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Sailor Moon - Beryl's Daughter

Fate is a funny thing. For want of a nail, a kingdom can be lost. The slightest pebble can start an avalanche. And so it was that the destiny of this world would change in a wholly unexpected way, all because of one simple change at a critical point in its history.

Normally, Mamoru Chiba - in his Tuxedo Mask form - would be kidnapped, seized by the Dark Kingdom and brainwashed by Queen Beryl. That would lead to the ultimate battle between that dark, twisted Queen and the champion of justice Sailor Moon. A hard won fight in which good prevailed, and the world would be saved.

Here, though? Sailor Moon found herself kneeling on the floor before the wicked Queen. Arms bound so that she could not cast her spells. Mouth gagged to keep her from screaming. As for Beryl herself, she is a vision of victory, sitting at her throne cross legged, staring down at her captured nemesis with utter disdain.

"How kind of you to join us, Sailor Moon!" Beryl half said, half cackled. "And I do mean 'join us'. With you on our side, the Dark Kingdom will surely prevail far more efficiently than planned."

Sailor Moon stared up at her, defiant. Knowing in her heart that she would never, ever join the Dark Kingdom. She knew that her friends would come to save her. She knew that Beryl would get what was coming to her. She knew this for a fact!

In some versions of events, that might well be how it wound up playing out. Here though, in the version we were watching... Beryl was not holding back. Rather than messing around, she went straight for the killshot and summoned her own Master - the dread force known as Metalia!

A dreadful dark cloud rose from nothing, billowing out from behind Beryl's throne. Encompassing her, its mere presence dimming the light within the room. Sailor Moon's eyes went wide as she took it all in.

"So this is the girl that's been causing you trouble, is it?" Metalia's voice asked. "Hrmph! You have done well to bring her before me. Now that I can see her directly, yes... It makes sense that she would be a thorn in your side."

"How gracious of you to acknowledge this, my Master," Beryl curtseyed. "Now, would you please do me the pleasure of breaking her mind for us? It would be a shameful waste to merely dispose of her!"

The cloud of darkness descended upon Usagi without another word, vanishing into every pore of her body. She fell back, convulsing on the floor, her eyes rolling up inside her head as... *something* started to fill her up.

Ah! No! That was wrong! It wasn't like that! It wasn't like that at all! The Moon Kingdom...? Hoarding power to itself? The Royalty was disconnected from the needs of their people? Ignoring them? Belittling them? N-No! She rejected that premise, even as the images flooded her mind!

But it wasn't to end there. The images took on a more sinister aspect before too long. Implying that Beryl once had a daughter. That the Queen, Serenity, could not bear children of her own. That by Imperial decree, Beryl's daughter was kidnapped, brainwashed, raised as the Princess! Let us ignore the similarities between Queen and Princess, that can be excused by magic. Changing the colour of her hair, casting an incantation to make her *seem* like the rightful daughter of Serenity. Let us excuse that Beryl had no man to have a daughter with, while the Queen did indeed have a King. Somewhere. Unseen within Usagi's memories of her former life.

The lie needed just that little kernel of doubt to wriggle in. Such are the best lie - hold a tiny seed of truth and water it, let the doubt seep in, and before too long even the most determined wall of truth will form its cracks, as seeming inconsistencies creep in. Half lies, shadowy contradictions that do not, in truth, exist. They work down that wall of truth and expose the horde of ravenous lies, deceit and paranoia waiting to barrel in to take its place. From such things are conspiracies made... And even the purest soul can eventually break from the strain.

Thus, as she lay there, her writhing began to slow. Though her breathing was no less ragged. Sailor Moon's clothes began to change. Her short blue skirt became a form fitting purple dress with a skirt down to her ankle, and a slit up her left leg. Her whistle leotard, pure as the fallen snow, became the upper half of that dress. Shoulderless, with a deep jagged neckline.

In short - the same sort of dress that Beryl herself wore. Yet the change didn't stop there. The twin buns atop her head unfurled of their own accord, flowing freely, becoming wavy and exotic to the point it was almost intimidating. The gag holding her back from speaking disappeared into stardust, and then from her knees the one formerly known as Sailor Moon turned towards Queen Beryl, eyes shining brightly, and whispered a single word.

"Mother?"

"Ah, my daughter!" Beryl happily dropped to her knees, embracing Sailor Moon - and allowing a truly wicked smile to fall upon her face. Demonic, some might say. Others would say it was more evil than even that. "You are finally free of the Moon Kingdom's brainwashing, and have returned to me!"

Again, we see a truly effective lie take hold - claim that in perceiving through the truth and accepting the lie, you have overcome a form of brainwashing.

"I'm so sorry mother!" the younger girl wailed. "I killed all of your Generals! Oh! I did not know what I was doing!"

"Have no fear, my beloved daughter," Beryl said, patting her on the head. "You are strong enough to take the place of one of them, and with your help we can find other suitable replacements." She trailed off for a moment there, and looked off into the distance. As if seeing something only visible to herself. "In fact, we might be able to help one of your friends see the truth. It seems as though we have an unexpected visitor lurking within our territory..."

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For such a smart person, that was a really dumb thing to do. Yet Sailor Mercury couldn't help herself. She saw a good friend being dragged away into a portal against her will, and had been the closest to it. Before it closed, she'd leaped through. By herself. Without support. In the middle of enemy territory. With nothing but her wits and superpowers at her disposal.

The trouble was, she was the support unit of the team. The brains, the planner, the analyst. The others were the ones that hit like trucks with fire and lightning and whips and purification spells. Sailor Mercury? She'd bubble blast you, by goodness, and leave you confused about your surroundings, but she wasn't capable of *much* more than that in a fight.

Luckily she was a quick learner. Case in point: Today she'd learned about stealth. Learned fast. It helped to have the Mercury Computer at her beck and call. She could analyse her surroundings from a place of safety, then plan her next move accordingly.

Right now it was telling her that there was a single enemy, coming her way. She hid around this corner with bated breath, hoping they wouldn't turn towards her. See her. Raise the alarm. So far she'd been lucky enough, but... Luck couldn't last forever, and she'd have to pick a fight to rescue -

"Sailor Moon!"

She gasped that a bit louder than she'd intended upon seeing her leader, her friend, the girl that had helped her come out of her shell even if only a little. She rushed forward to embrace her, and was embraced in turn.

"Thank goodness!" Mercury sighed in relief. "You were able to get out yourself?"

"Yes, I suppose you could say that," Sailor Moon replied. "Mercury! You shouldn't have come without the others. That will make this much, much harder."

"I know," Mercury said. "With just the two of us it might be difficult to escape the enemy base, and -"

"No," Sailor Moon interrupted, suddenly pressing her finger squarely into Mercury's forehead. "I mean, if you'd all come, then I could have set you free much, much sooner."

For some reason, Sailor Mercury couldn't move at all. It felt like Moon's finger had penetrated her forehead and was pushing into her brain.

"At the very least, I was able to find my one true love," Moon sighed contentedly, and before Mercury's eyes her uniform transformed, becoming darker, more sinister. A form fitting purple dress? What was - "Here. Let me share the truth with you now."

Suddenly, Sailor Moon rushed in and kissed Mercury on the mouth, forcing her tongue inside. Shock! Disgust! And alongside it, memories of the past started to flood in. At first, Mercury rejected them. She could see the inconsistencies, the blatant propaganda, the insidious lies being told. Nonetheless, even the supposedly intelligent can only last so long against a constant barrage of half truths tailored towards a particular narrative.

"N-no, that's not r-right," Mercury bumbled. "W-we weren't l-lovers back then! It was - It was you the Princess and Endy-"

"All lies, all propaganda to support the Moon Kingdom," Moon interrupted. Ah? B-But that wasn't - "Shush now, wait until you've seen it all, and then make up your mind. Don't be fooled, they were the bad guys."

You see how simple that is? Convince an innocent person of something false and monstrous, and they will go out of their way to infect others they know with the same ideas. Evidence? What is that? Facts and figures? Those are easy to manipulate. Play up the numbers that support your position, and downplay those that decry it. Hell, call anything that doesn't support you a lie, and those already inclined to agree with you will march alongside without a second thought - and will often call those who are sceptical fools for not marching in lockstep.

"B-But this is clearly made up!" Mercury protested. "I need something more solid than this!"

"You mean, you want to be a foot soldier for the Kingdom that kept us apart?" Moon asked. "You want to fight for the side that kept its people ignorant and detached from the reigns of power? You want to fight against me?"

There was another insidious angle - frame the opposition as unreasonable and evil. The classic variant is asking a person when they stopped 'beating their wife', as it implies that they had, at one point, done so. Mercury was aware of this tactic, of course, and ignored it.

"I would think that someone as smart as you would try to see both sides of the issue, rather than rejecting one outright," Moon said. "So? Why not do that? What's it called again? A Sought Experiment?"

"Thought experiment?" Mercury replied. Ah! Of course! If she framed it that way, then maybe she could see through to the truth! L-Let's consider it for a moment, shall we? All the evidence of the Moon Kingdom's existence was gone, unfortunately. There weren't even fossil records to

show anything. There were ruins on the moon itself, but... Nothing concrete about the *people* who lived there. There was a war. That much was certain. What caused the war? Who was responsible...?

"Say, didn't the Queen wind up giving everyone a giant middle finger and then blow up *everything* rather than lose?" Moon asked. "That doesn't seem very good to me. In fact, it feels outright *vindictive*, don't you think?"

A chip in the wall of truth. A small inconsistency! Yet Mercury held out, longer than most would have under this relentless assault. Ah! It was getting harder for her to separate them! What had she seen before, and what was being thrown in there to muddy the waters? Another famous trick - skew the data by throwing in unverifiable falsehoods!

You see by now how utterly insidious it is, and how powerful bad faith actors can be when they are persistent enough. Your lie is proven to be a lie? Double down on it. Attack the ones proving it. Repeat it louder. Repeat it prouder! Many will turn away, but others still will flock to you. Because they're contrarians, because they're already sympathetic, because they have beef with the people you're opposing - whatever the reason, it doesn't matter. Your ranks will swell, and between you discussing it you'll have enough of a voice to raise that lie up. Hoist the banner! Fight for the lie! Fight for the sake of deceit and wear down the truth, little by little, until you have a new wall built in place of that truth.

Moon resumed kissing Mercury again rather than continue to argue, and when she did, Mercury's uniform began to change. A bright blue flowing dress, much like the one Moon was now wearing. Her short hair grew out a little longer, into spiralling curly twintails down either side of her head. At the back of her head, her hair gathered into a curly bun, giving her a regal look. The appearance of a fine lady.

And then, the kiss ended, leaving the woman formerly known as Sailor Mercury to curtsy. She would bow, but - you try bowing in a dress. "Please forgive me, Princess Beryl," she said. "I, Goshenite, shall dutifully make up for my behaviour by serving the Dark Kingdom! Together, we shall solve the problems this modern world faces by bringing down their corrupt systems!"

Unsaid: And then install our own, which will be better because... *we are the ones in control!*

"Rise, fellow General!" the Princess said, tipping her hand under Goshenite's chin and lifting her up - then kissing her once again. This time, the kiss was returned. "I can see that you are eager to resume your duties, but... the two of us have much time to catch up. Shall we indulge in more physical pleasure first?"

"My Princess!" Goshenite gasped. "Oh, I do love that thoughtful side of you. Yes! I do have that bad habit of prioritising work over pleasure don't I?"

"Not to worry," the Princess said, pulling her into a tighter embrace. "I'll break you of that habit yet!"

=====

Naru Osaka is about as ordinary a girl as you could get, considering the weird things that happened to her. Currently, she was worried about her old friend, Usagi Tsukino. Things had gone weird between them recently. She gained a whole lot of new friends, started hanging around with her less, and -

"I sure do get kidnapped by supernatural beings a lot don't I?" Naru pondered, sighing wearily to herself. "I wonder how Usagi's getting on? Does she get kidnapped half as much as I do? It's really annoying, why do these things have it out for me?"

The doorbell rang, and she went to answer it - finding Usagi and Ami standing there waiting for her. Ah! How nice to see them both! She let them both in without a second thought, paying little heed to the almost unnaturally broad smiles on their pretty faces.

"Hello," she said. "Are you here for a study session...?"

"Sort of," Usagi said, earning a giggle from Ami for some reason. "Is your mother around?"

"No, she's out at the -" Naru began, and was interrupted when Ami stuck her finger in the side of Naru's head. The girl collapsed to her knees, staring up at Usagi as her clothes melted into a very, very fancy dress. Oh. Ami was wearing something similar. That was neat. Hehehe... Cool! They used magic to change their clothes.

"Listen carefully Naru," Usagi said, running her hand under Naru's chin. "You are my best friend. My very best friend. That's why I'm going to give you a gift. A very special gift. I'm going to show you *the truth* about the world we live in."

Beware when someone claims to know 'the truth'. You'd think there's only one 'truth', but it's rarely that simple. You've heard of Rashomon, yes? Different people giving very different accounts of the same series of events. Different focus on different aspects, different interpretations, leading to very different outcomes. There's only one truth? Who is to say, then? It's like the twisted misunderstood view of quantum physics - the truth is a thing that depends on who is observing it. What facts are important, where the emphasis lies, what is downplayed or ignored, or dismissed as caused by another variable - The truth is a single thing, yes, but it is *complicated*. Too complicated for a single mind to comprehend it all.

So we portion it off. We construct a narrative to simplify things. We paint things in terms of heroes and villains, the corrupt and the pure... when in truth, there is very few that could truly be described as any of those. Good? Evil? That's a matter of perspective. For some, cruelty is a virtue - They simply do not call it such.

What sort of chance does someone like Naru have, then? She's not stupid by any means, but she is something else. Ordinary. Normal. A girl that doesn't really stand out that much. How can a normal person possibly tell the truth from the lies - especially when she's not seen the actual truth to begin with?

She was tabula rasa. The blank slate. It was easy for the brainwashed pair to fill her up with anything they wanted. Draw upon her surface. Make it into anything they desire. Fill her in on a twisted, deceitful interpretation of the history of the Moon Kingdom, paint them as villains when, in truth, they were simply doing the best they could. Perfectly? No, perfection does not exist. Yet they were far, far better than the alternative. Better the Moon than the Dark.

"Ohhh, oh, that makes soooo much more sense," Naru burbled. "They weren't trying to kidnap meeeee, they weren't going to hurt me at all! They were - Ahhhh! - only trying to show me the truth! Open my mind, make it clear that the world isn't the way I thought it was!"

You see how easy that was? Trivial really. No immunity, no defences to the falsehoods, they poured into her like she was an empty cup. In much the same way, her clothes shifted and changed. She did not resist at all, did not fight back against it. In no time at all, her clothes had become a long flowing dress, much like the other two, and her hair swelled up into a refined beehive, with an elegant ponytail dangling from the back, creating the appearance of a stuck up rich girl rather than the perfectly average, normal girl that Naru truly was.

Some might view those comparisons as an insult, by the way, but Naru was perfectly happy to be normal. Was, for now she was happy to be something else entirely.

"Arise, Morganite!" Princess Beryl said, and so she did. Quite the ironic name, is it not? Actually, it's not if you're going by the dictionary definition. Perhaps call it poetry? Named for the first youma that she'd encountered, who had impersonated her mother. Yet at the same time it was a kind of mineral, hence keeping to the naming scheme. "The reincarnation of my best friend! Together, we shall help the Dark Kingdom rise and bring peace to the entire world."

"Peace under the benevolent, eternal rule of Metalia," Naru - pardon me, Morganite said with a wry smile upon her face. "Then we can play, and play, and play together. Just like we used to! Oh, what fun! I can hardly wait!"

"Why don't we have a slumber party tonight to celebrate?" Princess Beryl asked with a twinkle in her eye. "I have a little unresolved business to take care of..."

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Sometimes, Mrs Tsukino worried about her daughter. Wouldn't you? Her grades were awful, and she was pretty sure the girl was sneaking out at night to do god only knows what. Also, since when did she say it was fine to have a cat? The little black thing had randomly showed up one day, and - that was that. It was cute enough. Smart, too, but still.

"Ah, what will I do with that girl...?" she sighed to herself. "She simply isn't concentrating. It's a real problem. I've done everything I can, it's hard to see her amounting to anything. Sometimes it feels like she's treating me like a servant - "

"Treating you like a servant?" Usagi said from behind her. "My, what an excellent idea!"

Ikuko spun around to see her daughter, Naru and Ami standing there in quite fancy dresses that looked far, far too expensive for them - and then felt a staff fall upon her forehead. A staff being wielded by Usagi. One that looked very much like Queen Beryl's.

"No need to make you a General, the positions are all filled now," the Princess chuckled.

"However, I do need to build up some Youma. Become my maid, false mother! Serve me! Serve the Dark Kingdom!"

Ikuko had no resistance to this at all. Much like Naru, she succumbed immediately and without hesitation. Her clothes transformed instantly, and her mind was filled with subservience, to her 'daughter', to her Queen, to the Dark Kingdom and a better future for all of mankind - serving on their knees before glorious Metalia!

The comfortable skirt and blouse combo that Ikuko often wore around the home transformed into a standard maid uniform. Black and white, with an ankle length skirt, apron and white frills around the collar and sleeves. A feather duster appeared within her hand - yet this was no ordinary feather duster. This was her weapon of choice, capable of producing a powerful dust based magic attack against her enemies. No, pardon me. Not her enemies. The enemies of the Dark Kingdom!

"Very well! Now let the slumber party commence!" Usagi clapped, laughing into the back of her hand as the fancy dresses the three of them were wearing melted away - into dressing gowns of the same general design! "Some tea, servant, if you wouldn't mind."

And so, the three of them sat around the Tsukino household, their very presence causing it to become twisted and darker, more sinister and gothic with each passing moment. The outside of the house remained the same, but the inside? It became like its own little sub dimension.

Which makes the three girls sitting around, while a maid that was formerly a mother dutifully serves them tea, all the while they gossip and chatter about the evils of the Moon Kingdom, sending young girls out to serve as their champions, while the Dark Kingdom sent out beings that were far more capable, far more responsible and fully understood what they were doing.

In that sense you could almost call the Tsukino residence a little echo chamber, where lies could be repeated unchallenged, where they could reinforce one another's fall into deceit without anyone correcting them. Building up the lie, strengthening the foundations, until eventually they were able to bulldoze over anyone that dared confront them with contrary evidence, calling them stooges or sheep, little realising the bleating tone within their own accusations.

Ah, but then the communicator of the Princess beeped. A hush fell upon the room. The Princess rose to her feet, while the others dropped to their knees, for the voice of their Queen came over loud and clear.

"Are you enjoying yourself, daughter?" Beryl asked with an amused lilt to her voice. "How precious. Please, do relax. Unwind... And when you are done with your slumber party, bring the other Sailors into our ranks - Show them the truth about the Moon Kingdom they so ferociously protect."

"Of course mother," the Princess said. "We have many... many fun activities planned for tonight. Don't we, girls?"

"Yes, your highness!" Morganite and Goshenite said in unison. Eager to remove their dressing gowns, and begin the 'fun activities' she was talking about.

"Very good! Do have fun! Hahahahaha~" click, off went the communicator.

"Hrm... Mother really isn't suitable for ruling, is she?" the Princess asked, sitting down and stirring her tea. "Losing all those Generals like that to us - it's obvious, isn't it? Who should really be in charge...?"

"Of course!" Goshenite said. "She's obviously too *weak* to rule us accordingly. It would be so much better if I were to rule by your side..."

"You'll make a much better ruler by far!" Morganite agreed. "The two of you together!"

Just then, the shadows of the room grew darker, more sinister. They flowed into Ikuko, seizing control over her like strings might a puppet. Her mouth moved mechanically, and a sinister voice flowed out.

"Yes, Princess," Metalia said through her. "You should be the rightful ruler of the Dark Kingdom! Once you have the other Guardians liberated... We shall *dispose* of Beryl and make you the leader instead. As the way of things should be."

For this is the final lie of the den of liars. That they could be trusted. That you have power over them, when the power dynamic is often different from what you assumed. That you can get away with it forever, without someone *better at it* stabbing you in the back and taking it all away from you. And as is so often the case, it begins with the want of a horseshoe's nail.

Code Gee-Ass

If there was anything that could be considered a vital aspect of Lelouch's plans against the Holy Britannian Empire, it would have to be his alter ego. Yes, an alter ego. While he certainly believed wholeheartedly that the King should lead if he is to be followed, that didn't mean he'd risk putting his sister out there for anyone to take a potshot at. Frankly, he didn't give a damn if he was personally identified. Let them come for him. But his sister? His friends? No, no! That would not do at all!

For that reason he had tracked down a tailor and used the power of Kallen's ass to brainwash him into helping - or rather assist - in creating a suitable costume for him. Now, granted - Lelouch had been turned into a girl earlier on in the day, but for the time being he was fully and truly male. He had a clear idea in his mind for what he should look like, in particular taking a design cue from the classic King piece for chess.

At least... that was the plan. Until a ghostly apparition who was extremely hot and playful with the most delightful green hair and splendid ass invisible rubbed her cheeks up against the back of Lelouch's head. Bouncing them, one at a time. Left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek, to an intense samba rhythm that only she could hear. Appropriate, as nobody could actually see her right now. Massaging Lelouch's brain with her butt. Making him more, more, more susceptible to the power of ass, ass, ass!

From this influence, Lelouch's opinion changed. Shifted, to a thrumming intense beat: He had been given the power to become a cute, bottom heavy girl. This was a power he should abuse to its fullest! Right away, without delay! Thus, while being measured for this costume, Lelouch shifted. Let himself become herself. A tall cute girl with a slender waist and the kind of ass that nobody ignores when it goes by on the streets. Shapely, round, meaty, bouncy, the sort of butt that forces the woman carrying it to walk like sex is the first thought at the front of their mind.

Lelouch had been intending a tuxedo with a cape, and a mask that covered all of his face. To that, C.C. leaned back and went brrrrr, pinching the back of Lelouch's head in her crack while gently thrusting her hips up and down. A subtle movement can create the biggest ripples, especially where such a glorious hind quarters was involved. As such:

"A purple dress with gold trim," Lelouch announced. "At the bottom, split the dress into four strips that go down to my ankles." Behind 'her', C.C. smacked the sides of her hips to add a little horizontal motion to the incessant jiggling. "A plunging neckline is an absolute must!" Lelouch continued. "With Bunnygirl cups over the breasts! Oh, and be sure to fetch a thong with the highest angle possible!"

The first half of that may sound familiar to those who have seen the second season of Code Geass. Yes, that was C.C.'s rather ridiculous Black Knight outfit. The one that seemed designed to show off her butt. Or at least the shorts she was wearing underneath. Seriously now, what the hell was that dress even supposed to be? Fanservice? It certainly wasn't practical by any

measure! How did anyone take her seriously - Oh that's right, they all thought she was Zero's mistress. Well... Aside from the fact that they were probably not actually having sex, that's not *too far off*, I guess?

But enough griping and speculating about canon! We are here for the booty parody, not the real deal! Lelouch smoothed her hands down her figure, in particular rubbing down her luscious ass, and loving what she was feeling.

"Perfection," Lelouch said. "If I live my everyday life as a boy, and use this bootylicious girl's body as Zero, nobody will ever be able to tell it's me!"

Britannia was still a male dominated society. Which meant that the mere sight of these bouncy cheeks would leave distractions anywhere she turned. Enemy commanders unable to concentrate on their tasks, grunts hesitating from pulling the trigger so they could drool a little longer over dem cheeks... Yes, the possibilities were quite endless! By day, he'd be able to clap cheeks all he wanted! Shirley, Milly, or any babe that took his fancy! The ultimate stress relief for what was about to become a very stressful time in his life! By night, he'd get the dumb army men all riled up and want to clap *her* cheeks, potentially even seducing them into joining the side of big bootied righteousness!

The invisible spectre of C.C. had to cover her mouth to stop from laughing there. She couldn't help it, Lelouch was being so serious while thinking things like that!

Anyway, that did leave the inevitable question of what Kallen was doing right about then? In order for things to progress further, Lelouch was going to need her support. Taking on an Empire wasn't exactly a one person job, you know!

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"Huh, I never would have guessed that twerking was so much *fun*."

Yes, that was Kallen Kozuki saying that. In her room, squat down, having spent more time in that room awake than she normally cared to spend. It was far more usual for her to simply collapse in her bed, wearing whatever she was wearing (usually half undressed) at the time her body couldn't take being awake any longer. Hardly dignified for a noble girl, but then again it was hardly better for her to be squat down, hands on her thighs, bumping that rump like there was no tomorrow.

Despite her common use of 'sickness' as an excuse to get out of school and do resistance shit, Kallen was a very athletically inclined babe. She was putting that to the test right now while shaking what her mama gave her - but make no mistake, while she was viewing this as fun there was a quite serious expression upon her pretty face.

"Must shake ass for Japan," she muttered to herself. Yes, that's right. She was doing it for her country. Well... one of her two countries. The one she identified with the most. Kallen was so determined to ensure Japanese liberation that she was doing something as outright degrading as this. Using her raw sex appeal, combined with really freaky magic, to enforce justice.

Of course, it didn't exactly hurt that an invisible green haired slut was rubbing her butt into Kallen's face in an exact one to one motion. Like she was guiding the redhead's body with her actions. Scrubbing her brain with ass, while making her booty bounce and shake. Telling her that she was doing this of her own accord, for reasons that were just and noble and heroic - And honestly, you're starting to enjoy it anyway, so why not relax and go with the flow?

Oh, and what's that? Every single bounce, every shake, every quake, was making your delicious, scrumptious ass even more round and large? Never mind that, this is a good thing! It's a good thing, because you're having fun, and you need a big round hypnobutt if you're going to save your oppressed people!

The phone rang, breaking the spell. Kallen grabbed it. Answered it... and then the course of her destiny was set in stone as a most fateful meeting was soon to take place.

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While that was going on, how were things looking within the Viceroy's Palace? At this point, the infiltrators Lelouch had sent in - the hot Japanese babes with big bouncy butts that were brainwashing Britannians by the barrel load - had infiltrated seemingly everywhere. Posing as soldiers, as maids, as scientists, fitting in by sitting on the faces of anyone who questioned why they were present.

However, in one room in particular, their efforts were unknowingly being put to the test. For you see, within one bedroom in particular, one pretty pink haired princess was on her hands and knees getting thoroughly railed from behind by a slab of Japanese beefcake. Yes, indeed, Suzaku Kururugi and Euphemia li Britannia were getting it on.

In front of the two of them were two of the would-be infiltrators, who were wearing snug booty shorts, some thongs underneath and not a stitch else. They were presently leaning over a railing and thrusting their asses almost right into the face of the Princess.

"So you can see, your Highness, if you follow the policy we've laid out it will -" Weaken the local military presence enough for a small rebellion to swiftly take over with a minimum loss of life
"-Improve the quality of life for all that live in the Area." That wasn't even a lie. Britannia was a pretty corrupt Empire, which hid from its own population how much better things could easily be for everyone if they put in half an effort to not be corrupt shitheels. Yet that is the way of the corrupt - so busy building up their short term power, that they sacrifice the long term. Rather they have 99% of a pie, than share 10% of a much larger one. "What are your thoughts?"

Euphemia's thoughts were, apparently, to grab ahold of their thong clad asses and bury her face right in between them. Understandable. It's hard to think about nuanced political requirements when there's so. Much. Ass. Right there in front of you. And you're being given a thoroughly deep dicking by a tender lover that was barely holding back their full strength with each and every deep, deep thrust they were putting into you. Quite understandable really.

"Mmmm~" Euphemia hummed. "The Japanese are so fucking sexy! Hehehe! Would you like a turn with Suzaku when I'm done? Oh, but it might be a while..."

The infiltrators were quite confused at this point. Euphemia had shown them nothing but kindness and consideration since the moment they arrived. At first they thought that she had been brainwashed already by booty - or maybe Kururugi's dick - but... After speaking with her for a while, they got this general impression that she actually did care for other people!

Imagine that! She'd even given them their current attire, and they were pretty sure these thongs were giving them a big boost as well. It was hard to think ill of someone who had not only given you brand new drip, but also made you inherently sexier than you were when you first met them!

It's also kinda hard to think negatively about someone whose raw sex appeal was actually brainwashing you right back. It's a natural trait of the Britannian Royal Family, you see. The women have an inherent assnosis that grows more powerful, more dominant and mighty, the more large and round and jiggy their posteriors became. Though she was not doing so on purpose, each time Suzaku thrust his mighty member into her, the subtle and not so subtle jiggling of Euphemia's ass was making these so called infiltrators a little bit more loyal to her, gradually, slightly, even as they ground their butts into her face to try to take control over her, she was taking control over them as they peered over their shoulders.

Cue a mighty hip crash into the door that sent it sailing open, and Cecile Croomy strutted her stuff inside, wearing a translucent micro-dress that was only a little less revealing than clingfilm, especially around her thong clad boosted ass. Said enormous thong clad ass was punctuating each and every step with a mighty boom, boom, boom, like someone was cracking a whip in time with her gait.

"Your highness," she said, twerking instead of bowing or curtsying. "I am here to report on the new uniform, and its effects on glorious ass."

"Mmmm, I've been waiting for this~" Euphemia moaned wantonly. "After all! My sister has suuuuuch stronger willpower than me. If I'm to make her see the glory of ass, she'll need to be thoroughly broken in. It. Won't. Be. Enough. For. Me. To. Sit. On. Her. Face. Until. She. Breaks. Like. A. Bitch!"

Each of those fullstops was punctuated by Suzaku slamming his hips right into Euphemia. The boy was rather lost in the moment, you see. Try to not think badly of him, Euphemia's an excellent romantic partner and even better in bed. She's far more open and compassionate than

others in her family, but she had retained her father's capacity to rut like a beast. I mean, Christ. Emperor or not he has a hundred wives, it'll take more than power and influence to keep that many women happy.

In any event, this was where Cecile cocked her hand on her hip, then snapped her fingers on the other hand, then resumed twerking to clap loudly in applause as a line of women walked into the room sideways, shoulder to shoulder, wearing the new uniform. The group turned around, revealing a certain tan skinned, silver haired beauty in the middle, and -

Pardon me? The uniform itself? Oh, how forgetful of me! To a woman, they were all wearing the snuggest of black snug yoga pants that hugged their bodies like an anaconda hugs its prey. As for their tops? Actually, those were pretty normal military uniforms, designed to hide the fact that those pants were not appropriate work attire for anywhere except a dance studio. For strippers.

"The tests are going well," Cecile said. "Worryingly well, actually. It's kind of distressing how *easily* all of our test subjects became ravenously horny and compliant, desperate for a chance to clap their cheeks at - Ohhhh, pardon me, but can I please ride Kururugi's dick when you're done? I'm aching for another go, my first ride was far too brief."

"Well, that's your fault, isn't it?" Euphemia asked. "You passed out after a mere five minutes of his intense lovemaking. Mmmmm, how long have I been with him?"

"Two hours," Cecile said right away. "Twenty minutes and forty seconds."

"Oh, in that case yes, you can have your turn soon enough, but please try to last a bit longer this time. Trust me, you won't regret it~"

Cecile fistpumped the air, and then put her professional hat back on again, turning her attention to Villetta Nu.

"She fell the fastest and easiest for reasons we have yet been able to ascertain," Cecile said. "It's almost as if a group of infiltrators had brainwashed her already before we even began, but that's completely ridiculous as I think we'd have noticed something like that happening right under our noses."

The actual pair of infiltrators nervously adjusted their collars there. No, no, nothing to do with them, none of that was to do with... gosh look at Euphie's butt quiver!

"How deep under is she?" Euphemia asked.

