

[spoiler=Wiki Roll]

[7-3 [url=https://maid-dragon.fandom.com/wiki/Elma_Chapter_26]Elma Chapter 26[url]

A chapter where Elma and Ilulu sell shaved ice. Because of the very low power roll, a cup full of mostly melted ice is summoned. It's blue raspberry.]
[/spoiler]

"Uwah!" I wake up with an unsightly jolt as I feel something cold and wet spreading over my chest, my noise and movement rousing several of my bedmates with unhappy noises. None unhappier than Taihou who lets out a startled yelp and sits up, a syrupy blue liquid with little bits of ice floating in it having spilled over both my chest and hers, soaking through my t-shirt and getting all over the exposed cleavage Taihou shows off in her nightgown.

I shouldn't complain, it's kind of a relief to see it working after the way my thoughts went last night, but still... it looks like a paper cup of flavoured ice must have appeared on top of me then melted and tipped over onto me and Taihou while I moved around in my sleep.

Akeno, who seems to have displaced Rias on my other side, picks up the cup and studies it, but it's just a plain white paper one like they'd sell at a festival rather than one that has any kind of branding, and it's now mostly empty with its contents spilled across me and Taihou.

"Commander, it's all cold and sticky!" Taihou whines, pulling off her now dirtied teddy with a magnificent bounce of those sticky tiddies in the dawn light filtering through the curtains.

"Yeah, not much better for me either," I grumble, wadding up my t-shirt over the worst of the puddle on my chest before I pull the stained garment off and toss it off the side of the bed amidst more grumbles from other early risers.

"It's too early...!" Yuuka moans, just rolling over and ignoring everything.

"It's just another garbage item, isn't it? All a lot of fuss for nothing so early in the morning," Kaori grumbles, pushing herself into a sitting position and glaring at me like it's my fault.

"At least it's better than the sweaty gym clothes," Akeno sighs, pressing the cup into a confused looking Rias's hands before she scoots down to grab at my shorts, giving them a tug to free up little Jiro. "Good morning my darling," she coos before the coldness on my chest is contrasted with the hot steamy warmth of Akeno's mouth engulfing my dick and starting to suck with single-minded devotion.

"Hey!" Rias protests as if Akeno had somehow tricked her, glaring down at the cup in her hands before it gets disintegrated into nothingness like it had never even existed.

"I don't mind the smell of sweat, but those were just dirty," Saeko mutters as she sits up as well. "Good morning everyone."

"Morning," I return, inhaling a syrupy raspberry-like scent in the air which makes sense given the blue colouring of the melted ice. "At least this smells nicer," and tastes nicer too as I discover when I do a header into Taihou's blue-stained tits, starting to messily slurp and lick over the giant expanse of wobbly cleavage which causes Taihou's irritated noises to transition into squealing giggles.

"Commander!" she laughs, grabbing onto my head and holding me in place as I indulge in juvenile booblust. And she certainly has a lot to lust for! The cool raspberry tasting syrup warms up between my saliva and Taihou's body heat, and I soon feel something similar on my own chest where Rias has snuck in to lap up the fluid that soaked through my shirt, her tongue there not really as nice as Akeno's feels on my dick right now, but it's still enjoyable as people cluster together and get lewdly intimate first thing in the morning.

"That's right," Kaori's playfully mocking voice calls as she grabs hold of my head and shifts it over to the middle of Taihou's breast, her nipple presented and swiftly gobbled as I show no shame in suckling on that swollen rubbery-firm teat and drawing a more erotic sounding gasp amidst Taihou's giggles, "Suck on mommy Taihou's titties. You're her son, now!"

I'd glare at Kaori, but I'm otherwise engaged, and I won't let her making fun detract from the simple joy of sucking on a tiddy!

"Oh, fine!" Yuuka's voice sounds grumpy yet excited as she gives up on trying to sleep through all of this, "Then you can be her daughter!" Grabbing hold of Kaori's head, the blonde lets out a squeal but doesn't seriously resist as Yuuka shoves her down against the bouncy cushion of Taihou's other breast.

She gives it a good suck, interrupting any commentary Taihou might have had about this quasi-incestuous roleplay, her cheeks concaving inwards and drool running down one of those magnificent K-cups, but then she comes off enough to slur around a nipple while mischievous violet eyes hold my attention, "I'm sorry Oniichan, your quiet little sister's turned into a slut!"

The fact she managed to time that with Akeno's blowjob bearing fruit so I nut down her throat seemingly in response to Kaori's mockery is a little embarrassing, especially with Rias rolling off my chest and kicking her legs in laughter and then Akeno throwing in her piece after she swallows, "Ara, does big sister have competition now?"

