird around him.

Shirley sighed, glancing out the window, wondering where Lelouch could be tonight.

Suddenly, the door creaked open. Shirley looked up, startled, to see Lelouch standing in the doorway, dressed in an all-black, regal-looking coat. His long cape billowed slightly behind him as if caught by an invisible breeze. He stepped into the room with the same calm, confident air he always had, but there was something almost predatory in his movements.

Beside him, Kallen sauntered in, dressed in her usual Ashford uniform, though her demeanour seemed unusually relaxed—flirtatious, even. She kept casting sidelong glances at Lelouch, her lips curving into a slight smirk. The air between them crackled with tension, and Shirley immediately noticed.

"Lelouch! Kallen!" Shirley exclaimed, sitting up straighter in her chair. "What are you two doing here? It's after hours."

Lelouch closed the door behind him with a soft click and approached her slowly, his violet eyes glowing faintly in the dim light. Kallen trailed after him, her gaze flicking between Lelouch and Shirley with a playful gleam.

"We wished to pay you a visit," Lelouch said smoothly, his voice imbued with charm and authority. "There exists a matter of great importance that we must discuss with you."

Shirley's heart fluttered, and her mind raced. She'd always had a soft spot for Lelouch, but right now, he was acting unusually... close. The way he looked at her, the intensity in his eyes—it was different. Something had definitely changed.

She raised an eyebrow, her tone suspicious but playful. "Wait, don't tell me. Did Milly put you two up to some ridiculous prank? I swear, if she did..."

Kallen laughed lightly, drawing closer to Lelouch. Her hand brushed against his arm, lingering for a heartbeat longer than necessary. "Nay, Miss Ashford is not involved," Kallen replied, a mischievous grin gracing her lips, her tone laced with a strangely haughty air. "However, one cannot deny that this is indeed a most delightful endeavour. We thought you might wish to join us in this venture."

Shirley's eyes darted between them. Something was definitely going on. Kallen was practically clinging to Lelouch, and it made Shirley's stomach tighten uncomfortably. A twinge of jealousy crept in, though she tried to ignore it. She didn't want to seem overly possessive, but seeing the way Kallen was acting around Lelouch set off all sorts of alarm bells in her head.

"Join you... for what, exactly?" Shirley asked, crossing her arms.

Lelouch smirked, stepping closer until he was standing just inches from her. His presence was almost overwhelming now, and Shirley could feel the heat rising in her cheeks.

"Something... extraordinary," he said softly, his voice almost a purr of intimacy. "You do place your trust in me, do you not, Shirley?"

That question—she'd heard him ask it before, but it felt different this time. She hesitated, unsure of where this was going. She'd always trusted Lelouch, even when he disappeared without explanation, but this situation felt strange. Her gaze flickered to Kallen again, who was now leaning casually against Lelouch's shoulder, watching Shirley with a knowing smirk.

"I do, but..." Shirley's voice trailed off as she tried to read Lelouch's expression. Then, almost instinctively, she added, "What's going on with you two? You've been acting so... close lately."

Lelouch and Kallen exchanged a glance, and Shirley's suspicions deepened. Was something going on between them? Kallen had always been tough and independent, but now she seemed almost... attached to Lelouch. Flirtatious, even.

The thought made Shirley's heart sink. If something was developing between them, she had to know. And if there was any chance of stopping it, she had to act fast.

"You're not... dating, are you?" Shirley asked, the words tumbling out before she could stop herself. She tried to sound nonchalant, but there was a tremor of concern in her voice.

Kallen's smirk widened, and she stood up straight, walking over to Shirley and draping an arm around her shoulders. "One could say the two of us have been getting closer of late," she said, her voice teasing as her eyes flickered with amusement.

Shirley stiffened, her eyes narrowing. Her jealousy flared up again, stronger this time. "Closer?"

Lelouch, ever the strategist, saw the perfect opportunity to draw her in. He moved to Shirley's other side, his voice low and smooth as he spoke.

"You might say that Kallen and I have embarked upon a new... arrangement," he said, casting a brief glance at Kallen before directing his full attention to Shirley. "However, we extend to you the opportunity to join us. United, we could become an unstoppable force."

Shirley's heart pounded in her chest. Her mind raced with confusion, but her jealousy was louder. She didn't understand what Lelouch was proposing—yet there was a part of her that didn't care. The idea of Kallen getting closer to Lelouch without her knowing, without her being involved, was unbearable.

Lelouch stepped in front of her now, lifting her chin gently with his hand so that she was forced to meet his gaze. His eyes gleamed with that same unearthly glow, and for a moment, Shirley found herself mesmerised by their intensity.

"Do you not wish to join us, Shirley?" Lelouch inquired, his voice carrying an almost hypnotic allure. "I assure you, we shall reveal to you wonders you have never before encountered."

Shirley swallowed hard. Her thoughts were clouded, but her desire to be close to Lelouch, to stop whatever was happening between him and Kallen from escalating further, overpowered her sense of caution.

"Fine," she said, her voice wavering slightly. "I'll join you. But only because I don't want you two getting any closer without me."

Lelouch's smirk grew, though his eyes softened as he leaned in closer, his lips barely brushing her ear. "I knew you'd see reason," he whispered, his breath cold against her skin.

Before Shirley could process what was happening, she felt Lelouch's arms wrap around her, pulling her close. A strange warmth spread through her, and then, she felt the sharp sting of fangs sinking into her neck. She gasped, her body tensing as her vision blurred.

At the same time, Kallen stepped closer, watching with a half-amused, half-curious expression. "Welcome to the family, Shirley," she said, her voice laced with dark humour.

As Lelouch drank, Shirley's world began to spin. The familiar walls of the Student Council room faded away, replaced by an overwhelming darkness. She could feel something changing inside her—something ancient, powerful, and terrifying all at once.

Her heartbeat slowed, her body growing colder, but somehow, she wasn't afraid. The pain of the bite dulled, replaced by an intoxicating euphoria.

When Lelouch finally pulled away, his lips stained with her blood, Shirley collapsed into his arms, her breathing shallow but steady. He cradled her gently, his eyes glowing with satisfaction.

"You have indeed made the wisest choice," Lelouch murmured, gazing down at her with a blend of fondness and icy calculation.

Shirley's lips parted as she struggled to speak. "Lelouch... what did you...?"

But before she could finish her sentence, exhaustion overtook her, and she slipped into unconsciousness.

Kallen walked over, glancing down at the newly turned vampire in Lelouch's arms. "She will come around soon enough," she said, her voice light. "When she does come to her senses, she shall be ours. It will be nice having a sister. Ohohoho!"

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The following evening at Ashford Academy, Shirley Fenette prowled the hallways with newfound confidence, her every movement more graceful, her senses sharper than ever. The night's cool breeze swept through the open windows, but it did nothing to temper the burning hunger that gnawed at her insides. Since the moment Lelouch had transformed her, she'd been overcome by an insatiable desire—not just for blood, but for something deeper, something that whispered of power and control.

Her mind swirled with thoughts of her next target: Milly Ashford.

Milly was smart, sharp-witted, and always seemed to be in control of any situation. But tonight, things would be different. Shirley no longer feared Milly's teasing, nor her ability to keep her on



edge with playful remarks. Shirley was no longer the bashful girl blushing under the Student Council president's banter. No, tonight she would show Milly a world beyond the games they used to play.

Clad in a gown similar to Kallen's—a bold, red dress with black accents—Shirley made her way toward Milly's private study. Her hair was now styled in an intricate heart-shaped bun, a flourish that added to her vampiric allure. It was a style Milly had always complimented her on, but tonight, it served another purpose: seduction.

Milly, seated at her desk, was typing furiously on her laptop when Shirley entered, closing the door softly behind her. The Student Council president glanced up, surprised by the sudden visit, but her expression quickly melted into a mischievous grin as she took in Shirley's appearance.

"Shirley, what are you wearing?" Milly asked, her voice light, though curiosity gleamed in her eyes. "Did you and Kallen raid some kind of Victorian wardrobe? I'd say you look ready to host a masquerade ball."

Shirley smiled, stepping closer, her dress rustling lightly as she moved. She wasn't nervous—quite the opposite, in fact. Every step felt calculated, each gesture deliberate. She had power now, and it thrummed beneath her skin, calling to Milly in ways she couldn't understand.

"I wished to see you, Milly," Shirley replied softly, her tone exhibiting an uncharacteristic confidence. "Moreover, I yearned to share something with you—something unprecedented.

Milly's eyebrows shot up, intrigued by her friend's sudden change in demeanour. She leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms with a playful smirk. "Oh, really? And what might that be?"

Shirley came to a stop just before Milly, her eyes glowing faintly in the dim light of the study. She tilted her head slightly, her gaze almost hypnotic as she spoke.

"An opportunity to join me in something... delightful," Shirley murmured, her voice a velvet whisper. "But first, you must don the appropriate attire."

Milly chuckled, clearly entertained by the whole situation. Gosh, she really was getting into the part, wasn't she? Milly could respect that! What's the point of cosplay if you're not going to get into character? "And what part would that be? Do I get to play the vampire queen this time?"

Shirley's smile broadened, though a shadow of darkness lingered behind it. "Indeed, something of that nature."

Without waiting for a reply, Shirley reached into the nearby wardrobe and pulled out an outfit identical to her own: a red-and-black gown, elegant and seductive, with a neckline adorned in delicate lace. She held it out to Milly, her eyes gleaming with invitation.

Milly raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued by the offer. She stood up, taking the gown from Shirley's hands. "Alright, you've got my attention. This looks like fun," she said, eyeing the dress with amusement. "I do love a good costume change."

In typical Milly fashion, she wasted no time. She slipped into the adjoining room to change, and when she returned, the transformation was striking. Milly was every bit as regal and alluring as Shirley, the dress hugging her figure perfectly. Her blonde hair, usually left loose, was now tied up in a heart-shaped bun that mirrored Shirley's own.

"How do I look?" Milly asked, twirling playfully in the gown. "You know, I could get used to this whole 'gothic queen' thing."

Shirley's eyes sparkled with satisfaction. "You appear exquisite, Milly—utterly flawless."

Milly's lips curled into a teasing grin as she sauntered closer to Shirley. "Now, Shirley, what's really going on? This feels like more than just some late-night cosplay."