"What is your name?" Cecile asked.

Villetta then stepped forward and saluted in the same sort of way that someone from a cheap softcore porn of a war movie might. Bright eyed, by which we mean 'vacant and horny', and with a distinctly vapid tone announced that her name was - "Jenna Jigglebunz!"

"And where is your brain, Miss Jigglebunz?" Cecile asked.

"It's in my ass, of course!"

Ah. right. Even Suzaku, lost in the throes of passion with his soul mate, stopped a moment to turn and blink in abject confusion at what had just been announced within his presence. Huh. *Huh.*

"I... see..." Euphemia nodded slowly. "Uh... Did you happen to have any dreams or aspirations? From before our experiments, I mean."

"I wanted to be a proper noblewoman, but now all I want is -"

"Henceforth, you shall be a Baroness," Euphemia said. "Baroness Jenna Jigglebunz. In service of your - How does it go again?"

"In service of your Empire, for duties executed with courage, conviction and honour?" Suzaku offered. "Uh... Pardon me your highness but what exactly... Have.. you... and your amazing ass been..." Suzaku's eyes flitted shut, and he resumed rutting without a further complaint. I mean, it's amazing that he was able to stay coherent for even that long after being shocked from his euphoric state (also called 'being balls deep in the woman I would come to love more than anyone else, who is also just so fucking amazing in bed that it's amazing anyone could resist her charm'), and says a lot about his character and strength of will. Trust me on this. Anyone else in his position would have... Actually they'd have nuttled within about thirty seconds of being in this position and would have been asleep by the time Cecile hip crashed her way inside.

"Yes, what Suzaku said, up until that part where he said 'pardon me'," Euphemia said. "You are now a Baroness. Well done!"

"Good thinking! This will make it easier to get her close to Cornelia to help us show her the light!" Cecile applauded. With her cheeks. Not her hands. It was more fun this way, for everyone.

"Ah... yes, that's what I was thinking," Euphemia nodded, blushing faintly. "Ahem! How many uniforms can you make before my sister arrives?"

"Perhaps... enough for a battalion?" Cecile remarked.

"Then please proceed, quickly and correctly, and be sure to make a suitable costume for my sister as well" Euphemia ordered, that rare shred of Imperialness creeping into her normally

kind tone. "If we're lucky, that might be enough to shatter my sister's iron willpower, and open her heart to embracing the glory that is ass! Together, her and I shall be able to reform Britannia from the ass up!"

All the while, an invisible green haired booty slut was chuckling away, her revenge on the Empire that saw fit to experiment on her coming along nicely.

Oh. And Suzaku nuttled nice and hard inside of Euphemia. Worth noting that he hadn't broken a sweat, and nor would he by the time he was finished with Miss Cecile, who was eager to get her turn on the ride going...

=====

Kaname Ohgi is way over his head. This is perfectly natural really. He was a teacher before this whole thing kicked off. A regular average teacher. The sort that got on with his class during the lesson, tried to build a rapport with them. Tried to treat them as equals - up until they crossed the line and he had to treat matters more seriously.

Now, the kids he'd taught were probably all dead - or beaten down by Britannia. Heavy stuff, huh? Now, he was the head of a resistance cell after his best friend had kicked the bucket. In service to his country. In the service of freedom!

And now... he was following after Naoto's little sister, Kallen. Who had grown up to be a fine woman. In more ways than one. It was honestly a little unnerving. He'd played with Kallen when she was knee high, so it was kinda surreal to see her so... Feminine and alluring. The jacket she was wearing may have covered that up to an extent, but it could only do so much.

"Are you sure about this?" Ohgi asked while trying to not stare at her butt. Really, really trying hard to not. It would be wrong. So wrong. "This mystery voice wanted to meet with us out here?"

"That's right," Kallen said. "He seemed excited to meet you in particular."

"Well, I don't like it," piped in a new voice. A voice not belonging to anyone in his cell. It was... Nagisa Chiba, A member of the Japan Liberation Front. Scouting them out for membership after the battle at Shinjuku. "You won that because someone you don't even know showed up out of nowhere and - "

"Relax, Miss Chiba!" Kallen said, putting a bit more *oomph alalala* in her step. Ohgi had to pinch himself, it was the only way he could remind himself that *this is Kallen, Naoto's kid sis*. "Just relax, and we'll go with it. Okay?"

"Well, I'm looking forward to meeting this guy and giving him a piece of my *ass*," Tamaki said, with great determination. "Anyone that can make an ass out of Britannia is okay in my ass."

"Tamaki, please shut up," Inoue sighed wearily. "You're making an ass out of yourself."

Before long, they arrived in an abandoned theatre. There were plenty of buildings like this. Places that couldn't easily be converted into living spaces. Sometimes people would try to sleep in here anyway, because they had nowhere else to go. It wasn't much though. Nowhere to bathe, or store your food, too many entrances to protect from intruders... This place did seem pretty empty though.

Ah? What was this now? The seats at the front were all... new? Polished, cleaned, not a trace of grime on them. It was practically an invitation to sit down. So he did. Comfy. The others followed suit, except for Chiba, who elected to stand in the aisle, brow furrowed, arms crossed, taking everything with a level of seriousness that... honestly reminded Tamaki of the sort of teachers he used to hate. Who treated their students like they were beneath them. Idiots to be sculpted and molded to their liking, and they'd better not step a toe out of line or else -

Suddenly, the lights went out, leaving them all in pitch black - but only briefly, before a spotlight shone upon the stage. There, they saw... her. With her back turned towards them. A slender, tall, beautiful woman with a butt that put even Kallen's to - Ahem! Less of those comparisons if you don't mind!

"Who is that?" Chiba demanded. "Hey! Turn around, right now! Who are you, show your face?"

"Are you enjoying your seats?" the mysterious woman asked, her voice... very similar to the one that had led them on that day. "Quite the contrast, isn't it? Between those and the other seats!"

Indeed, the other seats were... not very well maintained at all. It was like night and day. If night was mouldy and had springs sticking out the padding.

"To answer your question, I am Zero!" the woman said, turning around and... you still couldn't see her face. She must be very beautiful though, given the general facial structure that *could* be seen. Just the lower half of her face. Gosh, those lips were big! "And I am here today, to guide you into a new tomorrow!"

"Oh yeah? Why should we listen to some chick that won't even show her face?"

Good question from Sugiyama there. Now! This is the point where usually, in canon, the fact that Suzaku had been falsely arrested for the murder of Prince Clovis would be exploited by our masked hero, and used to raise their interest to the point that Ohgi and Kallen would assist him in a half baked rescue attempt.

However, Suzaku was not under arrest here. Unless you count 'nailing one of the hottest babes in the entirety of Area Eleven' as 'under arrest'. In which case? Under that definition? I'm about to rob me a bank! Back in a second! Or not, because that's not how reality worked.

Instead reality worked by other more lewd means. Like, say, Kallen shimmying on stage, and asking a pointed question of her own: "How about you trust her because I tell you to?" Then, before anyone else could question her further, off comes the jacket and reveals her brand spanking new pilot attire, made for her to more efficiently pilot Knightmares.

Yes, really, that is the entire purpose of the design that I am about to describe. Let me crack those knuckles so we can do a deep dive into this. Ahem!

Imagine, if you will, a full body fishnet stocking. Red, because why break the theming for this character, with the only solid fabric being a thong gifted to her by Shirley. You know. One of those hyper addictive thongs that makes a girl's butt grow the longer she wears it? By now she was an easy rival to both Shirley and Euphemia. No mean feat, but Kallen always did have something of a competitive streak about her. Oh, but we're not done yet: Kallen usually wore her hair in a kind of frazzled tied up style when she was out and about as a resistance fighter. Not anymore! Now, it was done up in a comb over pixie cut.

So it still had a rebellious streak about it, but there was something more directly cute about it.

Now, back to Ohgi's point of view and - Oh dear. It seems he was staring at the stage with his jaw hanging down much further than he knew it could. Hard to blame him, really. I mean, that was his dead best friend's little sister up there, wearing that ridiculous sexy attire, and he was really, really trying hard to *not* stare like an idiot. Failing. But bless him, he was trying.

"K-Kallen! What the... hell... are you... wearing...?"

That was Inoue trying to stand up for women everywhere by protesting the extremely blatant, obvious fetish attire that Kallen had no doubt been tricked, blackmailed or otherwise bamboozled into wearing. I mean, she wasn't wrong. Being convinced by an extremely sexy ghost counts as being bamboozled by any reasonable definition.

Anyway, complaints were pointless, protestation useless, prudish disgust at lusting after someone you'd seen grow up was futile in the face of these two on stage together. Kallen was already extremely hot as it was, this was merely icing on the cake. A whole lot of icing. In fact there might be more icing than there was cake to start with.

Anyone else wanna lick icing off of Kallen's butt? No? Just me? Come on, be honest with yourself, you want to do that too!

"This is my new pilot uniform," Kallen said, smacking her cheeks together with enough force to crush a man's head. Hell of a way to go and if we're being honest? Many would envy that way out of this journey called life. "The ideal approach for a total babe like me to take full control. Of a man's heart - or a Knightmare!"

This is where they might have noticed that there was a hangar full of similar kinds of clothes, simply waiting to be worn. To be fair that's true of all clothes hanging on a line, it's what clothes are made for you know? To be worn. If they're not currently being worn, then they're just... patiently waiting for it.

Clap, clap, clap, clap!

On that basis, isn't it kinda cruel to leave them there? Leave them hanging. Waiting. Bereft of purpose. Calling out an unheard plea. 'Put me on! Wear me!'

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

Thoughts like this intruded into the minds of Inoue and Chiba. They staggered forward, as if in a daze, ignoring what was being said on stage. The clothes. They had to take off their clothes right now, and put those on!

"Ally with me, and we shall see Japan rise from the ashes!" Zero had announced. Clap, clap, clap, clap! "No... Forgive my dramatic flourish. The nation that was, is dead and cannot truly come back. Instead, we shall forge something new. Something *better*." Clap, clap, clap!

Before they knew what was happening, both Japanese women were standing beside Kallen, squatting down, their butts swelling out, much to their delight! The clap! Clap! Clap! Grew louder! Louder still! The men all monstrously erect, unable to look away!

"Join with me!" Zero called out to an audience that could no longer hear her. "Together, we shall accomplish the impossible! We shall overcome the injustice set into motion by Britannia! Are you with me?"

"Yes!" the men said, though really they would have been convinced by anything asked of them at this point. They all had ass on the brain. Spurred on by the combination of Lelouch and Kallen's booty powers.

"Very well then," Zero said. "In that case, all we need to do now... is prepare and grow our influence, in anticipation of the chance to show our might. And I have a feeling we will not need to wait long."

That might seem like a vague prediction, but Zero was actually pretty sure for the most part. Why shouldn't she be? With those infiltrators working over the military from the inside, a chance for this group to strike would come before too long! They'd strike from inside and out, and take over before anyone knew what hit them!

If only she knew what was happening in the Viceroy's Palace at that very moment... Then maybe Zero wouldn't have been so confident.

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Shuichi made a beeline out of the nurse's office so fast, it almost gave him whiplash. What was this? Was Teruteru being serious? He'd stolen a magic spell from Himiko that allowed him to brainwash people into becoming perverts...? That was ridiculous! Absurd! As a detective, he felt like he could not allow himself to entertain the possibility!

And yet... It did sort of explain what was happening to him. If he had used it on Shuichi himself, then - He really ought to do something! Stop him before he - Guh! This headache! It was impossible! It was like someone took an ice pick and jammed it right into the back of his head!

He couldn't trust himself in this state. Hell, if he confronted Teruteru like this, then the size difference between them wouldn't matter at all. He'd be easily overpowered. From there...? Impossible to say what would happen next! If he was going to - ah! - stop this, then he needed help.

If only Akane was still here. Or Miu! He'd even take Miu! She'd reject the idea of the spell even harder than Shuichi had, but he could easily sell it like - like Teruteru was doping people with an aphrodisiac or something and she would have played along. Kaede. Kyoko. They'd be perfect! It was a struggle. Every step was a fight against himself. This pain. Because he was trying to *put a stop* to perversion. It only went to show that the main thing keeping Shuichi from being the best detective he could be was his own lack of confidence. Others would have collapsed by now, or at least turned back towards the nurse's station, but as the Ultimate Detective of his year, he was showing true grit and spirit in not breaking by now!

"Shuichi Saihara, no running in the corridor!"

He slowed down on reflex upon hearing that voice. That was - Miss Yukizome! The Ultimate Teacher! Wasn't she supposed to be Teruteru's teacher? "Ah, I'm terribly sorry," Shuichi rubbed the back of his head. This might be a good chance to do something about that boy! "Actually, can we talk for a bit? About one of your students. I think he might be up to something."

Yukizome Chisa brightly smiled at him. It was easy to see why she was so popular. It felt like she was a calm, reassuring presence. One capable of handling a room full of Ultimates. No mean feat! "Come with me," she said, grabbing Shuichi's hand and guiding him to a nearby empty classroom. "It must be serious. An Ultimate Detective wouldn't say something like that if it was merely horseplay. Which student are we talking about?"

"I'm afraid it's Teruteru," Shuichi said, sitting down and trying to ignore the pounding headache. He rubbed at the side of his head and - ahhh, that was really bad! "I think he's discovered an aphrodisiac of some sort and - *nnngh* - is planning to dose some of the students with it."

"My goodness! That is quite serious!" Yukizome said. "I shall be sure to have a word with him at the first chance I... Are you feeling alright? You keep on touching your head."

"N-No, it's nothing," Shuichi said. "Just... a mild headache. That's... Uh..."

Before his eyes, something remarkable was happening. Well... a bit less remarkable by this point. He'd already seen it several times. This teacher was already quite an appealing woman as it was, but now her curves were flaring out. Big ass! Huge titties! Barely restrained by that smart blue dress of hers... No! He shouldn't stare! Staring would - Nnngh! - Make him fall under that pervert's control! He had to get out of here! Leave it up to her to resolve!

"There there, it's alright," Yukizome shushed, pulling him into a snug embrace, right into her *boooooobs*. Her soft, warm, cuddly *boooooobs*. "Let it all out. I'll help you feel better. That is my duty as a teacher, after all!"

Ah? Ah! Ohhhh, that felt nice! Shuichi couldn't stop himself from sniffing her hair and *mmmm* he was hit with a good dose of pleasure for that. He probably ought to push her away. She obviously didn't have any idea of the effect that she was having on him.

"Uh.. Th-There's something I should tell you about -"

"You mean the spell Teru cast on you?" Yukizome interrupted. "It's okay. I know all about it. He used it on me yesterday, after all!"

A heavy feeling of dread settled in the pit of Shuichi's stomach. It hit so hard that he didn't even resist as Yukizome rubbed her *boooooobs* down his body, her cleavage blatantly exposed, bouncing within his line of sight, jiggling and wiggling, going up and down and all around while her unseen hands fiddled with his trousers.

"Y-You mean that you -?" Shuichi grew pale. "Sn-Snap out of it! You don't know what you're doing! Don't let this spell control you?"

"Tee hee, far too late for tha~at!" Yukizome said, dipping down, and enveloping Shuichi's dick - which looked much, much bigger than normal even at its most erect - in between her warm, inviting cleavage. Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhh! So good! Too good! He was being hit by pleasure from both the supernatural and natural at once! "Really now Shuichi, this is for your own good~ I've read the reports on you, and getting off like this will do wonders for your self esteem."

"N-No, you're only thinking that because -"

"Because it's my duty as a teacher!" Yukizome firmly interrupted. "Of course, if you'd rather that I didn't then I'll stop. All you have to do is say it. Tell me to stop. Tell me to stop giving you a boobjob, and I will~"

The way she said that, she knew it would be hell for him to pull it off. And yet - And yet, if someone walked in right now it would be curtains for her! For him too, but he was more worried

about her reputation! Gripping her shoulders, Shuichi prepared to say it - and felt a spike of pain course through his body! No! No! He would not give up so easily!

"You should stop!" he said, and felt woozy as the worst pain he'd ever felt hit every cell in his body all at once. "P-Please, don't do something like this!"

"Okay!" Yukizome said. She put her breasts away again, and zipped him up without a moment's complaint. "If that's what you want. Although, I wonder. How long can you last before you give in, too? As a teacher, I can't help but worry."

With that, she left with a wiggle of her hips, designed to allure him back into the pit of utter lust that he had barely crawled out of. Indeed, Shuichi's legs felt like lead. This was insane! He'd already managed to get her? He needed to regroup. Rethink. Replan. Take stock of what he knew, and figure out a way to deal with this before it got out of control.

To that end, he staggered back to his dorm room, mind racing a mile a minute. Not easy when he had this dull, throbbing agony accompanying him at every step along the way. His reason was betraying him too - all he had to do was something perverted, and the pain would stop for a little bit. If he stopped trying to figure out a way around this spell, he'd feel good again. That was the kind of thinking he had to oppose completely, without mercy. He could not relent so easily! At least within the sanctity of his own dorm, he'd be -

"Huh? It's unlocked...?" he muttered to himself. It can't be! He'd definitely locked it after he'd taken that shower this morning, so how -

Shuichi pushed the door open, and found a completely unbelievable sight. He almost didn't recognise the two of them at first, but - It was them. Without question. On his bed were a boy and a girl, fucking wildly. The girl on top, riding that boy like an untamed horse. Shuichi stumbled into the room gawping, barely noticing the door being closed behind him, a squeak came out of his mouth, a question, a name, despite how little sense it made.

"T-Teruteru?" Shuichi balked. It hardly seemed possible. The Teru he knew was a tiny little rotund goblin. This was - Impossible! He had muscles! What was more, he had a penis that was far bigger than his body should have been! Yet the face, it was unmistakably him!

"Ohhhh, Teru!" the girl moaned. "I'm so glad I used my maaaaagic to improve your body!"

Magic? That girl was... Himiko? The short, cute magician who protested that she was actually a mage? It hardly looked like her at all! No, wait! The face was the same, but the body was like - Like a supermodel! Curves in all the right places, a physique that could put a Goddess to shame! Was this the work of Himiko's magic? Their bodies had been changed? Or was he simply seeing things again?

"You seem confused, Shuichi!" Teru chuckled from the bed, slapping Himiko's ass. "I suppose even the Ultimate Detective can be baffled by magic. Hah! Himiko was the first one I hit with the spell, and I managed to corrupt her completely by the time she worked out what was happening."

"Master Teru made me alter the spell," Himiko moaned. "Now, those who are newly under its influence will see the true final ultimate form that all shall take - While those under its influence will become walking sex bombs, only visible to those under the spell!"

So that's how it worked? Urgh! That was just vague enough that it would confuse the matter completely! He had no way of knowing if he was seeing things, or if he was looking at someone who was actually under the spell! That was likely Himiko's intent. So like a magician. Hiding things in plain sight, complete misdirection. Having her on his side was extremely dangerous!

"Pft! Check out that stupid face!" a bubbly yet mocking voice said somewhere rather... downwards. Looking down, Shuichi found himself looking at a girl in a kimono with bright yellow hair tied up in twin curled tails. It took a moment, but - this was Hiyoko Saionji, the Ultimate Traditional Dancer! A girl who really didn't look her age. Nor act it. "It really makes me wanna bully him! Quick, quick! Take a picture, Mahiru!"

"Hrmph!" another girl appeared right next to him. Maihuru Koizumi, the Ultimate Photographer. She snapped a picture of Shuichi's face. "You're supposed to be a boy, aren't you? Come on, you oughta be staring at my big round boobs!"

"Or my luscious round ass~" Hiyoko sang, waddling in front of Shuichi and - Hot damn that was an enormous tush!

"You two as well...?" Shuichi asked. "How many of you girls has he already -"

Mahiru spanked Hiyoko nice and hard causing Shuichi to bite his bottom lip so hard he drew blood. No. Stop. Stop lusting after that big round ass, stop staring at it, these brainwashed girls don't know what they're doing, they're trying to brainwash you as - Oh dear lord she was pulling her kimono up.

"Urhg, yeah duh, obviously Master Teru hit us with the spell, what a great fucking detective you are!" Hiyoko smugly scoffed, bent over, wiggling her butt right at him. "What was your first clue? My fat ass, or Mahiru's amazing rack?"

It was indeed an amazing rack. In fact, Mahiru was even able to rest her camera on it as if it was a tripod. However, unlike Hiyoko she seemed content to merely take pictures for now - and smack Hiyoko's butt if Shuichi looked away from it for too long. This pair were a devastating team! He had to get out of here before -

"Yoink!" Mahiru said. "My, my. Is that the dick you're going to get? Let me get some *stiff* life there." Shuichi reflexively reached down to pull his trousers up, but Mahiru quickly said "Ah, ah, ah! Pulling that on with that ass in front of you would be the opposite of perverted, don't you think?"

"Yep, it sure would! Hooray!" Hiyoko cutely cheered, bouncing on her heels while still bent over. "Come on, Shuichi. You can resist it, right? The urge to stick it right in there. Go ahead. If you can last even ten seconds, we'll even delete the pictures Mahiru's been taking."

Huh? What pictures did she - Mahiru quickly pulled them out. Pictures... of him and Miss Yukizome. In that classroom. When did she - Right, the door wasn't locked! Shuichi had been a little too preoccupied to notice Mahiru. Maybe she'd been deliberate about that? Positioning him so he couldn't see well? Blocking it with her body, talking loudly enough that the sound of the door opening and closing wouldn't be obvious...

Either way, this was bad. He was caught between a rock and a hard place. Ten seconds. Ten seconds of having his shaft rest in the cleft of Hiyoko's ass. While under a spell conditioning him into being a pervert.

"You swear you'll delete it?" Shuichi asked.

"Cross my heart, hope to - Fuck!" Hiyoki squealed as Shuichi lay his surprisingly girthy length right into the cleft of Hiyoko's ass. Ten seconds. That's all he needed. Just ten seconds of it lying here on top of her enormous butt!

Oh. Oh no! His dick was sinking into that crack like it was quicksand! His penis was being engulfed on all sides, ensconced within a magnificent, warm, comfortable fleshy trap! Ah! Ahhh! Hiyoko turned back to look at him, hand to her mouth, stifling a laugh.

"Hohoho! Is that all you got, Mister Ultimate Detective?" Hiyoko chortled away, her usual immature self. But- Fuck! This was so fucking snug! Ah! Wh-which feeling was the spell and which was her ass? Shuichi couldn't tell anymore! Come on now, ten seconds is all you -

"Five, four, three, two, one..." Mahiru counted down. "Two, three, four, five..."

"Ack!" Shuichi yelped, and pulled back from Hiyoko, causing a loud plop sound in the process from how tightly her cheeks were wrapped around his dick. Ohhh, his penis was trembling. It wanted to go back in! "H-How many times did you -"

"Count up and then down and then up again?" Hiyoko asked, spinning around, leaning forward and making that aggressive face she made when yelling at someone. "Gee, I dunno, fucking killjoy! Come on, if you put your dick back in its rightful place for another ten seconds, maybe I'd fucking tell you!"

"Delete those photos! Right now!" Shuichi yelled. "And - And any you took just now as well! I'm not going to fall victim to Teruteru's - Nnng! - Sick games!"

"You sure about that?" Teru asked, sitting on his bed. By now, the Ultimate Magician was using her mouth to clean off his dick. "The spell needs someone to be asleep before it can be cast on them. So! Tell me, Ultimate Detective... What, pray tell, is the number one place outside the dorms where people tend to sleep within the Academy?"

Where did people sleep...? Except the dorms...? The answer to that was - Was the nurse's station. Which meant that Teru hadn't just gone for Mikan because she was a *super fucking hot babe*, but because -

He pulled up his trousers and made a mad dash back to the nurse's station. Of course! It was so obvious! That was his gameplan! Shuichi was kicking himself now, some detective he turned out to be! That was obvious! It must be the fault of - No, it was his fault. Not the spell. Blaming the spell at this point for distracting him was a coward's way out. He had to get back there, and damn this headache for trying to get in his way!

"M-Mikan!" he yelled, throwing the door open, and what did he find inside? Why, Mikan picking up a carrot and a stick from next to the head of Sonia Nevermind, the Ultimate Princess.

Seriously, the Ultimate Princess? By what category did they - Urgh! Mikan yelped, Mikan dropped the carrot and the stick, and - Of course - the carrot landed in her cleavage while the stick landed in the crack of her enormous ass, which was pushing out her skirt enough that it should be a health and safety hazard.

"Uwaaaah!" Mikan yelped. "Sh-Shuichi! You shouldn't be so loud in a nurse's station!"

Undaunted, Shuichi rushed forward and grabbed the Ultimate Nurse by the shoulders. "Mikan, you've got to fight it!" he whisper-yelled, shaking her a little. "Get ahold of yourself! You are not a pervert! No matter what this spell tries to make you think!"

"Ehhhhhh!" Mikan whined pathetically. "Shuichi, I have a carrot in my cleavage and a stick in my ass! P-Please, can you take them out!" Oh, right. He probably shouldn't... Uh... Mikan was holding onto his hands pretty tightly right now. "Take them out, right away. It's sooooo embarrassing."

What she was telling him was simple. She didn't care about what he said. She'd already succumbed to the spell. "So quickly...?" he pondered. "Mikan, why did you give up that fast?"

"Hehehehe..." Mikan drooled, pressing her elbows into her breasts. "Did you really think it was a coincidence that I tripped into such positions alllll the time? It was a cry for help. A plea for attention. All that Master Teru did was set me free~ So? Are you going to leave this carrot and stick where they are, or are you going to take them out, Shuichi?"

D-Dammit, she could be very sultry when she wanted to be. Against his better judgement, Shuichi leaned down and extracted the carrot from her *pert, pleasant, round breasts*. It was like the horny version of the Scottish game of ducking for apples on Halloween. Except a lot less wet and a lot more *bounce*. His friends in Scotland would probably prefer this version. It took everything Shuichi had to hold onto the juicy carrot in between his teeth and *resist* the urge to motorboat. Though the pain of fighting it did make him almost drop it at least twice on the way out. Ahhhh, why did her breasts have to be bigger like this?! Himiko, you troublemaker!

He discarded the carrot to the floor, panting and wheezing, but Mikan would give him no respite. She kept ahold of his hands, turned around and crossed her arms before leaning over, ass in the air, stick just... there. He could easily grab it between his teeth. Yank it out. Toss it aside. He'd barely have to do anything perverted.

"Just so you know, I'm a slutty free use nurse," Mikan said, wiggling her hips. Shuichi followed the stick as it wobbled to and fro, and then... His face sank of its own accord to try to grab the other end of the stick. Scooping it out of Mikan's butt with his tongue, while his cheeks rubbed up against hers in a manner of speaking. Mmmph! Yeah, fuck, that's nice! Not as nice as having his dick between Hiyoko's cheeks, but - Fuuuuck he'd barely noticed she'd let him go so he could drop to his knees! Until the moment he dug in his own fingers, feeling those cheeks with all his might, Shuichi hadn't even registered something so simple!

All too soon, he had managed to grab the stick, and determination alone allowed him to extract it, leaving him breathless yet again, and *monstrously* erect. His balls felt like they had swollen to the size of watermelons. Concentration? It was a wonder he could even do basic arithmetic! The way he was feeling, your average person couldn't succinctly answer 2+2 without trying to dive tackle the person asking for sexual relief!

But if Shuichi thought things were bad before, they were about to get worse. Because now, Sonia Nevermind was rising from the bed, having apparently concluded her nap.

"Mmmm, how lovely!" Sonia said. "Hope's Peak truly does not spare the expense. I had feared the mattresses in the nurse's station would not be up to my expectations, but there was not even a pea within them."

"Not... even a pea...?" Shuichi asked.

"Yes, indeed!" Sonia said. "I had heard it was traditional for foreigners to place peas under the mattresses of visiting Princesses. How gracious of you to forgo that bizarre tradition - Although, the two of you were making quite a lot of noise right now. Is one of you in pain?"

"Y-Yes, Shuichi is in great pain!" Mikan said immediately. "He - He was bitten by - By a snake that escaped from one of the school's labs! In a very sensitive place. We have to hurry! I have to

f-find the antidote and extract the poison, but there's no time! Miss Sonia! You don't know w-what that antidote looks like, but surely you can extract the poison!"

Wait. Wait, wait, wait. She couldn't mean what he thought she meant, did she? That sly look on her face... the meaningful glance to his crotch... Mikan was going to trick Sonia into - No! He couldn't let that happen! He had to warn her, tell her it was a lie, keep her from -

From -

From sucking him off. From gobbling his dick down and making him cum. His shortness of breath betrayed him here, keeping him from doing... much of anything, really. He was powerless to do anything but *let it happen*. Shuichi *let* Sonia panic under Mikan's direction. He *let* Mikan pull down his trousers. *He let Sonia Nevermind, Princess of Novoselic give him a succulent, juicy blowjob.*

By this time he'd caught his breath it was too late. Sonia had her Royal mouth wrapped around his unworthy dick. And oh, his dick was truly unworthy! This moist cavern was so much more than he deserved, for he was a sinner that allowed this to happen to an angel!

"Tum de dum!" Mikan skipped around the room. "Oh, antidote~" she sang, occasionally slapping her ass, the sight of which made Shuichi's cock twitch. "Where are you antidote?"

"Mmmmm~" Sonia hummed, her eyes fluttering, the spell doing its work on her. "Mmm... Mmm! Mmmm!" Her sucking shifted in purpose quickly. Rather than trying to get the poison out, she was now seeking something very different. Shuichi's hand trembled as it reached down. Push her off. Push her off. Push! Her! Off!

Or grab her scalp and force her face back and forth along your length, causing both of you to grunt/whimper in delight. Rewarded by this spell, this damnable spell, for engaging in lewd, perverse acts. He was going to break her, wasn't he? He was going to turn her into an incurable pervert, just like the others! Hell, at this rate he'd turn himself! He had to stop, save her at least before -

"Here's the antidote!" Mikan said, arriving behind Sonia with a strap on dildo. She grabbed the hips of that Princess, flipped up her skirt and pushed into her extremely damp - "You see, Shuichi? It's much too late. Hehehehe! Before long, the entire school will be perverts! Just like us! Lewdness is the best medicine!"

"Ah! Ahhhh! Wh-Mikan, what are you -" Sonia gasped, then moaned in pain when she stepped away. "Oh, my head! It feels like someone struck me with a heavy makango!"

"R-Run!" Shuichi demanded, pushing Sonia away. It felt like he'd been struck in the chest by a bullet, but he pushed her anyway. "We're under - Nnnrgh! A post hypnotic suggestion! It makes us feel good if we do s-something lewd, and bad if we resist! Get going! Warn everyone else!"

"At once!" Sonia yelled, and rushed from the room, stopping only to adjust her underwear. Th-there! That would have to do! It was better than nothing. Better than him trying and failing to warn everyone! Now there were two of them that were fighting this. Two of them who could -

Huh? He was flat on his back? How had that - Suddenly he saw a pair of thighs coming down upon him, and the familiar shape of Mikan's *fine, fine* ass descended onto his face!

"Naughty Shuichi~" Mikan teased. "Naughty, naughty, bad Shuichi. It's good to be lewd. It's good to be a pervert! Sonia will learn in time~ Mmmm! For now, we need to break you in like the good little woobie that you are!"

Her hand reached back, and her intention was obvious. She was going to sit on his face to pin him down, while giving him a handjob. Not just any handjob either! This was... Ah!

"Hehehe... A lot of girls go rougher than they should, but I know better," Mikan said. "Oh my goodness, you're sooooo pent up. Hehehehe... You really need to cum and cum hard. Nurse's orders, hehehe~"

As she said this, her hand was wrapped delicately around his dick, stroking it expertly in time with her hips bouncing up and down, slamming her cheeks up against Shuichi's. This double course of stimulation was playing havoc with his willpower. Against his own desires, his hands were groping Mikan's body while his hips were thrusting up, up, up!