"Well, we know there's only one way to correct a bratty little sister," I say with a huff of my own, before I shove Kaori forward and she very obligingly sprawls out with her arms failing to offer her any support so she ends up nicely face down and ass up, wriggling her butt temptingly with her white nightgown ridden all the way up over her lace-clad cheeks. I yank those panties down quickly and then deliver a satisfyingly loud *smack* against one of her buttocks.

“Ahhhn~ Oniichan, you brute!” she carols, clearly not minding it.

“Oh, me too! I want to try!” Yuuka grins, scooting up beside me and delivering one of her own.

Smack!

“Oww, wait this is-” Kaori sounds like she’s starting to reconsider, but she doesn’t have much time to speak before Taihou leans over to apply her own hand to the task of marking that naughty witch booty.

“Bad girl, this is your correction!”

“Haha, that’s it Kaori, take it you bad girl!” Rias shimmies in while still laughing, at least delivering a rather more gentle swat that has Kaori moaning more than crying.

“Discipline is important when a girl starts acting out,” Saeko says serenely, Yuuka having to move aside as she positions herself to whack Kaori’s ass and draw out a louder yelp.

“Hey, c’mon!” she protests before freezing with wide eyes as she makes eye contact with Akeno, several of us also noticing the sadistic grin on her face, a finger scooping up drool from her own chin and then licking it off as she stares down at the transfixed blonde.

“Ara, you can make better noises than that, can’t you Kaori-chan?”

[spoiler=Wiki Roll]

[9-8

[url=https://senrankagura.fandom.com/wiki/Senran_Kagura:_Shinovi_Versus/Dressing_Room]

A random outfit from this page is summoned onto Kaori Saeki, and her hair is styled into one of the options chosen randomly.

Kaori wears a blue french maid uniform and has her hair put into pigtails.]

[/spoiler]

Akeno’s right though. Kaori does make some real good noises as everyone bullies her, which somehow becomes even more sexy and humiliating for her when she transforms into an adorable maid with her hair in twintails. She makes a really upset noise when she notices and glares at me like I’ve severely wronged her, but it’s hard for her to maintain that glare

under Akeno's masterclass of spanking and fingerbanging that just has Kaori crying and kicking her stocking-clad legs until she embarrassingly squirts all over 'big sister's' fingers.

Yes, a good time is had by all, and it certainly starts the day off on a pleasant note even if we got woken up in a less than ideal fashion.

We do have a big day ahead of us though, so after Taihou gives Kaori a soothing and warm butt-massage to make up for all the abuse we all get cleaned up and dressed for the day, going to have breakfast in the dining room which soon sees us joined by a procession of early rising student council girls and Gremory peerage members.

Which rather adorably includes Sona bringing a sleepy Aoko along, the eleven year old girl clinging to her teenage mother and somewhat dazedly sitting through breakfast while Sona and Tsubaki both fuss over making sure she eats.

"I had trouble sleeping, then I thought it might've been a dream when I woke up," she admits, her coherency recovering as she eats the simple meal of tamago and miso that Akeno and Ravel made in a batch lot for everyone.

"It was like that for me a lot at first too," Toshimi commiserates with her. She's wearing her chauffeur uniform for today, a rather neat and tidy ensemble of dark blue with subtle red accents and polished gold buttons with an officious looking cap which is currently not being worn while she's eating breakfast. "Of course considering where I was before I came here, knowing it's not a dream has always been a relief..."

"Yeah. Everyone's nice, and it's kind of fun, but... it feels a lot more real today," Aoko says, her mood clearly conflicted over the whole thing. She obviously likes us all, but there's a whole history of shared experience that's missing; we're variants of the versions of us that actually raised her.

Versions that are either distraught over her absence, or... absent themselves, as if they never were. I'm not sure which would be kinder.

"Well, don't worry, we'll keep you busy today," I offer, similarly eager to occupy myself rather than spiral down paths of existential dread. "You can ride in the truck with the fusion reactor to Tokyo, we need to make sure nothing happens to it before the presentation."

And she actually does perk up at that. Even if you're a devil heiress with your own reality warping pocket dimension, the lure of 'riding in a truck' is something no child can resist.

Toshimi had brought the truck by last night and loaded it up, getting herself some forklift practice into the bargain. Fortunately she's just as good with those as she is with sci-fi fighter jets, so we hadn't had to rely on cheating with magic to move the reactor out of the lab and into the trailer. For all her skill at driving things though, she's still nervous about being on the road and having to navigate across the country. In fact having Aoko take on navigator duties

should be a good way to distract her and make her feel useful while me, Taihou, and Rias all ride in the back.

Taihou's our organisational whiz, so she's coming along from the start, obviously I'm going because I'm not letting the thing out of my sight and I want time to familiarise myself with where I'll be doing my press conference, and Rias is both our liaison with the venue, and someone who can hypnotise any nosy cops if something does go wrong on the drive.