For once, Shirley didn't stammer or blush under Milly's playful tone. Instead, she met Milly's gaze head-on, stepping forward until they were just inches apart. Her voice dropped to a low, sultry whisper.

"It is far more than that, Milly. Much, much more."

Before Milly could respond, Shirley leaned in, her breath ghosting against Milly's neck. For a moment, Milly's playful smile faltered, replaced by confusion—and perhaps something else. She opened her mouth to say something, but before she could, Shirley's lips brushed against her skin, and in an instant, her fangs sank into Milly's neck.

Milly gasped, her body going rigid as the sharp sting shot through her. Her hands instinctively grabbed Shirley's shoulders, but her strength was already beginning to fade. The euphoric numbness that followed the bite overwhelmed her senses, and she could barely form a coherent thought as Shirley drank from her.

The world around Milly blurred, and her legs weakened, forcing her to lean against Shirley for support. The once-confident president was now at the mercy of her friend's newfound hunger, but the experience wasn't entirely unpleasant. There was an odd warmth spreading through her body, a strange, exhilarating feeling she couldn't fully explain.

When Shirley finally pulled away, her lips stained with Milly's blood, she held her president upright, cradling her gently. Milly's breath was shallow, her eyes half-lidded as she tried to regain her composure.

"W-what... what just happened?" Milly whispered, her voice barely audible.

Shirley smiled down at her, a blend of fondness and satisfaction gracing her features. "I have bestowed upon you a gift, Milly—something that transcends mere games and teasing."

Milly blinked, her thoughts still muddled, but she could feel something changing inside her—a power awakening, her senses sharpening in a way she had never experienced before. The room around her came into sharper focus, and though her body felt cold, it pulsed with a strange new energy.

Shirley's voice was soft but commanding. "Welcome to the night, Milly."

Milly let out a breathless laugh, her head spinning. "This... is not what I expected," she muttered, her usual witty tone returning despite the situation. "But I have to admit, it's not bad."

Shirley gently guided Milly to a chair, letting her sit as the transformation took hold. Milly's body trembled slightly, her vision flickering between light and shadow, but she wasn't afraid. In fact, she was excited. A wicked grin slowly spread across her face as she began to understand the full scope of what had just happened.

"You know, Shirley," Milly remarked, her voice reclaiming a hint of its customary playful edge, "you might have simply invited me to join your little vampire coven. There was truly no need for all this theatrics."

Shirley chuckled, delicately brushing a strand of Milly's golden hair away from her face. "Wherein lies the amusement in that?"

Milly grinned, her fangs glinting faintly in the dim light. "I suppose you are correct. And now... it appears it is my turn to engage in the game."

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The night was still, but the tension in the air was palpable. Lelouch, standing at the head of the room, stared out of the grand windows, his back to the trio of vampire recruits gathered behind him. Shirley, Milly, and Kallen—all now bound to him by blood—waited eagerly for his next move, their newfound vampiric abilities crackling under their skin, itching for action. The moon hung low in the sky, its silvery glow casting long shadows across the darkened room, highlighting the intensity of the moment.

Lelouch's mind raced as he considered his next steps. With his own vampiric powers awakened, he had become something more than just a revolutionary leader. But this new strength brought new risks—and new ambitions. His hand rested lightly on the windowsill, fingers brushing against the cool stone as he lost himself in thought. Kallen, dressed in her crimson-and-black gown, leaned casually against the wall, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. Her attitude seemed much more Regal to him of late, since her turning. She would make a fine Empress.

Shirley and Milly sat side by side on a nearby couch, their expressions mirroring a mix of excitement and hunger for what lay ahead.

"What is the plan, dearest Lelouch?" Kallen finally asked, breaking the silence. "Now that we have all been... improved, what do we do next? Perhaps we shall conquer the school? Perhaps the city, or the entire Area?"

Shirley, her hair elegantly styled in a heart-shaped bun, leaned forward with eager anticipation. "Perhaps we should commence with Milly's list of nobles? We could frighten them half to death!" She grinned, her fangs glinting mischievously.

"Oh, I shall relinquish my pranks from this moment forth," Milly declared, producing a fan from seemingly nowhere and waving it about with swift elegance. "I would much prefer to spend my time with my beloved sisters, if that is agreeable to you."

Lelouch smirked, finding amusement in their exuberance. "We shall do far more than that," he replied, his voice low yet brimming with the promise of something extraordinary. "We will reshape this world in our image. No longer shall there be Britannian rule, no more oppression. A new order—one where we dictate our own destinies."

As he spoke, the atmosphere in the room shifted. His words hung in the air like a spell, filling the girls with a dark sense of purpose. They had been given power, and Lelouch would show them how to wield it.

But before he could continue, the heavy oak doors at the far end of the room suddenly burst open with a loud crash, startling everyone. The girls jumped to their feet, their eyes flashing in alarm as they turned toward the doorway, their instincts screaming of danger. Even Lelouch spun around, his sharp reflexes ready for an intruder. But what he saw stopped him dead in his tracks.

Nunnally stood in the doorway.

She was no longer in her wheelchair. She no longer appeared fragile or blind. Instead, she walked—no, glided—into the room with a quiet, unearthly grace. Her steps were confident, steady, and for the first time in years, her eyes were wide open, glowing faintly like molten gold. She wore a gown of dark elegance, its fitted bodice shimmering with hints of deep silver and violet, the intricate ruffles along her shoulders now a rich, inky black tinged with crimson. The gown's sleeves, once light and flowing, now draped in burgundy velvet, swayed ominously with each graceful step she took, as though the air itself bent to her will. Her skirt, a cascade of midnight fabric streaked with faint traces of blood-red, swept the floor behind her, its heavy folds adding to the gravity of her entrance. In that moment, she was both regal and fearsome.

Lelouch could scarcely fathom the sight before him. His heart thundered in his chest as he gazed upon her, words eluding him for what felt like an eternity. "N-Nunnally?" he breathed, his voice quivering with disbelief.

His sister smiled softly, a serene, almost angelic expression gracing her features, though an undercurrent of something far deeper and more perilous lurked beneath. "Indeed, Lelouch. It is I," she replied, her voice calm and soothing, yet imbued with a profound power.

Kallen, Shirley, and Milly exchanged stunned looks, none of them quite sure how to react. The girl they had always known as frail and dependent had just walked into the room, her presence demanding attention, her strength palpable even to them.

Lelouch took a tentative step forward, his mind grappling with the incomprehensible reality before him. "But... how? How is it that you can walk? And your eyes—Nunnally, how is this possible?"

Nunnally's smile broadened slightly, a glimmer of mischief dancing in her luminous eyes. "I discovered the ritual, just as you did. I was aware you would resort to something drastic to save me, Lelouch. However, I did not wish for you to bear this burden alone. Thus, I made my own choice. I have become just as you are. A creature of the night, a Princess of darkness!"

Lelouch's heart swelled with a mix of emotions—relief, pride, disbelief. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her. His beloved sister, the one he had sworn to protect at all costs, had taken matters into her own hands. She had found strength in her vulnerability and transformed herself, just as he had.

"You... you undertook this for my sake?" Lelouch asked, his voice imbued with a mixture of awe and guilt. "Nunnally, my intention was to save you. I never wished for you to become—"

"A vampire?" Nunnally interjected, her tone gentle and understanding. "I am aware. Yet, I yearned to stand by your side. I desire to assist you, Lelouch. I wish to fight for the world we envisioned together. I am no longer the helpless little girl you once felt compelled to protect."

Her words struck Lelouch deeply. He had spent so long believing that he had to shield Nunnally from the darkness of the world. But now, here she was—strong, powerful, and ready to fight alongside him. He felt a swell of emotion as he stepped closer to her, his eyes never leaving hers.

"I am immensely proud of you, Nunnally," he said softly, his voice laden with emotion. "But... are you certain about this? There is no turning back from what we have become."

Nunnally nodded, her expression unwavering. "I am resolute, Lelouch. I am no longer blind; I perceive the world for what it truly is now. And I shall walk beside you, united in purpose. We will fight together. We will create a better world—a gentler world, for those who require it most."

Lelouch's heart raced as he felt the gravity of her words. He had always been driven by his desire to create a kinder world for Nunnally, but now she was standing beside him, offering to share the weight of that dream. His sister, the one person he had fought so hard to protect, was now his equal in power and determination.

A slow smile spread across Lelouch's face as he reached out, taking Nunnally's hand in his. "Then, together, we shall deliver vengeance upon those who have wronged us," he declared, his voice filled with dark, unyielding resolve. "And we shall build the world we always envisioned—a world where the weak are no longer trampled upon, and where people such as you and I may finally live in peace."

Nunnally gently squeezed his hand, her eyes gleaming with the same fierce determination. "Yes, Lelouch. Together."

The girls, who had been silent until now, found their voices at last. Kallen was the first to speak, her eyes wide with awe as she beheld the scene before her. "Nunnally... you are truly remarkable."

Milly nodded, still absorbing the revelation. "Who could have imagined that our sweet Nunnally possessed such strength?"

Shirley smiled warmly, her earlier jealousy having dissolved in light of Nunnally's transformation. "I am overjoyed for you, Nunnally."

Lelouch glanced back at his recruits, a renewed sense of purpose burning fiercely within him. His family had grown, his circle of trust expanded. With Nunnally by his side, there was nothing they could not achieve.

"Prepare yourselves," Lelouch commanded, his voice rising with regal authority. "Our true rebellion begins now. We shall break the chains that bind this world and rebuild it with our own hands. No one shall stand in our way."

Nunnally's grip on Lelouch's hand tightened, her smile both gentle and fierce. "Together, we shall change everything."

And with that, the new vampire coven stood united, their fates intertwined in blood and vengeance, ready to carve a path through the shadows of the world.

# Ranma 1/2 - Succubus Ranma

Honestly now, the things Ranma had to put up with. Here she was—in girl form, naturally—staring down at what had to be the most ridiculous Halloween outfit she'd ever seen. And of all the characters out there? Morrigan Aensland, that succubus from Darkstalkers with the bat wings and skin-tight bodysuit. It really honestly and truly left damn near *nothing* to the imagination, and that rankled badly.

“Stupid Akane,” Ranma grumbled, tugging the outfit into place with reluctant fingers. “This is all her stupid fault.” She huffed, casting her mind back over the mess of a day that led her here.