"That's right, there's no need to fight it," Mikan said. "Silly Shuichi! Give in! We'll all be so much happier when we're a bunch of lewd slutty free use perverts! Just like Master Teru wants! Hehehehe! Break! Break! Break! Break!"

It was too much! He couldn't *not* cum with all this stimulation. Mikan stopped to watch him gushing out like a fountain, twisting her body around and licking at it without any sense of the delicacy of before. Cleaning his shaft like it was a dirty doorhandle. Using her tongue as a washcloth. Covering every inch of his member with her spit, while pinning his face down with her enormous fat ass.

"There we go, isn't that better?" Mikan asked. "Treatment like this is necessary for your mental and physical health. Hmmm... Hehehehe... Maybe you'd like to try something more intense now that you're *completely* addicted to *cumming*? Would you like a use of this free-use nurse?"

Shuichi took a deep breath once Mikan was no longer sitting on him. Then he sat up. Smiled at her. Grabbed her shoulders. Pushed her down.

And ran out of the room while yanking his trousers and underwear up! That had been nice. Very, very, impossibly nice. The reward he'd gotten in the back of his head for indulging in that

debauchery was... yeah, he could see people getting hooked on that feeling. But it didn't account for one thing!

Shuichi's lack of personal sense of worth.

Yes, that's right. It wasn't just his willpower that got him through. It was Imposter Syndrome that carried him over the line. THAT niggling feeling that he didn't deserve his accolades, didn't earn the praise, didn't warrant being called the Ultimate Detective had been a benefit, rather than a downside.

He didn't *deserve* the attention of someone as hot as Mikan. He didn't *deserve* the opportunity to plough that hot slutty willing pussy all day and night for the next week as the spell seemed to demand he do. He didn't deserve it, and so - he was able to fight back against the urge just enough to resist.

Though only just. He really, really wanted to go for it now that he was away from it. His legs were trembling, he had to put some distance between the two of them before he went back there and *bent her over a bed and made her really squeal!*

"Haaaaa!" Shuichi grunted. "Nnnrgh! I have to warn people. Have to.. Warn Kaede!"

While Sonia was also on his side, he couldn't rely on her. Hell! With the two of them under the spell he couldn't even risk meeting up with her! Shuichi had to find someone - anyone at all! - that he could trust who wasn't under the spell. Kaede. It had to be Kaede! He could only hope that *hot piece of ass* wasn't under its influence already or -

Or... If she was... he probably wouldn't be leaving his room anytime in the near future. He was pretty damned sure he couldn't resist her if she was throwing herself at him like that... and the damning thing was, part of him was kind of hoping that was how things would turn out!

So? Could he do it? Could he prove himself worthy of the title Ultimate Detective and defeat this thing? Or would the very attempt doom him to a life of licentious debauchery? Either way... In the shadows nearby, a certain girl with bright blonde hair tied up in twintails licked her lips while watching him, savouring the despair... and pondering how to spread it even further.

Negima Stultus Pulchram

What happens when you get three bimbos together and try to have them come up with a plan? Within Ayaka's room, she was giggling away with Yue and Nodoka. The three of them excitedly checked each other out while developing a cunning plan to corrupt their friends, much as they themselves had been corrupted.

"OMG!" Yue said to Ayaka. "I fucking love your dress, it's so you!"

"Thank you, thank you!" Ayaka gave them a twirl. "The two of you look like a proper pair of party babes! Tee hee! It's soooo good to see you come out of your shell!"

... For a trio of bimbos, this is actually a pretty solid planning session. I mean. Having your INT drop about as low as it can go while still registering as a sentient human capable of taking care of yourself without assistance in favour of giving your CHA stat an enormous boost doesn't exactly make you the best planner, right? It also didn't help that the three of them were *just so horny* right now, and there were *two!* Count them! *One, two!* Extremely sexy girls who would almost certainly put out *right there*, just waiting for you to make the first move.

Oh, but hold on! I hear you quirk that eyebrow. You're wondering why the same didn't happen earlier, with the others. There were six bimbos there! Double the number! Surely that would mean double the horny, and double the chance they'd get distracted, right? Well, that's the funny thing about bimbos. They all seem to have the same personality, right? Horny, stupid, extremely flirty and shallow.

But they're not the same. No, no. That's the funny thing. They're not the same at all. On the surface? Yes, damn near indistinguishable from each other. It's rather hard to look past the surface as well when that surface is so *fine* to look at and loves showing it off.

However, there is a personality bubbling away under the surface. There are different flavours of bimbo, much as there are different flavours of ice cream. Much as Ayaka had observed, Yue and Nodoka were both 'party girl' type bimbos, who lived in the moment and looked to have fun right there and then. As for Ayaka? Why, she was an elegant airhead, one who encouraged and built up aesthetics. A corruption of Ayaka's natural leadership qualities - while ironically enough, the headstrong Asuna was the one able to come up with the plan to spread the corruption far and wide. Had she been here -

Well, let's be real about this. If she'd been here, she and Asuna would have still managed to get into an argument. Ditzzy horny airheads or not, those two are like chalk and cheese. They'll never get along, even when magically compelled into being curvy idiots with sex drives the size of their breasts. Which are big. Very, very big. Oh boy are they big, you could get lost trying to chart them.

"Sooo, since you're party girls, how about you dance?" Ayaka asked, completely forgetting about her roomies, and plans for corrupting them, for reasons already established. She settled down in a chair and crossed her legs, fanning herself down with one of her own expensive fans, which she already owned prior to casting this spell upon herself.

"We need music first!" Yue said.

"Yeah, can't dance without, like, music!" Nodoka added. The two of them grasped hands and giggled to each other about how silly Ayaka was being, the very idea of it. A pair of party bimbos dancing without a beat to shake it to? Unthinkable! And given the stereotype that bimbos aren't exactly deep thinkers to begin with, well there you go.

"Ohohohoho!" Ayaka laughed, fanning herself down even harder. "How silly of me! Oopsie!" She tapped the side of her head with her knuckles. "Um. So, here you go! Have some music to dance to!"

Ayaka strode across the room as if she was a model on a catwalk, flaunting her dress and her body with every single step. You could practically see the camera flashes, hear the baying cheers of the crowd. Why, when she reached the music player to press the play button, she even did a little twirl in place to really drive the point home.

... Nothing played at first. Then Ayaka cutely rapped her knuckles against the side of her head yet again. "Oopsie!" she said. "Forgot to unplug the headphones~"

What came out next was the sort of music Ayaka normally listened to: Namely, classical music. The Blue Danube's slow beginning drifted out into the air, causing all three bimbos to sway slightly in time with the instantly recognisable waltz. This wasn't *quite* what the party bimbos had in mind, but - Hey, they asked for music, who would they be to complain?

As it was a waltz, Yue grasped tightly onto Nodoka's hand, then put the other at her waist. As for Ayaka? By now she'd returned to her seat, watching the two of them as they began to spiral around in a simple, yet sexy waltz.

What's sexy about a waltz, you ask? Well, let's start with their steps, which were far more pronounced than they strictly had to be. Shaking their butts with every single step, rolling those hips from side to side like they were using their butts to clean a whiteboard. While the violin and horns plays their distinctive da da dum da da, the two would circle around each other taking those kinds of steps, breast to breast, and then when the wind chords come in with their more subdued da dum da dum in response, they stopped to smack each other's butts in time to the rhythm, while simultaneously rubbing their breasts into one another. They do this a few times before the melody becomes more free flowing, allowing the pair of them to dance more freely, like a good pair of party bimbos should. Their hands drifting from the proper waltz position so they could feel their partner's bodies, more free motion with their hips, able to move properly

indulge in showing off their flexibility, embracing their sexuality and flaunting it for all that it was worth.

All while Ayaka sat in her chair, cross legged and breathing heavily. "Now this is what I'm talking about," she whispered to herself.

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"So, are we expecting a visit from your 'brother' anytime soon?" Chizuru asked her roomie as they strolled through the corridor side by side on this nice, perfectly normal day. A simple question, a very gentle and well intentioned query - yet Natsumi jumped a little upon it being asked. Why might she react this way? Is that not strange?

The truth is that the boy in question was not actually Natsumi's relative. Yet. Some time in the future the two of them would marry... but neither of them knew that yet. For now, Kotarou was posing as her 'brother' whenever he visited, so that he could stay at the dorms without raising too much of a fuss for everyone.

"Ehehehe..." Natsumi replied nervously. "Uh... He tends to come and go as he pleases, so it's difficult to say really."

"Difficult to say?" Chizuru asked. "Hrm... That lacking confidence *is* adorable... But for a performer, you really should try to be more outspoken. It's no good to be an introvert when you're on stage, right?"

As if she didn't know that already. Ah! She really should try to be more like - More like Ayaka! She could command a presence. Get the attention of an entire room centred on her. Be less like - Like Nodoka, who was so shy she barely seemed to want to speak to anyone at all. That might suit her fine, but if Natsumi was to perform then she had to have a presence beyond -

While having that thought Chizuru opened the door to their dorm, looked inside, and closed it before Natsumi could see anything. How strange. The normally quite calm and motherly girl had a peculiar expression on her face. Sort of like a frozen, mechanical smile. She turned, robot like, towards Natsumi, took her arm and said "Actually, why don't we go to - To the library for a few hours, there's a reference book I need to find."

"Ehhhh? But we'll get lost in there," Natsumi whined. "Uh... maybe we could ask Yue or Nodoka for help? They seem to know their way around -"

"No, no, no! Let's not do that!" Chizuru said, a little quicker than her usual cadence. "Let's... not look for those two. Let's just... go to the library and kill some time for a few hours. Hahaha!"

Huh... this was most peculiar... "You know, when you opened the door I swear I could hear the Blue Danube playing for a second," Natsumi said. "Was Ayaka listening to music? She doesn't normally do that at this time..."

"D-Doesn't she?" Chizuru said.

"Did you see something weird in there?" Natsumi said. "Something you don't want me to be exposed to for some reason?"

"Noooooooo~" Chizuru said, breaking eye contact so hard you'd swear she was in a staring contest with everyone in the world but Natsumi. Even when Natsumi tried to get in her line of sight, her eyes zipped away elsewhere. Hrmph! That was just insulting! Insinuating that she couldn't handle whatever it was that she had seen!

"In that case, you wouldn't mind if I went in to get something first?" Natsumi asked. Chizuru made a cute little 'eep' sound as Natsumi pushed by her, putting her hand on the door handle. "I mean, there shouldn't be a problem, unless you did see something *really strange*, right?"

"Um, this might not be the best time to stand up for yourself," Chizuru said. "Can we... go find some self help books in the library instead? That might be more helpful than going into the dorm right -"

Too late! If she didn't stand up for herself now, then when would she? Natsumi opened the door, the familiar famous waltz washed over her, and - She beheld a sight that left a similar expression on her face to what Chizuru had been wearing earlier.

And why shouldn't she be shocked? For before her very eyes were three girls from her class, Ayaka Yue and Nodoka, with bodies that looked... ridiculously oversexed, wearing remarkably skimpy clothing tailor made to show it off, and the latter pair all but sitting in Ayaka's lap while grinding their bodies in tune with the Blue Danube.

There were so many things that were off about that, the music was like an enormous surreal punchline. What other reaction was she supposed to have than let out a loud, confused -

"Ehhhhhh?!"

All three of the girls looked towards her as one with eerie, vacant smiles on their faces. This is where Chizuru closed the door, pulled Natsumi back, leaned against it and said "So, the library?"

"The library sounds like a really good idea, thanks!" Natsumi said, projecting her voice the way she was meant to on stage. "Shall we go now? Right now, pretty please?"

"There, there, it's okay, shush, you're alright," Chizuru said, comforting her in her warm embrace. "I'm here, I'm here -"

Then the door opened and three pairs of arms hauled the two of them inside. All of a sudden, the three of them were looming over the pair with big, big grins that were almost as big as their... assets.

"Say, could you, like, do us a solid?" Ayaka asked. The other two girls giggled to themselves. "Could you, uh, say the words Stultus Pulchrum? Like, right now?"

Chizuru and Natsumi slowly looked at one another and frowned. Then back at their friends.

"Why would we say that? What does it even mean?"

The trio then scooted off to the other side of the room and got together in a huddle, whispering quickly to one another. Natsumi could vaguely make out "like, what now, they didn't fall for it?" Which isn't exactly the greatest thing to hear. Chizuru, meanwhile, was reaching her hand slowly for the doorknob. As if trying not to draw the attention of a predator whose vision worked on movement.

"Haven't you heard?" Ayaka suddenly said, flipping back her hair and lifting her head back in that sort of cocky superior way she would do sometimes without meaning to. "It's totally a new trend!"

"Stultus pulchram!" Yue and Nodoka said in unison behind her, fist pumping away. "Stultus! Pulchram! Yay! It's soooo super fun to say!"

"It's a trend...?" Natsumi muttered to herself. "How can it be a trend to say Stu-"

"Now, now!" Chizuru gently admonished, in that motherly way she acted when she would have been filled with frustration if her suggestion went unheeded. "If it was a trend to jump off a cliff, would you do that?"

Another huddle on the other side of the room, and - Were they doing that on purpose? Those skirts were *really* short, and their underwear was *really* revealing.

"Please stop doing that, it's very rude," Chizuru said. "If you behave yourself, I'll make you all a nice, yummy treat! How does that sound?"

The three of them all perked up at that. Chizuru, offering to make them all a nice yummy treat? That was a wonderful thing to hear! Even Natsumi was a little bit excited by that!

"Yaaaay! We're getting spoiled by Chizu-chan!" Ayaka laughed. Oh gosh. From the instant she saw them, Natsumi knew *something* was amiss. It was like - It was as if someone had dialled up

the sex appeal and turned down the intelligence at the same time. All three of them were behaving really, really stupidly, but *gods above* they were hot.

But before Chizuru could do anything, Yue and Nodoka had tackled her from the side. "We love you, Chizu-chan!" Nodoka rubbed her cheek into Chizuru's shoulder. Incidentally, that meant her cleavage had pretty much engulfed Chizuru's arm. Nodoka. Who, just a few hours ago, didn't have enough cleavage to cover her thumb. Could now probably cut off the circulation in Chizuru's forearm by taking a deep breath. What the hell had happened to them?

"Oh, but Natsumi will need to go and get a few special ingredients for me, won't you *Natsumi*?" Chizuru said.

Of course! That's what she was up to! Getting all their attention onto her, and giving her a chance to escape!

"Alright!" Natsumi said. "And while I'm gone, I'll look into whatever this Stultus Pulchram thing means, it sounds totally rad and stuff, teehee!"

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When this was over with, Chizuru was going to buy a crate of leeks to punish Natsumi with. One moment, the girl had been her usual self. Cute, a little shy, wearing her school uniform. The next? She'd *grown* a fair amount. Her proportions rapidly matching the other three almost exactly, and was coupled with a slinky orange/red dress ensemble, a top and a skirt made of the same gleaming material.

The skirt? Pretty ordinary, aside from the material. The top? Borderline obscene. Oh, how to put it...? You've seen that optical illusion where it's either a jar or two people about to kiss? The neckline of this outfit sort of reminded Chizuru of that. What was it more literally? Imagine a strap of cloth wrapping around the back of her neck, and then flowing down to cover her heaving bosom, combining just underneath them and wrapping around the back and back up to keep it on her body. Now imagine that the neckline was lower and more revealing than you originally thought of. No, no. More than that. Still more... There we go, perfect. Now you've got it in mind.

It was glamorous, it was extremely showy, and under ordinary conditions Chizuru might even be happy that Natsumi was coming out of her shell. Except for the fact that the shell was actually the clothes on her back. Chizuru was also certain that Natsumi did not have that many freckles before. Certainly not on her chest at least, as there was a healthy smattering of the tiny dots along her cleavage to match the ones on her face. She suspected if that skirt were to be lifted up there'd be a similar pattern on her backside.

"Ah, Natsumi... How do you feel?"

"Horny as fuck," Natsumi giggled. "Say, do you wanna? I'm totally down for it!"

Alarm bells had been ringing in Chizuru's head ever since she'd seen them. Oh, Natsumi, why couldn't you simply go to the library?! It would have made things so. Much. Easier! Now she has four! Four complete airheads to deal with!

"Say, bee-tee-dub!" Yue whispered in her ear, quite close, a little too close. "If you say Stultus Pulchram, you'll feel fucking great too."

"Less of the expletives now..." Chizuru gently admonished, but that simply set the four of them off. Oh no! This was going to be quite tiresome, wasn't it? At this point it might almost be worth saying the words to get it -

Oh, no. Never mind. The sight of Natsumi and Ayaka very blatantly and wantonly grinding up against each other while making mutual bedroom eyes - And watch those hands! How massively inappropriate, she could barely stand to look at them! But when she turned her head to look away, she instead saw Nodoka and Yue in an impromptu battle to see who could make their breasts bounce into the other's more seductively. Who was winning? Not Chizuru, that's who was winning!

Alright, so she couldn't say those words. No matter what happened, under absolutely no conditions should she ever, ever say those words. It was rather obvious really, and Yue had cemented it just then. Those two words were somehow responsible for transforming these four into these... These utter bimbos! Sex mad nymphomaniacs with bodies that would have *less* than no trouble in getting laid on a whim. It was for the best that Kotarou wasn't around and - Goodness, Ayaka must be kept from Negi. At all costs. At absolutely *all* costs must the two of them be kept as separate as possible! The alternative would be an unparalleled disaster, which may even extend beyond this hyperbole!

To wit -

"Have you been good girls?" Chizuru asked, leaning *hard* into the motherly stereotype that everyone had of her. It wasn't difficult. The stereotype was only a mild exaggeration in this case. From the position of the girls in the room, it was obvious they weren't planning on letting her get out any time soon. "I do hope you have been good girls. Good girls get treats."

"Yay, treats!"

On the other hand there was a very good chance they quite literally weren't planning anything at all. This behaviour was extremely disconcerting to say the least. The proud Ayaka, the shy Nodoka and Natsumi, and the not shy exactly, but sort of doing her own thing Yue were all acting like... Like this! From merely saying two simple Latin sounding words.

"Say, Chizuru! Can we, like, pick our treats?" Natsumi asked excitedly, giggling away and... bouncing in quite a few places she wouldn't normally.

"That depends on the treat," Chizuru replied.

"Can you, like, say Stultus Pulchram?" Natsumi said. "Pleeeeeeease?"

"Ahahaha, no, no, I'm afraid I don't know how to say that at all," Chizuru said. "In fact, if I were to say it, then my face might swell up or my nose might fall off! You wouldn't want either of those things to happen to me, would you?"

"Nooooo~" Natsumi kicked at her heels. Oh, thank goodness they were idiots. If they were possessed of more low cunning than this would be quite a difficult thing. "Hehehehe... I'm bigger than you now."

The meaning there was rather obvious as well. Yes, Chizuru was the largest endowed out of their group. It wasn't something she liked drawing attention to, but there it was.

"We're, like, all bigger than her now, ohohohoho!" Ayaka laughed. Ah, that laugh took on a bit of a different sense about it right now. Instead of being playfully haughty, it was almost sinister now. "Say, I wonder how big she'd get if she did -"

"Ahem!" Yue coughed, interrupting her to say "Quietay onay theay wordsay." Dear lord, she was trying to use pig latin. And making a pig's ear out of it. How do you even do that? "Don'tay letay heray knoway!"

"Um, Chizuru!" Nodoka whined, suddenly rushing in to tackle her yet again. She held up a sheet of paper. "What does this say?"

"Ara, ara! It says 'Stilt!'" Chizuru lied, which made Nodoka blink and look over what she'd written. Which had been the magic words they were trying to get her to say. Her cute little brows furrowed in confusion as she tried sounding it out, baffled that this little trick hadn't worked. Yet it was easy to see when you knew what was going on. Honestly, you'd have to be kind of daft anyway to fall for that sort of ruse, once you knew how dangerous it was to say those words.

"Alright everyone, it's time for a fun game!" Chizuru applauded. She had to keep them busy. Anything to keep them preoccupied long enough for her to find a way to warn others of what was going on here. Of course, she'd have to be careful in how she phrased it - Don't say any weird Latin sounding words, they'll turn you into bimbos. Oh dear, it might come across as if she was playing a bizarre practical joke, but the warning had to be given! "What game would you like to play?"

"Oh! Oh!" Yue chirped excitedly. "Can we, like, play 'sex'?"

Murmurs of excitement filled the room from the four airheads, while a vein popped out on Chizuru's forehead. That's not an easy thing to do either, this girl had a decent amount of patience about her.

"That's... not a game," Chizuru said. It would keep them occupied, but if they remembered doing that sort of thing later on when they came back to normal, the sheer embarrassment might actually kill them. Or they might even say the words again to return to this state, so they didn't have to think about it. "Anything else?"

"Twister!"

"Spin the bottle!"

"Seven Minutes in Heaven!"

Blatantly... sexual... games. It was at least closer to what she was looking for, but also *no*. Hard *no*. Chizuru held up her arms in an X formation, no, no, no! "How about... Instead... We play..." King's Game? No, no, they'd order lewd things from each other. Hide and seek? Where would they hide, these living spaces didn't exactly offer -

Hold on. Actually. These four were kinda stupid, so that might work?

"Hide and seek?" she offered. That's it. The perfect plan! "I'll be it, I'll count to a hundred outside the room while you all hide, and then I'll come and find you." In fact, what she'd actually do is quickly find someone else and tell them to spread the word while she continued keeping these girls preoccupied. "Last one to stay hidden gets a special treat."

"Nuh uh uh!" Nodoka said, suddenly stepping in front of the door. She was holding a book under her arm. When did she get that? "Tee hee! You were gonna run off, weren't you? You can't lie to my Pactio~! Sorry for reading your mind without permission!" Some things don't change, it seems, even though Chizuru was a bit confused by what she meant. "Girls, I'm gonna, like, go off and spread the word. Couldja keep Chizuru here busy for a while? Be right ba~ack!"

"Wait, don't -" Chizuru attempted to protest, but then felt a hand fall hard upon her butt. It was Natsumi! Natsumi had just spanked her hard enough to make her almost jump out of her skin!

"Naughty, naughty!" Natsumi said, and smacked her once again! How rude of her! "So, like, you were trying to keep us busy weren'tcha?"

"I bet she even figured out not to say the magic words!" Ayaka said, leaning over with a sly look in her otherwise vacant eyes.

"Of course I did! You didn't exactly do a good job of hiding it!" Chizuru puffed out her cheeks, and in response got a paddling on her butt. "Oh! Stop that, Natsumi! Be glad I don't have any

leeks on hand, or you'd be on the losing end of -" Smack! "Alright, that's it! You clearly need to be taught a lesson!"

It was quite embarrassing, really. And quite out of date thinking. This simply isn't done anymore, but Chizuru was at the end of her rope. She put her friend, her room mate, over her knee and smacked her... Extremely shapely bottom. It was only after the second strike that she really noticed. It was... *nice*. Really nice. Well built, firm.. It could take a really big leek, maybe even two or three. It was easy to forget, but this spell hadn't *just* taken away their intelligence and dumped it in their boobs. It had filled out their bodies too. Amplified their sex appeal to an astounding degree.

"All this from saying Stultus Pulchram..." Chizuru muttered to herself without even noticing until it was too late. She slapped her hand over her mouth - but by then the pink energy explosion had covered her body, and what was left was - A busty babe who was even more well endowed than the other three in the room, much to their disappointment. Her attire wasn't quite as fancy as Ayaka or Natsumi's, it was more in line with the party girl look that Yue and Nodoka were rocking. A blood red tube top and a snug pair of black booty shorts. Simple? Yes. But *very* effective.

"So... Like, who wants to have a round of Twister?" Chizuru giggled to herself. All it took was one moment of weakness...

Urusei Yatsura Level Upper

By now, Lum was quite used to her Darling's antics. She was keeping a close eye on him, not letting him out of her sight for an instant. She was making some real progress with him of late. Controlling herself. Not zapping him when showing her affection. Ah! Look, look! His hands were even absently holding onto hers while they were strolling down this corridor!

Ataru hadn't noticed. She didn't intend to point it out or make a big deal out of it. Alright. Come on now. Tonight she should make her move. Ten wouldn't be away for much longer, so... She should seize the opportunity served up to her on a silver platter!

That little session with Ryuunosuke had been quite enjoyable. He hadn't hit on her *as much* as she'd expected. And those comments afterwards! Ohhh, her cheeks were turning red! Sometimes he'd do something to remind her why she loved him, loved him, loved him to pieces! And soon! So very soon! She was certain that he'd show her that love in return!

Tonight then. Tonight she wouldn't settle for a long smoooooch. As fun as that was it was time to move to the next step. She'd get him lost in the moment. Forget himself. Then she'd take off her bikini. Take off his clothes. Then from there they would do what came naturally and -

A flower falls from its petal. A train goes into the tunnel. It would be magical, it would be special... And part of her was tempted to use the rest of lunch to have an early taste! Oooh! He'd promised her a kiss after they grabbed something to eat! She could hardly wait, the sweet taste of Darling's lips would be - What was that smell?

"I'll have some garlic bread, and some of that rice!" Ataru said. Lum nearly fell over. Garlic?! Pyooooo!

"Darling! You know I can't stand garlic!" Lum had to hold her nose just from standing this close to it. Uuuuugh! The sweet taste of Darling's lips versus the horrid taste of garlic! Don't make her choose, don't make her choose! He was doing this on purpose! A test! That's what it was! Or was he just teasing her again?! She had half a mind to teach him a lesson!

"Excuse me!" a voice behind her said, tapping her on the shoulder. Lum turned around - and found a clove of garlic being shoved right in her face. Ew! Ew! Ew! Lum pulled away from her Darling on sheer reflex and didn't even notice another black clad person picking him up and pulling him out of the room while she choked on the foul odour.

"G-Get away!" she coughed. "I said, cut it out!"

Cue one lightning storm that sent the kuroko sprawling to the floor. Covering her nose, Lum kicked the garlic away while everyone else in the cafeteria watched from a safe distance. As if there was such a thing when Lum was around, but it's nice for humans to pretend they're safer than they really...

"Darling?" Lum called out, only now noticing his absence. "Darling! Oooh! I swear! I'd better not catch you in the arms of another woman!"

To her dismay and frustration, she wouldn't see Ataru again until class started up. Darn! Missed her chance! She'd catch him after school though, of that much she was certain!

=====

This wasn't the first time Ataru had been kidnapped. Hell, it wasn't even the first time he'd been kidnapped by Ryoko's Kuroko! Before he even knew what was happening, he'd found himself shoved into a rather splendid room that was very obviously not on campus. A plain white room with dim lighting and no obvious exit. Though the 'how' of getting here was a little lost to him right now, that point hardly mattered.

"Hmm, hummm~" Ataru sang happily to himself. He wasn't even tied up. Hands and arms were free. "I've been kidnapped, it seems. How simply dre~adful! Whatever shall I do now?"

"Please, Lord Moroboshi. Leave sarcasm and irony to those with some talent at it."

There she was. He'd heard her, but could not see her. That is, until he turned around and found himself looking upwards at Ryoko, sitting on what appeared to be a throne of some sort. Wearing her school uniform and looking down at him with disdain.

"Hiya, Ryoko!" Ataru waved. "We had fun earlier, didn't we? So? You want to have more fun?"

"Yes I -" Ryoko began, but then bit her thumb while writhing in her seat. "It is that very matter that we are here to discuss, Lord Moroboshi. For the two of us to engage in such intense -" She humped herself out of her seat there, but played it cool like nothing had happened. "Satisfying," she humped herself forward there, "Lovemaking." and then continued to do so down the steps, again and again until she was right in front of Ataru. All the while, her face, tone, body language said 'that didn't just happen'. Every single time. "Is v~very much a m-matter that impacts both of our futures."

"Hrm? It does?" Ataru played it cool. Huh! This was new! Normally when he was having a conversation with the opposite sex, he was the horny one! The only time that wasn't true was, well, Lum. Usually. "Could you be more specific?"

"F-For one thing, you need to learn your rightful place," Ryoko said. "I shall consent to having you as my lover, but only if you show proper contrition by kissing my... my foot... Instead of my lips. Ahhhh~"

Ryoko moved with surprising speed, tackling Ataru into the wall and promptly sticking her tongue down his throat. A surprise indeed, but a welcome one! The girl was barely able to hold

herself back. Hell! He could sorta tell she was *still* holding herself off from what she really wanted. Another taste of li'l Ataru. Hehehe! Not to worry Ryoko, you'd get that before long, Ataru wasn't the sort to leave a babe unsatisfied.

=====

Ryoko had a plan. Oh, she was good at thinking on her feet as well, but it rarely hurt to have a plan as well. At least have an end goal, something to aim for, guideposts that you can shoot at. On that basis, her goal today was 'Make Ataru Moroboshi submit to her'.

Her pride as a Mor-Mendo demanded little less. She had slipped earlier. Underestimated him. That had cost her. Cost her *deeply*, and the injury to her pride would not be easily forgiven. For that reason she intended to make him beg. Make him plead. Make him get on his hands and knees and *pray* that she would deign to touch him again!

Considering that she'd gone about two minutes before frenching him, the plan was going well so far. It wasn't even fair! How could anyone be this good at kissing? Ataru had always struck her as a poor playboy with mixed fortunes - on the one hand scoring an absolute babe in Lum, while having less than no luck with any other girl! That's what had made him so fun to play with!

In one sense, she understood now. Lum must melt into his arms every single night. Those other girls? Didn't know what they were missing. One taste of this, and they'd surely -

Mendo pride kicked in at the last possible moment and Ryoko pulled away. Deep breath. Deep breath! Compose yourself. She pushed Ataru away for now. Back to the plan. The plan!

"As I was saying," Ryoko said, turning away to not look at him. That made it easier. She could *resist* him easier like this. Compose herself, regain control. Over herself. Over this little scene she was playing out. "You would do well to kiss my foot before you can kiss my lips."

"Babe, not only would I kiss your foot but also the ground you walk on."

Grk! That - That cheesy line! It shouldn't be so effective, yet it *was*! Her hands were trembling with anticipation yet again, she had to take the initiative and skip ahead to the next stage! As such, she grasped the lengthy skirt she was wearing and gave it a tug - causing it to break away and reveal a much, much shorter pleated skirt underneath. From there, she did something similar with her blouse, which broke away as it was intended to do (custom made clothes are easy for the super rich to order in fast, don't you know?) underneath which was a thin blouse with much, much less material, that tied up underneath her breasts.

Kukukuku! She'd done her research! The 'sexy schoolgirl' look was one of the top ten most common turnons and fetishes out there, and Ryoko was going to rock the *fuck* out of it. She'd even selected some rather *revealing* underwear to go along with it. She could already see him in her mind's eye, drooling over her body, left helpless but to do whatever she commands.

Surely after this, he'd be at her beck and call, and with her pride restored she could *fuck him unconscious without any regret*. Kukukuku!

No, there was no contradiction in her thinking process. None at all! In fact, this plan would have definitely worked had she tried to implement it, say, about a month ago. Then again, she had no reason at all to implement such a scheme at that time. Why should she? Ataru Moroboshi was not in possession of his new toy back then! At that time he was a hopeless lech with no impulse control, hence no ability to smoothly attract the fairer sex.

But now? Now, he had gained levels in Flirting. Hence the effectiveness of what should have been a cheesy line. Indeed, on any other women, or against Ryoko in another circumstance it would have landed exactly as flatly as it should have. With this timing? It was a perfect bullseye.