And while Toshimi does look really cute in her neat little chauffeur uniform, she's got nothing on the sexy office lady fits Taihou and Rias are both rocking. Tight blouses, pencil skirts and hose, hair up in tidy buns, and Rias is even wearing glasses! I've got a well fitted suit and tie which... well, it's just what a salaryman wears. It definitely makes me look and feel more professional though, it serves its purpose as armour against all the scrutiny I'm going to be getting.

Maybe looking like a weird dishevelled high schooler would work better for selling the idea I'm some unfathomable prodigy that came out of nowhere though? I don't know. The girls all seem to like seeing me in it though, the five of us setting off in Toshimi's truck while everyone else goes to school with the intention of teleporting over in the afternoon before the presentation.

Fortunately we're setting off early enough to beat the traffic here in Kuoh, letting Toshimi ease a bit more into driving while Aoko calls out directions like the world's cutest satnav, taking her appointed task as seriously as you'd expect from Sona's daughter while the rest of us sit on the bench at the rear of the cab. It might not be a limo or anything, but it's not uncomfortable, especially with two girls like Rias and Taihou pressed against my sides.

"So Aoko-chan," Rias speaks up as we're on the highway, coasting along quite comfortably, "I know you said Jiro's tech company is doing well in the future, but what about the rest of us?" She turns her head and gives me a sly little smile, "If Jiro-kun won't join my peerage, then I'm definitely not joining his company after all!"

I laugh at that and pat her thigh, it's a well deserved callout, I did make a big fuss about wanting us to be equals after all.

"Oh, no! You're usually busy with rating game stuff," Aoko answers over her shoulder. "I'm a Gremory Gremlin, oh yeah!"

"Gremory Gremlin?" Rias repeats, sounding bemused but interested.

"That hasn't started yet?" Aoko on the other hand sounds disappointed. "That's what your fans are called, you always have the best promos and interviews, you'd be super popular for that even if you weren't a top performer."

"Hmm... I like it!" Rias says, while I imagine hordes of devil children glued to the TV watching as Rias teaches them strange yet internally consistent arithmetic. Then her tone turns a little uncertain as she goes on, "So, I don't know if asking could change things, but you met everyone in my peerage except for Gasper yesterday. Who else did I have join up in the future?"

Aoko lets out a hum of her own. "No, if you count Gasper then that's everyone. You've still got some empty positions."

"Really?" Rias sounds confused and a little put off by that. "I'd have thought I'd have used all my pieces by then..."

"It's not that unusual, Auntie Levia-tan has tons of spare pieces," Aoko reassures her, but Rias doesn't seem mollified.

"Leviathan-sama doesn't compete in rating games, though. Fighting at the top level with that kind of handicap is unheard of. I'm surprised I couldn't find anyone else in over a decade..." she says, cupping her chin and looking thoughtful. Certainly an aesthetic her cosmetic glasses help with!

On one hand I'm a bit surprised too. Considering how freely Rias has thrown around invitations to everyone I've introduced her to, it's not as if she's waiting for the elite of the elite. On the other... well, it sort of fits with the rest of Aoko's backstory, doesn't it? It's like her past is a trend extrapolated from the present with minimal deviations.

Koneko's lucky she was allowed to grow up!

"Well, we don't know if things are going to diverge, just Aoko being here is going to change things," I say, keeping my thoughts on the accuracy of her future knowledge somewhat neutral. "I wouldn't worry about it, I'm sure you'll find enough people to fill out your team. Actually Aoko, couldn't you join someone's peerage like Ravel did?" I ask as that idea occurs to me.

"Oh! I could!" Aoko definitely sounds like she likes that idea. "I mean, I'm supposed to get my own evil pieces when I'm older, but I could still join someone else until then. It has to be a queen piece or a lot of pawns though, since I'm a powerful devil with a strong sacred gear."

She's aware of her own value at least, though even with how much power I can feel in her aura, it's still a bit hard to reconcile with her just being a cute little kid.

"Well, you're a bit too young for now," Rias surprises me by actually exercising some discretion on her recruitment criteria, "But I'll keep it in mind by the time you start middle school, if you don't end up with your own pieces before then."

That gets a bit of a pouty response from Aoko, and I imagine she's probably heard 'when you're older' many times through her short life.

Still, we keep the conversation light for the rest of the trip rather than getting too hung up on Aoko's future knowledge, and soon Toshimi is bringing the truck around the back of a Gremory owned hotel and convention centre deep in Tokyo, the increased traffic not ruffling her supernatural driving skills at all, and Aoko's dutiful navigation skills keeping us from getting lost.

We're met by staff that are entirely human, but who do apparently recognise the owner's daughter going by the amount of ass-kissing directed Rias's way, but it does make life easy for us when everyone's bending over backwards to satisfy our needs.