It had started that morning, when Nabiki announced the Halloween dance at Furinkan High with a smirk that immediately set Ranma on edge. Nabiki had a way of making even the most normal news sound like a threat, and it was only moments later that he discovered why. Apparently, the dance was mandatory, and worse yet, so was dressing up. Ranma had protested, of course, claiming it was dumb, but Nabiki only smiled.

“Oh, you'll go,” she said, waving her hand dismissively. “Because if you don't, I'll make sure there's an extra-large bucket of cold water around every corner you turn for a week.”

Ranma bristled, the very idea of that much cold water being practically torture. Nabiki knew as well as anyone just how much Ranma disliked getting stuck in girl form, and she'd taken advantage of it like only she could.

Ranma could still feel the irritation bristling up his spine. Nabiki had taken the threat in stride, too smug by half, and then came Akane, looking about as cheerful as she ever did when someone else's dignity was on the line.

“Oh, don't be so stubborn, Ranma,” she said with a smirk. “It's just a costume. Besides,” her eyes had sparkled with amusement, “I already picked one out for you!”

Ranma had tried every trick in the book to back out of it, even transforming into his male form and running halfway across town. But Shampoo, who just so happened to be walking nearby, had accidentally splashed him with cold water from a delivery bucket. Ranma transformed back into a girl and was left soaked, scowling, and thoroughly cornered. With Akane and Nabiki herding her back to the Tendo house, she didn't stand a chance.

By the time the costume had been thrust into her hands, Ranma felt the fight drain out of her. She'd lost. This Halloween, she'd be Morrigan. And everyone knew Morrigan's signature look was... well, let's just say it wasn't exactly conservative.

As Ranma took the ridiculous costume, grumbling under her breath, she glared at Akane. “Of all the dumb things to stick me with... why Morrigan? Couldn't you at least pick something... I dunno... less batty?”

Akane shrugged, though there was a little glint of mischief in her eyes. “Well, if you must know, I thought it might be fun if we went as a pair. I was planning to go as Lilith,” she admitted with a nonchalant smile. “And I figured you’d rather go as Morrigan than be left out and let Nabiki choose your costume. Who knows what she’d come up with for you.”

Ranma’s eyes widened slightly at the implication. Knowing Nabiki, she’d probably go with something far worse—something involving bunny ears and a tail or, heaven forbid, a maid outfit. Compared to that, Morrigan started to look... well, less terrible.

“So, yeah,” Akane continued, tilting her head. “Besides, with you as Morrigan, we can sort of match and still look... you know, powerful. It suits you,” she added, a touch of warmth slipping into her voice despite the smirk.

Ranma fumbled for a response, suddenly a little thrown by Akane’s thoughtfulness. Not that she’d admit it, but the idea of going as a powerful character—one who could handle herself—did feel more comfortable than she’d expected.

“Yeah, well... you could’ve just asked,” Ranma muttered, cheeks turning pink. She crossed her arms, trying not to look at Akane directly. “Not like I’m big on all this matching junk.”

Akane laughed, crossing her own arms with a raised eyebrow. “If I’d asked, you’d have run for the hills faster. And I was right, wasn’t I?”

“Whatever...” Ranma grumbled, tugging the costume more securely under her arm as she turned away. But she caught herself smiling despite it.

“Besides,” Akane added, calling after her as she headed toward the changing room, “think of it this way, Ranma. Morrigan’s known for her fighting skills—and her confidence. It’s kind of perfect for you, don’t you think?”

Ranma just sighed, a bit of her irritation melting away, even if she’d never admit it out loud. Maybe Akane had a point. But that didn’t mean she’d let her know just how much it had meant.

Now, in front of the mirror, Ranma twisted around, examining herself with a frown. The purple leotard fit a little too well, the bat motif stretching across her chest, and her legs were bare, save for thigh-high stockings that she had absolutely no idea how to keep from sliding down. The tiny bat wings on her headband bobbed as she moved, a reminder of how she’d been strong-armed into this. Even worse, the costume’s actual wings—small, pointy black ones—looked completely ridiculous.

“All this for a dumb dance...” Ranma muttered. “And if anybody tries to take a picture, they’re dead.”



She heard the sound of footsteps and nearly jumped. Before she could react, Akane walked in, taking one look at Ranma in the costume before bursting into laughter.

"Oh wow, Ranma," Akane said, covering her mouth but not enough to hide her amusement. "You look perfect! Don't tell me you're already tired of it?"

Ranma shot her a glare. "Laugh it up. You and Nabiki just had to stick me with this one, didn't you?"

"Hey, you agreed!" Akane shrugged. "Maybe if you could have found a better costume to wear, it wouldn't be such a problem, right?"

"Oh, real funny, Akane." Ranma sighed. "It's not like I care about going to this dumb dance, anyway. Besides..." She tried to pull at the edges of the leotard as if it might magically expand. "How am I supposed to fight in this?"

Akane's laugh softened into a grin, more sympathetic this time. "Don't worry, Ranma, no one's expecting you to spar. Just... try to have fun, okay?"

Ranma frowned but nodded begrudgingly. "Fine, fine. But if anyone makes a crack about it, I'm knocking them flat."

Akane gave a playful shrug, heading out of the room. "That's the spirit. Just be careful with those wings. Wouldn't want to knock anyone over, now would we?"

Ranma's face went red, her teeth gritted, but before she could retaliate, Akane had already disappeared down the hall, leaving her alone with her reflection. Urgh, this whole thing was ridiculous from top to bottom. Ever since gaining this curse, it felt like Ranma had been forced to wear more and more girly clothes over time, and she hated how used to it she was getting.

Clang!

Something like a heavy weight dropped inside her head. The fake wings attached to the back of the costume began to flap ominously, while Ranma's eyes began to glow a mysterious red... And her body language shifted, becoming more naturally feminine. Seductive. Powerful. Potent.

And very, very *hungry*.

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It's easy to make fun of Ryoga Hibiki for getting so easily lost, but have you lived that life? Imagine being unable to take directions. Imagine being unable to follow a pointed finger at a junction. Imagine randomly finding yourself halfway across the country when a moment ago, it felt like you were right around the corner.

On the plus side? It meant Ryoga got to see a lot of really cool places. Pick up some souvenirs. Gifts that he could give to Akane. Not that she ever seemed to see them as anything other than friendship tokens. Honestly, he wasn't sure what she did with them all. Probably put them into storage and forgot about them.

No! She wasn't that thoughtless! That's negative self-talk striking yet again! He really needed to cut that out. It's not healthy, it's not smart - and it's very, very destructive!

He sighed wistfully, wondering if he would ever get to finally reach one particular destination: True happiness. It forever seems out of reach, even when he is in the arms of the woman he loves, it is not because she loves him. She loves what he appears to be...

"Oh, lost boy~" sang a smooth, melodious voice that ripped straight through Ryoga's soul. It sounded familiar, yet unfamiliar. Whirling around, he soon found the source. Hovering overhead. Cast against the full moon was a very familiar figure, wearing unfamiliar clothes.

She wore a fitted, deep violet bodysuit that hugged every curve, accentuating a figure he'd never quite noticed before. The neckline dipped into a sharp V, leaving her shoulders bare and exposing more skin than Ryoga was ready to process. Across her chest stretched an intricate bat-shaped emblem, its wings curving around her like a mark of some supernatural power. Her legs, pale and lithe, were sheathed in thigh-high stockings the same dark shade, interrupted only by thin straps that gleamed in the moonlight, catching his attention and refusing to let go.

Small, pointed bat wings sprouted from her back, fluttering slightly in the breeze, as if she might take flight at any moment. Two smaller wings curled around her temples like an eerie, regal crown, casting delicate shadows on her face and accentuating the sharp, piercing look in her eyes.

But it was her expression that truly stopped him cold. Gone was Ranma's usual confident smirk. Instead, her lips curled into a slight, teasing smile that was as alluring as it was unsettling. Her green eyes, usually so spirited, now gleamed with a deep, intense light that seemed to look right through him, as if she held some hidden knowledge. She looked like something out of a dream—a dream that was just a shade too close to a nightmare.

"Ryoga..." she purred, her voice like silk, echoing through the empty street with an elegance he'd never heard before. She tilted her head, observing him with an unsettling calmness, her gaze locked onto him in a way that made his heart race. There was something both playful and deadly in her expression, and it sent a shiver down his spine.

"R-Ranma?" he stammered, barely able to believe his eyes. He took a step back, feeling as though he'd stumbled into an illusion, but the figure remained—dark and unearthly, her violet leotard and thigh-high stockings glinting faintly under the moonlight.

She hopped down gracefully from the rooftop, landing soundlessly in front of him, her bat wings fluttering in her descent. The aura around her felt strange, magnetic, as if she'd become something else entirely. Ryoga felt his fists clench, his usual sense of rivalry and irritation forgotten in the wake of his confusion.

"Ranma... what's with you? And what are you... wearing?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

She smiled wider, her eyes narrowing with a look that was somehow both familiar and completely foreign. "What's the matter, Ryoga?" she asked, her voice dripping with a sweetly mocking tone, taking a step closer. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Her voice sent a thrill through him—half fear, half fascination—as if he were seeing a hidden part of Ranma he'd never known existed. His cheeks turned scarlet, his heart pounding as he struggled to look anywhere but her face, lest he fall deeper under her intense, hypnotic gaze. For the first time, he wasn't sure if he wanted to run... or stay.

"Oh, Ryoga! It's terrible!" Ranma had lowered herself down to his level, and was presently bending over with her hands on her knees. "You have to come, and come quickly... and often!"

"Huh? What's happened?" Ryoga asked, trying really hard to not stare at the bountiful cleavage put on full display. Trying and failing. In part because it involved following a direction, but also because Ranma's girl form was a total shortstack. It was one of the things that really annoyed the lost boy, complaining about that cursed body when it was still human! And cute as a button!

"Well, you see," Rama crooked her finger, beckoning him to come closer. He leaned forward, almost against his own will, and she whispered into his ear. "I've been possessed by a powerful succubus who really, really wants to fuck the soul out of the first hunky boy she meets~"

It was an attack from two directions. Hot breath travelling into his ear canal and tickling his brain, while her breasts rubbed up against his chest without mercy or restraint. Devious. Utterly devious!