"Very well then," Ryoko said, quickly spinning around and sitting upon her throne at the top of the room, cross legged, cheek resting upon her hand. Projecting the air of superiority she was rather used to. "You may proceed at your leisure."

It was one of her favourite things to do, turning someone's own words - be it a metaphor or hyperbole - into a promise of action from them. Ryoko looked expectantly to the floor she'd been walking on, fully expecting Ataru to kiss after it like... like a dog, or some other pet. Yes, that would do nicely! It was exactly within her expectations that he would do something like that!

And that's exactly what he did do! Ah! Look at him down there! So... beneath her that he'd stoop down to kiss the very floor she'd been walking on. "Ohohohoho, so it's true, you really would kiss the floor beneath my feet!" Ryoko laughed, unable to keep it in. Yes, yes! This is exactly what she wanted, it's exactly what she'd been after! Asserting her dominance, her control, her inherent in built superiority! She was worthy, and now she could -

Ataru's lips fell upon her big toe, and in that moment her thinking stopped.

The skills conferred to him from the device merely specified 'Kissing'. It did not mean 'lip to lip contact' explicitly. No, that was not specified at all. Kissing is possible to any part of the body. Kiss the back of a hand, kiss a cheek, and indeed kiss lips. Or you could kiss someone's foot.

It was like a little shock went through her body. Ryoko let him do that. It was fine. He was still showing contrition, she could allow him to do that. Besides, hadn't she implied a promise and - Ah! Now his lips were moving along her foot, making it feel quite strange all of a sudden. Onto her - Her ankle, then along her calves and further up her leg - Ohhhh, she ought to stop this, she really ought to -

"Did something beep just - Ohhhhhhhh~" Ryoko moaned, unable to protest or to even think that she ought to. For she was losing control over herself, and this situation, yet again. Already Ataru was at her thighs, and not along the outside. The top of his head was flipping up the bottom of her skirt already, and any moment now his lips would be tasting her underwear.

Only for him to pull away at the last possible moment. "Oh, lunch should be over any minute now," he said. Though she could tell. It was his attempt to tease her. "Shall we continue after school~"

You can't tease a teaser. Ryoko let out a low laugh and patted him in the head as condescendingly as her trembling hands would allow. "Have no fear of that, Lord Moroboshi. I have already taken precautions to ensure we shall not be noticed or disturbed. The entire afternoon is ours to enjoy."

That is to say, hers to break him in. Three hours. She had three hours alone with him. In that time, he would be the one that was left bent over a sink barely able to remember his own name. Ryoko would make sure of that! She'd stake her very family name, the Moroboshi- The Mendo name upon it!

=====

Is there something in the water at Tomobiki that makes the people living there stupid, or is there just a stupidity field erected around the high school? Shutaro himself had wondered that on occasion. Only he and the girls seemed immune to it (though he must admit he did have a bias in those areas). Case in point, he could plainly see one of Ryoko's servants sitting at Moroboshi's desk, wearing a paper mask printout of the idiot's face, and -

"Hey Ataru, check out this magazine I got yesterday,"

"Did you get yesterday's homework done? I need to copy off someone..."

"Darling! Where did you vanish to?!"

Shutaro closed his eyes and nodded sternly. Yes, indeed, even Lum was behaving quite foolishly here. Could they not see the obvious? It rankled within him! It stirred up his tendencies as the straight man of the classroom (and also his own family, would you believe that this weirdo is the most normal one in that entire family?) It made him want to slam his hands upon his desk and yell at them all! He could already feel himself gritting his teeth, his head trembling in frustration, and then just at the moment that he was about to let loose with his observations?

The door opened. His eyes instinctively checked who it was. His eyes fell upon Shinobu Miyake, walking in arm in arm alongside their fellow classmate, Ryuunosuke Fujinami, who seemed uncharacteristically dazed and happy. Oh, but Shutaro's gaze lingered on the manliest girl on planet Earth for but a moment before drifting back to the radiant Shinobu, who practically had an aura about her as she strode into the classroom.

"So you want to meet up tomorrow and do that again?" Shinobu asked. She flicked her hand through her hair, and the effect was as a raindrop scattering light. She noticed his attention on

her, and then she smoothed her hand down her uniform around the hip and waist, accentuating her curves and making Shutaro keenly aware of her figure. *Cute*. Dangerously *cute*.

"Yeah, that was a lot of fun," Ryuunosuke said, absently touching her mouth for some reason. "You're sure that'll help me be more girly?"

"Definitely," Shinobu said, separating from Ryuunosuke before drifting off towards her seat, placing herself upon it like a dainty flower. As she sat, she turned towards him and blew him a kiss, which Shutaro caught on reflex.

What was this? This feeling in his chest? Normally when he was appreciating the fairer sex, it was the same way that one might appreciate a fine piece of art. Even Lum never made him feel like this, and she was quite literally out of this world! A body that models would envy! A face that was cute in a way no human could match, with iridescent hair that added further to her allure!

Shinobu was a cute girl, to be certain, but one of many human girls that had expressed an interest in him. She'd never, ever managed to make him feel like this before! Nobody had! It felt like... Like the moment he saw her, all other women in the world vanished leaving the two of them alone!

Ah! But that date! That horrible date! On the one hand, he had to make it up to her! On the other, he almost felt unworthy of dating her again after showing her such a bad time! Almost. Almost unworthy. That says a lot for one of his family. They were worthy of anything on Earth! Their power and reach was unmatched within Japanese society, to the point they could get away with anything they -

"Tcha, what's that you got there?" Lum asked Shinobu, flying into view to look at something she'd been fiddling with. Shinobu quickly hid it away under her clothes again. "Was that a Level Upper? Where'd you get that?"

"Oh, ah... I got Ran to buy me one," Shinobu replied, flashing an innocent smile up at Lum. "Why, is that an issue?"

"Not really, those things are pretty lame, they barely give you any improvement at all," Lum shrugged. "Still... I need to talk with her about handing out alien things to humans like this. Be careful how you use that, I don't think it's been tested on humans yet."

"Not to worry, it's all been fine so far!" Shinobu said, then turned to lock eyes with Shutaro and - And there was an intensity there that made him *instantly* and *painfully* hard. It was like she was promising him something. An amazing something, that she would give him later on. Something that would change his life, blow his mind and leave him in a state of total helplessness.

The mere fact of that possibility made him completely forget about the stupidity of Ataru being replaced by someone wearing a paper mask. Which makes me ask once again: Is there something in the water around Tomobiki? Because these people... they're really, really stupid!

=====

If you want another example of stupidity in Tomobiki, usually you'd have to look no further than Ataru Moroboshi. Today, you could look past him and at the girl he was balls deep inside of. Ryoko Mendo was, at this moment in time, the stupidest person in Tomobiki. By a mile. She'd be second place if Rei was here, but Rei was currently sponging food off someone on another planet using his usual tactic of being too handsome and dumb for girls to resist.

Less about that idiot, let's talk about Ryoko. Normally one of the smartest people around, which contributed a lot to her normal boredom. She tormented others simply because - why not? She was their better, and if the opposite was true then all they had to do was not be tricked by her, or bested by her, but everyone was. Including her own older brother, who was meant to inherit the family.

Someone like that wouldn't turn stupid from mere sex. Indeed, when they had started Ryoko was perfectly lucid. At first. She made sure to put herself on top, cowgirl style, and kept Ataru underneath her. It felt good. It felt pretty great, even! But it wasn't enough to drive her wild, merely hit her pleasure centre and make her feel happy.

"Ah? What's this...?" she asked, soon finding the Level Upper. Which he promptly took away.

"A good luck charm," he replied, then sat up and kissed her, and - That's when things got a bit fuzzy. His skills combined. His alright level at sex, and his extremely high level of kissing made for a powerful, potent combo. One that Ryoko had lost to before. But now? Now he was even higher level in both of them than previously.

So, at first she was fine. At first she was better than fine! She was bouncing her body in his lap, feeling his length slide along inside her body. It was intimate, it was passionate, but - But she was in control. She was the one in control. Not him. Not Moroboshi. Her. Her. Her! Ryoko Mendo! Ryoko Mendo was in control!

Then she experienced her first orgasm of the session. It made her jump a little, but - it was fine. It was manageable, it was - Oh! There's another one. And another soon followed, and then more and more and -

"Mooooooooore!" Ryoko moaned, flat on her back, hips rising hard and fast up into the air as intensely as she could, but not intensely enough to match her feelings. It was an hour later by this point. "Ahhhh! Ahhhh~ Yes! Lord Moroboshi, fuck me! Fuck me raw!"

"Hehehehe, you're insatiable, aintcha Ryoko~" Ataru sang. He ran his hands along her leg, then up her waist, to her breast. "Ohohoho, you're so cute like this."

So what does it mean to have a high level in a skill? The Level Upper seems like a magical device, doesn't it? One that makes you simply innately *good* or *lucky* at performing certain tasks. It might even make it seem like - Like in a role playing game, when you toss down a dice and chance smiles upon you, it gives you stat modifiers of some sort to make you likelier to succeed at a given task.

That's only true in a metaphorical sense. To *actually improve* in any skill or talent requires several things. Knowledge. Practise. Routine. Let's think about speedrunners playing video games. What do they do? They practise, practise, and practise some more until that tricky jump becomes second nature. Their fingers react as if preprogrammed. The knowledge, the awareness becomes instinctive.

Ataru was still at the level where 'sex' required 'knowledge'. He was still *learning how to do it well*, but he was learning much faster than a regular person could dream to. Which leads to the question, what does it take to be good at sex?

Awareness of your partner. Assessing their reactions, paying attention to their needs. What parts are their most sensitive spots? For Ryoko it was this little spot here behind her ear, which Ataru was kissing every so often. Ryoko wasn't even noticing it, but it was setting her engine running to the max. How fast can you go before it stops feeling good? Pretty fast in this case, Ryoko was a sturdier girl than she seemed. She seemed to like it a bit rough, too.

It's easy to forget in that haze of eroticism and horniness, but sex is inherently an intimate act. Over the last hour, Ataru had been grinding out levels using Ryoko's body, but in all honesty he had kind of forgotten in the heat of the moment that he even had it on him.

In an hour he'd gained five levels already. In the process, gaining a superior understanding of the tells and signs to watch for, how to judge and assess what satisfies a lover in the process. It was not as if he had a magic dick or magic hands (that would have to wait until he was over level 50), and that was how he had so thoroughly melted Ryoko's resolve and pride. It was because his awareness and instincts were that much better, his lips (thanks to his kissing level) were a hell of a lot better -

And it sure didn't hurt that until earlier today Ryoko's experience with sex was pretty much nothing. Until Ataru had flirted with her until she was interested enough to give it a try, she'd never even considered putting out for a boy, not when she could psychologically break them instead. That always seemed much more fun!

Oh, how wrong she had been, this was *way better*.

By the end of the second hour, Ryoko was on her hands and knees. Her tongue was hanging from her mouth, her eyes rolled up in her head. Pride? What was that? Would it get her more sex? No? Then she wasn't interested.

"My!" Pound! "Name!" Thrust! "Is!" Grope! "Ryoko!" Hump! "Mmmmmoroboshi!"

Ataru had no idea why she was saying that, but she seemed quite happy to do so. It sounded pretty positive. Still, he slowed down the pace a little bit so they could actually talk without her incoherently climaxing every syllable or so.

"No, speed up, I can take it, please, I need more, more, more!" Ryoko pushed her hips backwards and up in an attempt to resume at the same pace as before, but her body didn't quite have the strength for it. Nor the leverage, not from this position.

"Just wondering," Ataru said. "You said your name was Ryoko Moroboshi there?"

"It means that you've bested me," Ryoko replied, and she collapsed to the floor, her arms unable to bear her body weight anymore. "Soooo goooooo! I forsake the Mendo family so that I may join yours!"

Well, that sounded pretty great! He knew that she was enjoying herself, but this much? Kukuku! Ataru began to pick up the pace again. Ryoko started to happily squeal, incoherent but clearly enjoying herself.

"Ryoko, you know that I'm not a one woman man, ri~ight?" Ataru asked. "If you're joining my family, that means you're joining my *harem*. Are you okay with that?"

"Noooo, want you all to myseeeelf!" Ryoko moaned, aha, still got that selfish streak about her! So typical of the spoiled rich, always wanting to keep their favourite new 'toy' to themselves. The concept of sharing wasn't one that the rich tended to value, it was always about how much they could hoard for themselves. Wealth, power, personal belongings - So short sighted! They'd have so much more fun in the long run if they learned how to *share*.

Which left Ataru in an interesting situation here. They still had another hour to kill. On the one hand, he could probably persuade Ryoko to bring Ran in for some fun too... Or he could spend the next hour grinding out his skills more using her body.

Decisions, decisions. What would be the best way for him to proceed?

Furinkan Boy's Club

Kodachi Kuno was a dangerous girl to leave bored. At her heart, she was cruel and arrogant. Superior to those around her, and lacking in any that she could call an equal. A genius, a prodigy when it came to rhythmic gymnastics. Unparalleled in her natural skill, talent, poise. Oh, but she could not help but feel that something was missing. An aching void in her heart! A void called 'attending an all girl's school and the only boy you interact with regularly is your extremely stupid brother'.

Truly, such a tragic void. The damage that Tatewaki Kuno has inflicted on the psyche of several girls cannot be understated. In that light, Kodachi's insane behaviour almost makes sense, does it not? She had failed to realise it herself, but she was in need of companionship.

...

No, not like that. Take your mind out of the gutter. Despite this being a sort of porny story, not everything revolves around sex. Friendship. The others in the gymnastics club were blatantly afraid of her. They were minions, not friends. Not pals. Not buddies. They didn't hang out together after school and... do whatever friends do. Probably ambush their enemies and - No, wait, they did that anyway.

Uh. What did friends do together when hanging out? This required further investigation! If Kodachi was to find a 'friend', then she would need to know what to do with said 'friend' when the time arose!

It would also help her out a ton if she could find a nice hunky boyfriend because A: Her bet with Asuka was coming due and B: *Holy fuck was she horny*. You'd think sharing a home with Tatewaki would murder her libido stone cold dead, but - Nope! She wanted a man. She needed a man! She needed a man among men, she needed -

To toss her baton across the garden at the intruder sneaking up on her.

"You have a tremendous amount of courage to intrude upon the Kuno residence uninvited," Kodachi said. The intruder had caught the baton quite handily. Twirling it around in her hands. Impressive. Kodachi regarded her carefully.

A girl clad in cheerleader attire. Cute enough. Filled out the uniform. The pigtail added a distinct look that emphasised the cuteness... Though there was more to her than that if she could catch that baton so easily. Kodachi reached for the ribbon at her hip, ready to lash out the moment the intruder made a threatening move.

"So, you're Kodachi, huh?" the girl - who we know is Ranma, let's not be coy about this - asked. "So... Would you mind helping me train up in cheerleader martial arts?"

"Cheerleader... martial arts...?" Kodachi slowly repeated. "That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard of. Why would anyone combine cheerleading with martial arts?"

"That's what Akane said," Ranma replied. Oh, hold on, better get this out of the way now. "I'm Ranma, by the way. Ranma Saotome. Apparently cheerleading martial arts has a couple things in common with rhythmic gymnastics martial arts, so..."

"No, no, let's not step by this so quickly," Kodachi insisted. "Gymnastics at least makes a semblance of sense. You have a specific area you're allowed to do gymnastics inside of, so it makes sense you'd have to knock people out of it." Ranma stared blankly at her, but Kodachi - in the tradition of those talking about a topic they know and care about a great deal - continued on as if taking that blank stare as rapt attention. "Furthermore, there is a clear objective point scoring system built into gymnastics. That makes it easier to make competitive! Cheerleading is inherently subjective as the goal is to *encourage* and what encourages one will not work on another! One can train in gymnastics martial arts, but cheerleading? Ohohohohoho! How ridiculous!"

"So... Is that a no, or...?"

This question brought Kodachi out of her little internal complaint about the stupidest thing she'd heard of. It made her consider this intruder more carefully. "Who are you again?" she asked. "What would you even do with this martial arts cheerleading?"

"Oh, I'm Ranma Saotome, and I'm from Furinkan High," she said. "My school is taking on some crummy all girl's school -"

"St Hebereke?" Kodachi quirked an eyebrow.

"Yeah, that's the one!" Ranma continued. "Anyway, our team really sucks so we need any edge we can get. Martial arts cheerleading sounds like it has the right tools for the job. Get our team nice and motivated -"

"By throwing twirling batons into play to affect the state of the game," Kodachi interrupted. Ranma shrugged. "That seems completely fair and reasonable to me. Why, if they are not so skilled that they cannot put a stop to such outside activity, they have no right to complain!"

Hrm, now this did present quite the quandary for her. On the one hand, this girl represented the opposing team to her very own school. Now, granted - if you group people into arbitrary, random groups then they tend to still develop a form of tribalism and strongly identify with those groups. Schools are no different here. Kodachi's sense of pride for St Hebereke was running through her veins.

On the other hand? Fuck that coach. Fuck her with a cactus, she was a nasty piece of shit and she deserved to have her nose rubbed in it at every opportunity. Why, this even gave Kodachi

the opportunity to hold onto this until her graduation. Then lean over to her. Whisper in her ear 'by the way, remember that baseball game you lost? I did that! It was all me!' and leave her impotent, incapable of doing anything at all to exact her revenge.

That was... A very cathartic feeling she was having right now. Ohohoho!

"Very well, Miss Saotome! It is said that the teacher learns even as they teach! And so! By teaching and training with you, I shall refine my own talent in martial arts gymnastics!" Yes, that would do, that would be the reason she gave. It simplified things quite a bit, and now that she was thinking about it like that, it wasn't even a full lie! "Ohohohoho! This will be quite enjoyable! Come at me, however you like! Let us see what you are -"

Those were the last words Kodachi said before her pride took a hard dent. The funny thing was, this time, she was finding herself enjoying the experience quite a lot! Why? Well, the reasons for that would very soon become apparent.

=====

Akane didn't like this. Akane didn't like this one little bit. Ranma, heading off to ask Kuno's little sister for help? Visiting the Kuno home while *dressed like a cheerleader*? If she ran into that boy he'd pick up all the wrong messages from such an encounter. Ranma filled out that uniform like she was poured into it, and with those legs, those boobs, that cute face and that adorable defenselessness?

It made her shudder at what might happen. Oh, sure. He knew full well that Ranma could bend Kuno over backwards in a straight up fight. That didn't change the fact that this was enemy territory she was strolling into! That's why Akane had specifically chosen to be in male form right now. Make use of this stupid curse for something positive for once. This was a smarter way to go about this, because the worst that would happen if he went there like this was getting into a fight. No stupid romantic misunder-

"Aiiiiieee!"

"Sorry! Don't know my own strength!"

Oh hey a girl was flying over the gate. Akane's instincts as a martial artist kicked him up the butt, and he moved quickly, sliding across the ground to catch the girl bridal style. Er! Because that was the only way he *could* safely catch her in time.

"You okay?" Akane asked. Huh... was this Kuno's little sister? Looking closely, Akane *supposed* she could see a resemblance, though this girl was almost... too pretty to be related to that idiot. Nice body too, that leotard didn't hide -

Ah!

Akane very quickly got this girl off his lap before it set off an unfortunate reaction. Up to her feet. Make sure she's okay. No, no! Now you're checking her body out even more closely.
"Ahahahaha! Hi there, fancy meeting you like this!"

Oh dear. This girl was looking at her with a weird expression. She probably noticed, didn't she?

"S-So, what's your name?" Akane asked. Then found herself holding a bouquet of black roses, which were quite pretty but really not Akane's style at - Ack! Wh-what was this burst of smoke all of a sudden? Can't move...? Nnnnrgh!

"Ohohohohohoho!" Kuno's sister laughed. "To think that I, Kodachi Kuno, would encounter such a hunky, manly specimen right on my front doorstep! It must be fate, this feeling, this pounding in my chest! Why, can you hear it beloved? Feel the rapid beating of my heart!"

Feel the curve of your breast is more like it! Did this girl have no appreciation for the effect a girl's body had on a boy's?! Urgh! Let go! Why couldn't he move his body? What the hell was in that bouquet?

"Oh, I see how it is," Ranma said from up above. Sitting atop the fence, uncaring that the extremely brief skirt basically made it so that Akane could see... Uh... Ooooh, those thighs were nice! "You realised I was getting some extra training done, so you come along and seduce my teacher. Blegh! I'll beat you anyway! Using your stupid sexy manly wiles to ensnare her pure heart! Shame on you!"

"Have a care, Ranma dear!" Kodachi said warningly. "It sounds as though you have issues with our love." Whose love was that again?! "Though I value our new friendship, I care not to tangle with a romantic triangle."

Ranma frowned while staring at them. It felt like she was looking directly at Akane. "Huh! Well, I mean, he seems pretty happy with you, so you guys can do whatever you like! It doesn't bother me at all! Not even trying to get away... I'm sure the two of you will be perfectly happy together!"

"Can't... move!" Akane managed to get out, but that was about the limit of what he could do currently. Hopefully Ranma got the right idea and helped!

"Ohohohoho! Of course you cannot, my beloved, you are within my embrace! Why would you care to move?"

Ranma mimed sticking fingers down her throat. Unfortunately for Akane, she only got the intended meaning of this after the initial, more obvious, lewder interpretation of what she was doing. Which really wasn't helping the one part of Akane that seemed to be perfectly willing to move right about now.

"Urgh, okay, fine! Kodachi, how about this? I'll set you and Akane up, if you help me train. Deal?"

Kodachi scoffed, and clung to Akane tighter. "Well, I hardly think that I need your assistance to earn the affection of my beloved - Akane, was it? What an unusual name for a girl. Nonetheless! I shall take your offer in the spirit of generosity, and not at all because I have very little contact with the opposite sex and therefore have no clue, whatsoever, about how to seduce them."

"Might be able to throw a few pointers about that your way as well," Ranma rolled on her heels. Ranma! Stop it! Noooo, please don't! The only girl Akane wanted anything to do with was you, you stupid sexy pigtailed nuisance! "So how about it? Akane, you sit tight and watch us train, and then you get a cute date out of it in the end. Deal?"

"Guuuuuh!" Akane replied, unable to honestly give any other kind of answer. He found himself dragged along inside and propped up in a place where he could do absolutely nothing but watch an extremely cute pair of girls engage in athletics while wearing damn near little, and -

And getting very, very hard in the process. Urgh! Stop it, not a pervert, not a pervert - But *goddamn* Ranma had nice legs. Kodachi too! Long and slender and - Bad Akane! Bad! Oh! If only he could move, then he could at least look away! What kind of hell had he wound up in?!

=====

Ranma Saotome was not jealous. Nope. Not jealous at all. Nor was she upset at Akane for taking such a low, base approach in trying to overcome her in their contest. Huh! The idea was laughable. Ridiculous, even. What reason could Ranma have to be jealous when they didn't take the engagement seriously? Why would Ranma be upset that Akane used a tactic like that to get ahead?

Actually, the problem was that Ranma hadn't thought of it *first*. It was exactly the sort of thing she'd normally come up with right away to get under an opponent's skin! That's the entire reason that Ranma was grumbling right now, there was no other reason, no other motivation, that was it in a nutshell. End of story.

For now? Akane would get to sit and watch from the sidelines. You want to stay mute? Not defend yourself? Fine then! You can watch as Ranma plays with your new *girlfriend*. Hrmph!

... Not jealous! Not jealous *at all*!

"Oh, I think I pulled a muscle on that last kick," Ranma lied, rubbing her thigh. "I went a *little* too high there."

"Let me check," Kodachi said, putting her hands down upon Ranma's thigh and massaging the muscle riight where Akane couldn't help but see. Hehehe, look at that interesting shade he was turning! Serves you right! Get yourself an eyeful, see how you like this!

Of course, Ranma wasn't thinking at all about how this might come across to Akane. How flirty it was, almost like she was trying to seduce him. Can't really blame her. Ranma wasn't used to thinking of the curse in that way. It was a form, something annoying that took 'his' manhood away, and left 'him' as a cutesy girl! The idea of guys lusting after 'his' girl form hadn't *quite* penetrated deep into 'his' head yet. No, more precisely, the meaning of guys lusting after 'her' hadn't penetrated yet. She was already starting to concoct schemes to use this cuteness to flirt her way into free food without considering the effects that would have on those around her.

"Hrm, your muscles seem fine, you might have just struck something against your leg by mistake," Kodachi said. "Hrm... You know, the more that I watch, the more obvious the transferable skills are, I can see why you came to me now."

"Thanks a lot!" Ranma said, embracing Kodachi in a nice biiig huge that made Akane go completely beetroot. Still not saying anything though. Which was starting to get annoying. No protest, no sniping, just staring and drooling? Hrmph! Pervert! Watching two girls hug, squeezing their curvaceous bodies together like this while - again - wearing skimpy clothes and just staring, not even averting your eyes when Ranma very obviously looked at him? Wow! No class at all!

Or, you know, Akane was still paralysed by that powder and compelled against his will to watch something that he would *absolutely* wind up whacking it to later on. So, not completely innocent of that 'pervert' charge.

"Can you help me work on my flexibility a bit?" Ranma asked. Then tipped back, with one foot firmly planted on the ground, leaning backwards and going a *very* long way. "I think that could lead to some interesting cheers."

"Yes, yes, of course!" Kodachi said, mimicking the same gesture, but actually managing to get her head to touch the floor. Wow. She really was super flexible, huh? How's that, Akane? That working for you at all? Imagine what this flexible babe could do to you, given half a chance! "In martial arts rhythmic gymnastics, this gives you the opportunity to perform unusual dodges, and launch attacks in unexpected ways." She popped back up like it was nothing. Wow! Ranma might actually be able to learn something here! "Allow me. Best not to push yourself too far. Ahem, allow me to adjust your position."

That's ri~ight, Akane! Now you get to see two total babes with their hands alllll over each other yet again. Lucky you! Any comment? Any *remark*? Come on! React, already! It was starting to get annoying, now. Ranma was really wanting that stupid boy to react already! Show that it bothers him! Show that it's affecting him!

Drat! Really? Nothing? In that case, Ranma might have to go for something more... *drastic*.
Ohohohohoho!

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So this is it then, this is what hell was like? Akane had once heard that hell's greatest torment was a glimpse of heaven, and right now he was certainly getting that. His fingertips were twitching a bit, anytime now he'd be able to move, but -

"Are you quite sure of that, Ranma darling?" Kodachi asked.

"Oh yes, definitely!" Ranma said. "I mean, we're going to be outside for hours, you've got to protect from excess UV light. Skin cancer is a terrible thing, don't you know."

But they'd moved on to rubbing sunscreen on each other. It was irrational. It was illogical. It was super effective. Watching two cute girls rub lotion on each other's bodies, covering every square inch of exposed flesh was... It was super effective, that's what it was! For reasons Akane could not explain, nor did he want an answer to, he was completely and totally spellbound by the sight in front of him! Ah! Ahhhh! Ranma was too cute to be believed! Akane wanted to be the one to rub lotion on those thighs! Not Kodachi! Let Ranma rub lotion on Akane's shoulders, not the Black Rose's!

"Oho! Ranma, careful now, that tickles!"

"Sorry, sorry, clumsy me!"

On reflection it was for the best that Akane couldn't move right now. Because if he could be sure of one thing, just one thing, it would be this: If he could move, he'd be marching over there, holding down that redheaded tease, and pounding her until *she broke*.

"Ra, ra! Watch me dance! Think you'll win? You have no chance!"

That skirt went a-swish, a-swish, a-sway, highlighting Ranma's butt and thighs like a spotlight was put on them. Akane had never really appreciated a fine ass before. Never mind a girl's butt. Perhaps it was because she'd never seen one so fine as Ranma's before...? Oh, and now Ranma had turned around, bent over and bouncing in place, drawing Akane's eyes directly to her breasts. Boobies. Bouncing boobies.

"Watch me strike a cutesy pose! That's how you know you will lose!"

"Ohohohoho!" Kodachi laughed. "That works in writing, Ranma darling, but not when spoken aloud! Try... 'Your antics make me snooze' for the first half?"

"Dachi, you missed your calling!" Ranma said, slapping her on the back. "Man, it just feels like we get each other, you know? We both know how to fight dirty in martial arts, we both hate your brother, got the same kinda humour -"

"And we're both super cute to boot!"

"Ohohohohoho!" both of them laughed in eerie, eerie unison. Uuuurgh, why was that turning him on so muuuuuch?! Not fair, not fair, not -

"Not fair..." Akane muttered. "Ah...? Ah! I can move!"

He could move! Akane staggered to his feet, eyes fixated on the same sight it had been since this damned training session started. The two girls in front of him, wantonly teasing him! For a moment Akane was genuinely afraid that he might do something stupid. After being teased for so long while unable to move, he was worried he might march across there and do something completely daft.

However... an idea popped into his head. So Ranma was wanting to tease her, huh? Alright. Alright! Two can play at that game. That's how you wanted to do it? Fine. Fine! Akane can play. Akane can play all day long, let's see how you like this brilliant move!

=====

"You made out with Kuno's sister?!"

It was a really good thing they were at the Unryu farm when Akari yelled that, otherwise Akane's blush while she supped her lemonade through that straw would have been a lot less cute. The girl wasn't able to make eye contact with her friend at all though, and this did explain her general demeanour a bit since arriving.

Akari adored Akane. Really, she did. Best friend she'd had in years. The curse was a bit weird, but she'd adjusted easily enough to it. They got on, they were able to talk shop about her sumo training pigs, they liked a lot of the same things, and so on, but this?

"I thought you liked Ranma?" Akari asked. She pinched the bridge of her nose and tried to reason this through. "I mean, the two of you - Urgh! I was sure that you liked him."

"It's not a matter of liking him," Akane said. She stirred her straw in her drink and looked up at the ceiling. "It's more like... Every time I look at him, no matter what form we're in, I want to do something *really nasty* to him."

Dot dot dot. Full on ellipses here. Deep breath. Deep breath. You already knew this, Akari. It was pretty obvious that Akane had it **bad** for that pigtailed beauty/hunk. The only one that probably hadn't figured it out yet was Ranma himself.

"How nasty are we talking here?" Akari asked, and there came Akane's blush roaring back into the conversation like a third wheel. "You did complain a lot about how lewd the other girls were getting, so this is quite surprising."

"I mean look at him!" Akane yelled. "Look at his girl form! C-Come on, you once told me you like big strapping men who are a little bit dumb."

"He's too smart for my taste," Akari mused. "Muscles aren't... *quite* big enough, but he is close, and not nearly emotionally vulnerable enough... But this isn't about me being into woobie himbos, this is about you finding *your* switch. Akane. If I understand this correctly, you spite-frenched another girl right in front of the boy/girl you like. Is that about the size of it?"

Yeah. Yeah it was. Akane's blush answered for her, because she didn't want to. Oh, Akane. This curse really did turn your brain off for a bit there, didn't it? You've been fighting it for so long, the hormone shifts from bouncing from girl to boy and back again. It probably didn't help that her boy form was *extremely hot*. Akari had heard that boys really like it when girls check them out.

"When is your date?"

"Right after the baseball game," Akane said. "I mean... She doesn't *seem* as bad as her brother, and she is kinda pretty... Maybe it won't be so bad?"

In other words - Akane had a stupid idea because she was turned on and wound up justifying to herself that it was a good idea, and now she was talking herself into going along with this monumentally dumb plan.

"Akane, I can't believe I'm about to say this, but you need to have sex with Ranma as soon as you humanly, possibly can." Normally that would be terrible advice to give a friend, but Akari simply couldn't stand to see Akane like this. "I mean, what must Ranma be thinking, seeing you randomly going out with another girl like that? It can't be anything good."