Taihou too proves the value of those corporate skills she acquired despite everyone else choosing violence, taking charge of our extra hands and ensuring everything is all set up nicely while Toshimi and I get the generator set up for display under Aoko's supervision. There's plenty of signage made up with the Erect Solutions corporate branding on display to add an air of legitimacy around the convention hall where I'll be showing the thing off and giving my presentation.

For our logo I actually just ripped off Yuuka's school. The stylised M for Millennium becomes an E if you flip and rotate it, and better than that it's an E with a bit sticking out the top. The erection, so to speak.

Fuck I should not have made my corporate branding a dick joke, but it's too late now. The logo at least does actually look cool in a minimalist sci-fi kind of way, honestly I can't complain about that. Got the logo stencilled onto the reactor's housing too, where it looks pretty good. The whole thing's really just a big metal block, with a circular rounded section in the middle where the magneto-plasma chamber is housed, one side having water storage, the other the battery and igniter, giving it a balanced appearance.

People basically know it's got something to do with energy generation, and there's some gossip among the staff helping us out as they speculate over what's going on or try to sneak looks at my slides, but I stay coy on the details so the big reveal can be more of a surprise. Not that it really matters what these people think, but I don't want them posting on social media or anything before the presentation.

Of course some level of knowledge is out there. The invitations for the conference went a bit more into specifics so that a proper level of expert scrutiny could be applied, and we've lodged our patents for all the technology applied here, which will be made free after today so that anyone and everyone can start building their own fusion generators.

They just have to trust that it's legit enough to be worth the effort, and that'll be my job to convince them later.

Pretty nerve-wracking though, having to stand in front of a bunch of experts who're going to see me as an upstart kid coming out of nowhere to upend everything they know. I mean, Shalba Beelzebub was technically scarier, he was going to kill me and all, but the fear of a fantastic demon god is a lot different from the fear of talking to a hostile audience, you know?

"Onano-sensei?"

Oh wow, I'm already getting the sensei treatment! I look up from double-checking my slides to see an older woman in a glamorous red dress that affords a plunging look down her cleavage giving me a warm and seductive smile that's rather ruined by the fact her aura radiates disdain and impatience towards me. She's nice to look at other than that though, and it's not as if I'm a stranger to feeling disdain from hot women, so I just grin and bear it as I smile back at the attractive woman with luscious curves, tanned skin, perfect makeup, and wavy blonde hair. "Hey, I guess that's me, what can I do for you?"

Pearly white teeth flash as her smile widens and she bows to offer an even better look down her dress, "My name's Carly Fairbanks," the obviously western woman says in flawless Japanese, "I'm with GNN, I know I'm a little early but there's a lot of curiosity about what you're unveiling here today." Her teeth sink into a plump red-painted lip and she leans closer, "I was hoping you and I could-"

"Excuse me, the event hasn't started yet," Taihou's unhappily polite customer service voice interrupts the woman's seductive sales pitch as she clamps a hand on Carly's shoulder. "And I don't see a camera crew with you, Miss GNN. Why don't you come outside to wait in the lobby? You can show me your press pass there too."

Anger spikes further in the woman but she still gives me a charming smile and suggests, "Well, I'm sure Onano-sensei doesn't mind, do you?"

Hahaha, yeah right. Sorry Carly, but only one of you two is actually reliably getting me off, you don't have a shot here. "Take her away Taihou, we've got a schedule to keep."

My reward is a considerably more genuine smile from the office lady aircraft carrier who escorts a rather more openly disgruntled reporter from the premises. Is that the kind of thing they wear on the news there? I guess Akeno was kind of right with her slutty reporter fit, huh?

I briefly entertain a fantasy of treating Carly the way I'd treated Akeno in my office before I push it from mind and get back to work, while Taihou returns a short time later to smile lovingly as she watches me work, as seems to often soothe her spirit.

"Everything go okay with that reporter woman?" I ask casually.

“Fufufu, she won’t be bothering you ever again, Commander,” she responds with an ominous giggle, which makes me look up from my computer.

“Why did you say it like that?”

“Say it like what? This is my normal speaking voice, how else would I say it?” she returns with a now rather overly done innocent tone and a doe-eyed look back at me.

You know what, do I actually care? No, I honestly don’t. “So long as it’s all done quietly and there’s no fuss, I’ll trust your judgement.”

“Of course. There will be no fuss or drama today, everything is going to go perfectly. You can rely on your ever-dutiful Taihou to handle everything so you can share your magnificent ideas with the world,” Taihou smiles wider at this show of faith in her discretion. “Ahh, now I feel all charged up, I better go and make sure no other insects interfere with your dreams.” With a spring in her step (which does lovely things for the ass filling out that pencil skirt and lifted up by the effect of her high heels), Taihou sets off to resume making sure everything runs smoothly.

No matter the cost.

Author Notes

I’m sure Carly hasn’t been stuffed head-first into a dumpster somewhere, right?