"Ranma!" Ryoga grabbed her shoulders and held her at arm's length. "You're saying you've been possessed by a succubus that wants to steal my soul?!"

"Steal? No!" Ranma cackled. "More like... Borrow it for a bit. Not long. Just need to make a teeny, tiny tweak to make both of us happy~"

It was here that Ryoga realised his mistake. He shouldn't have looked at her. It was a lot like going off to fight Medusa with nothing but a pair of binoculars. But no, here he was, looking this obvious, blatant succubus right in the eyes, and leaving himself totally and utterly helpless against her...

Charm.

"You've always thought my girl form's hot~" Ranma whispered seductively. Ah. His hands were on her shoulders. Soft. Her skin was so tender and soft. "There's not a bit of shame in admitting such an obvious fact."

"No... I..." Ryoga feebly replied. His arms felt like they were turning into noodles... while all the strength in his body was going somewhere else.

"I mean, look at this cute face~" Ranma continued. Yeah, it was a cute face. It was strange, you could see the resemblance to Ranma plain as day (which made it a mystery how Ryoga kept falling for obvious disguises) and yet, it was almost impossible to keep in mind it was the same person. It felt like looking at a sister not the same person.

Big bright eyes, a cute round face, the most adorable little chin and nose... Utterly charming, without effort!

"And then look at this body!" Ranma continued. Ryoga's gaze was dragged downwards as if a string had been attached to his jaw and given a hard tug, bringing his gaze irresistably to that which he had been trying specifically to avoid looking at before. "Let's not kid ourselves, these tits rule!"

A crude way of putting it, but for certain, Ranma's breasts were very... nice. Large, round, healthy. Just the right balance of firm and soft. Especially on her shorter body, which made them seem even bigger than they already were.

"I have a nice slender tummy, fit as a fiddle," Ranma continued, floating up so Ryoga couldn't *not* directly boggle at Ranma's belly, as it did a figure eight inside that leotard. "My hips are sublime. My legs are works of art, and do you know what else? They're all so good that they easily make you forget how mesmerizingly sexy..."

She turned around, her butt right at eye level.

"My keister is," Ranma said, gently rocking her hips back and forth like a pendulum. Whatever resistance Ryoga had left in him vanished on the fucking spot. It didn't stand a chance. "It's always underestimated because my tits are so nice, but..."

To emphasise her point, Ranma smacked her own ass, and then started wandering off. Wordlessly, Ryoga began to follow after her. Already entranced. Already enslaved. Drawn towards that booty like the Pied Piper drew in rats.

And while we're continuing the literary metaphors, let's return to an earlier one: When some poor fool locked eyes with Medusa, they would be turned to stone. That had not happened here. Nonetheless, at least part of Ryoga was now as hard as stone.

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It didn't take long before they reached their destination. Ranma's bedroom in the Tendo home. For once in his life Ryoga hadn't gotten lost en route. Kinda hard to when you're entranced by hot ass. The room was darker than normal. The window was blocked by heavy curtains, and on the floor, right in the middle where the Saotomes normally slept, there was a pentagram.

Which wasn't ominous *at all*.

Ryoga rubbed the side of his head. Wait... what was he doing? He shouldn't be going along with this! It was clear that Ranma was possessed! What he should be doing was... Trying to find a way to free her! Ryoga balled his fists. He needed to fight back!

"Ranma! I'm going to - " Ryoga yelled, suddenly finding himself staring at a bare rack. An enormous bouncing pair of absolutely flawless boobage consuming his view like a pig consumes... anything it can get in reach of its snout.

"You're going to dick me senseless, that's what you're going to do," Ranma said. Her creamy mounds singing a siren's song, luring him in, soothing his soul. She didn't even need to use her charm magic here - as established previously, Ranma's girl form has an absolutely breathtaking bosom. Ryoga collapsed right into her tender cleavage and took a bit, strong whiff. That's the amazing thing about girl form Ranma. She even *smells* like a girl. It's a total change. Indistinguishable from head to toe, tricking all senses at once. "Alright handsome, let's give the people what they want."

She pushed him over onto his back. Ryoga showed no trace of resistance. For Ranma herself, she flitted around him, completely naked, circling him, a predator checking that its meal was ready. Reminiscent of a camper lurking around a pig roasting over an open fire.

"Take 'em off!" Ranma ordered, and Ryoga couldn't kick his trousers off quickly enough. "Boxers too!" And off they came as well, it was like they were burning him. Soon enough, his erection was pointing square at the ceiling. Ranma licked her lips. "Bon appetit!"

She lowered her body down, squatting perfectly, superhumanly, but then again what wasn't superhuman about this pair? Her pussy landed square on its target, the head of Ryoga's dick, and then - she stopped. Just there. With contact made. Her juices dribbled down the shaft, coiling around it like a spring, but she stayed there, resolute, unmovable, unshakable.

"You finish it off," Ranma ordered. "Go ahead. Fuck your arch-rival. Your romantic rival. The girl you know for a fact is actually a boy with a curse that makes him a girl. A boy you know for a fact is possessed by a demon who will gobble up your soul if you willingly put it in, of your own accord! Because you know for a fact that you're gonna *love* every moment of it!"

It was a fine temptation. The finest! Ranma put her hands on top of her head and thrust out her breasts, while Ryoga stared at her. Fighting it. Struggling against it. His own hands had settled upon her hips, in an attempt to push her away, but the second the contact was made...? God help him, her hips! Her skin! It was so soft, so warm, so *enticing*!

He couldn't push her away. But he couldn't pull her closer either! Ryoga was trapped! But he knew full well the way this was going. Despite himself, he found himself slipping, pulling her down a little at first... then with great enthusiasm as her pussy started to swallow his dick. Guiding himself into her warm, inviting, moist chasm. Embraced, hugged, entranced.

"How does it feel, lost boy?" Ranma asked, slapping her own ass. The vibrations passed through her body right into his dick, which was enough to make him pull her down all the rest of the way. "Feels fucking great, right? Looks like I beat you again~"

"Beat me... again?" Ryoga asked. Ranma then immediately took total control over what was happening, taking it back from Ryoga right away. She'd handed it over on a silver platter, now she'd taken it right back!

"Yep! I beat your ass in fights all the time!" Ranma cackled, trailing her hands down her heads, across the top of her chest, swirling them around to the underside of her breasts, and then she began to bounce them about without mercy, without restraint. "Akane wants me, not you! I got the better curse, I got the better life! And now, I've proved it once and for all! You can't keep your hands to yourself, ya little perv!"

Her hips slammed down, and then she stopped moving. Oh god that felt so... Wait... She wasn't moving? Not at all? Not even an inch?

"Beg me to start moving again," Ranma demanded. Ordered. Commanded. She spanked herself. Again. It felt so *fucking good*. "Beg me to finish you off. Beg me to take your soul and eat it up, yum yum~"

"P-Please!" Ryoga knew he sounded pathetic but - What choice did he have? Lay here? With her on top of him? Pinning him down like this? "Please fuck me! Please! I can't take it!"

"Good boy!" Ranma cackled, and her hips began to flick back and forth, slowly at first, but soon building momentum until it was as if she was *hammering down on him* without mercy or restraint, holding nothing back, going faster and faster and faster! The display of raw control was astonishing, gorgeous in its own right, but with Ranma taking the form of a succubus... She grabbed his hands, forced them to her breasts, and Ryoga's delusion that he could escape this situation was finally, at last, completely fucked out of him. "Good boy! No more denial. You've wanted on this ass since the day you first saw my cursed form! Admit it!"

"Yes!" Ryoga moaned, beginning to fuck back. "Such a cute body! What boy wouldn't want it?!"

"Mmm, that's what makes it such a good body to possess!" Ranma jeered. "Don'tcha think? Any straight man that lays eyes on it wants to tap that! Even if they know about the curse! They cannot help themselves, kukuku~ You lucky lost boy! You get to experience the purest, most total bliss imaginable before you lose your free will forever! What a thing to spend it on!"

She pushed down one last time, and he couldn't stop himself but... There. His load was spent. What else could he do but shoot up into her, and revel in the bliss right before his soul was taken?

...

Uh... This was the part where his soul was taken, wasn't it? Weird. He didn't feel any different.

"Kukuku~" Ranma cackled. She climbed off him while staring down in total superiority. "From now on, leave Akane alone. Do you understand?"

Akane...? Oh yeah, that's right. The kinda cute girl with bluish hair and a bowl cut. Why would he need to be told to leave her alone...?

"Also, there's this pig farm just outside Furinkan," Ranma stretched out. "I want you to go there and try to talk to this chick called Akari. She'll *look* delicate, but she's also a pig farmer. She's tough enough to take you, and I'm sure she'll be happy to have you."

"Akari..." Ryoga repeated. He sighed happily. Weird. He got away with his soul, did he? "Akari..." he muttered again, rising to his feet and stumbling towards the door.

"Get dressed first, stupid!" Ranma said. Oh yeah. He was naked wasn't he? Ryoga trudged back to his clothes and mechanically began to put them on. Was it strange that his arms felt weird? Probably. Couldn't figure out why, though... "This is the problem once you eat someone's soul, they become even dumber than usual! Ah... Look, just head out there and at least try to pretend to be normal, 'kay?"

Pretend to be normal. Yes. Ryoga should pretend to be normal. Then again, didn't everyone?

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Mission complete. Got her rocks off on some lost boy soul, and even did her host a favour into the bargain. Ranma drifted through the Tendo home nourished, satiated and grinning ear to ear. While the cliché is that demons like to cause humans suffering, that's not quite true. No. What they enjoy and delight in is inciting humans to enjoy themselves *to excess*.

Because that got them nice and fed. Random suffering? Bah! No dice there. Right now, it had done this pigtailed jerkoff a big, big favour. One of the main things standing in the way to him absolutely ruining a certain tomboy chick -

Speak of the devil and here she is. Dressed as Lilliith, no less. Same costume as her, but with a bluer motif. She was lingering around the bottom of the stairs, stretching out her limbs with a big, smug smirk on her pretty face. This was a tomboy, was it? My, my. Her bosom might not be so large as certain other people, but she was certainly cute as a button.

And it should go without saying: Since their costumes were a pair, she too was possessed.

"Who have you been up to?" Ranma asked.

Akane cocked her hip, then trailed her other hand behind herself, around her backside. "Sitting on Shampoo's face until she agreed to be Akane Tendo's personal pet," she said. "Oh, this after setting up Ukyo and Konatsu. You?"