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Meanwhile, in the bathroom at the Tendo residence, Ranma Saotome was in male form engaging in the time honoured tradition followed by countless boys his age. A tradition he rarely took part in, though that seemed to be changing more and more of late.

"Stupid... Sexy... Akane..." he grunted to himself while a certain rhythmic slapping sound. "Ignoring me like that... and then making out with Kodachi right in front of me! Urgh!"

To his mind, he was working out his *frustration* that Akane had been able to ignore the blatant, obvious flirtation from his girl form for so long, only to make a beeline for the leggy gymnast. Oooh, that competitive streak! A match for his own, at last! Willing to do anything it took to win a contest! It was so frustrating, but also *so good*. That's why he was jerking off. Because he was

so *excited* at the opportunities this would give him to test his martial arts ability! To get better, and push for even greater heights!

It had nothing to do with the fact that he wanted to bend Akane over the nearest table. Or for their genders to be flipped and for Akane to bend 'her' over the nearest table. Or for their girl forms to scissor until dawn, or their boy forms to sword fight, or anything perverted like that. It was purely down to seeking satisfaction for his martial arts skills. Yep, that's it!

When he finally shot his load, Ranma took a deep breath and relaxed while cleaning up. "I'll show her," he whispered to himself. "I'll beat her at cheerleading, and then, hehehehe, I'll find an awesome date of my own to really rub her nose in it!"

Oh, what a complicated relationship this pair of idiots had. Still, with all this pressure building up, one thing would inevitably be true: When they finally broke and fucked, *it would be truly out of this world.*

Croce di Eros

Everything was nicely set up, once again. That's the key to evil planning, and doing it right. The preparation! Make sure you leave as little to chance as possible. A fun little soiree with a bunch of cute girls! That sort of thing requires, how to put it, a certain kind of... atmosphere.

You can't make it too obvious what you're going for. So you can't do anything like stripper poles or what have you. Yet. In time they'd view it as a fun part of the night. As such, Veritas had gone for the more mundane night out. You know! Movie night! Big projector, big couch, some movies that don't sound like they're erotic but actually, oh boy do they turn out that way! Some snacks to munch on, a corner set aside for karaoke... Oh! And they even had a nice restaurant right next door, where they could enjoy a few hours in a private room eating the finest (weird) food that Academy City had to offer.

Everything was set up. It was perfect. Flawless. He'd be able to lead them all around by the nose before they knew what was happening. Their unknowing obedience to Eros would, by the end of the night, become full of devotion for all of them.

There was just one problem.

"Where the flying fuck is Touma?!" he screamed into the empty room. Empty, as in, he was the only one in it. It still had all that stuff he'd gone out of his way to acquire. "I've searched everywhere for that boy and it's like he vanished off the face of the Earth!"

That was a problem. It was a very big problem! A big part of why the girls had agreed to come in the first place was because at least one of them had an enormous, obvious, blatant crush on Touma and the others wanted to come and watch/interfere. If Touma was here, the Railgun would walk away. If the Railgun walked away - so did the rest of her entourage!

Worse yet? It made him look like a loser! Only a total loser would promise someone would be at an event and then have them not show up! Oh, he'd been so... So stupid about this! He should have checked in with Touma first! Promised a bunch of cute girls would be gathering at a place, got him to come along to play wingman, then called up the girls and got them to come along! It was a rookie error! You never, ever set up something like that unless you're *certain* you've got all your ducks in a row!

Now? One of his ducks was actually a goose, chasing all the other little ducks out of order! Pecking them, honking at them and generally inciting anarchy! Things had been going so well, that had to be the reason. It had made him get sloppy, it had made him get careless -

Or, maybe he'd been so turned on by the car wash that he'd not had enough blood circulating around his brain. That was also very possible. Think, think, think! There had to be somewhere in this city that he could be hiding! Somewhere you haven't checked - Well, let's be real about this,

the entirety of Academy City was comparable to the entirety of Tokyo. That's not a small fucking place to search for a single boy!

So where was he? Where the hell could he be?! Wherever it was, Veritas was starting to wish he was having a miserable time, because his disappearance was sure to cause him a stress headache! On the other hand, he was nice enough to kinda hope the opposite, because then at least *someone would be having a good time!*

"Such misfortune!" he yelled, clutching the sides of his head, and unknowingly lamenting to himself in a way that was very similar to the very boy he was wailing about.

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"Touma, you'd better feed me that di-" Index yelled, sitting up with drool pooling from her ever ravenous mouth, and finding herself in a room that she did not recognise. "Huh? This isn't Touma's place? What's going on...?"

"Have no fear, we'll let you reunite with Touma once he's fulfilled a small task for us," said a nun wearing a ridiculously small frock. As in, it barely covered her thighs. This must be one of the Agnese Forces! They were the only people Index knew who wore frocks like that! "We judged that it would be safest if you remained here for the time being. After all, there is still that risk of some who would want access to... Well, you know."

Yes. She did know. Index frowned and looked around her room. It seemed comfortable enough. A bed to sleep in, a fridge in the corner. It even had a nun standing guard at the door to keep her from escaping. Oh! And bars on the window. Not that it mattered, it was so small that only Sphinx could fit through it.

Despite the comfort of the room, Index puffed out her cheeks. She'd been having fun there! They were about to get to the good part, where she'd get to see some skin! Eros help them, could that boy not get left alone for half a day without being drawn into something else?

"So? What's Touma dealing with this time?" she flopped back onto her bed. Stomach growling. Honestly, she really wanted to help him out. "There is no reason not to tell me. I'll make him tell me all about it later anyway."

"Have you heard of the Document of Constantine?" the nun asked. Index gave her a thumbs up. Of course she had. It was a fairly simple magical artefact, though it was also a powerful one. It could make anyone who cared about the Roman Catholic Faith believe that absolutely anything said by the Pope was true, no matter how ridiculous. It didn't actually change anything about reality - it could simply make those of the faith take what was stated as fact without evidence to back it up.

For example, if the Pope randomly said 'it is a sin to cover up sexy bodies' then every Catholic would believe it was a sin. Hrm, a better example might be something like 'if the Pope said that touching a hot stove while praying would keep you from getting burned', it would be accepted without question. Even if someone tried it and they got burned, they would blame themselves for not praying hard enough or invent some other excuse. It's an example of simple tools being the most powerful.

Although, wait a minute, if Touma was involved in something like that, then -

"There have been widespread riots against Academy City," the nun said. "According to our analysis, it's highly likely that the Document was used."

Which led to an important question: Why wasn't this nun being affected as well? Index looked towards her and curled an eyebrow, trying to figure out a safe way to broach this topic.

"Don't worry, our group isn't exactly popular right now within the Church," the nun said. "The Document only works on those who care what the Roman Catholic Church says. Our leader was meant to be executed recently, with us used as hostages. Though I am ashamed to admit it, our opinion of the Pope's current opinions is... too low for us to be affected."

That was a relief, but it only sorted out half - no, more like a tenth - of Index's current sense of anxiety. The Document was powerful. Very powerful. But it had a few heavy restrictions on it. One of which was 'must be used in the middle of the Vatican'. Another was 'With the express permission of the Pope, and the Cardinals.'

Touma had been sent out there to deal with that? Oh dear. All of a sudden she was feeling quite dizzy. And hungry. That part wasn't new though. She was always hungry! Oh dear. Oh dear! That idiot Touma had managed to get himself in over his head! Again! She couldn't let him <i>invade the Vatican</i> by himself! Actually, they probably hadn't sent him in by himself! There were probably special agents from Academy City and whatever allies they'd scrounge up from the magical world to help them out! But it wouldn't be enough! She had to help him!

Hence the nun in the room. From those muscles, she didn't just rely on magic. Which meant Index couldn't use her own superior knowledge of magic against her.

"By the way, I've been meaning to ask," the nun said. "I'm rather new to Academy City. In fact, I've only been here about an hour, and - Is it normal for everyone to go around dressed like that? They're so... affectionate as well."

Merely showing their devotion to Eros, as is right, but obviously an outsider wouldn't understand such - Hrm? What's this now? Aha! It seems that they hadn't searched her as thoroughly as they should have! Or perhaps Eros herself had intervened to bestow this blessing upon Index, for her escape would greatly benefit the fledgeling Goddess greatly.

That last musing wasn't as far off as it might seem. Either way, Index pulled a certain item out from her robes. The nun immediately snatched it away to look at it. "Hrm? Some sort of toy?" the nun asked. "Pardon me, I thought it might be a weapon of some sort."

As the nun was about to learn, the multifaceted and highly advanced sex toy called the Orgazmotron 2.0, that Index had purchased the other day was, in fact, both a weapon and toy at once. For it grabbed her wrist with considerable force using one tentacle, then produced an array of seemingly hundreds more (actually just two dozen, but it sure can feel like a lot more than that!) which grabbed at her arms even as she wrestled with the malfunctioning gizmo.

"Wh-what?!" she yelped. "What is this thing? Why are these so slimy!"

"I dunno, why don't you tell me when I get back?" Index asked. She wandered over to the door, which was locked - oh, but then right at that moment, by sheer coincidence, the key fell out of the nun's breast pocket while it struggled with the sex toy. "Ah, thank you! See you later, bye bye!"

"No! Index! Please, come back! Ahhhh, Agnes is going to be so furious with me over this!"

Maybe. Maybe not! If Index proved that she was useful, then Agnes surely wouldn't mind at all! Now. That did leave one important question. How was Index supposed to get to Italy? Well, lucky for her, Eros was looking out for her, and Eros would soon provide... For Eros is a Goddess that doesn't mind interfering when her people are in desperate need. Unlike certain other faiths we could mention.

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Kuroko had one objective tonight: Keep Misaka away from the gorilla as much as possible. She didn't know why, she didn't really care much for the reason, but her beloved idol - her crush, her love, the light of her life, was finally opening up to the glory that was skinship and it was her full intention to ensure all of that attention was lavished on her and her alone!

To that end, she had left a bit early. She wanted to scope this place out. Maybe scare the gorilla from showing up. Then enjoy a nice evening with her onee-san which could only end in complete happiness and bliss.

Being a teleporter offered certain advantages when you wanted to go on a reconnaissance mission. It meant that she was able to quickly get around and look at locations in the vicinity, determine the nature of the little party they were supposed to be having and then -

"You're early, aren't you?"

Get spotted because people in Academy City know full well that teleporters exist and take precautions to deal with them. Most shops have a faraday cage around their storehouses for a

reason. It was that boy from before, leaning against a nearby wall with a rather smug, cocky attitude that she kind of wanted to wipe off his face.

"Well, it never hurts to check things out in advance, does it?" Kuroko sniffed. "I mean, onee-san has a lot of enemies, so -"

"So you wanted to make sure she doesn't crawl all over the guy she very obviously has a crush on," Veritas finished for her. Why that pesky - How dare he insinuate that Misaka had eyes for anyone but her?! "Well, I guess I should worry about that too, shouldn't I? After all, a host should always make sure their guests - all of their guests - are happy as can be."

Well, that certainly sounded decent enough... But that didn't mean she was letting her guard down yet!

"What exactly did you have in mind?" she asked. More testing him than anything else. Yeah. That was the trick. She was testing him. That's all it was. A simple test. Draw out information out of him without committing to anything.

"It's not that hard," Veritas said. "Touma's going to be a little later tonight than I was expecting, so I want you to keep Misaka preoccupied. It wouldn't do if she found out her crush was going to be... late, right?"

"Ehhh? The gorilla's gonna be late, is he...?" Kuroko rolled the idea around in her head. "Really? That boy? He's going to make onee-sama wait for him to show up? How rude! How inconsiderate! How like him! Hmph! Fine, fine! I'll keep her preoccupied until the big idiot shows up to slobber all over everyone!"

"Well, in that case, let me give you a special gift to make things easier for you," Veritas said, tossing her a little heart shaped pendant. "Think of it as a... luck in love charm."

Now, that made her scoff quite hard. This was a city of science! Since when did they believe in charms like this? Then again, the pendant was inscribed with the symbol of Eros... Maybe it did have some kind of power behind it? Ah? Maybe there was something in there that sent out a signal that could cause an emotional connection between two people? Something like that might be possible. She supposed. This city had produced stranger items and put them up for sale.

"I'll see you in an hour, alright?" Veritas asked. "Eros be with you."

"And with you," Kuroko replied, and then teleported away, feeling a bit better about tonight than she had already. Hrm... Perhaps tonight she should consider wearing something especially risque? All of a sudden she was in the mood to be *daring*.

Which, for Kuroko... that's the point anyone that knew her would probably start getting the fear sweat.

=====

Speaking of fear sweat, where exactly was Touma at that very moment? Why, he was hurtling towards the Earth approaching terminal velocity with a parachute strapped to his back. Having been pushed from a plane by his stupid smug sunglasses wearing classmate.

"Such misfortune!" he screamed into the uncaring wind, which howled around him, g-forces pushing his face back, and the only thing keeping him alive being the completely foolproof parachute he was wearing which automatically detected his vertical position - which was much, much higher above solid ground than he preferred - and released for him, letting him gently sail down towards terra firma and giving his blood the chance it needed to get the hell out of the top of his head. Now, if only he could stop his heart from pounding so damn hard in his chest.

"How are you doing there, Touma? It's relaxing, isn't it?" Tsuchimikado asked through an earpiece. *"You'll be on the ground in no time flat. That's when the really dangerous fun begins!"*

"Gee thanks, you really know how to calm a guy down," Touma groaned. Uuuurgh! "Why am I being roped into this nonsense again?"

"Call it a gamble!" Tsuchimikado replied. *"Like a game of cards, kehehee! You like playing card games, right?"*

Oh no, it seemed as though he'd been pulled into a terrible misunderstanding. This was his idea of revenge, huh? For playing a risque game with his little sister! For a moment he wanted to protest that it was Index that suggested this idea, but - Pushing the blame onto her would only make him look bad. Somehow he knew that obeying that instinct would only serve to make things worse for him. When he was already on a mission to - What was it again? Find and destroy an ancient Catholic artefact that was being used to rile people up against Academy City, to the point it was causing worldwide riots?!

"Such misfortune!" he cried out, dearly wishing he was back in Academy City at that very moment. It had to be better than this, surely a better fate would be waiting for him if he was back there!

=====

He was right, by the way. Hrm? I know, I know, I tend to do ironic little cutaways in response to ending a scene like that. 'Oh, he thought it would be better back in Academy City? Well, let's go to a scene where Accelerator and Dark Matter are ruining everyone's day somehow'. Nope. Not a chance of it. If Touma was back in Academy City at that very moment, he'd have been about two hours away from a threesome.

On that basis, yes. Yes it really is such a misfortune that he was currently halfway around the planet. I mean, look at Misaka right now. She was practically dancing around like someone had poured ants down the back of her skirt. Her ridiculously short skirt. She was getting herself worked up. Filling her brain with courage and conviction. Tonight would be the night. No more tsundere bullshit. Today, she would tell that idiot how she really felt about him, and then? And then!

Honestly, Misaka herself wasn't fully aware of what exactly would happen next, but the mere act of considering what that might, maybe, could entail was putting a smile on her face and a blush on her cheeks.

"New wardrobe?" asked a voice that Misaka really didn't want to hear right about now. It was a voice that always sent a crawling feeling up her spine. She turned, and found herself looking at her arch-rival. Fellow Level 5, Mental Out, Shokuhou Misaki, wearing a fairly modest string bikini. As was often the case when the two of them met, Misaka found herself looking down with envy at her rival's chest. Hrm... Maybe... Maybe if she motorboated Misaki for a while, it would make her own breasts get bigger? "Not that I'm in any position to comment. So? How did you wind up wearing something so ridiculously, scandalously sexy?"

"Huh? Sexy?" Misaka tilted her head in genuine confusion. She looked down at herself. Now, to our point of view Misaka was wearing what could only be described as a 'sexy parody of her regular uniform', but to her? "It's just a regular uniform, what are you talking about?"

Misaki stared at her for a good long moment there, as if trying to figure out if Misaka was joking. "Okay, so this is more serious than I thought..." Misaki finally said. "So, where were you heading off to tonight?"

"None of your business!" Misaka turned up her nose and resumed walking down the street. With Misaki following into step alongside her. Hrmph! Misaka picked up the pace, knowing full well that her rival was adept at telepathy, but did very little exercise. That made it easy to outrun her - until she formed a wall of people directly in front of her. In which case! Misaka would walk along the wall instead! Hah! Being able to use her electromagnetic powers like this were why she was Number 3!

"You do realise that I can watch where you go from afar, and then catch up later on by taxi," a random person possessed by Misaki said from ground level. You could tell because of the star shapes in her eyes. A telltale sign of Mental Out's control. "Come on, give it a rest. I know you've not noticed anything weird going on, I seem to be the only one that can -"

Misaka picked up the pace here. In a straight up fight, she was fairly confident she could beat Misaki - but therein lay the problem. While Misaka could physically do whatever she wanted to Misaki, that girl could reach out and draw a crowd to fight on her behalf. Take advantage of Misaka's unwillingness to hurt innocent people and use them as weapons against her. Their powers were both pretty damn versatile... But Misaka had an advantage over her opponent. A

pretty big advantage that she was going to exploit quite ruthlessly, by rushing to the top of this building and saying at the top of her lungs!

"Oh gosh, I sure could do with some skinship right about now!"

"Onee-sama!"

It was like a beacon called out across the city. Not literally. Misaka could have probably whispered it and had Kuroko show up out of nowhere for a flying tackle. Wearing the same sexy uniform type as Misaka, no less.

"Hey, get me out of here already, I'm being followed by someone annoying," Misaka said, and then - poof! She vanished, just like that! Haha! A variation on the problem of continuity! It would be easy for Misaki to keep track of where they were by watching the general direction of where Misaka was going. But by using Kuroko, that chain of continuity was immediately broken, leaving her with no clue where they might be going next! Thus, making her search all that more difficult!

"Did I do good, onee-sama?" Kuroko asked, like a dog asking for a treat. Still clinging onto Misaka's body. "Say, if it's a stalker I could use my authority in Judgement to - "

"It was Mental Out, you wouldn't be able to do anything even if you tried," Misaka patted her on the head. Normally this is where she'd push Kuroko away, but - you know what? Eros knows that Kuroko had earned a little skinship this time. She'd let the adorable teleporter cop a feel if she really wanted to, what was the harm? And that decision certainly wasn't being influenced by the little magical totem around Kuroko's neck, no sir, no how, no way!

Although... Unnoticed by Misaka in their new location, someone was looking out their window from up above. Someone watching with stars in their eyes...

=====

It should be pointed out right now that the first key problem Index would have to go up against was the simple fact that Touma was on the other side of the world right now. Which meant that catching up to him would be... difficult, to say the least. She didn't have teleportation magic. She didn't have a teleporting esper to hand either!

What did she have on hand? Simply this - faith. Now that she was free to move throughout the city, Index was... Hrm. Still very conspicuous wearing her habit. Touma had already cancelled the Walking Church by accident, so wearing it right now was a liability. It meant anyone looking out for her would recognise her instantly.

Therefore! A change of clothes was the first thing she needed! Luckily for her, Eros provided her with a change of clothes, by causing a tube top and a pair of snug hotpants to fall from the back

of a truck. Now, I know, usually when someone says that they meant they stole it. But no! A truck carrying clothes actually went over a bump in the road and dropped them right on top of Index.

"These will do!" Index said, holding them up and finding them to be exactly the right size. Oh! But she should find somewhere private to change. However far along she was to the path of Eros currently, she was not far enough yet that she would change clothes in public. Heading back home was out right now, as they were probably looking for her already, so...

So she wandered over to a mobile changing room that she found parked not too far away. She ignored the soldiers standing nearby, drinking coffee, in a fairly blatant disregard for proper security procedures. They were too busy ogling a spontaneous wet t-shirt contest that began when a large breasted hydrokinetic got into an argument with another large breasted Esper about something or other, and - Well, you get the idea I trust. Both of them were wearing white shirts, which were now clinging to their bodies and making them put on quite a show. Especially when that other Esper revealed she could manipulate vibrations in the ground around her. Quite a lot of translucent white shirts jiggling around going on here!

"Perfect!" Index said to herself. She looked herself over in the reflection on a piece of metal right there in front of her and... Too blurry. She needed a proper mirror. Hrm... Maybe there was one in this trunk? She opened it up to have a look. Hrm? Were these parachutes? Why would someone store so many in a trunk in a changing room?

"Woah!" she yelped, suddenly tripping over nothing, landing in the container which slammed shut over her. Luckily there was a little gap to let some air in. Actually, luck might be the wrong word to use for our eidetic nun. Guided by Eros into being where she wanted to be, in service of the Goddess of Perverts. Bundled up securely in an Academy City military transport, bound for Rome, where she'd be meeting with Touma quite a bit sooner than she was expecting.

All you need is faith, and Eros shall provide. Admittedly, what she will usually provide is a whole lot of sex, but nine times out of ten I wouldn't complain. Would you?

=====

Alright folks, it's party time! The guests were already starting to arrive, knocking on the door and filtering in. To start with - Uiharu and Saten, a lovely pair of girls who stepped inside, and allowed him to greet them with a kiss and a grope. "Have any trouble finding the place?" he asked.

"Pft, who are you asking?" Saten said, stepping forward and flipping up Uiharu's skirt. It billowed in the air for a few seconds, and the girl didn't even try to hide the seductive underwear she was wearing. "This babe has the city memorised, just about!"

"N-No, I have an up to date map on my phone..." Uiharu said. Ahahaha, how nice, how nice! Veritas clapped at their little routine, it was really cute. "So what are we doing today?"

"We have a fun movie to watch, and then maybe some karaoke and a meal," Veritas said. "Let's wait for the others to come along before doing anyth- " There was a knock at the door. Perfect timing. Veritas threw it open, and greeted his next two guests with open arms. "Misaka, Kuroko, lovely to see you again. Thank you both for your help yesterday."

Look at the two of them, hanging off each other. Misaka looked blissed out of her mind, barely seeming aware of Kuroko's hand grabbing her butt underneath her skirt.

"Hehehe... Wanna see Touma~" Misaka obliviously sang to herself. Then popped out of it and stuck her nose up like the good little tsun-tsun she was. "I mean, I wanna finally put that boy in his place, always showing off like that..."

His place being 'my bed for the next 24 hours'. Hah! Well, Veritas had already thought this through. It was pretty clear the way these two girls were going - They were Touma's. Fine. So be it. It wasn't like he wanted to lay claim to every babe in Academy City. Uiharu and Saten would, for a start, and he'd find plenty of babes willing to join his harem before too long... Aisa, for example, who was in the next room making sure the food was ready. While wearing a naked apron. She had zero intention of changing out of it either, and frankly? Given what these other girls were wearing it was likely they wouldn't even bat an eye.

"Anyway, come in. Uiharu and Saten are already here," Veritas said, grinning like a loon. Hehehehe! "We'll be watching a movie first, and - I'm sure Touma will be here later on, but he may be running a little late."

"Stupid gorilla, making promises he doesn't keep," Kuroko said. "Come on, onee sama. I'll sit in your lap and feed you popcorn while we watch this movie."

"Like hell you -" Misaka began to complain, but then the little trinket around Kuroko's neck began to glow and suddenly - "Oh, okay, that sounds like fun."

That was working out great too! Actually, everything was going smoothly now. A bit too smoothly, to be honest. Even without Touma here, everything was just... coming up his way. He knew that was probably because of the Croce, but still, it was eerie. Oh well. Time to get that movie on. If things went well, they'd be full blown perverts before it even ended, and nothing at all would -

A foot inserted itself into the door before he could close it. Huh? He wasn't expecting anyone else right now. Who could this possibly -

"How strange, how very strange," a girl said, pushing the door open from outside and revealing - wow, that was a nice body! "Why can't I read your mind, Mister? You're not wearing any equipment to protect yourself, so...?"

It took a second, but then he realised. This was... Mental Out! One of the other Level 5s! The one that specialised in telepathy! Crap! Not what he needed! Not what he needed *at all*! And... was that a copy of Misaka lurking somewhere behind her too? Double crap! He should've known, he should've guessed, of course things were going too well! Now they were starting to go tits up, and not in a fun way!

LS Usagi

Saeko Mizuno was a well regarded Doctor, and for good reason. She cared about her patients, but did not let that compassion overcome her high level of medical knowledge. Indeed, for her daughter, this reputation was both intimidating and also a measuring stick for her to stand against. A goal to reach for, something to yearn after, a career, a life...

And when mother and daughter left the Tsukino home today, one would have the sense that daughter had caught up with mother based on appearance alone. Having wandered into the very den of Lesbian Energy that pervaded this home, both emerged like a butterfly from a cocoon. Beautiful, radiant, and with butts that didn't know the meaning of the word 'quit'.

It was a little disconcerting for Ami. She was fully aware of her and her mother's change, and of the fact that she absolutely could not walk in any other way than seductively rolling her hips. She was intellectually aware of the fact that such gaits were possible, but she couldn't quite work out the maths to make her own body move that way.

"You've made quite a wonderful friend there," Saeko said, patting Ami on the head while strutting her stuff, wobbling along with an air of confidence. "You know, for a while there I was worried that you weren't making any friends at all, you're so focused on your studies."

Ami bit her lip and really took her mother in. All of her, at once. She wasn't this... sexy before, was she? Oh, how to put that question to words without it being completely embarrassing! It's not something you just ask your own mother! 'Say, were you a big bootied babe yesterday? I could swear you weren't less of a slam dunk hottie the last time I saw you.' Go ahead. Try to picture yourself saying that to your own mother.

Come back from the shower yet? Yeah, that's about what I thought. Ami cleared her throat and tried to think of something else to talk about. Fortunately, her mother was a step ahead of her.

"So? How did you meet your new friend?"

Well, that was something she couldn't exactly say either! Now try telling your own mother that you're a superheroic reincarnation of the former Princess of the planet Mercury, and by the way I'll be heading out with my new friends while wearing teeny tiny skirts to beat up bad guys. Go on. Try it. Just try to say that to your mother's face.

"Um... She was in obvious need of help with her studies," Ami said. Which was true enough. Usagi's grades weren't exactly the best. "We started to talk, and we enjoyed each other's companionship. How has your day been?"

From there, things devolved into a generic mother-daughter discussion about their day. Mother talking about the treatment she'd had to give Ikuko, Ami discussing the quirks and oddities of her daily school life. The two of them wobbling along home quite happily, drawing the attention

of every woman that they passed - but curiously, not the men. In fact, they seemed to be spectacularly uninterested in the pair.

A fact which Ami noticed, and filed away for further examination later on.

For now, the two of them arrived at their humble home. They entered quite happily, still chatting away, when all of a sudden Saeko leaned in and gave Ami a quick peck on the lips. A purely motherly show of affection, followed by stroking her hair. Huh...? Was that strange? Ami wasn't sure. It felt like it probably should be something she'd consider *odd*, but for some reason she couldn't... quite... grasp it.

"Now, you get on with your homework," Saeko commanded, spanking Ami as she sent her on her way.

"Oh!" Ami gasped, that single syllable turning from surprise to erotic moan from start to end. Homework, was it? Of course. Ami wandered off to do exactly that, sitting at her desk and quickly pouring through it... Then taking the time to examine her body carefully so she could properly catalogue the changes.

Although, one thing did leap out at her right away. On checking her clothes to form a proper basis of comparison? Ami found that... everything fit her perfectly. Even though her body had blatantly, clearly changed. Curiouser and curiouser... Further examination was definitely required, though that might prove difficult if all the evidence was changing as well before her very eyes. Hrm... What was a genius girl to do in a situation like this...?

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Miss Haruna was an expert when it came to dates. Really, she was! For longer than she'd wanted to admit, she'd been looking for Mister Right, and as time went on each and every Mister she ran into felt less and less Right. Especially since the school year started.

Then she does a home visit and meets Usagi's mother. Ikuko Tsukino. This was fine, right? It wasn't like she was going to treat Usagi herself any different. Besides! Usagi would only be her student for one year. One single lonely year. Emphasis on 'single'.

Despite her expertise in the dating scene by now, she was nervous. Really nervous. She had a good feeling about this and she didn't want to mess it up. Here she was nice and early, sitting in a booth by herself, waiting for her date to arrive. It was times like this where an 'expert' at the dating scene started to panic, worry about the little things. Had she overdressed? It was a nice and cute skirt and blouse combo that she always thought looked good on her but - Did it? Did it really? Would it send the wrong message? It was too late to do anything about it now, by the time she got back home and changed the date would have already started, but -

"Oh, you're earlier than I thought!" Ikuko's voice drifted out, causing her to stand up and -

Boggle at the sight of a woman in all her glory. Well, no. Not all her glory, permit that small correction. If it was *all* her glory, she would not be wearing a form fitting dress with a slit up one side and the kind of cleavage that makes passing divers worry they might catch the bends. All her glory? That dress would be on the floor of a bedroom somewhere. This was a *fine* second place though. Fine enough that all eyes in the bar were on her as she stepped across the floor. That is to say, all *female* eyes. The men were oddly ignoring this blatant sexpot.

As for Haruna herself, her eyes were spinning around wildly. Ah? Ah! She was really on a date with this stunning creature? Wasn't this some kind of dream? A wild fantasy? Surely not! It couldn't be possible! Nobody in recorded history was so lucky!

After a little bit she felt Ikuko's finger close her mouth. "You'll catch flies," Ikuko whispered. "Oh gosh, I shouldn't say that on a date. I suppose my worries about my figure are ill founded?"

Haruna nodded, unable to properly put her thoughts in order. Clearly, she was in bed, having a nice dream about the date she would have with the angel that birthed the biggest (yet most beautiful) idiot she'd ever taught. It could only be a dream because any moment now, a creature this beautiful would surely be scooped up by someone more worthy, more deserving than her.

Especially those big, heaving mommy milkers. Look at them! The fact they were in that dress should be a testament to the unreality they were in! Of course, Haruna didn't know about the Lesbian Energy that made such impossible feats possible - but let's not hold that against her, shall we? Instead, let's hold Ikuko's heaving milky bosom against her. She'd like that more.

"Drinks menu?" a waitress asked, dropping a menu right in front of them. But dairy was the only thing on Haruna's mind there for some reason. Oh! She shook it off and blushed.

"I'll have an Orgasm," Ikuko said, and several women around the bar all did a spit take at once. "That's a nice milk based cocktail."

Indeed, there it was right there on the menu. A mixture of cream, kahlua, amaretto and vodka. Honestly, who comes up with these crazy drinks names? Still... there was a damp spot there on her dress, wasn't there? Haruna licked her lips and said "Same," without thinking. "I would also very much like an Orgasm."

"Lucky... bitch... She's gonna get one too, I'm halfway there just looking at her..." someone else off in the bar mumbled a bit louder than they probably intended to.

"So, how has your day been?" Ikuko asked, leaning over the table to stare Haruna in the eye. Out of politeness, Haruna forced herself to do the same. Instead of staring down the valley of creamy pleasure being put on display in front of her.

Haruna opened her mouth to answer - but then reconsidered. She'd been about to complain about Usagi, but... she wasn't here as a teacher speaking with the mother of a student tonight. She was a woman on a date with another woman.

"Sometimes, they really surprise me," Haruna said. "You try not to have favourites, as they all deserve a good education - but some of them outshine the others. Then there are those with potential who squander it. They're the most frustrating."

"I completely understand that," Ikuko said. "You're trying really hard to not talk about my daughter. Right? Well, that's fine. What do you do outside work?"