"Riding Ryoga Hibiki," Ranma said. "Now, I know, you're possessing a bit of a thickheaded idiot, matched only by her thighs -"

"Ahem!" Akane tapped her foot. Oh, right. Habits of the body. "That's all you did? Got yourself some lost boy dick?"

"Hey! As I was about to say!" Ranma said. "He had a crush on your host. I just took that out of him, set him up with this cute pig farmer I met once."

"You met? Or Ranma met?" Akane asked. The difference was important, probably.

"Me! Not Ranma," Ranma said. "Heh. Pretty sure this idiot would have wound up with her as a fiancée or something if they'd met. Anyway! Those are the main real obstacles dealt with. We can either head to the party, or we can fuck until sunrise and get these two addicted to hot sex with each other."

"You always were a charmer," Akane giggled, then took her hand and led her upstairs to her room. Where Shampoo was still laying half on and half on Akane's bed, looking like she'd lost a fight in the best possible way.

Damn but it's good to be a succubus! Kukukuku!



# Ah My Succubus

There are excellent reasons that fraternisation within the ranks is frowned upon. The power dynamic inherently creates an unhealthy relationship. Even if it manages to avoid that, somehow, then it can easily skew the judgement of otherwise rational officers. Even if you don't mean it to, favouritism is bred. Failing that, resentment can follow.

All officers know this. All officers are warned about it. In anything approaching a professional military, or anything remotely close to it. You keep it in your pants, as it were. Wait until the inherent power dynamic is not at play anymore, if you absolutely must. Even so, it keeps on happening. Human nature is what it is. We think that we're the exception, that we're able to outsmart the universe itself because we're *special*.

Sarah was certainly just like that. She knew intellectually that she shouldn't have a relationship with a fellow officer, for the myriad reasons, including those outlined above and others still. Despite that, the heart wants what it wants... and that was exactly the trait that allowed the Succubus to take root within your heart. A weakness to be exploited. Ruthlessly. Without mercy or regret. Compelling the human to turn themselves into a willing source of nectar that only exists to nourish another... In exchange for naught but fantasy.

Thus, here she was, with a being she knew intellectually was not her partner, but rather a mimicry of her created by the alien/succubus hybrid. She tried to deny it, for... Oh let me check my watch? A nanosecond? No, let's not be ridiculous about this. If she'd resisted for a nanosecond it would mean she had a reaction time capable of processing a billionth of a second. A second. She resisted for one whole second before diving in between those legs and getting her rocks off, despite knowing full well that it was a really fucking bad idea.

"Apparently baseballs have exactly 108 stitches," a familiar woman's voice said. "Each baseball is hand-stitched with red thread, and weighs between 5 and 5.25 ounces. This has been the standard weight for over a hundred years."

To her absolute horror, Sarah felt her partner - rather, the succubus mimic of her, melting away while yawning. Not that Sarah could blame her. Those baseball facts were especially dull and boring and -

"Wait, did you all see that?" Sarah asked. She didn't turn around. She didn't want to see who was there right now. Instead she grabbed her jacket from the floor and tried to cover at least some of her shame. "Ah... That thing's really dangerous, huh?"

"It's beaten by baseball facts," Suzu said. "I've seen some pretty lame monster weaknesses in my time, but that takes the cake."

"Anyway!" Sachiko interrupted. "Ignoring my sister's scathing critique for just a moment! Especially when she was apparently a half step away from diving into bed for a threesome with her boyfriend and his pet succubus and the ditzy scatterbrained sister of said succubus~"

"Careful if you try to hold that over me," Suzu warned. "I'm your big sister. I know where the bodies are buried."

"Huh... It's so strange," Sarah said while rubbing her head. "It appeared out of nowhere. Despite knowing what it was, I could hardly resist it."

"That sneaky succubus has been draining energy from the whole world," Suzu huffed. "Don't beat yourself up over it. We almost succumbed as well!"

Yeah, the civilians *almost* succumbed while the *seasoned professional* didn't. Sure makes the pro look good, huh! Then again, isn't that how it always goes in the movie? The person you'd think would be good at their job turns out to be an arrogant tool, while the civvies are just about humble *and* knowledgeable enough that they have the right tools and personality to save the day.

It's so trite, it's so cliché, that when Sachiko said "Please, we need you to study the body of this thing! We don't know what we're doing!" it was like someone had grabbed her confidence by the arm and given it a booster shot.

By now, they had a bunch of these bodies. Even in death you could tell that, in life, they were super hot. Sex appeal is a mixture of several things. It's not just aesthetic, though that helps a ton. It's also confidence. MOvement. Body language. A huge portion of human expression is body language, and it was clear that the succubus naturally hijacked the part of the brain that interprets from body language to the pleasure centres of the brain. "Oh, look at me," their body language says. "You did? More fool you, now you're hornier than the running of the bulls and I'm about to drain your life force down to nothing, and you're gonna love every single minute of it."

Always worth remembering that scarousal is another form of ambivalence. Two irreconcilable emotions about the same subject matter.

In any event, she began the examination with clinical precision. Starting with measurements. Photographs had to be taken to record before performing anything deeper. Meticulous notes must be taken at every step. Especially with something that is clearly parahuman.

It didn't take long to recognise that the human appearance was purely aesthetic. No familiar organs, but it's hard to say which were alien and which were succubus. Fortunately there was quite a lot around to look at. Plenty of examples to study.

Hich did bring a rather pertinent question to mind while she was elbow deep in hybrid guts.

"By the way, where did they all come from?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, it turns out that this thing has the power to make these things manifest in reflective surfaces," Suzu said. "Anything that can show a person reflected in them can have one of these things pop out."

"Ah," Sarah nodded. Then stopped for a moment. "Except, you can see the reflection of a person in human eyes..."

There was a beat of silence as they all processed that information, and then all hell broke out. From Sarah's point of view, it started with Aisha appearing upside down in Sarah's vision, sort of hanging there, smiling at her, as if she was holding onto a hair follicle. Then she began to do sexy beckoning moves, including the one thing that always drove Sarah wild, leaning forward and wiggling her cute nose back and forth! Ah! Too cute!

"Yipe! Get lost!" Suzu yelled, batting a floating upside down blue haired babe.

"Cut that out!" Sachiko roared, clobbering an upside down babe wearing the brightest, most garish clothes that she'd ever seen. "Why are they upside down and tiny?"

"Because they came from the eyes," Sarah said. She squeezed her eyes shut. It was the only way to resist temptation! "The image reflected in the human eye is both tiny and upside down, so I guess it makes sense the manifestation -"

"Hey babe, remember that holiday to Paris last year?" Aisha, the tiny Aisha, whispered in her ear. The fiend! The seductress! Don't bring up the - "Remember the booty shorts I found? I'm wearing them right no~ow~"

"Ignore that temptress," Aisha said in her other ear. "There shall be time for fun later, once this crisis is resolved. Open your eyes. Continue the examination."

"Oh, I get it," Sarah said. "Angel on one shoulder, devil on the other, and there are two of you because I have two eyes. That's super cute. Maybe lead into a good cop, bad cop routine next?"

"Yeah, but the effect is kinda diminished cuz they're so tiny!" Suzu said. There was a sudden flurry of some sort of motion at Sarah's shoulder, and then - "you can open your eyes now."

She did so. And saw that the various different tiny Succubi were all stored up in a glass jar. They were all trying to push their boobs up against the glass, which would have been hot if they all scaled to the same size but... But it was like getting turned on by a dragonfly. What exactly are you gonna even *do* to each other? Once you have that realisation, the tiny-cubus aren't actually all that scary. Or sexy. Or scarousing.

Sarah opened her mouth, about to ask what was keeping the enemy from simply trying to use these tiny buggers to keep them distracted while she operated her true plan - but then, she thought better of it, best not to give ideas to the enemy here.

Returning to the examination. "This seems to be a pheromone producing gland," Sarah observed. "That's part of it. A big part of how seductive they are..."

"But that can't be all there is to it," Suzu said. "Otherwise we'd just wear gas masks!"

"Yes, I think there's some shapeshifting ability here too," Sarah said. "It seems like they can make themselves whatever shape or size they need to be in order to most effectively seduce their prey."

There was a beat of silence, with the two sisters staring holes right through Sarah. By the time they'd finished, Nadia and Aisha had come back into the room, and they joined in staring at Sarah as well, somehow sensing the mood in the room.

"You're the stupidest smart person I've ever met," Suzu said, right before the succubus broke out of the glass jars. "Fan-fucking-tastic!"

"Oh god they're so hoooooot~" Sachiko whined, then slapped herself, then said "Ah! Ah! The circumference of Venus is - "

"Half that of my boobs, if you give me a minute," Mirdana interrupted. As if to illustrate her point, her boobs began to swell up right there. "Bee tee dub, you'd be amazed at how many people have breast growth kinks -"

"No, I really wouldn't," Sachiko interrupted.

"And how many of them are straight women."

Sachiko opened her mouth to comment, but no words came out because what the *fuck* do you even say to that? Then once she'd figured out she should be telling this succubus copy to go stick it where the sun doesn't shine, she noticed that Mirdana's boobs were getting bigger and bigger, swelling up while retaining their shape moment to moment, and this led her to further realise that, actually, *she had that kink as well*.

This was not a fun thing for her to realise right this second, thanks.

"Suzu, what do we - Suzu!"

Suzu was, at present, making out with a Kiyoshi with bat wings and looking like she was having the time of her life. Lucky bitch, getting to make out with her boyfriend - Wait, that's not really Kiyoshi, it's just a *sexier* version of him which... could probably make his dick bigger at will if he

wanted to. Make it the *perfect* size to fit. Give himself some rippling abs, mighty biceps, and don't forget about his tongue. Seemed like Suzu sure wasn't!

"Hey, miss bisexually confused with a big sister fetish!" Mirdana whistled for her attention and *boooobs*. Right in her face. That smell must be the pheromones. It would be so easy to simply fall forward and let herself be smothered in that intoxicating aroma, so dangerously easy! "Come on, the days of mankind are numbered. Give in and *feed me*."

"B-Baseball is -" Sachiko began, but then Mirdana sighed, reached out, turned her head and made her look around the room, where Sarah and Aisha were making out with copies of each other dressed in sexy baseball uniforms. "Holy fuck that's weirdly hot."