Desperately look for love and companionship: I'll take 'things not to say on a date for \$100, Alex!' Um! What other hobbies did she have? Think! Think! Think about something other than how much you *desperately need to suck on those nipples like your life depended on it!*

"H-Handicrafts," Haruna said quite hurriedly. Ikuko bit her lip and took Haruna's hands. "Eh? What are you -"

"So you like to keep these hands busy, do you?" Ikuko asked. Then kissed her hands! Oh! She'd never wash them aga- No, no, that would be extremely gross, she'd pass something on to Ikuko the next time she kissed them. That wouldn't do, it wouldn't do at all! "I like that. You'll have to show me what you can do with these busy fingers."

"I have never been more jealous of anyone in my life," a woman at the next table muttered darkly into her soup.

This is how dinner progressed, with the two of them talking like mature, adult women. Drawing information about each other out, finding those little things that couples find fascinating about each other (at first). Testing out compatibility, the subtle dance of the first date. Before either of them knew it, food had been ordered, cooked, eaten, and paid for with the two of them talking away with each other. Enraptured. The whole world fallen away aside from the person next to them.

Haruna was having difficulty maintaining eye contact, though. Especially when they walked out of the restaurant. Slosh. Jiggle. Bounce. That dress was doing basically nothing to keep Ikuko's breasts from moving like they were... like they were bags full of milk. Sloshing around under her dress. The effect was hypnotic. Irresistible. It felt like Haruna's mind was sloshing around inside her own skull. Each step was a promise, a gift, a wonderful present for her and her alone to appreciate, though for a little while she was just sort of nodding along with everything Ikuko was saying, until -

"Here we are!" Ikuko said. The spell broke when she turned away. "Honestly, I'm amazed how much we've hit it off on the first date. I can't wait to get this dress off..."

Huhhhh...? Haruna blinked and looked up. This was... a love hotel? Wh-what?! On a first date? Haruna turned towards Ikuko and... Fuck yeah on the first date! What sort of idiot wouldn't tap that ASAP? Not this idiot, that's who! She followed her date inside like a puppy following its owner around, eager for a yummy treat for being good! Soon enough, the pair went inside the room and -

Ikuko suddenly pushed her onto the bed and began to dance, slamming the door shut with a big *oomph* of her hips. Ah... Ohhh, what was this now? A personal, private dance? It almost looked like there was an aura around her, a golden shining aura. Every little motion she made was mesmerising to behold, every inch of her projected erotic intent, every motion an alluring seduction.

"Ahhh, I never knew I could move like this," Ikuko said, moving so serenely and flowing through every move like water down a stream. "It's so strange, it's as if I just... know it somehow. This dance, a display of affection that I cannot help but express!"

Indeed, for it was the remnants of Lesbian Energy that was saturating her home, saturating her, being radiated outwards and making her put on a display that would turn the head of a statue - provided it was one of a woman. When she slipped the strap off her shoulders with the tips of her fingers, Haruna was enraptured. When she slid that dress down her body, revealing inch by inch, Haruna dared not blink. When she turned around to peel it down further, keeping her breasts concealed while peering over her shoulder, Haruna felt like her heart might stop. When the bra came off, landing on Haruna's head, exposing her to milk soaked nursing pads contained within, she almost fainted from sheer arousal.

Then, when the naked form of Ikuko was before her, Haruna knew that she would do anything for this woman. When she sat on Haruna's lap, the teacher knew that she was a slave to love. To lust. To Ikuko. Willingly, and forever. The seductive lapdance lacked complexity, all that Ikuko had to do was sit there with her knees planted on her bed, roaming her hands upon Ikuko's body while her hips did most of the talking.

And then, Haruna felt a call. The nipples in front of her. Milky little beads forming on them. Ah... Ah! She was suddenly aware that her own clothes were gone, tossed aside at some point. She must have undressed herself in the middle of - Nipple! Milk! Milky nipple! Mmmmm! Her mouth suctioned onto Ikuko like a plunger on a wet sheet of glass, and she suuuuucked away, feeling a stream of delicious, scrummy milk pour and stream and gush down her gullet. Yum! Delicious! Ooooh, yes!

"Shush now, you beautiful creature," Ikuko stroked her hair, the two of them lying naked in bed together. "Ahhhhh~! You'll get another taste of this before too long, don't you worry. There's plenty there."

There sure was! Much more than should be possible to keep in there! She pulled away just long enough to ask "How much is there?"

"A lot. It's a recent thing," Ikuko said. "Especially when I'm horny. The more turned on I am, the more there is. So drink up, we won't be running out anytime soon."

Not... anytime soon? Haruna resumed suckling, enjoying it all the more now that she knew. She knew, deep in her heart, that this glorious woman was turned on. By her. She had been worried since the start that she couldn't measure up. Couldn't... Be at her level. Yet here she was. Standing proud. More like lying proud, but - Never mind! She was on the verge of finding love after all!

And... Something else too. As Haruna supped and supped and supped, her body was filling up to the brim with Lesbian Energy. Her breasts were growing, and growing fast. Her butt was shaping out, her hips growing more dominant and powerful, her tummy tucking in of its own accord. An ideal hourglass shape... But no more than that. It was as if she'd been elevated to the tippity top of human ideal female form, provided no surgery or supernatural enhancements. She had an allure that few could hope to match, with a balanced body that was neither top nor bottom heavy. Call it the Goldilocks Standard, I suppose?

Though what this did mean is that she didn't quite shine as brightly as the two other MILFs that had been changed by the Shard. The reasons for this were quite simple, and tactical. Let's not draw *too much* attention, not quite yet. A teacher showing up with *those* proportions would inevitably draw someone's eye... A divorced Doctor? A bored single housewife? Not so much. Throw in a teacher though and someone in the community would likely panic.

"Ehehehehehe..." Haruna giggled away to herself, a milk moustache on full display. "Sooo, what now?"

"Now? We fuck until dawn," Ikuko said, licking her lips. "Oh... You have class tomorrow. Will you be fine with that?"

Haruna grabbed her shoulders and looked her square in the eye. "If I don't have sex with you in the next thirty seconds I'm pretty sure something in this room, probably me, will spontaneously combust."

"Ah," Ikuko nodded. "That's funny. If you'd asked me, then I'd have said 'explode' instead."

Which of them dove for the other first? Who started the kiss that would last for literally hours? You'd need a photo finish to tell, and even then you'd need to use one of those newer advanced cameras that can record the travel of a single beam of light. For now, let's just say that the two of them let out their mutual lust upon one another, further turning themselves into unknowing devotees of a certain Lesbian Goddess...

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Usagi Tsukino is a connoisseur when it comes to a good night's rest. Last night? Five stars. Six stars, let's break the scale! She tittered to herself, vaguely remembering a very steamy dream. Oh! If only she could remember its contents~

Well, whatever. She arrived in class, and - Huh. Something definitely felt - Huh! Something definitely felt *better* about class today, but she couldn't quite place it. There certainly seemed to be a lot more cute girls in class than she remembered. Wearing much shorter skirts, much snuggler blouses, and... mmm, yeah. Go on girls, show off a bit more leg...

"Huh? You got here ahead of me?" Naru asked, using the same sort of tone one might if one were to find evidence that, yes, there actually is a rabbit that lives on the moon.

"Hehehe... come over to my house sometime, I'll show you a good night's rest!" Usagi quipped, flexing a muscle at Naru. Her friend played along and squeezed Usagi's arm, making an 'ooh' face, while... In the corner Ami was furiously taking notes. Hah! What a swot! What a pretty, pretty swot, with a nice round butt... Nice round butt which would be fun to play with... teehee!

"Usagi!" an eraser flew out and hit her on the forehead. "Bell has rung, and I called your name already! Quit staring at Miss Mizuno's luscious booty!"

Usagi shook her head, and looked at the clock. Oops! She'd drifted off into another fun little dream which was absolutely not inspired at all by the shard of a lesbian goddess residing within her soul and having a *really fucking hard time* corrupting her but was trying its best. Anyway, she cutely rapped herself on the side of the head and stuck out her tongue, which brought out a heavy sigh from various corners of the room.

"And... that's everyone," Miss Haruna said, closing the book. "All the boys are absent today. Weird, but whatever. We're better off without them."

"We're better off without the boys," all the girls in class said in eerie, eerie unison, which probably meant nothing at all. "Just us girls are so much better."

Eerie, yet Usagi wasn't paying any attention to that. Her focus was on the teacher. Makes a nice change. Miss Haruna seemed to be practically glowing this morning. Radiant, one might almost say 'divine'. Almost as though she'd been blessed. Mmm, actually, come to think of it, she was looking very happy too. Relaxed, almost. Something about her felt... much better than it did even yesterday.

The teacher sat at the edge of her desk and crossed her legs, which immediately drew all of the attention of everyone in class. Even Ami dropped her pencil, and wouldn't even notice until lunchtime.

"Alright, now today, we're going to cover some... mathematics," Miss Haruna said. "Who knows how to find the area under a curve?"

As class began, and the focus of the girls fell upon their teacher with an irresistible force, the shard observed carefully. In part, fuming. In part, celebrating. It could not corrupt this Usagi girl no matter what! Her soul was so pure that even though she was very blatantly drooling over girls, she wasn't falling in line with the idea of a lesbian utopia yet!

Nonetheless, it had seen success in corrupting others around her. The boys? All subconsciously compelled to not attend anymore, or transfer to another school... or in a few lucky cases, get converted into girls. It would take a while before it could do that at will, but that time would come before too long.

Now that it had accomplished this step, ensuring that Usagi would be surrounded by hot babes 24/7, it could focus on its future long term plans. Through Usagi, it would accomplish its zenith of power, bringing about a brand new Lesbian Goddess to rule over this realm - and perhaps even spread its influence far and wide!

But first? It must observe the powers of Sailor Moon. Understand the tools at its disposal better, and then use them to forge the woman only utopia that it dreamed of. It would take time, but at this point it had already technically been waiting for millennium. What was a few years more?

=====

"Sabao Spray!" Sailor Mercury called out that very night, summoning mist to surround a youma, blinding them, incapacitating them, and leaving them easy pickings for Sailor Moon to finish off!

"Ohhh! What is this mist? It almost feels like it's touching me somehow! Why are my nipples so erect?"

Honestly Mercury wasn't sure about any of that, but it seemed to be the case for anyone caught within. Erect nipples, and a general feeling like you were being softly caressed by... something. Anyway, Mercury had to admit, when she'd first transformed she'd been worried that this skirt was too small for her bigger butt. She needn't have. It definitely was. Yet it also weirdly didn't matter for some reason? Like, she was enjoying wearing something this skimpy and revealing...?

"That's it, Sailor Moon! Finish her off!" yelled some other hottie that showed up out of nowhere. Tossing a rose at the monster at a critical moment to further distract it right before Sailor Moon finished it off. This was exciting, this was thrilling, this was -

=====

"Say... Where did the boy's bathroom go?" Ami asked in the school corridor. "There was one right there wasn't there?"

"Must be renovating," Naru shrugged, and the three girls continued on their way to class, hand in hand.

=====

It was a familiar dream to her by now. Dancing, arm in arm with a wonderful, beautiful woman. Not a man. A woman. Always a woman. Forever a woman. It made Usagi feel safe, content, happy...

"Hey, Usagi," her lover said out of nowhere, eyes glowing an ominous yet alluring pink. "Don't you think it would be kinda hot to turn the entire world into one of lesbians?"

"Nah, that's not my style," Usagi said and continued dancing, while the world itself around her seemed disappointed, slinking back to think again...

=====

"Dummy!" Mamori said. "You really are a meatball headed ditz, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah!" Usagi yelled back. "Well! I'll have you know that I honestly do think a radio show can help you find your true love!"

"Stupid chick, if it was that easy then everyone would be happy forever..." Mamori grumbled, rolling her eyes and strolling off. The two of them turned their nose up at each other, like the mutual tsunderes that they were.

=====

Yeah, no doubt about it, this radio show was their newest evil plot. Sailor Gaia watched it through binoculars, seeking out any piece of information she could before moving in. This time, she'd get to the youma first. This time, she'd interrogate -

"Oh hell, that newslady that just burst in was Sailor Moon in disguise!" Gaia yelled, briefly transfixed by the stunning sight of the transformation. Long enough to see her throw her tiara into the man heading the show - to no effect at all! "That idiot!"

She leaped out of her hiding spot and pulled out a grappling hook, firing it across to the building opposite and using it to swing in through the window all dramatic and cool, even got a good roll going too. Good thing the glass didn't affect her!

"You will leave her alone!" Gaia yelled, and Moon swooned a bit. "This little scheme of yours is coming to an end right - "

The blonde jerk in charge retreated without another word, leaving his youma behind for the rest of them to mop up. Well. That almost wasn't even fair. Honestly, it felt like Moon by herself would've been able to take this one...

=====

She was having another dream, reclining in a comfortable seat while her dear lover (who was a woman, not a man) rubbed down her body with oil. One pair of hands that were soon joined by others. Ami. Naru. Their naked bodies already covered in a thin layer of oil, dancing even as they rubbed her down.

"Hey, let's make the world a lesbian utopia already," Naru said.

"It's the logical, intelligent and reasonable decision," Ami added.

"It would be the hottest fucking thing," her lover nodded along, punctuating with a kiss on the lips.

"Hrmm... I dunno, doesn't seem like a great plan to me," Usagi said.

"Seriously, what will it take to corrupt you!" the very reality they were in demanded. "Urgh, fine, have your sex dream already, I need to think of something else... At least the school is coming along nicely!"

=====

There were no boys left at school. No men, either. They had all either transferred out, or... Been replaced. By girls and women with names suspiciously similar to some of the boys and men who had left.

Usagi was getting worried. Very worried. She seemed to be the only one that could see it, but - The school had changed. Drastically. Culminating in the day, two weeks after Ami had first become Sailor Mercury, where she stood outside the front gate looking up at the school name and asked a very pertinent question.

"Since when was this an all girl's school?" she said aloud.

"Pft, come on!" Naru replied, taking her hand and strolling in. "As if they would ever let girls like us wander around, wearing such slutty uniforms while there were boys about! Get real."

That was true, they were wearing extremely slutty girl's uniforms, it would be massively inappropriate for them to have boys here. Then again, looking around she was seeing a lot of inappropriate behaviour from girls too. Kissing. Necking. Groping. One girl was being spanked by her friends, another was rubbing something on the thighs of another, and one girl over there had her tongue deep in the navel of another girl.

Not one person, not one student, not one faculty member was raising a complaint. They were all acting like this was completely normal. It was disconcerting. And hot. Really, really hot.

"Uh, you guys have noticed all this right?" Usagi asked, gesturing around. "I mean, it's weird isn't it?"

"You mean the lack of boys?" Ami asked. "Yes, I had noticed that as well."

"Not just that," Usagi said. "I mean... there's not a flat chest in sight. Unless they have an enormous keister to balance it out. It's as if every girl here is becoming a stupidly curvy babe, and... there's no boys anywhere to ogle us."

"Oh, is that all?" Naru asked. "I was thinking you were gonna ask about the blatant masturbation happening in class all the time."

"I didn't want to bring it up but yes now that you mention it *that's really strange too!*" Usagi threw up her hands. "Am I going crazy here? Everything is changing and - "

She smiled to herself. "It's the best thing ever! The school is a fortress of lesbianism, and from here? We can save the world!"

"Save.. the world...?" Naru whispered. Usagi nodded happily.

"That's right!" she said, hands on hips, super proud of herself. "You've noticed, right? The youma are exploiting love to drain energy! So? What if everyone local is super gay? It'll throw off all their plans! Haha! Saving the world through the power of lesbianism, it's absolutely -"

"Ahem!" a voice coughed. The girls whirled around, finding themselves face to face with a very familiar looking woman. In short: Luna, dressed in a smart dress suit. "You girls, with me if you please. We have a few things to discuss before class begins."

The three of them nodded in understanding, and immediately followed her to an empty unassigned classroom. Huh? What's this now? Why was Luna here? Teacher shortage, that's what. She was hired pretty much immediately, thanks to disguise magic and the power of the Lesbian Shard deciding to make things easier for everyone.

Anyway! Luna immediately curled up in Usagi's lap like the good kitty she was. Even if she was currently in human form. "Mrowr! So! I have some news. Naru is definitely developing magical powers, likely due to her high, high exposure to the body fluids of the two of you."

"See! I told you both that making out would be good practise!" Naru said. "Hehehe, actually, I've been taking lessons from Luna while you girls were out doing your Sailor thing! Want me to show you -"

"Later!" Luna interrupted. "That wasn't why I brought you here. Listen closely. There have been several disappearances along a particular bus route, especially near Hikawa Shrine. Tonight, we're going to investigate. That's all."

"That's all?" Usagi asked, scratching behind Luna's ear. "Are you suuuuure that's all?"

"Mmmmmm" Luna purred contentedly. "Yeaaaaaah, that's alllllll! We can keep doing that tonight after you find out about the disappearances!"

Pride and Joy

Behold, the presence of the killjoy. Someone who sees a group of people they know having a good time, and must do absolutely anything to stop it. At this very moment, Ranma's girls were all frolicking around, splashing in the sea, and having a great time. There was laughing, giggling, no small amount of petting. Being playful and sexy and flirty and -

And it was up to Ranma to put a stop to this nonsense right now.

"Yo Shampoo!" Ranma whispered to her, hugging her from behind. "The beach scene ain't for you, we both know that. How about the two of us find some hot water and I put a baby in you with my enormous dick?"

Shampoo promptly melted back into him. "Ohhh, Airen, that sound too too fun~" Shampoo groaned, grinding back into Ranma's body. "Shampoo no can wait to be moth-"

"Shampoo! Think fast!" Kodachi yelled, then splashed a whole load of water all over Shampoo and Ranma, before laughing uproariously. "Ohohohohoho! That was totally fun!"

"Caaaaaaaat!" Ranma screeched, rushing around the beach like a girl possessed. With a cat clinging to her, meowing and nyahing away in a way most would find cute, but Ranma personally found to be a peek into her deepest darkest nightmares. Eventually, Ranma was able to whirl around and then engaged in Animal Cruelty by punting Shampoo across the beach with perfect precision that made her land perfectly in a portable hot tub that someone had brought to the beach for reasons beyond man and god.

"Are you fucking kidding meeeeeeee!" Ranma yelled, punting again, this time through someone's sandcastle. "Oh, shoot, sorry about that I'm getting really stressed today, didn't mean to lash out, here let me put this back together for you..."

For real though, this same thing kept on happening! Getting them all off the beach at once was a complete non-starter. Not without getting the entire beach's attention on - Hey, what was going on over there? That was a big crowd of girls getting together for something wasn't it?

Just then, for whatever reason, a large umbrella shot up into the air. An umbrella that looked remarkably familiar. And then, among the crowd, Ranma saw a face that normally she would not be happy to see at all. It was the (hunky, handsome) face of Ryoga Hibiki! Eternally lost (play)boy!

"Eeeeeeh! He's sooooo hoooooot!" the girls around him squealed. Yes, they all said exactly that. In unison. If you want further evidence there's something off with this beach, there it is. Right there. That doesn't happen without coordination.

"Girls, please," his smooth, sultry voice drifted over the winds, making Ranma's knees feel uncomfortably weak. "While I appreciate your attention, I must insist - "

Ranma grit her teeth. On the one hand, this was a pretty good distraction. She could turn male while he was drawing attention, then use The Penis to lure the girls away from the beach, like the Pied Piper luring away rats. It would be best for her to stay away from Hibiki anyway, considering how damn close she came to riding *his* dick due to the stupid sexy Jusenkyo curse he'd acquired. What kind of spring was 'Spring of Drowned Playboy' anyway?

Alas, Ranma couldn't let the idiot be. Besides, it wasn't as if Ryoga had the attention of the entire beach on him. There was a big crowd, but several of the big, bouncy, beautiful beach babes were still doing their own thing close enough to his Treasure that they would doubtless start paying attention to his hunky self the second he showed up again... And if they put together that hot water turned him from girl to boy, it would be game over.

As such!

"Hey, you hussies! Get away from my boyfriend!"

Gonna regret this. Gonna regret this <i>hard</i>. Still, it had to be done! Ranma marched along the beach right towards Ryoga, leaping over the crowd of girls, pushing through until she reached the big lug who had kiss marks all over his face, and a mildly bewildered expression.

But yeah, Ranma could see it, with his shirt open like that it was a wonder these girls hadn't already thrown him to the ground and slaked the unholy thirsts upon him. Check yourself here Ranma, don't fall under the influence yourself, while you're in girl form you're as vulnerable as any of these ditzes.

"Oh, Ranma," Ryoga said, his voice like honey. "The day is almost as beautiful as you are, and the sun's rays almost as strong. These women -"

"Yeah, yeah, less of the poetry talk," Ranma glommed onto his arm. His big, manly, <i>strong</i> arm and led him away while the other girls all groaned and shot daggers at her with their eyes. "You're my boyfriend right now, got it. For your own good. My boyfriend doesn't talk like a jackass, got it?"

"Yes dear," Ryoga said. "Oh, thank goodness, I can talk like a human being again."

"Not enjoying the new curse?" Ranma asked.

"It's better than the pig," Ryoga said. "But it's still bad, Ranma! Can you imagine what it's like, having girls jump at you all the time? The fights I've had to get into with men upset that their girls looked at me twice! It's hell!"

Hell was having girls jump at you constantly. Ranma slowly blinked, and gave Ryoga the flattest of flat looks. He's lucky he's cute. Because he's kinda stupid.

"Trust me, I understand your pain better than anyone," Ranma said. "Remember? I'm such a hunky stud I got three super cute girls after me and an arranged marriage to an uncute tomboy that a whole bunch of other boys got the hots for."

"Akane doesn't seem so 'uncute' right now," Ryoga said. "What did you do to their -"

"Not me! Kuno!" Ranma interrupted. "Some stupid technique he learned at that island over there. Watermelon Island. Made all the girls *grow* like that, and when they got to the beach they started acting like -"

"Like, hey 'Dachi, wanna see if we can eat an ice cream cone while holding it in our cleavage?"

"Sure thing, 'Biki!"

Ranma didn't need to finish. It was kinda hard to really, because... Hot damn, watching Kodachi and Nabiki stick an oversized ice cream cone in between their boobs and then llliiick it down is the kind of thing that turns off the straight male brain (and the gay female brain) for a good few minutes.

"We need to get them off this beach," Ryoga eventually said. "If it's having that effect on their behaviour, then... There's a risk it'll become permanent if they stay too long."

"Yeah, but it's just about impossible to get all five of 'em away," Ranma said. "They just wanna play around, and if I try peeling them off one at a time... Ever hear of a crab bucket?"

"The societal metaphor where a group of people down on their luck keep someone from escaping their misfortune by dragging them back into the bucket?" Ryoga asked. "Yeah, I've heard about it. You try to rescue one, the others come and stop you."

Huh, that was weirdly insightful from the big lug. Normally she kinda thought of him as a handsome, strong, talented doofus, whose good looks and martial prowess were the only good things he had about him. Maybe he had a brain knocking around in that incredibly attractive head of his after all? Heh! Yeah, some chick out there would be really lucky one day once they got his attention! For now though, Ranma would have to cling to his rugged, rippling bicep and pretend to be his girlfriend. Pretend, because she wasn't. She wasn't his girlfriend. Though... she was a girl right now, and they were kinda friends, so...

"We gotta do something big to get them away," Ranma said. "The other girls too, if we can. As a martial artist, this whole situation is making me on edge."

"Yeah, I don't like it either," Ryoga grumbled. "Someone obviously set this up for some perverted end. Ranma! For once, let's work together to put this to bed!"

That phrasing was making Ranma really nervous, because of how close she'd come to banging Ryoga stupid not too long ago. But sure. Let's work together on this one. A little cooperation couldn't hurt, could it?

=====

Mousse was strongly regretting ever hearing of the word 'teamwork'. Somehow - don't ask him how - they'd managed to drag themselves to shore upon the mysterious Watermelon Island. Him, in goose form. Tatewaki Kuno, in idiot form. In all seriousness Mousse was starting to think that Kuno had fallen into a Spring Of Drowned Doofus at some point and not told anyone. Which would be consistent, because a doofus would keep a trip to Jusenkyo secret like that. Just ask Ryoga.

"How strange, I find myself wet, in pain, and ashore on a distant isle, with no idea of how I got here," Kuno said for the tenth time in as many minutes. In which case, next would be - "Oh well. I am growing hungry, perhaps I shall eat this goose."

This was replied with a heavy weight delivered from Mousse's wing directly to his foot, sending him reeling in agony for a few seconds, and then -

"How strange, I find myself wet, in pain, and ashore on a distant isle, with no idea of how I got here," Kuno said, regarding his surroundings with a mixture of childlike curiosity and total stupidity. Ah! Finally! The water had boiled! "Oh well. I am growing hungry, perhaps I will - "

Mousse upended the kettle over himself, and promptly turned into a boy yet again. Kuno stumbled backwards in shock while Mousse dressed himself. He considered explaining, but - Screw it, he'd probably forget anyway.

"Alright, now that we're here let's see if we can figure out what you did here," Mousse said, tightening his robe and regathering the numerous items he'd used to keep Kuno at bay while preparing the boiling kettle. "Shampoo wanted you to forget this island for good reason and - "

"Hey, a switch," Kuno said, and pulled the switch without any thought at all in his head. Oh, mercy me. When Mousse is the smart one in your duo, you're in trouble. You're in a *lot* of trouble. "Do you hear a rumbling?"

"Yeah! Sure!" Mousse yelled. "The rumbling of my frustration at dealing with you is manifesting somewhere nearby!" The rumbling grew louder, but Mousse couldn't see where it was coming from. "I'm starting to understand why Ranma and Akane are so sarcastic! Dealing with you for as long as they have must render the most sensible straight talker incapable of holding back the irony!"

"Uh..." Kuno said, pointing off behind Mousse. He turned, but couldn't see anything but forest. The rumbling was getting nearer, though.

"Holding a conversation with you is like talking to a brick wall," Mousse continued. "You have the romantic sensibilities of a - "

"Stop yelling at that tree and fly, fool!" Kuno yelled from a fair distance from where Mousse thought he was. "Watermelons! So many watermelons! Aaaargh!"

"Watermelons?" Mousse said. He took off his glasses and rubbed them. "I don't see any - Oh, that's a lot of watermelons!" He turned and rushed off, leaving a cloud of dust in the shape of his own body behind him as he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, even using claws on chains to grab trees and swing away.

See, that's what I meant by 'Mousse being the smart one in your duo means you're in trouble' because he probably dipped his toe in the Spring of Drowned Doofus without meaning to. On the bright side? They were on the island now, and starting to learn exactly what sort of hell Kuno had been put through to learn that fateful technique.

"Watermelons, watermelons, watermelons!" Kuno yelled ,then turned, planted his feet on the ground and then pulled his sword, thrusting it out wildly and in a pattern that would look very, very familiar to any of the girls had they been present "Yatatatatatata!"

Within seconds he had turned the avalanche of fruit into a summer cocktail, with bits of rind and seeds spilt out all over the floor. Not to worry though, the local animals would eat that up before too long. Kuno clutched at his head, unable to remember, unable to recall... "How did I do that?" he yelled. "How did I- Where am I? How did I get here? Oh! What a waste of watermelon this is! What fiend might have done such a thing?"

Mousse was hanging upside down from a tree at this point. Clung onto a chain. He adjusted his glasses, muttering to himself that he surely hadn't seen what he'd just seen. Then... he noticed Kuno wandering off, rubbing his forehead while going deeper and deeper into the island.

"Hey, wait up!" Mousse yelled. "Urgh! No closer to finding out anything! The things I do for my beloved Shampoo! For her sake, I will not leave this island until I have some answers!"

And so they ventured on. The blind being led by the forgetful. Or the other way around. Which was worse? Dunno! They're both idiots anyway. It's not like they'd understand the answers they sought even when they did find them... And find them they would, before too long.

=====

"You do realise that faking a shark attack is *very* illegal, right?" a lifeguard asked the boy and girl sitting down on the sand nearby. "You could cause a panic. Someone could get hurt!"

Ranma took a deep breath, adjusted her swimsuit to show off slightly more cleavage, then looked up with the biggest of big puppy dog eyes and said "Sir, we didn't mean to!"

Lie, lie, blatant damn lie! But this attack was no less effective against this lifeguard than it would be against an ice cream vendor!

"Ahem! Well, don't do it again, I guess," the lifeguard coughed and blushed. "And try to be a bit less flirty with your boyfriend in future, alright?"

Grumble freaking grumble! So much for that plan! Bah! Cause a panic on the beach using a shark. That should have worked! Turns out there's a lifeguard martial artist patrolling this beach, who could have guessed? Who would normally head off to punch a shark in the face? Nobody sane, that's who!

Still, it left them back at square one. Ranma huffed and settled down into Ryoga's lap, letting the lost boy hug her from behind and rest his rugged jaw on her shoulder. "I really thought we had it there," she said. "I mean, look at them over there. Kasumi's all but making out with Shampoo, Akane's setting up a wet t-shirt contest with the others... The heck are we meant to do here?"

"The two of us aren't enough," Ryoga said. "The minimum that would get those girls off the beach would be a hiryu shoten ha, but - "

"But I'd catch all these other girls in it too," Ranma finished. "Besides, neither Kasumi or Nabiki could take that. Akane barely can - and there's no guarantee they'd land off the beach anyway! Urgh! This is hopeless."

"There, there!" Ryoga put his hand upon her shoulder and began to rub it down. "We'll think of something. I refuse to give up that easily! On my honour as a martial artist, I, Ryoga Hibiki, will find a way to break the spell this beach has on those girls!"

Not for the first time today, Ranma was feeling... weird. Hot. All hot and sticky all over. It was hard to fight off, though easier when Ranma identified what it was. Arousal. Deep, deep arousal. In this girl's body. Aimed squarely at the lost boy. Control it. Control yourself. It's your mutual curses having a weird interaction. Ignore how good his hands feel on your shoulders. Ignore the hard lump poking you in the butt. Ignore the fact you're sitting in his -

Wait, let's pay attention to that last part! Since when had that happened?! Ahhh! Ahhh! This was bad, this was very very bad! Even though they were surrounded by lots of girls, and his own *treasure* was right over there, nobody was going to save Ranma this time around! Her head turned automatically, she couldn't stop it. Like a puppet on a string, her head and body were moving back, leaning into his *rugged* chest, their faces tilting, lips growing closer and closer,

with Ranma feeling not only her own heartbeat but also his, and - And part of her really did want this! Wanted to kiss Ryoga! Wanted to taste his lips! Despite the fact that he was a boy in spirit and half the time in body, this stupid girl form was making her want - Making her want to forget that and be a girl for a little while... What was so wrong with that?

"Eek! Perverted octopus pot!"

... That was so surreal that it knocked on the walls of Ranma's suspension of disbelief, forced her brain to devote more processing time to that than anything else, and promptly pulled her far, far out of the hold of Ryoga's stupid curse. Perverted *what now?*

Sure enough, there was a little pot bouncing around in the sand, sticking out its tongue and licking girls. Sucking in bikinis too. Well what do you know, it really was a perverted octopus pot!

"As if we didn't have enough to do already," Ranma griped. The lifeguard had already gone over to fight it, but since his martial arts style was more centred around 'rescuing people from the water' and 'fighting sharks' the pot simply bounced and bonked on his head until he was out cold then continued on its pervy way. "Come on, dummy, we'd better put a stop to that. Right now."

=====

"Welcome, martial artists, to Watermelon island," an old man said, bowing deeply to the pair. "Here, you will learn - Oh shit you again? Piss off, I have nothing else to teach you!"

Cue one slammed door right in their faces, and Mousse staring at Kuno with a look of total and absolute disgust on his face.