"Yep, that's the idea!" Mirdana cackled. No, wait, not the real Mirdana. A copy. It's a copy! A fake! An illusion! "We're gonna turn even the most boring, asinine things you can think of into your next wet dream. It's over bitch! Surrender, you might as well, 'cuz it's the end of the world and you're gonna feel *fine*!"

Was there really and truly no hope? Could they even fetishise baseball to the point it no longer bored them to tears? C'mon Sachiko think, there must be something dull you could use here! Something so boring that it'll knock down all these succubi in no time flat!

"Oh god... this situation, it—" Suzu moaned into Kiyoshi's mouth. The fake, super hot Kiyoshi, that is. "It totally reminds me of Fogbound Asylum! You know, that obscure 1982 flick where they accidentally filmed a real ghost in the background? Only they didn't realise it until post-production, so they just, uh, left it in? Even the commentary track mentions it was the only thing that made the movie scary!"

And then, out the fuck of nowhere, Kiyoshi started to melt.

"No, wait, more smoochies~" Suzu moaned. "Please, I'm so fucking horny, I need to - I need it!"

That's it! Of course! Eyes darting around, mostly falling on the *enormous boobs* filling her vision, Sachiko pulled on the thread of her last shred of willpower, and bellowed: "Did you know that in The Haunting of Stillwater—you know, the 1979 version, not the remake—they actually spent three minutes just... filming a door? Just a completely closed door, with nobody on the other side! They said it was 'building suspense,' but all it did was cut the runtime so they didn't have to add in another actor!"

"Nooo, I'm melting!" Mirdana whined. "That's so fucking dull! How the fuck could anyone retain such useless information?! No, no, what a world, what a world..."

Urgh, even the way that she melted into the floor was *ridiculously* attractive. Sachiko's legs suddenly clamped together, and her breathing turned super hard. Ohhh, she definitely needed a change in underwear after that one! For certain!

"Wow, hey, I didn't know you were aware of that one," Suzu said. "But why did the succubus suddenly die when you said something that interesting and cool?"

"Sis, if you don't shut up, I'm pinning you to the floor and sitting on your face," Sachiko warned, then she screwed her eyes closed. "And that goes for the rest of you! Close your fucking eyes! Sister, tell them about the sequel to Damp Cave!"

"Damp Cave II: The Darker, Wetter Cavern?" Suzu said. "Uh... Did you know they filmed the entire thing in a dry basement and used a fog machine for the 'moisture' effect? And get this—the fog machine broke halfway through filming, so they had to shoot the last third with absolutely no fog at all. Critics said it was just... incredibly dry and not remotely scary."

Her ears were filled with the bizarrely erotic sound of melting succubus clones. Guh. Could those things do *literally anything* without it being an *enormous* turnon? Probably not actually.

"Wait, are you guys using my horror quotes to - Woah!"

Five minutes later, everyone was wearing fucking glasses. Non reflective. Also, Aisha and Naomi were wandering around the room tossing flour all over the damned place to help cover up any reflective surfaces that they've missed.

As for the sisters, Sachiko had undertaken the absolutely vital task of sitting on Suzu's face. Vital. Absolutely integral to their survival.

"Found anything interesting?" Naomi asked.

"Wouldn't be wise of me to say if I did," Sarah replied. "Who knows what ideas I might give 'em? That was rhetorical. I've already worked out a couple other nasty things they can do if they want. Definitely not saying any of those alive."

Unless they could read minds. Which she really hoped they couldn't. Well anyway, Sachiko was a bit too busy humping against the idiot in between her legs to really provide anything useful to the conversation anyway. So she let the military guys go on.

"Why don't we just broadcast that chick talking about horror movies?" Aisha asked, jabbing her thumb in their general direction.

"Because she's obviously been exposed to the boring shit we've been talking about already," Sarah answered. "And it's not affected her yet. It beats the *copies* she's sent out, but not the real deal."

"Unless we sent out the most boring fact imaginable," Aisha continued. "Something so impossibly mundane and uninteresting that it would send a human to sleep if they thought about it. The nuclear bomb of boredom."

"God, I dunno," Aisha said. "That door creaking thing very nearly sent me to yawnsville on the express track." She stopped, stretched and yawned for emphasis. "What could possibly be more boring than that? Is there a horror movie about watching paint dry?"

Suzu popped out from underneath Sachiko and sat up excitedly.

"Actually, there is one called Drying Point. A 1984 release which consisted entirely of watching an eggshell white painted wall dry for 82 minutes, with shadows occasionally cast upon it to show the action."

Aisha promptly went to sleep where she stood. Having military experience, she stayed completely on her feet. Standing at ease. Bag of flour holstered into the crook of her arm, as if she were carrying a rifle. With her eyes covered by glasses, the only thing that broke the illusion was the gentle sawing of logs accompanied by the occasional disgusting grunt.

Sachiko quickly grabbed her sister before she brought out any more horror trivia that might send them to sleep. "Couldn't we just, I dunno, make her watch it instead? Make it a double feature alongside That Growing Grass?"

"I dunno, she'd probably twist it into Dat Growing Ass," Naomi quipped. Which made Sachiko screw up her nose as she really, really hoped she hadn't discovered a brand new fetish for herself. "Does Drying Point have a sequel?"

"Oh yes, Second Coat," Suzu nodded. "It's a marked improvement over the original, with the occasional blood splatter to add to the ambience."

Headlock time! "Shouldn't you be talking about the sort of tropes that we can use to put an end to this nonsense?" Sachiko asked. "That is what you're here for, right?"

"Well, yeah, but, I mean, we're obviously being *watched* right?" Suzu said. "Somehow, she's listening to everything we do, isn't she? So if I bring up a trope she's already gonna know all about it and maybe take moves to counter it. She's probably already aware of the whole thing about making her watch the most boring horror movie of all time."

"Manos, the Hands of Fate?" Sachiko dryly quipped.

"Pft, pleb! That's at least interesting in how *bad* it is," Suzu rolled her eyes. Which made Sachiko realise something. Up until a minute ago, Sachiko had been sitting on her face. Oh. Oh crap! Her eyes were uncovered! "Manos is awful, but it's awful in really fascinating ways which - Uh... Why are you looking at me like tha-"

Cue one tiny Tiemaya popping down and tapping on Sachiko's glasses. Then, her hands grabbed for them while getting bigger and bigger and bigger! In a fit of desperation Sachiko shoved the bitch off, then snatched at the glasses and tried desperately, possibly in vain, to keep her eyes covered up.

"Hold it right there!" Naomi barked, then nudged Aisha to wake her up. "You try anything sexy, and we'll spin you a yarn about the production of taffy! You hear me?!"

"Awwww," Tiemaya said. She was wearing a sexy military uniform. A cutoff pair of camo shorts, camo tank top and camo makeup strategically painted over the exposed parts of her body to draw the eyes towards certain parts of herself, which to Sachiko, rather seemed like a contradiction from what you normally want from camouflage. She put her hands up in the air in mock surrendering, while Suzu grabbed a pair of glasses, finally picking up on what her fuckup was *this* time. "Really, when Mother was soooo totally patient in waiting for you to fuck up."

"Mother, huh?" Suzu said. "In other words, you're not just a part of her collective consciousness. You're your own being, born from her weird alien powers combined with your succubus abilities as your own unique entities!"

"Sure am!" Tiemaya admitted. "But it's more than that, girl. Come on, you can do it if you try."

"But it's not just that, is it?" Suzu continued. "No, you *know* stuff about us that you *shouldn't* know. It's not mind reading, or you'd know other stuff about us too..."

"Come on, other mother, you're almost there..."

"It's eye contact," Suzu realised. "Eye contact with something reflective. Then you form based on the mother alien, combined with the sexual desires and preferences of the human! That's how you're able to do it. That's how you're able to perfectly replicate yourselves!"

"Oh, isn't she smart!" Tiemaya said. "I can see now why you did the smart thing, and avoided contracting with the real Tiemaya for as long as you did. No, really, that was *super* smart."

"You're only saying that because I thought it was the smart thing to do," Suzu said.

"True, true, aha, but you're at least smart enough to recognise when you might have made a mistake, and that something is based entirely on your own opinion," Tiemaya said. "Not many others would."

"Um, sis?" Sachiko whispered. "Don't let her intellectually masturbate you, okay? Or, you know, any other kind of masturbate you... Or bait you at all, for that matter!"



Tiemaya began to applaud sarcastically. "Good show, good show! But here's something else to think about! Y'all are checking out my body anyway, right? 'Cuz it's a perfectly hot succubus bod! Falling under my power despite yourselves! Checking out my tits, my ass, when the truth of the matter is -"

She then dramatically brought her hands up towards her face. Without thinking, Sachiko followed her gaze and - shit!

"Eyes are up here~" Tiemaya teased, and suddenly there was her sister Mirdana, dressed in a similar sexy military outfit.

"Suzu, random unsexy horror fact!" Sachiko yelled, watching in horror, and even she could see where this was going now! The succubus sisters turned to look into each other's eyes next - and suddenly there were Suzu and Sachiko succubus as well! Who also looked into each other's eyes, and suddenly there were two Kiyoshis! Who looked into each others eyes, and -

"Maritime Murmurs!" Suzu blurted out. "You know, that 1981 'experimental horror' film? Uh, it was about... Oh wow, the two Kiyoshis are really going for it, huh? Damn, that's hot!"

"Suzu!" Sarah yelled, finding herself surrounded by hands from seemingly everywhere as the Succubus had learned the power of exponential growth.

"Right, sorry! Uh! Wow, this is hitting my kinks so hard right now you have no idea," Suzu said. "Think unsexy thoughts, think unsexy thoughts..."

"Might as well try to not think about Pink Elephants while you're at it~" the original Tiemaya mocked. The whole room had turned into a scene out of some porn parody of a zombie movie. Grasping hands from every direction, groping and squeezing, accompanied by boobs, butt and dick trying to rub itself against whatever it could get near. "Come on, smart girl~ It's time for you to succumb to this trope: It's called the Bad End! Kukukukuku!"