"I fail to see what that rock did to earn so much of your ire," Kuno said from three feet to Mousse's right. "Where are we, anyway? Why did you bring me here?"

"I am increasingly wondering that very same thing," Mousse said, adjusting his glasses and taking a deep breath before knocking on the door again, not stopping until there was an answer this time.

For his trouble, he received a watermelon to the head. How charming.

"Hey! I want answers!"

"And I want that idiot gone!" the old man yelled from inside his cabin. "Blegh! What more do you want? I already taught you how to make any girl's breasts big and bouncy and horny! I even told him to bring them to the beach so he could have all the fun he wanted! What's the fool doing back here, he should be enjoying his harem - If you want something else, try another branch!"

"Another branch?" Mousse asked. "Another branch of what?"

"Another branch of Perverts International!" came the reply. "Urgh, wait, forget I said that."

"Hrm? What was it he wanted us to forget?" Kuno asked.

Yeah, Mousse was about done with this by now. He reached into his robes, pulled out some nasty, nasty looking claws, then used them to haul this door off its hinges through sheer leverage. Then pointed inside at the old man.

"Perverts International, you said?" Mousse asked. "So, there's a branch here in Japan, and others abroad?"

"Y-yes!" the old man cowered. "Ahem! Our goal is to covertly make use of ancient artefact and martial arts techniques to turn the unwary into enormous perverts!"

That... Explained a little, he supposed. Still, Mousse pulled out an even nastier sword and waved it about menacingly in the general direction of the old man, to compel him to talk some more.

"Ah! Ah! Th-The technique on watermelon island increases the bust size and arousal of any woman it strikes!" he yelled at the top of his frightened, elderly voice. "W-While the beach transforms them into complete airheads! It becomes permanent if they achieve orgasm on the beach itself, completely incurable! Please put that sword away before you cut something, you glasses wearing fool!"

"Hrm, I don't know," Mousse said. "I think there's a bit more information you could -"

Cut.. He definitely cut through something there. He was about to ask about other branches, and what they were up to, as that sounded like useful information. But he definitely cut a hanging taut rope there.

"Watermelons!" Kuno yelled hysterically. "I've never seen so many watermelons before! Coming from above!"

"Above...?" Mousse mused. There *was* a waterfall near this shack. He looked up, and even his short sighted vision could only see a wall of green coming down towards them. "Oh. Oh, how wonderful!"

It's worth reiterating, yet again, that the two of them were both idiots in their own way. Even so, Mousse had no idea how close he had gotten there to a grand secret that would have changed everything. If only he'd lasted a little longer, he might have heard of a certain bizarre broth with bizarre side effects...

Fire Emblem Hot Springs Encounter

War is an exhausting thing for everyone involved. Psychologically, physically, spiritually. Many leaders comfort themselves by saying that they are too important, too priceless to put on the front lines. Better they stay to the rear, command their forces, and do what is more valuable to the progression of their army.

Corrin was not that kind of leader. Corrin liked to get his hands dirty. He'd command, yet also lead at every turn. He cared. As a member of the Royal Family for both Nohr and Hoshido he felt an obligation to both - and so he did his best to keep conflict from sparking any way that he could.

Azura found herself watching him from afar, as he ran from camp to camp. Settling arguments on foolish matters fairly, justly, and with a great deal of energy. Worse yet were his siblings from both families running him ragged. Pulling him, twisting him, whispering in his ear that this conflict would be resolved much faster if he simply sided with *them*. And yet, he could not do that so simply. Like many wars, this was not a simple matter where one was plainly good and the other plainly evil. This was not something he could commit to so readily. It was not something he could *fairly* do.

And so, he was exhausting himself. A war with himself. His morals, his sense of duty, his desires for peace, his natural capacity to lead, his endless potential... All of it was being drained away like water down a drain, and Azura could bear it not one moment longer.

"You should take a break," Azura advised him as they rode away from the Nohr camp one mildly rainy night. "A leader without the energy to lead is worthless."

"I have energy to spare," Corrin replied immediately. "If I leave, then it all falls apart."

If it all falls apart with the absence of one man, then is it truly worth holding together in the first place? To bear the world itself upon your back... such a fate is a cruel one indeed. Bear it not alone. Let someone else take some of the load... Yet despite his capacity as a leader, he could not burden someone else with even a fraction of it. Because he cared too much.

In a sense, that was her sin as well. She cared too much. It was simply that... the source of her affection was not the entire world, but for a single man within it. A man who was tearing himself apart for the sake of that world on a mission without end.

"I am the only one that both sides listen to," he continued. His hand passed over the Dragonstone that she had once given him, to better control his transformation. "Without my guidance, they would be at each other's throats. I cannot rest. To take a night off would be to betray it all..."

An idea came to her. Unbidden. It was a devious plan, and perhaps born of selfishness. For it was something she desired deeply. Oh, so deeply. And yet... the opportunity might not come again. When she considered their location, this might be the only way she could make him relax. Force him to. Yes, that would be the ticket. For now, she was understanding that even if she could persuade him to relax with a cunning argument, he would not truly 'relax' and would insist upon constant updates on the current situation, providing advice and counsel to any who might listen.

Thus, more desperate means were required.

"Then at least warm yourself in a spring," she advised. "There is one not too far away. It would hardly do for you to catch a cold. You might not be able to speak if you do!"

"How thoughtful of you," he replied, and she turned to hide her blush at his compliment. "Very well. My health is clearly at the forefront of your mind. If it troubles you so, then we shall visit this hot spring and cleanse our bodies. Perhaps doing so will provide a clearer insight? Besides, this rain is not looking to let up anytime soon."

Perfect. This would do, as a start. The next part would be the difficult part... but it would also be quite fun, wouldn't it?

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To the surprise of absolutely nobody, Corrin could not relax one jot. It wasn't in his nature. Especially not recently. There's the saying about the horseshoe's nail, but in his case he might well be the living embodiment of it. The feeling that history fell upon him compelled him onwards, almost against his will.

Even sitting here, naked, within this refreshing pool of warm water. Secluded, alone, with no threats, no responsibility in sight... He could not relax. It was impossible. If a world class masseuse appeared and tried to rub his shoulders, she would find a knot that could not be eased out by anything save a strike through the middle.

"How annoying," he sighed, looking up at the the night's sky. It was still raining. There was a clear dome overhead to protect from the weather, for which he was truly grateful. "I expect she will sense that I am still tightly wound, regardless of all attempts to the contrary."

There really was nothing else for it. He'd have to leave. Thinking of a way to deceive her, pretend he was relaxed, that went out of the window. Yet he could not sit here any longer. Perhaps if he meditated in his room?

"I can't think of anything else that could help me relax..." he said aloud while climbing out of the spring. "Nothing at all."

"Perhaps you cannot, but I can."

She appeared in front of him like a ghost, or perhaps an angel. His trusted ally, Azura, appearing with naught but a towel clad to her body. A smaller towel than necessary. He was quite certain there were larger towels available than - She moved forward, interrupting his thoughts. Her blue hair framed her body, accentuating every inch of her. Even though her most private areas were covered the overall shape of her figure was all but present before him.

Corrin looked away quite deliberately, and sat back down to hide his shame. Not that he had much to be ashamed of. Or rather... he had too much to be ashamed of anything? No matter!

"I was just leaving," Corrin said. "May I have five minutes to dry and change, so we do not embarrass each other?"

"Who is embarrassed?" Azura asked. "Hoshidian hot springs are for both men and women alike." She slipped into the hot spring, opposite him. Not nearly touching him, and yet... far closer than he would like. "Besides which, knowing you, this is not sufficient to make you relax."

"Yes, well, the presence of a naked woman is not exactly the sort of thing to relax a man in the prime of his life," Corrin said. Don't look at her, don't look at her! Do not look directly at her if you value your - Huh? What was this now? Azura was... singing?

"The dragon's heart need not be cold, though oft it yearns to be alone..."

Her melodic voice drifted over the hot spring. Gentle, soothing, charming without effort. Corrin made sure to keep himself looking upwards, away from her so that he didn't see something that he should not see.

"The dragon's heart favours the bold, through fiery will, it shall atone..."

So this is what she was trying to do? Sing him a lullaby? Soothe his aching heart by making him relax in a hot spring while she serenades him?

"Through soaring wings, and over plains - The dragon's will to win prevails."

Well, if that was her goal then she hadn't thought it through very well had she? How was he supposed to relax like this? With her sitting over there like that!

"Yet even strength, can still be feigned. So let your will to fight set sail."

He'd tried to ignore it for a long time now. He had too many duties. Too many responsibilities. To indulge in something so... so selfish and *sinful*. Especially when she didn't want it!

"Let your strength fly and take a rest, try to relax your weary heart..."

When it was obvious. Blatant. She saw him as a friend. A commander. Not someone she could -

"Don't you know, that would be best? Try to relax, that is the start..."

His body slumped in the spring. Funny. His eyes felt heavy. That song must be working. It felt like his entire body, mind and soul were all being given a deep, deep massage. Oohhhh, what had he been thinking earlier? That no masseuse could make him relax? How arrogant of him, to think there was none so talented, when there was one right there under his nose.

"And soon you'll slumber like a babe -"

"I love you..."

The singing abruptly stopped, but Corin was still slumped over. Sitting happily in the water, letting the steam billow around him while his eyes stared ahead directly at the beautiful woman he'd fallen in love with.

"H-Huh?" Azura gasped. "W-Wait, what? Say that again?"

"Love you..." Corrin burbled. "Love you lots!"

"W-Wait, that wasn't how this was meant to go!" Azura said. "I was supposed to need to at least tease you a little more first before you said something like that! I didn't even get to the verse where I put the idea in your head! Oh! I had such a clever rhyme with my name, too!"

The pretty woman he loved grasped the sides of her head in sheer, blatant frustration, but she was no less pretty for it. Especially since she'd dropped the towel. Wow. Her body was even better than he'd dreamed! Hehehe!

"Alright, alright, that just accelerates things a little," Azura sniffed, sitting back down. "Whew! Alright. I had a whole process going here, so..."

Her foot reached out underneath the water and started to rub up against his already quite hard dick. Nice. Very nice. Her singing resumed right away, and this time Corin felt a brand new kind of pleasure while Azura continued her song - albeit with a slightly nervous tint to it this time which made it all the cuter!

"And soon you'll slumber like a babe, and dream of love to which you crave..."

Oohhhh, yeah. This footjob was magic. Well, not literally magic. Not like the song was. Reaching into his soul and dragging out feelings he repressed for the good of all. That foot expertly danced along his shaft like - Like a dancer on stage. Corrin felt himself relaxing. He could feel it

pour into him, pushing out all the stress. And it got easier and easier the more he stared at Azura's naked body. Let her rub his shaft and tease it like no other.

"Although you feel there's no escape, to destiny you are no slave."

His eyes were glazed over. The song had gone deep inside his soul. All he could feel was the pleasure of Azura's foot, rubbing his shaft. All he could hear was the sound of her voice. All he could see was her beautiful body.

"As love enspells your weary soul, there is one thing you can be sure of."

All three stimulus were... good. Really good. The best kind of stimulation he could imagine hitting those three senses.

"That your attraction only grows, to your beloved servant Asura."

The singing stopped, and by now Corrin had completely relaxed despite himself. Yeah, his mind felt completely clear now. Even when his memory piped in, trying to remind him that, you know, he should *probably* check in on things to make sure there were no fires breaking out that only he could put out, all that he could see and hear was the beautiful, radiant woman sitting opposite him.

"Does this feel good?" she asked while curling her foot around the head of his dick. What else could he do but enthusiastically nod? "Alright. Now listen very carefully to me, Corrin. You cannot cum until I give you permission, do you understand?"

"Why would I wanna cum without your permission?" he asked, genuinely puzzled by her command. Still, he would obey it. Ah! No m-matter how much she teased him!

"Good boy," she said, patting the head of his dick before resuming her methodical, slow stroking motions with it. "You can trust me, can't you? You do trust me, right?"

"With my life," Corrin said. "I love you."

"E-Enough of that for now! Ohhh, if I'd known that I wouldn't have over complicated this..." she muttered to herself. "Anyway! If you trust me then I must have your very best interests at heart. Right?"

"Yes, my love," he replied. She blushed again. "You must have my very best interests at heart."

"Good, very good. You trust me. I have your best interests at heart. We are in agreement there. Alright. So. What have I been *telling* you for the last *three months*."

"That I need to relax," Corrin burbled happily. She stared at him like a teacher watching a pupil at the blackboard, waiting for them to fill in the square to complete the maths problem laid out in front of them. "Oh! I should relaaaaaax..."

She writhed a little where she was sitting, for reasons that Corrin could only imagine. Rather, he *would* imagine, if his mind wasn't pretty much one hundred percent preoccupied with the footjob he was receiving, the song he'd just heard and the *gorgeous babe* sitting naked in front of him. Who also happened to be the woman he loved.

"Oooh, hearing you say that got me kinda hot for some reason..." Azura said. "Alright. So are you going to relax now?"

"Nooooo..." Corrin replied, shaking his head. "Can't relax. Even if it's in my best interest, it's not in *everyone else's*."

"You have got to be..." Azura grumbled, slowing down her ministrations underneath the water as punishment for his disagreement. "And how is it in everyone's best interests if you keel over from a heart attack two weeks from now? Corrin! You trust me, right?"

"Trust you..." Corrin replied, and she sped up again to reinforce this idea in the idiot's head. "Yeah... I trust you completely!"

"Then trust me when I say - delegate! You can't take the burden yourself. What's the harm in sharing it with others?"

"Don't want to burden others," Corrin replied. "I can take the load. I - Nooo, speed up again!"

"Stubborn, stupid..." Azura grumbled. "I would not consider it a burden to take on some of your work. Delegate to me. I will honour you with my diligence. If you share the workload, then you can ensure that a foundation is built upon which a peace will last without your input. In the long term, it would be better. Would it not?"

Everything she said made perfect sense. It was logical. He could trust her. She was acting in his best interests. Yet - He still shook his head. Unable to agree with her position. "What's the good in the long term, if everything is destroyed in the short term?" he asked.

She pulled her foot away, and Corrin gasped at the absence. His balls ached with desperation. No! No! Don't pull away now! It felt like he was so mercilessly close to cumming!

"Why are you being so stubborn about this?" she asked, magic returning to her voice.

"I... must make sure... there is a world where we can live together in peace," Corrin grunted. "After... after the war is over, I am going to propose to you. I want to live together, in a quiet life. No war. No strife. Just you and me. And our family. Ahhhhh~"

"Idiot!" Azura yelled across the spring. "Stupid, stupid, stupid! Oooh! Making comments like that, throwing me off balance... Alright, let's try a different approach here."

She adjusted her sitting position and put both of her feet around his - Ohhhh, that was the good stuff! Azura was so gentle, so loving, so careful with her toes curling just the right amount around his shaft. It was truly heavenly!

"A married couple shares their burdens," Azura said. "They are a team. They work together. Do you agree?"

"Yes," Corrin replied immediately. "The vows do state, in sickness and in health- "

"I *also* have connections with Nohr and Hashido. True or false?"

"True..." Corrin replied immediately, before he was able to properly digest the previous thought. Especially as her speed at rubbing his shaft increased when he said that. When he agreed with her. And when he disagreed with her, she slowed down. Ahhh, now that he was thinking about it like that...?

"A wedding would provide a large morale boost for everyone working under us, true or false?"

"True!" he said without hesitation. Of course it would. Everyone loved a good wedding! A happy union would be exactly the sort of event that would make everyone happy, but as far as he was aware there wasn't one coming up anytime -

"True or false," Azura said. "You want to marry me." He nodded happily at that. Of course he did. That was why he was pushing himself so hard to get everything nice and peaceful and stable. "True or false. Us getting married would speed up the peace process."

"Uh..." he hesitated, and she slowed down the pace. A lot. While giving him a stern look that was still beautiful, but not as pretty as the smile she'd been showing him. "T-True! It's true!"

"Then you should propose to me, true or -"

"Will you marry me?"

"Not now, you idiot! Like, tomorrow or the day after... You've got to make it a special occasion, dummy! Urgh... You're not normally this stupid, it must be the hypnosis making you act this way..."

She rubbed her forehead, and unconsciously rubbed his cock with her feet at the same time. Hehehehehe, this was nice, really nice.

"Alright. So, let's try this," she said after a moment. "When you snap out of this you are going to plan a proposal for me. You will arrange to propose as soon as possible. Tomorrow night! You will get a ring, and you will get down on your knees and pull out whatever fancy proposal speech you had in mind, and then I will make you the happiest idiot on the face of the planet."

"Okay..." Corrin replied happily.

"Ah, better adjust that speech in case you mentioned something about 'times of peace' or anything like that..." Azura muttered as an afterthought. "Anyway, since we will be engaged, that means you will be able to share your burden with me. After all, we will be engaged. It's only right that an engaged couple should share such burdens."

"But... don't want to burden - " Corrin began, but her feet left his shaft, causing him to gasp in need.

"I said, we'll be engaged, so we share burdens," Azura insisted. "I will help you work for the peace you seek. You shall not take this by yourself."

But... But he didn't want her to feel this load upon her soul! The responsibility, it would surely crush her! It was too much, it was far too much! She could not... She must not...!

And yet his aching balls whispered back to him - 'Dude if you don't agree with everything she says I will literally burst and neither of us wants that.' It was a compelling argument, but still - 'Also check out that rack. She is absolutely down to fuck once she's got us agreeing to this.' That was an even more compelling argument.

"Alright," he said, and it felt like a terrible weight was lifted from his shoulders. "I will share the burden with you. I shall share the hard, endless work. The duty, the responsibility, we shall share it together. As a couple."

"As husband and wife," Azura slowly said. "Now, say it again. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to propose to you tomorrow night," Corrin said quickly, and she rewarded him by squeezing his dick harder and faster. "Th-Then, as an engaged couple, we shall share responsibility and work towards peace!"

"Again," Azura said, quickening her pace.

"Propose tomorrow!" Corrin said. "Share responsibility!"

"Again!" Quicker, yet quicker the stroking came.

"Propose! Share!"

"Good. You may cum and embed this plan into your mind."

The permission granted, his body finally released an enormous jet of white fluid that almost struck the ceiling above. It landed in the hot water, and actually managed to raise the temperature further. Corrin himself sank into the spring, heedless of the sticky mess he made... was still making. It was still coming out of him. Spurting out of his still erect shaft.

"Must... share responsibilities with Azura..." Corrin bubbled happily to himself. While Azura herself simply sat there, watching with interest. Watching, ensuring that he let these ideas settle into place. "Must... propose... to Azura..."

"My goodness, you're still hard?" Azura wondered, staring at his member with a quirked eyebrow. "Uh, well... Answer honestly now, before you awake. Do you want to have sex?"

What sort of question was that? Did he want to have sex with the woman he intended to start a family with one day? Hehehehe! The woman he was going to propose to tomorrow night? Of course he was going to give a big enthusiastic nod to that!

"In that case, perhaps I should not be as worried about your stamina as I had thought..." she pondered, stepping towards him with a swagger in her step. "You may awaken, beloved. Let us show one another the depths of our mutual love."

"Huh? Azura? When did you get - " Corrin began to ask, before she dipped down and kissed him on the lips. Huh? Huh?! Oh! Well! In that case, he wasn't going to complain! He had been planning to propose to her soon, but if she was this eager then he simply had to speed up the process.

After she settled into his lap, his penis deeply penetrating her, the two of them pulled away to look into each other's eyes. "So this is why you wanted to stay here tonight?" Corrin asked, taking the time to stroke her soft curves, appreciating them like a piece of fine art. "I should have known you had an ulterior motive."

"Y-yes, well... My plans did change quite rapidly when I realised a few things..." Azura said. The beautiful woman giggled, snuggled up to him - and then what happened next was truly magical, and would be the first step to the long and lasting peace that would come to the land.

After all, who can resist a good wedding? Then again... setting up a wedding can often be no less stressful than resolving a bloody war!

One Shot - Bimborina

Was there anyone in the kingdom stranger than Catarina Claes? If you asked her friends and family, they'd shake their heads with a sigh and a smile. Strange, yet irresistible. There was good reason for this. Unbeknownst to them, Catarina was reincarnated from another world in which this one was merely the setting to a game. A game in which Catarina herself was meant to play the role of evil, rich, snobby villainess who attempts to ruin the happiness of Maria, the main character.

A role which she was keenly aware would only end with Catarina either killed or in exile. Depending on the route taken by the main character.

She had years to prepare herself. Years and years and years! Ever since she was a little girl she'd worked and slaved and prepared herself mentally and physically, built up her skills, refined her attributes and -

Still felt completely ill prepared for the fate that would one day come! Part of her had thought maybe if she could figure out what route Maria was taking, she could adapt accordingly. However!

Maria had not really made any steps towards any of the capture routes that she could see! She was no closer to any of the boys than any of the others! For a moment the possibility of a harem ending that she hadn't uncovered in the game came to mind, but - None of the boys seemed remotely interested in Maria at all!

What capture route was she even on?! Ah! Ah! It felt like she was now a closer friend to Maria than any of the boys, yet it was still impossible for her to figure it out! Even when she asked Maria who she liked the most, the girl was unfailingly polite and said in her adorable, innocent way -

"It's you, Catarina!"

Which really didn't help her figure it out at all! What sort of clue was that meant to be?!

For those of you new here, yes she really is this dense. Hence her nickname - Bakarina. It is a well earned nickname from her sheer obliviousness.

"Urgh... I need to check things over again," Catarina said, turning towards her bedside table. "Let's see, where did I leave those notes... Is it here, or... Huh! I don't think I've checked this drawer before."

Click. The drawer opened. Inside, she found something she'd never seen before. It was... a sheet of some sort. A sheet with her name on it.

"Catarina Claes," she read. "Class, Villainess. Element, Earth. Stats... Huh?!"

This looked like something she'd last seen in her own world! A stats page from a video game! Or - no, she'd never played them herself, but something like a pen and paper tabletop RPG! Yeah, yeah! That made sense! It only made perfectly good sense! Many traits in video games were taken from analogues in real life, and stats pages like this were clearly taken from there!

"Huh? My INT is high, but my WIS is low?" Catarina yelled to herself. "And what's with this CHA? Why is my Charisma so - Oohhhh! Of course! A Villainess needs charisma and intelligence to deal with people, but lacks the wisdom to reflect upon their actions!" Yes, yes! That actually did make sense in retrospect.

The other parts of her stat sheet were far more insulting than her stats. 'Obliviousness to Friends' is a weak point she has? Excuse her? She was very attentive, especially to her friends! What was this high level in 'Harem Acquisition' and 'Seduction'? Since when did she have those kinds of skills? Were they supposed to mean that she gathered a lot of people around her as allies? That she would at least try to seduce whoever Maria's capture target was?

Honestly, this stat sheet didn't feel like her at all the more she looked at it. This couldn't really be her stats, could it...? Someone was playing a mean prank at her expense! Well! Let's see what her stats should really look like!

According to this she had a few points to spend from a recent 'Level Up'. Alright. Let's see then... there were notes on the page about how much points could be spent on different things, let's see. What should she spend them on?

At that moment, our perspective shifts to the inside of Catarina's head, where a group of figures that very much looked like smaller versions of her were sitting around considering what they were looking at.

"Should we really mess around with this?" asked a Catarina with glasses. "It might be magical, in which case..."

"Who cares about that?" a more aggressive one yelled. "If it's magic, then we can use it to our advantage! Boost our skills and make it possible to escape our bad end!"

"B-But if we m-mess up the wrong thing it could have all sorts of consequences!" a more nervous Catarina said. "Um! Maybe it would be best if we put it back and forgot about it."

"We've never looked in that drawer before now," a more ordinary Catarina said. "Maybe we were meant to use it from the start? It would've made things a lot easier. We could boost our gardening skill quite easily!"

A murmur of agreement came about from that. Boosting their gardening skill with minimal interference from their mother would have been tremendously helpful for the last few years. She never got it. Never understood the fixation. They could have also used it to make their snake development plan develop faster! Yes, sewing up their fake snakes to use in case of an attack by their fiance turned capture target... That would have saved them a lot of trouble!

"I think we should spend those points on boosting our Intelligence," the chairwoman said. A version of Catarina with a big bushy moustache. "Yes, if we boost that, it will have a tremendous gain on our other abilities and could open up further avenues!"

"Hrm... I'm opposed to this," the glasses wearing Catarina said. "However... I suppose we should experiment with it to some degree. Now that we've found it, leaving it alone is risky. If we make ourselves smarter, we might even be able to figure out other details."

Alright! That would do nicely then! They collectively made Catarina pick up the pen, which she then brought down upon her Intelligence score, which had several dots filled in next to it and still a few to go. She tapped the remainder of them with the pen -

And watched as the dots dropped down to a single one with a look of total shock on her face.

"Oh no! That was the eraser end!" Catarina yelled, clutching the side of her head.
"Quick, I need to - "

Pop! Pop, pop, pop! The neurons in her brain went fizzle, fry, squish as her intelligence was reduced quite drastically and very quickly. Before she knew what was happening, Catarina was reduced to the barest minimal level of intelligence a person could have while still retaining sentience.

"Oh gosh, what was I doing just now?" Catarina asked, casually twirling a strand of hair with an utterly vacant expression on her face. The lights were on, nobody was home. "Um! Oh yeah! I found this thingy here! A stat sheet, tee hee! And then I... Uh... Decided to see if I could, like, change my stats or whatever. Um..."

Catarina stared at the character sheet, dimly and vaguely aware that she could use this to change herself in some way, shape, or form. How did it work? Didn't really matter did it? Ah, let's see. She supposed (correctly) that the more of those dots were filled in, the better that she would be in that area. She even had a pen to fill it in!

"I'd reduced this INT thingy with the pen," Catarina giggled. "Good thing I did! I'm not an ant, so best that is as low as poss!" Yes, that's right, this is how daft she is now. She thought INT was actually meant to be 'ANT'. "Uh... Let's see... CHA? Oh! I bet that means 'character'! Well, I'm totally a character, so..."

So she spent all of her points filling up the remaining dots in CHA. Usually used as a dump stat, here and now it would be bursting to the max. Oh! And then she saw a skill that said 'harem', which was a word she didn't know the meaning of, but she knew that 'ha' meant laugh so she put some points in there!

Meanwhile, 'seduction' she definitely knew the meaning of so - Points in there too! Teehee! Oh, and would you look at this? Her body was changing to match her new stats! Yay! Her boobies were already swelling and growing, her hips too and her butt! In no time flat Catarina Claes, an already quite pretty girl in her own right, was being physically elevated even more than she'd dropped her own intelligence - but not in areas such as athletics. Purely aesthetics.

As for the Council of Catarina? Instead of a glasses wearing Catarina who was extremely intelligent, there was now a Catarina who wore glasses because she thought it made her look smart and pretty. Instead of a cautious Catarina and a bold Catarina, there were now... a pair of her making out to pass the time. Instead of the regular Catarina, there was a giggling idiot who was trying on dresses, and as for the chairwoman with the moustache, there was now an airhead flipping through a magazine filled with pretty shirtless boys.

"Sooo, you know, we have a lot of super cute friends," the Catarina trying out dresses commented, and the others all nodded in agreement. "Teehee! I have a great idea! We don't need to avoid death flags - When we can set up love flags!"

That made absolutely perfect, flawless sense to every little part of Catarina's inner council, which was now fully composed of ditzy, flighty airheads who couldn't put together a thought if it didn't involve, like, cute boys, cute girls, cute dresses or things that were plain cute in general. She was being driven by instinct now, not reason!

Though if you'd asked anyone that knew her before this little event, they'd have surely said that they weren't certain what the difference might be.

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One of the people that knew Catarina the best was her adopted brother, Keith. Considered one of the most eligible bachelors around, this handsome youth had his hands full in keeping his foolish sister from causing trouble with her bizarre outbursts and whims.

Yet still, as much as he was frustrated with her antics sometimes, he adored her all the same. He couldn't help it. None of them could. Something about her was so... irresistible, they couldn't help but get caught up in her pace.

If only her actions were more easy to comprehend! Ah! He'd be so much happier if only she didn't behave so weirdly!

"Catarina, you're taking quite a while to get -" he began, entering the room without a care in the world, only to be interrupted when his eyes sent a message to his brain to the effect 'hang on, hang on, that can't be right'.

So his brain sent back a message asking for clarification. What did the eyes think they were seeing? In response, the eyes nervously explained: They *thought* they were seeing their beloved, adorable, weird sister sitting on the face of her devoted maid Anne. The two of them completely naked. From head to toe.

"Ooooh, Anne, you've been soooo good to me~" Catarina sang while humping herself down onto Anne's face, while she gripped Catarina's hips and clung on for dear sweet life. Did she... always have hips like that? Surely not, he would have remembered. Not that he'd seen her in a state of undress for a long, long -

Keith closed the door if only to preserve his sanity. Then he opened it again. The same lewd sight waited inside. So he closed the door. Opened it again. Then pulled it closed and let out a weary, weary sigh.

"You're letting it get to you, Keith. You're letting the whole thing eat your sanity away," Keith muttered darkly to himself, and down at his traitorous erection. "This is all a weird dream and nothing more."

This thought was somewhat dashed when the door was opened from the inside, and he found himself staring down at Catarina's face. And then her *boobs*. Her *big bouncing naked boobs*.

"Ah! P-Please, cover those -" he began, only for her to hug his face right into them.

"Ke~eith!" Catarina sang, cradling him tightly to her bosom. Ah! Ah! This was soft! Too soft! And too nice! He found himself being dragged into the room, which was for the best. If someone else found them like this, he'd be as good as dead! "So cute! Teehee!"

"St-stop playing around!" Keith said, extracting himself from her tender cleavage, but still holding onto her waist. He pretty much had to, the way she was she'd jump at him again given half a chance! "Catarina, what's gotten into you?"

A vacant pair of eyes stared back, accompanied by a vacant smile. It was *super cute*, even more so than usual, and her state of undress was leaving him flustered. And aroused.

"Keith, I wanna play arou~ound!" his adopted sister sang, gripping his wrists and forcing his hands down onto her shapely bottom. He pulled away as if he'd touched a hot stove - though in at least one sense the thing he'd touched was hotter than that! "Eh? Come on now, don't you wanna, like, play with me? You always used to love playing with me."

"What sort of playing did you..." Keith blinked slowly, losing track of his thinking for a second there, as Catarina's beauty and natural charm sort of... washed over him. Like a tidal wave washing over a beach. It was like her sheer proximity was stealing his thinking, making his brain all misty and cloudy, replacing coherent thought and embarrassment with a single, simple thought -

She's so beautiful.

"You won't abandon me, will you Keith?" her eyelashes fluttered at him. "Like, if you fell in love with someone else, and then they, like, accused me of totally evil, wicked things, you wouldn't try to put me into exile or kill me, would you?"

"N-No, I would never!" he protested against that possibility, and then - Her lips met his. Ah. Ah! For so long he'd wanted her to notice him! Oooh~ He probably should get to the bottom of what was wrong with her, but - Mmph! There was a strong feeling that he should take his time, enjoy this experience while it lasted, let her feel the depths of his affection for her, and finally - finally!

The next thing he knew, Ann had taken his clothes off, put them in a pile, and Catarina was sitting in his lap, pushing his cock inside her. Huh? How had that -

"Thanks, Ann!" Catarina said. "You're such a good maid."

"Anything you ask for, I shall deliver," Ann said with an odd huskiness to her tone, and - Were her pupils always shaped like hearts? Keith didn't have the chance to answer that before her hips slammed down, engulfing his member, and all of a sudden *she* was the only thing on his mind at all.