## Fairy Tail Fascination Obsession

Getting on Erza Scarlet's bad side was a rather poor decision to make. She's among the most powerful mages in the Fairy Tail guild, with an extremely versatile and potent set of armour and weapons at her disposal. To upset her was to invite due punishment, which could take a multitude of forms from facing a flurry of swords to enduring the chilling silence of her judgmental stare. But today, Erza was here for something different. She was, you might say, a woman obsessed. Of single mind and intention, gnawing at her every thought and guiding her action towards a singular path.

That path being: The cafe at the root of this whole mess.

The idea of a hypnotic dance was not the most absurd idea in the world. She'd seen weirder. Still, she'd needed persuading, at least a little... And now she had been persuaded. Seeing her fellow guildmates act like *that* left her in no doubt. Even Kagura had been ensnared - No mean feat, for she was a potent mage in her own right and Mirajane! *Mira!* Her lifelong rival!

Thus she was heading to the source with a singular intention. To find the cause and *punish them*. It was the only thing on her mind. Nothing else mattered but delivering righteous punishment unto the sinner who had seen fit to corrupt her friends, no doubt intending to use them for their own lewd plans. She was going to allow no obstacle in her path. She would permit no excuse. It was her absolute, total and singular focus.

Which might be why she hadn't noticed that, rather than striding meaningfully and menacingly down the street, Erza was belly dancing her way down it instead. Gyrating her hips to and fro with her hands clasped over her head, rolling her shoulders, undulating her magnificent body. For, make no mistake, Erza had a truly *amazing* body. Large, bountiful breasts, a slim waist, wide hips, powerful thighs, and of course, a pretty face that could lure the attention of any man not currently in fear of their life.

The only reason this sexy creature had not managed to obtain the full attention of the public was because she was putting out an enormous killing intent aura. The sort that even those who had not been trained to detect killing intent could sense from a mile off. Thus, nobody was so much as looking at her right now. Nope. It was sort of like a prey animal staying still, not turning to look directly at the predator they'd noticed. Maybe she wouldn't notice them if they ignored her, stayed out of her way, let her get on with her business and continue what they were doing.

Which is a shame, cuz Erza was putting on a hell of a show. She's the kind of babe that not only knows how hot she is, she has absolutely zero problem with you looking. She'll go around in skimpy clothes, no big deal. Sex appeal is another kind of weapon to be exploited in the heat of battle, so why not?

The funny thing was, even though Erza was very obviously not consciously aware of what she was doing, if anyone watched her face - and believe me, anyone looking at her would have a

hard time looking at her face when the rest of her body was telling a *story* - they would notice her eye twitching. They would notice her biting her lip. They might even see her lips move, and if they could lip read, then they might see her lips saying -

"Stop dancing stop dancing come on notice what you're doing already..."

Because Erza's willpower is as strong as her body. This is a warrior who once had her every sense rendered useless save pain - and she then deliberately used that pain to determine the location of her enemy so she could beat them. Holy shit. That's the kind of thing, the more you think about it, the more badass it is. Do you get the idea now? Does all of that make sense? Thou shalt not fuck with Erza Scarlet.

Unless she wants you to fuck with her, but that's best left between the two of you as consenting adults.

In any event, she arrived at the destination in due course. The mysterious cafe where the dance had originated from. She steeled herself. Considered her battle plans. Discarded them in favour of - not dancing, of course, but y'know maybe she could make a mockery of it by using a dance to beat the holy hell out of them. Yeah. There would be ironic catharsis in such an act.

"No, no, no!" her lips read. "You're falling into their trap!"

Actually, she should stop that line of thinking.

"Thank goodness," read her lips.

A battle plan often does not survive contact with the enemy. She doesn't know what *other* forms of magic they have at their disposal, therefore the smart thing is to go inside. She didn't expect it would be that simple though. Perhaps start by demanding to meet the owner and then go from there...? Yes, that seemed like the best approach to -

"Woohoooo! Everyone having a good time?"

"Lucy...?" Erza said aloud. She blinked slowly to drink it all in. Indeed. That was Lucy, dressed in full belly dancer garb. And... Herself. Standing on top of a counter. Dancing away, while men clamoured around with hearts in their eyes, utterly bewitched by the enticing dancing. Erza's mouth fell open slightly, her mind racing. "Lucy! What's going on here?" Her voice came out sharp but with a hint of surprise, a rare slip for Erza.

Lucy twirled, her expression dazed but determined. "Erza! Oh no, he's gotten to you too!" Her voice carried an air of tragedy, as though her worst fears had come true. She clutched her jingling bracelets and took a step toward Erza. "Don't worry! I'll free you!"

Erza blinked, utterly perplexed. "Free me?" She shook her head, attempting to clear whatever hazy feeling had begun to settle over her. "Lucy, you're the one who's hypnotised! I came here to rescue you!"

Lucy's dancing became more pronounced, as did the other *her*. Who she had to admit, did look quite ravishing in that skimpy outfit. A sense of pride overcame her. She would look super hot if she were to dance like that. She'd be utterly *mesmerising*, for sure - and probably put that other version of her to shame as well!

But wait... That was clearly Gemini disguised as her. Why would Lucy have Gemini disguise as her and have her dance like this...? It was clear that Lucy had fallen under the spell's influence - perhaps this was intended to facilitate Erza's own fall? Or to use Erza's own ludicrously sexy body to put even more people under its influence? There could be no doubt about it, not anymore! She had to snap Lucy out of it!

And the only way she could do that? Fight fire with fire! A hypnotic dance put her under? Very well! In that case, a hypnotic dance could snap her out of it!

"No, no, no, no, no!" her lips read, but alas, nobody was reading them right now.

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So, if you asked Lucy exactly how she wound up like this, she wouldn't be able to tell you. Last she remembered, she and Erza had managed to ditch the other guild members trying to brainwash them. Which was great! That meant they could make a charge on the enemy base.

Then Erza had suggested that they pretend to have succumbed so they could lure out the *real* boss. Which was a good point. Someone using mind control like this probably wasn't the sort to step up to the plate themselves to enjoy their new prize. Instead, they'd send out a front. They'd have to be *sure* it was the right person, and even then maybe play along for a little while longer *just to be sure*.

Which had - obviously - necessitated a wardrobe change. From there things got fuzzy. She remembered kinda drooling a little from watching Erza dance. Maybe she'd done a bit of booty shaking herself too. Couldn't quite remember clearly. Nor could she remember how *long* they'd been doing it. Brought a hell of a crowd in, though!

And then, in comes Erza once again, shaking her ass like a ketchup bottle with just the dregs left in it. That brought Lucy back to herself pretty damn sharpish, let me tell you! Well, it did, but also... not all the way back. She kinda forgot for a moment that there was another Erza dancing right next to her, and - She maybe kinda sorta blurted out something in her confusion that didn't make sense?

Which was followed by Erza glaring at her, which *really* brought her back to her senses. She looked at the Erza she'd been dancing with a little more closely, found her gaze drawn to her belly, and then -

"Gemini!" she yelled. Tsk! Luckily, she'd had the wherewithal to keep the keys on her, despite wearing damn near nothing. Again. Guh! She pulled Gemini's key out, and banished the tricky spirit. "Oooh, so disobedient, I'll need to teach them a lesson when things calm down!"

By this point Erza - the real one - had made her way to the counter. She danced her way in. All seductive, like. Eyes fixed on Lucy. It was clear to her that Erza had also fallen under the influence of this spell too! Which was a bad sign for oh so many reasons. Even so... Even so! The Fairy Tail creed is that you don't abandon your friends!

"Lucy, this is very important," Erza said, seductively slinking her way forward. Aggressive, enticing. It felt like Lucy was being backed into a corner with nowhere to run. The fight or flight response was useless against this enemy, if she wanted to do something about it. Even so, despite how hopeless it was, she couldn't simply walk away! "You have to watch me dance!"

"No, you have to watch me dance!" Lucy said, struck by immediate inspiration. Of course. It was the perfect counter! All she had to do was use her sexy lithe body to ensnare Erza's gaze, then use it to break her friend's conditioning! It was flawless, it was almost sublime in its ironic reversal!

A shame she couldn't use Gemini to help her out, but nonetheless!

Erza's eyes narrowed, and she began to sway, her movements crisp and forceful. Her "dancing" style immediately came across less as hypnotic belly dance and more as *intimidation by hip swivel*. She stomped her feet with the force of a drill sergeant, sending a loud jingle through the cafe with each step. Her scarf whipped around like a weapon, the decorative coins on it clinking furiously as she glared at Lucy, trying to use sheer determination to break whatever trance Lucy was convinced Erza was under.

Lucy's eyes widened as she stumbled back a step, feeling the intensity of Erza's moves as if they were an actual attack. "W-Wait, Erza! Just... just follow my lead!" she stammered, swaying her hips in a much softer, gentler rhythm that contrasted with Erza's fierce shimmying. The effect was more like a kitten trying to make a grizzly bear back down by hissing at it.

But Erza was having none of it. "I'm not here to follow anyone's lead, Lucy!" Erza yelled. "I'm here to break this spell!"

Now, that should have - and probably would have - been the point that a typical 'wrong end of the stick' type situation like this would've been shattered, broken, smashed to pieces. Completely and totally resolved. Not an issue in this situation because the thing is, the two of

them weren't *just* grabbing the wrong end of the stick. They'd been specifically brainwashed to be obsessed with finding literally any excuse to bellydance that they could find.

"Observe the Crimson Tornado!" Erza launched into a flurry of aggressive spins, the whole cafe jingling and rattling as her skirt and scarf whipped around, kicking up a miniature whirlwind of decorative glitter from the tables. Creating a seeming aura around herself to supplement that which she was already putting out, framing her extremely aggressive, yet sensual dance all the more effectively, and making Lucy's eyes spin in their sockets.

Soooo hot! Look at her, she's perfect! While Erza's body might be a bit stockier due to the extra muscle, it compliments her physique ridiculously well! Sheer strength, sheer domination! It felt like something terrible might happen if she looked away for an instant - or, even if nothing terrible happened, she'd *miss* the sight of Erza shaking her ass from some angle or another!

Which simply wouldn't do!

Lucy, nearly bowled over by Erza's "Crimson Tornado," winced and stepped back, instinctively clutching her Spirit Keys. "Alright, desperate times call for desperate measures," she murmured, holding her Silver Key aloft. "Virgo! Get out here, now!"

With a flash of silvery-blue light, Virgo emerged from her Celestial Gate, her tall, slender form clad in a frilled maid outfit, with pink hair pulled neatly into two low pigtails. Her calm, impassive expression seemed unfazed by the unusual situation unfolding before her. She gave a respectful curtsy, her chain-bound wrists clinking softly as she looked up with serene, empty eyes.

"Princess, how may I assist in this... spirited dance-off?" she asked, her voice polite and deadpan, betraying neither confusion nor judgement. Despite the chaos around her, Virgo's demeanour remained calm and professional, as if being summoned for a dance battle was just another day on the job. Her willingness to follow orders, no matter how odd, radiated a kind of eerie confidence that somehow added to her charm.

"Virgo, I need backup! Erza's... she's trying to hypnotise me!" Lucy was breathless, feeling a strong compulsion to *get on her knees* and *smooch Erza's tummy*, *smooch smooch smoooooch~*

"Is this a fetish thing?" Virgo asked after a moment.

"Yes, but not ours!" Lucy yelled. Her lips were starting to pucker, smoochy smoochy~ "It's someone else doing this to us!" Smoochy smoochy smooch smooch! "I need you to help me... dance her out of her trance!"

Virgo nodded. "Understood, Princess." Virgo rose, taking position beside Lucy, and matched her pose with eerie precision. Virgo's style was a strange mix of elegant and unnervingly obedient,

almost robotic, but she followed Lucy's motions with seamless skill. Ah. Ah! Oh, this was much better! Lucy was feeling a much less powerful urge to kiss Erza's sexy navel all of a sudden!

Together, they executed a far more coordinated and graceful sequence of sways and spins, forming a duo that was slowly turning the tables on Erza. Hehehe! Take this, Erza Scarlet! You'll be free of this spell before you know what's happened!

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It seemed as though the spell had its claws deep in Lucy's mind, body and soul. Lucy was always given an hourglass built. A slender waist, large breasts, a large round posterior and healthy hips. In truth, she was a competent dancer, perhaps even a match for Mirajane. No mean feat, as she is a cover girl! Indeed, there was a part of Erza that had felt it necessary to go aggressive quickly, lest she *succumb quickly* to Lucy's natural sex appeal, and find herself obsessed more with dancing and showing off her body than shutting down this accursed cafe.

But now? Erza's brow furrowed as she watched them, seeing that Lucy now had a dancing ally. "So, it's a two-on-one battle, then?" she growled, feeling a spark of competitive fire light within her. "Very well! I shall simply... intensify my approach!"

She picked up the tempo of her dance, adding sharp, stomping footwork and exaggerated arm movements that were downright ferocious. The decor trembled with each stomp, and her head was held high with pure, fiery determination as she leaned toward the two dancers. "Witness my Meteor Spin!" She threw herself into a wild, spinning move that was powerful enough to disorient any foe... and maybe herself, if she weren't careful.

Virgo glanced at Lucy with a quirked eyebrow, clearly impressed. "The Mistress is intense, Princess."

"Tell me about it," Lucy muttered while ducking under a chair that had been picked up by Erza's sheer ferocity. "Alright, Virgo, time for Plan B! We'll counter her Meteor Spin with the Harmonic Step!"

Both Virgo and Lucy began to twirl in sync, adding synchronised wrist spins and graceful hip rolls to each move, their rhythm building steadily. They swayed together with practised poise, the kind that somehow managed to perfectly oppose Erza's energy while also drawing her in with its flow.

Erza paused mid-spin, her own momentum finally slowing as she watched Lucy and Virgo's harmony with a mixture of frustration and fascination. It was beautiful, she had to admit, and she suddenly felt the urge to match their style. But Erza Scarlet was not one to surrender, even to a dance style.

“Very well, Lucy,” she announced, breathing hard but standing resolute. “If you think you’ve got the better moves, then you’ll have to keep up with... Heaven’s Wheel Pirouette!”

With that, she conjured dozens of shimmering, illusionary swords that twirled around her in a rapid, circular motion, mimicking her pirouette. It was completely unnecessary to the dance itself but looked incredibly impressive—and perhaps a bit intimidating, which was just how she liked it.

Lucy gawked as the swords glinted in the low light, feeling her confidence waver. “Uh... Virgo?”

“Yes, Princess?”

“Do you think we... should maybe make a tactical retreat?” Lucy asked, eyes darting between the spinning swords and Erza’s intense expression. On the edge of her vision, she could dimly tell that they’d kicked up quite a mess in the cafe. Knocked over tables, cutlery all over the floor. The customers had all backed off as far as they could go while still being able to watch it.

But Virgo simply nodded serenely, still twirling. “Only if the Princess commands it.”

“Then, uh...” Lucy watched as Erza’s “Heaven’s Wheel Pirouette” picked up speed, the wind from the twirling swords causing all the lights in the cafe to flicker. “Let’s just hope she gets dizzy first!”

And with that, Lucy and Virgo redoubled their efforts, moving faster, leaning into the rhythm, and matching Erza’s energy with a sort of synchronised chaos that only they could manage. It was a dance battle for the ages, neither side yielding, neither side faltering... and neither really having any clue if it was working, but too stubborn to stop.

Each side was too obsessed with victory to realise how absolutely patently absurd what they were doing actually was. Or pay much heed to the collateral damage they were causing, but that second point was pretty much standard for Fairy Tail.

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Marcus was pouring over his research notes like a student who suddenly remembered they had an exam tomorrow morning. It was all stuff he’d researched himself, mind. He’d written these notes. He knew them inside and out. Yet here he was, going over them all.

Those of us in the real world with practical experience in software engineering know this experience quite well, even if it can be a bit less frantic or frenetic. You’ve made a mistake somewhere in your work. The outcome isn’t quite what you predicted, and you can’t work out *why*. The logic tracks. You’ve closed off every loophole, everything seems to follow in a consistent and logical manner, but even so it just doesn’t *work* the way it was *forking meant to*!



So you go back to the drawing board, pull everything up and compare it all in case you missed something obvious. Run through the logic. Okay. Given the nature of the error, it would have to be in one of a handful of places, which one is it? Wait, none of them? Okay, what *affects* those places that you've not looked at yet? Come on, it's got to be something!

Then after a few hours of running through that process a hundred thousand times (or so it feels) it dawns on you. Of course! There it is! That's the answer, right there! Staring you right in the face! And you feel like an idiot for not seeing it sooner, but you also feel elated that it's done! You've solved the puzzle, and now you can set about fixing the problem.

That was the situation Marcus was in right now, and it was not an enviable position to be in. He had a *plan*. All carefully laid out. He'd use his special hypnotic dance to brainwash the Fairy Tail guild into total obedience, turning the girls into his loving harem before they even knew what was happening...

But the trick to it was that it was meant to happen *slowly*. Gradually! It should have taken weeks! Not hours! Had he miscalculated the potency of the effect? No, no, surely not! Had there been an issue with the accumulation factor? No, that checked out as well. All the variables were balanced, the spell should work as intended. Any magus with the experience, strength, skill and experience as the Fairy Tail mages should, by any reasonable measure, not have worked anywhere near this quickly!

Why was that a problem? Oh, that's easy to explain. He did not want his ass kicked by, let's say, Erza Scarlet. She was a prize to be certain, but a very dangerous one to aim for. She scared him. As did Mirajane. As did a few of the others, too. He'd been intending for this to be on the quiet side so that he could, you know, basically win before anyone twigged there was a problem. That was *meant* to be the way it went! That was *supposed to be* how he was gonna win! The more obvious it was, then the more likely it became that Erza was gonna fillet him with a bastard sword, or perhaps make him fellate it. Neither of which were on his bingo card for 'a good time'.

So, yeah, kinda stressed out here. Thanks for asking. Any moment now he was expecting to hear the phrase -

"Erza's upstairs."

That was Lily, poking her head into the room too delicately drop a bombshell. The sheer stress he felt upon hearing those words caused him to break his chair. From tensing up. All by itself. That's all it freaking too.

"Is she now?!" Marcus said through grit teeth. Crap, crap, crap! "Did she seem in a good mood?"

"No, she was scowling, had a pretty intense look on her face," Lily said.

"Did she order any food? Or drink? Or ask for any of our services at all? Employment?"

To all of his questions Lily shook her head. Fuuuuuuckk! Fuck, fuck, fuck! They were screwed! He put his head in his hands and made one last attempt to figure it out... Come on, come on, how had you created a technique that was able to bring down semi-legendary infamous mages with all manner of infamous deeds to their name?

*Maybe they're especially weak to hypnotic magic.*

No. No! That couldn't be it. No, surely not, no... There had to be something more to it than -

*Maybe a specific kind of hypnotic magic? Say, one that doesn't obviously turn them against their friends?*

The ellipses hung heavy in the air. Based on what he'd heard they were all power of friendship nuts, weren't they? So stuff that turned them against each other might be less effective, but if it was a form of hypnosis that didn't outright turn them against each other or try to hurt each other, they might go for it.

"Nah, that can't be it," Marcus concluded after a moment. "It's too specific, too janky, too... Imprecise! Oh! Lily, what is Erza doing then? Perhaps she is upset for a different reason?"

"She's making out with Lucy Heartfilia on the counter, while several Celestial Spirits are belly dancing around them in a big circle."

Marcus listened carefully to what he'd just been told. He digested the information. Let it percolate in his brainspace for a bit. That was a rather vivid image Lily had conjured for him, and quite efficiently as well. As he had broken his chair, he was presently squatting at his desk, so he slowly rose to his feet, keeping his face carefully neutral.

"When you say she's making out -"

"I mean, tongue hockeying action the likes of which you've never seen before," Lily said.

"I did walk in on you and Amber that one time when you were drunk," Marcus said.

"I was aware of that before making the statement," Lily said, which made Marcus gulp a *deep* and *frightened* gulp. The two girls had gone in *deep* on each other that day, egged on by their intoxication and Amber's naturally competitive attitude - even though Lily had ultimately prevailed, it had been a pretty intense showdown.

So you can understand that when he rose to his feet on shaky legs to go check this out, he was feeling a multitude of emotions right now. It felt sort of like running up to a bomb, upon which sat

a pile of gold. You really wanted that gold, right? But you gotta go near the bomb first. Could go off any minute now, but -

Hot damn did he wanna see Lucy and Erza making out, that sounded like the hottest thing.

Isn't it amazing what a dirty mind can do to relieve your stress?