This was the effect of superhuman charisma. It's almost like a magic spell being cast upon the recipient, drawing all attention towards themselves. But that's not sufficient by itself for an airhead to easily seduce anyone they wanted. It also takes having the right kinds of skills, like in this case? Seduction. Which she already had a high level in before she started fiddling around with her stat sheet.

"Teeheehee! This is such a good plan!" Catarina giggled to herself. "If I, like fuck all of the capture targets, then none of them will wanna exile me or kill me!" A common sense plan to a complete scatterbrain. No doubt an effective one as well, considering that Keith was - at that very moment - more preoccupied with the taste of Catarina's neck than with what she was saying aloud. "Mmm... But then again... Some of the girls might get a bit jelly that I'm getting railed by all these hunks..."

"Madame, I think you will find that you can easily seduce them as well," Ann said with a slight curtsy.

"Ooh! Good idea!" Catarina gasped in delight. "Teehee! Maybe if I seduce Maria, too... That way, nobody would want to exile or kill me!"

The perfect scheme with absolutely no downside whatsoever.

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What a difference a week made. Instead of being brought awake by her devoted maid, Catarina found herself being eaten out by one of her devoted harem. Pulling up the sheets, she found it to be - Maria, the chosen hero, eagerly licking away as if Catarina's pussy juice was the elixir of life.

"Morning, Maria!" Catarina called, patting the pretty blonde on her pretty head. The heroine replied by diving in even deeper, bracing herself by hugging Catarina's thighs so she could really get to work down there. "Oh, you're such an eager girl. I know what you need! Wanna get tag teamed by Geordo and Keith again?"

"Eh, no, I'm fine here, maybe later..." Maria said, blinking up at her true love with a sigh of sheer, utter contentment in her voice. "Mm... no rush to get up, okay?"

Catarina shrugged. Sure, sure, whatever she said! Nearby, she saw four boys lurking around topless, their manly chests oiled down. Her fiance Geordo, his brother Alan, her adopted brother Keith, and the ridiculously handsome yet silent sexpot Nicole. Standing at attention, all fully erect, with hearts throbbing in their eyes. Utterly under her spell.

It had been necessary for her to put a few more levels in stuff, which was fine because any time she seduced a new person she got a whole bunch of numbers pop up on that page. They were all pretty effectively brainwashed at this point. The addictive pleasure that only a total babe like her could give them had completely broken through any sense of jealousy or envy, or even a desire to keep her all to themselves.

In short, they were her harem. Unable to resist her simplest whim. Which was for the best as all of her whims were pretty simple at this point. The boys were all carrying baked goods, for one thing, as Catarina's sweet tooth was still in desperate need of satisfaction even with her reduced intelligence.

Just then, the door burst open and standing there was Mary Hunt and Sophia Ascart. Normally the pair of them would be wearing a long flowing elegant dress, but not today. No, they were wearing something much shorter. To us, it would have the easy appearance of a schoolgirl uniform - except one used in a porn spoof. A tiny frilly skirt that might as well be a belt, thigh high socks, and a pure white sleeveless blouse that was tied off under the breasts, while also having a pretty deep neckline.

"Good news!" Mary said with full on excitement. "The school approved your new uniform!"

"Yes," Sophia curtsied. "Your pitch yesterday swayed the minds of student council and faculty alike. From now on, all the girls will be wearing this -"

"And all the boys will be wearing that!" Mary gestured to the four boys. It was honestly hard to tell which of them was more overtly sexualised at this point. One could hardly blame her for making that pitch, after all a bimbo is always about having some eye candy around - even if it's just themselves!

"Yay! That's wonderful news!" Catarina applauded. "So... Sophia, do you wanna, like, read me a book or something?"

"Nah, who needs books?" Sophia replied instantly, with hearts throbbing in her eyes. "I'm simply happy to show off for you, right here and now!"

Perfect, absolutely perfect! She had herself a harem, who was utterly devoted to serving all of her needs. No fear of exile, no fear of death. All of her flags had been averted, and now she'd even found the top secret harem end!

Call her stupid? Call her lacking in wisdom? Call her Bakarina? Hehehe... Who is the real idiot around here, when she's as happy as a clam?

Mariko's New Team - Mariko

It's super great when things are going to plan, ain't it? Especially when you don't have to lift a F-I-N-G-E-R to make it happen! Ever since she'd transferred into Furinkan High, Mariko had been deeply, deeply unimpressed by the T-E-A-M they had. So she'd built up a new one. By going straight for the number one most popular chick around!

Akane Tendo. Hehehe! A cutie like that was perfect for her new team. A maiden in love, a love that surpassed any that Mariko had experienced before, a maiden that cute and fit and athletic and - Kinda tomboyish too. She was the perfect starting point, and Mariko knew that cute girls like that tended to attract other cute girls into their circle, and - lo, behold, there were now a choice selection of extremely cute girls ready to join her team!

It was a simple extrapolation of what Martial Arts Cheerleading could do already. A versatile martial art, often underestimated by those not in the K-N-O-W. It required a high level of talent, a remarkable martial instinct. You must be able to adapt on the fly, react quickly. Have speed, dexterity, be nimble quick and do it all while being C-U-T-E as a button!

And since it already manipulated the emotional state of the crowd and the players, projecting your love out for the whole wide world to see, why couldn't it hypnotise as well? A form of martial arts she called Martial Arts Cheerleading Recruitment!

It was really funny, honestly. First, she'd brainwashed Akane. Opened her eyes to the F-U-N of being a cheerleader. Then, she'd taught Akane how to recruit others and set her loose, with the instruction to A: Make that studly boyfriend of hers nice and compliant. B: Recruit the cutest babes around to join the team.

Hrm? That first point? Mariko wasn't, like, stupid! She'd paid attention after her little contest with Ranma Saotome. She'd heard about the curse, learned of Ranma's tendency to get stuck into problems, and a boy that obviously in L-O-V-E with a girl would surely object and investigate the second she started acting strange. So? Easy answer: Make him okay with the new status quo first! It was the easy answer to a thorny problem, which only goes to show how amazing Martial Arts Cheerleading really, truly was!

Anyway! It had been a few days now. She knew Akane and Nabiki were on board with the team already, and she could hardly wait to see what other cuties were on board! She slipped along to the school gym, happy and excited to see what awaited her within, and what did she find?

Four total babes practising a routine! The Tendo sisters, naturally, but also Ranma's girl form and some other chick that, like, looked kinda familiar, reminded her of the guy that sold okonomiyaki around campus at lunchtime. Probably his sister or something, mmm, maybe Mariko ought to ask her to set them up sometime?

Later! Later! Get flirty later on, for now there was a team to check out!

"Go, go! Team!" the four girls chanted in unison. Mariko strode inside to take a look around. Ah! Over in the corner, Ranma Saotome himself was watching, a sigh on his lips and hearts in his eyes. "Love is the key! Love is the way! If you love, your best you'll play!"

They were all far too C-U-T-E to be believed! Look at those girls! Look at those figures! The colour scheme was a bit different for the brown haired girl and the one that looked like Ranma's girl form - something to ask about later on - but it worked super duper well!

"G-R-E-A-T work Akane!" Mariko clapped. In response the four girls whooped, turned to the side and waved their pompoms in the air while delivering a perfect set of knee lifts. "You've been super busy! This is a great team you've put together."

The girls continued their routine with a practised precision, that would make Mariko think they'd been training together for, like, years. If she didn't know better. But she did. They were probably friends for a good while, but that bounce, fist pump, kick, knee stretch, shake combo that made them look so, so cute? They couldn't have been doing that for more than a couple of days at most. This was hypnosis at work, no question. Improving their rhythm, making them move to the same routine. Look at the way Akane was confidently, almost seductively grinding her shoulders while giving Mariko a sly look! Was this the same bad tempered girl she'd met in the street not so long ago? Hard to believe, but she'd really embraced her inner cuteness!

"We're! Not! Done! Yet!" Akane punctuated this by putting her hands on her hips and delivering alternating bouncing high, high kicks that really showed off not only her great legs but also her martial arts chops. "We're rounding out our membership with a few others, still!"

Indeed, unknown to Mariko, but elsewhere there were other members of her new growing team. Members she did not know anything about. Out and recruiting on her behalf. A beautiful warrior from another land, cheering happily away for a pair of twins with a vendetta against her that was, frankly, their own fault more than hers. The sister of her once crush cheering away for her arch rival. The eldest Tendo sister showing off for a cutesy kleptomaniac figure skater. A mother cheering up a pretty pig farmer. All of them making full use of Martial Arts Cheerleading to grow and grow Mariko's team with the best, the finest, the prettiest -

And the absolutely most C-U-T-E-S-T!

All seems to be going well for her, doesn't it? She'd have the best cheerleading team on the planet before long. However... Why don't we watch a while longer to see how this all turns out in the end?

Mariko remained oblivious to anything remotely amiss, and fist pumped the air in triumph! Hooray! This was already a pretty good team, the five of them would make amazing cheerleaders - but having more in reserve couldn't hurt!

"That's the spirit!" Mariko cheered, and the girls in front of her all dipped down to shake their shoulders and their pompoms in unison. "I knew you'd understand how great being a cheerleader was with a little encouragement!"

Unnoticed by Mariko, Ranma Saotome had stood up and was approaching from behind with a sly look on his face. Not towards Mariko though, towards his fiancée. Er, since Ukyo is here, best to specify - Akane is the one meant there.

"Yeah, I'm feeling, like, a lot more confident," Akane said, aware of Ranma's approach and slowing down her cheering so she didn't accidentally hit him. "That's the essence of cheerleading, right?"

While Mariko and the others watched, Ranma embraced Akane from behind in a genuine show of deep affection that would quite shock anyone who knew them. Anyone that wasn't already part of the team, that is.

"Not to mention other benefits," Akane said, grinding her butt into Ranma. "Right D-E-A-R?"

"Cute, so cute!" Ranma burbled happily, unable to restrain himself any more. He grabbed Akane's chin, but honestly he didn't need to. She turned willingly into a kiss. A deep, deep kiss. A snog, in fact. Like the two of them were trying to inhale the other through their mouths. Then when that failed, Akane turned her body into him, hooked her leg around his waist and her arms around the back of his head, while his hands went to the small of her back, creeping lower and lower with a rather, ahem, obvious target destination in mind.

This was cute. It was super cute, actually. The girls all watched, a few of them tittering away. Giggling happily at the open display of affection from the tsunderish pair. They were, like, so, so much happier this way. Totally happier, way, way happier. Able to express their mutual affection, their mutual attraction, their mutual L-O-V-E...

But suddenly something felt... off, to Mariko. The more she watched them, the more lewd and inappropriate they seemed to be getting. Ranma's hand was already wandering underneath Akane's skirt, and the little whimpers and moans she was making... Now he was moving on to kiss her neck, while she was moaning "Please, more. Ohhh, don't stop! I love it when you touch me like this..."

"Uh...?" Mariko burbled, and quickly looked away. She didn't have much of a problem with displays of affection, but wasn't that being a bit much? She looked around at the other girls to ask their thoughts, but - They were all sort of staring with a knowing smile on their face.

How strange. Something about this definitely seemed a little... off.

"Ooh! I can't wait until I find a hunky boyfriend of my o~own!" the Ranma lookalike said to Nabiki and Ukyo, who were both nodding along in approval. "I'll rock his world just like Akane rocks my bro's! Hehehe! I'll hypnotise him just like she did!"

"Totally!" Nabiki sang, sounding quite vapid as she spoke. "It'll be great getting pampered by a cute stud! Mmph, mamma want some of that!"

"I, like, need a complete wardrobe overhaul too," Ukyo said, twirling around and looking down at herself. "What I have isn't nearly girly enough."

Huh... This was kind of strange, wasn't it? They were all behaving really weird and... ditzzy? Like a bunch of boy crazy airheads! Dare she even think it? B-I-M-B-O-S!

The way they spoke, their body language, the things they were talking about, they all sounded like vapid, empty brained sluts! What was that all about? Why were they behaving that way? Mariko watched further, maybe it was just her imagination, maybe there wasn't anything to worry about -

"I'd say the girl underneath can make any clothes W-O-R-K," Nabiki said, leaning into Ukyo.

"Oh, you flirt!" Ukyo replied, and then they kissed.

They kissed.

They just up and kissed.

Just like that. Right in front of everyone. Hell, it was almost as if they were kissing just to show off them kissing. Sort of like, they weren't doing it because it was fun to do, but more because it was fun for them to be watched doing it. Does that make sense? Mariko sort of felt like it did, but -

"Hold on, something's not R-I-G-H-T here," Mariko said aloud, trying to put her thoughts out there so she could check them. The way these girls were behaving, it was all... Wrong! Cheerleaders shouldn't be like that! They should be cutesy and, like, bursting with love and stuff but they shouldn't be so overtly horny all the time!

Put it like that? The more she was thinking about it, the more wrong this all F-E-L-T!

Ukyo pulled away from Nabiki, a sly look on both of their faces as they turned towards Mariko, the two of them sizing her up while pulling each other closer. An implication within their body language that they'd like to hug Mariko the same way.

"Something wrong, sugar?" Ukyo asked in a sort of teasing way.

"Isn't L-O-V-E the essence of cheerleading?" Nabiki asked.

"Well, yes!" Mariko replied, letting her frustration and confusion out. She couldn't help it, she'd always lived with her emotions on her sleeve. It helped her properly express herself while cheering, after all. "Something doesn't feel right. You're all acting like... Stereotypes?"

Yeah, that's what was bugging her here. Stereotypes. They were all behaving like the giggly, airheaded, ditzzy overly sexualised stereotype that many people had of cheerleaders. Which really sucked, you know! Mariko had always tried to fight against that kind of image whenever she ran into it. She and several other girls had always worked their butts off to get good at cheering, so being seen that way was super annoying!

"Stereotypes?" Akane asked, still hanging off her man with a big dumb smile on her pretty face. "What did you expect when you, like, brainwashed me? Teehee! Then I went on to brainwash the others, and -"

"I'm not brainwashed by the way!" girl form Ranma piped up. "I'm just naturally like this. When are we going hunting for boys again?"

"Soon sweetie, soon," Nabiki patted her on the shoulder. "Won't be long now."

Looking around, Mariko realised she'd made a mistake here in her positioning. Akane was behind her. Cutting off her escape route alongside her brainwashed fiance. The other three were spreading out as well, completely surrounding her. Mariko's martial arts sense kicked in here, watching and waiting for one of them to make the first M-O-V-E.

"Back in a second love!" Akane giggled, slipping away from her man and blowing him a kiss. "I gotta take care of this little thing. Won't be long, love you!"

"Love you lots and lots and lots!" Ranma happily bubbled. Aw! If not for the overtly threatening atmosphere aimed squarely at her, Mariko would've found that totes adorable!

"Ahem, as I was saying!" Akane immediately launched into a very familiar looking routine. Spinning around her pompoms while quickly lifting and raising them. "You see, I didn't have the best impression of cheerleaders before you brainwashed me."

Akane stepped around her in a broad circle, and then Nabiki moved into place right where she was. "It may have tainted my little sister's view a little," Nabiki continued.

Next was Ukyo: "When she started to brainwash others?"

And then Ranko: "That impression might have influenced their behaviour. Not mine though, I'm horny pretty much *all the time*."

Okay, that was something she'd have to deal with later on. The more crucial part was the fact they were trying to use her own cheerleading recruitment technique against her! Which was ridiculous! They thought they could hypnotise her?

"I love cheerleading to bits!" Akane yelled enthusiastically, broadly smiling and fistpumping the air with her twirling pompoms, swishing her skirt around to add to the hypnotic effect. See? On someone else that would imbue a strong sense that she was having fun!

But Mariko was already a cheerleader! She loved cheerleading! She already loved it to bits, even more than the brainwashed Akane!

"We've all become boy crazy ditz!" Ranko said, performing a perfect high kick that sent her skirt fluttering, and showed off her athleticism, intended to reinforce the beautiful strength a cheerleader can possess.

Hold on, that wasn't part of -

"You should know just what to do!" Ukyo chanted, stepping out while Ranko slipped away. Letting out a sly wink to Mariko, while performing a cute knee lift and bounce, exuding confidence and strength, while still being cute and - And really coordinated. They were all extremely coordinated, they had been since Mariko had arrived in the gym.

Coordinated. Cute. Sexy. She hated to admit it, but they were all of those things. They were even going to the beat that she set when hypnotising Akane, a sort of 'boom, boom, boomboomboom!' which sort of drilled its way past your awareness and made almost anyone want to tap their feet along to the rhythm. It was catchy, impossible catchy, and that sort of earworm would work super well.

"Become a horny airhead too!" Nabiki finished, almost bumping into Mariko while working her hips, spinning around with a swish and a sway that made it all seem so playful, so fun, so completely harmless. Sort of like, what was the harm in becoming a horny airhead? None. They were all so pretty and cute, they could have any boy they wanted at their beck and C-A-L-L!

The fast whirling motion, the impossible levels of cuteness all left Mariko's eyes awl. She thought herself all but immune because she was already a devoted cheerleader. What possible effect could cheerleader recruitment have?

There was an easy answer to this: The side of cheerleading she dismissed as a stereotype, though ironically enough many who didn't know her too well would think she exemplified that stereotype. As she protested, not all cheerleaders are perpetually horny airheads, and any that were like that would normally be a statistical anomaly.

However, the hypno-cheer happening around her now, modified by Akane's subconscious distaste and embrace of that stereotype had awakened a fascination within Mariko. Would it be so bad to behave that way? Why? They were all having F-U-N.

High kicks to show off their legs! Energetic bouncing to draw attention to their breasts! Big smiles to show off how pretty they are! Elaborate stretches to emphasise their womanly figures! What man could resist? What man could keep away? The L-O-V-E was overflowing, and pouring into her own L-O-V-E for cheerleading, and making something new, something exciting pour back out.

"M-Maybe it would be fun to try things their W-A-Y?" Mariko muttered to herself, eyes spiralling, but regardless of what she was saying she'd already made up her mind. Swishing skirts! Spinning batons! Twirling pompoms! Cute girls! Cheering, cheering, hip hooray! It would *definitely* be fun, fun, fun to try it their way!

"Gimme a B!" she yelled, and the girls all bent over their arms to form a B shape with their bodies. "Gimme an O!" they hopped to it, forming an O in front of their tummies with their hands. "Gimme a Y!" their hands shot up into the air and legs bounced together. "What's that spell?"

"Boy, boy, boy!" the girls all cheered, Akane in particular skipping over to hers to peck him on the cheeks before frolicking back.

Now, Mariko whirled around herself to stand at the head of the group. Hands on hips, ready to lead the cheerleading! She was the team captain, after all, so that meant she had to be the ditziest, girliest, most boy crazed of them all! It sounded *awesome*!

"Alright boys, here's your dream! Mariko's super hypno team!"

Mariko had wanted a brand new team, the very best of the best, the cutest of the cutest. It's a common statement, a warning that is heeded too little. Be careful what you ask for. You just might get it.

Cocknosis Fate

Those who would enter the world of magic, heed this warning; There are countless unfriendly things to be found within this world. It would be better not to bite of the apple of knowledge. Remain ignorant. There is a very good chance you could be eaten by a random vampire, or some magus might take interest in you and turn you into an experiment.

Or... You might see a disaster coming and have absolutely no power to stop it.

Such a fate befell one Shirou Emiya when he was very young. A magical disaster that ruined his life, killed his original family and traumatised him so much that he could no longer tell you his original name. He had been adopted by the Magus that was mostly responsible for the disaster, the Magus Killer Kiritsugu Emiya - and developed something of a Hero Complex as a result of this chance encounter. If you asked his opinion, it would be better for the opposite of the above advice. Because... If you have the power to save someone, the knowledge to do something about it, isn't that a good thing?

For years he had slaved within his shed. Years, and years, and years of practise, practise, practise. On an aspect of Magic he had been able to glean from his adopted father before his untimely death. It was a fundamentally simple thing for a Magus to perform, yet Shirou had no real talent in Magecraft - and so, his performance in this area was subpar. It didn't help that the way he was practising should have killed him. It should have... But it had other effects on his Magical Circuits that only needed sufficient mana to activate. Mana that his body could not create on its own...

So what might happen if something otherworldly dropped into that shed one fateful night? Out of nowhere, across the universe, something truly dreadful appeared. By rights, the world should have reacted to this. Sent a Counter Guardian to deal with it right away... But the threat this posed was a subtle one, at least at first. Yet, that's just what it was. A threat. A terrible, ominous threat the likes of which the world had never seen before...

"Secrets of Cocknosis?" Shirou read aloud. He had heard the book drop behind him, turned to look, found it there and no reason for it. "Aha... What in the world could that even mean?"

As many had before, he opened the book to take a look at this strange tome. Its bizarre title peaking his curiosity. The bite of the apple of knowledge... which might also be the golden apple of Greek Myth at the same time. For the chaos both pieces of fruit would bring could easily be compared to this mysterious book.

"Hold this tome, and utter the words 'Biggus Dickus'-" Shirou muttered under his breath in disbelief at what he was reading - and then he felt it. He felt... heavy. He felt a tremendous weight, an enormous girth settle within his trousers. His underwear was not sufficient to hold it - and there might not even be underwear anywhere in recorded history that could - and on sheer

instinct alone upon feeling its growth he yanked his trousers off and stared down with a jaw that grew gradually wider and wider and wider still.

"What... the hell?!" he yelled down at himself, staring at the appendage that was now akin to a third leg. He blinked quickly - and grabbed the book, the obvious cause of this problem. This time around, he slapped a hand over his mouth to keep himself from doing anything else stupid, and....

Thought very hard about this. Huh. This was... Dangerous. Extremely dangerous. If this worked the way it said? It would offer the power to change the bodies and minds of absolutely anyone he wanted, in almost any way he could imagine. Gulping nervously, he muttered a spell to give himself bigger muscles and - ooof! Oh yeah, he wasn't exactly a rake before, but now he was properly buff! Weirdly, his clothes had shifted to accommodate... Huh. Apparently a person's wardrobe would adjust to their new size after cocknosis was used on them? Interesting, but -

But this was beyond dangerous. Manipulating his own mind and body would be one thing, but that of other people? Only a pervert - no, a villain would seek to do such a thing. He should destroy this book, or... No, lock it away somewhere. Preferably somewhere nobody else would ever get to it. He could trust himself with that sort of power, but letting others have it was too risky.

Which is the most Mage like thought that Shirou might ever have. Hoard the power, the knowledge to yourself for it could not be trusted in the hands of others. Yes, better to keep it locked away, somewhere safe for easy reference, for your eyes and yours alone. Rejoice, Emiya Shirou! You have taken your first true steps into the broader world of Magecraft, and made a decision that the majority of Mages would agree with!

But this book was a threat that would not be sealed away by a mere safe. As Shirou would learn before too long, it would take more than that to keep it at bay...

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From a wannabe magus who has had tremendous power above his head, we go to the magus of a distinguished family. The Tohsaka family was held in quite high regard, not least because a member is the master of the Second Magic. Why this is a big deal is not especially relevant for the time being - but it is! Let's not dwell on the details, and instead focus on the current head of the family, so to speak.

Rin. A young girl who had great responsibility thrust upon her at a young age, when her father died during the Fourth Holy Grail War. When she learned that the Fifth would be coming soon, she poured her heart into preparation. Which basically meant preparing the spell she'd use, making sure her stock of gems was as topped up as it could be, and... That's about it. There wasn't all that much information publicly available, and when she'd asked that asshole priest, he'd smiled knowingly and said something like -

"Ah, but if I give you that privileged information as an administrator, wouldn't that be biased?"

Like hell it would be biased! He just wanted to see her suffer! Knowing him, that's basically the entire reason! Work it out yourself in a life or death game? Great plan, jerk!

But, oh well, she was going along with it as best she could. It wouldn't be long before the War started anyway. A matter of weeks now. Her plan was to summon her Servant at a time closer to the event, largely because it would provide the best time for her to efficiently cast the spell.

In the meantime? She was going about her everyday life. What does that mean for a Magus? It means wearing a Mask. Not a literal mask, but a metaphor. The mask of an ordinary person. An identity, a personality that is not the real you. An ordinary person that does not stand out from the crowd, and is able to conceal the fact they know more about the world than those around them. This let her have friends. It let her move in the community. It helped her stay sane.

On this particular morning, she arrived at school wearing that mask, thinking little of the day, little realising how fundamentally it would change her fate.

"Oy, Rin! Good morning!" Ayako called out to her. The girl greeted her with usual boisterousness.

"Good morning Ayako," Rin replied, maintaining the mask carefully. "So, have you found a boyfriend yet?"

This was in reference to a long standing contest between the two of them: Who would be the first to win a boyfriend? Rin didn't take such a matter seriously, and would not until after the Grail War was resolved. If not longer. Besides, Ayako didn't seem to be taking it too seriously either, so - Let it be a stalemate. What was the harm in a little friendly ribbing?

"Never mind that, come with me," Ayako said, suddenly grabbing Rin's arm and dragging her off to a corner in the hallway where, for some reason, there were quite a few girls hanging around. A few of them tutted on seeing her approach. The same sort of noise one makes upon realising you're going to lose a contest you really wanted to win. "Take a look at Emiya this morning."

Emiya...? As in, Shirou Emiya? Oh dear. That was a small issue then. Rin had little issue fending off most suitors that expressed an interest in her, but there was one boy that she'd had a long standing crush on. Emiya. It all went back to the day - It was so stupid! She'd seen him trying to jump a bar over and over again, never quite managing it. That determination had been so... Enticing to her back then. The feeling hadn't ever quite gone away, but -

She peered around the corner, and it seemed like he was having a conversation with the student council president Issei. Someone that Rin never quite got along with. For some reason he just... hated her on sight. She'd never worked out how she'd rubbed him the wrong way, but -

"What about him?" Rin asked.

"Keep watching," Ayako insisted, all but forcing her to look at him. "You'll spot it soon."

"Hey, you girls!" Issei yelled. "And I see you too, Tohsaka! It's quite rude to spy on student council business, and I'm sure I'll find some rule to punish you all with!"

The girls all let out a whine, Emiya turned around to look as if he hadn't noticed them... And that's when Rin saw it.

Oh. Oh my. Oh my *god*. That wasn't - That couldn't possibly be right. It was the sort of thing you only really noticed when he was moving. When Emiya was standing still, you pretty much couldn't see it, but - But when he was moving around you could sort of see an outline, a crease forming in his trousers outlining a package that... frankly, wasn't possible for a human being.

"I know, right!" Ayako hissed while the two girls retreated alongside the rest. "He's gotta be stuffing for some reason. Probably a bet with that Matou boy. It's the kind of nonsense he'd pull."

That much, Rin could agree with. But her instincts were telling her something else... And from the way the other girls were all reacting they were all feeling the same way.

"Um, actually, now that I think about it, he seemed to have a bit more mass in his arms than he normally does..." Rin said.

"Oh? You spend a lot of time looking at Emiya, huh?" Ayako teased. "Actually, now that you mention it... He always had a bit of definition, but now it feels like he's probably shredded."

That... Was suspicious. Was it possible that he'd found some sort of body transformation spell? Or a Mystic Code that 'increased manliness' or something like that? It was tickling the back of Rin's brain something fierce. She had to find out more. If something like that had fallen into the hands of someone who didn't know what they were doing with it - As the local administrator, she had a responsibility to investigate!

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This is hard to believe for us, the audience, who actually know his true personality, but Shinji Matou was actually pretty popular. No, really. It's worth keeping in mind they weren't seeing what we're seeing. There is a sense to be made of it, after all he does come from a Magus family. Even if he cannot use magic himself, the tendency to wear a mask to hide your true self is a skill he has had to learn.

Not least of which because he's a raging asshole. Another kind of person who usually wears a mask.

"Eh? How unusual, you want to talk to me about Shirou Emiya?" Shinji asked the girl standing in front of him. It was quite well known that Tohsaka was the most popular girl in school, much as Shinji was... one of the most popular boys. He asked her out every now and then, and got turned down. Politely. She had no interest in him. He had lots in her. It was an annoying relationship, especially considering certain other factors. "Wouldn't you rather talk about me? I'm much more interesting."

"Have you met him today?" Rin politely insisted, holding firmly onto the smile on her face while internally wanting to punch his.

"Not yet, why?" Shinji asked. "If you have a message for him, I can pass it on. Though I hardly see what the two of you have in common at all. You travel in very different circles - Oh. Except you're both acquaintances of Ayako, are you not? You'd be better off asking her to pass on a message than me, in fact I'm surprised that's not your first port of call... Unless he's an excuse?"

"Oh, no, not at all, I need a male perspective for this," Rin said politely. Then she realised how that might sound. "Anyway, if you've not seen him today then you probably don't know what I'm talking about... I suppose I'll have to talk with Issei instead, even though he can't stand the sight of me."

"Hah! Yes, he's one of the few in school like that!" Shinji shrugged. "Always going on about 'She-devil' this, and 'bewitched them all' that! Look, there he is now, why don't you two catch up? I'm sure he'll be able to fill you in on whatever you need to know."

Clearly not getting what he wanted out of the conversation, Shinji settled for watching Rin retreat while taking very, very deliberate measurements with his eyes. Tohsaka's lower half was a work of art. The confident way she moved, so effortless and pristine... That butt was a masterpiece, and the shape of her legs would walk through his dreams.

Still, he moved away and quickly found his sister, Sakura. That was a *strange* conversation, and he did not care much for the fact that Tohsaka was showing interest in *Emiya* and not him. "Hey, Sakura. Can you spare a moment?"

Sakura turned towards him, wearing the mask of a little sister. Instead of the traumatised, empty thing that she truly was. Their relationship was something best not discussed in detail, right now, because it was complicated. Sakura's whole deal was worth several paragraphs alone to really get the emotional gut punch that is her life into proper context. It isn't relevant currently anyway.

"Yes, brother?" Sakura asked. "What is troubling you?"

"You've been spending a lot of time at the Emiya place recently," he said. "Have you noticed anything strange with him?"

Sakura tilted her head. She thought of a few months back, where she'd caught him practising magecraft and *doing it in a way that probably should have killed him*, and how she didn't have the courage to correct him. Then shook her head slowly. "Why do you ask?" Shinji seemed like he was about to say something like 'none of your business,' but seemed to think better of it. "If I know what's troubling you, maybe..."

"Hrmph, very well, if you must know," Shinji said quietly. "For some reason, Tohsaka has shown an interest in him. Yes, that's right. Rin. I'll be speaking with him about this later on, but it never hurts to have a little extra context from other people before rifling through someone else's drawers. She put to me the same question I asked you there - so do me a favour, and tell your big brother if you see anything strange about him first?"

Sakura was staring into space upon hearing that news. Her sister was showing interest in him? Her beautiful, brilliant estranged sister Rin? Yes, that's right. By birth, Rin and Sakura were sisters. Now, due to magecraft and an arrangement between their families, Sakura was part of the Matou family. This had led to bad things in their life. Bad things... Which Sakura could now deal with because of her new infatuation. With Shirou.

If her sister was showing interest in him now, then that could mean any number of things. It could be something magical. It could be something mundane. It could be... romantic feelings. Sakura really, desperately hoped it wasn't something like that. Oh! But even if it wasn't, wouldn't that sort of thing mean...? That others might leap to the same conclusion she'd nearly leaped to! They wouldn't know anything about the potential magically related reasons she might be interested in him, and they would go to the single conclusion that anyone would reach upon discovering a pretty girl was interested in the #1 most eligible and fuckable bachelor in Fuyuki (Sakura was a bit biassed)!

Indeed, Sakura was correct. The rumour mill was already hard at work. 'Did you hear? Tohsaka's interested in Emiya!' Followed by 'no way!' and then 'Yes way! Have you seen him? He's *packing heat* down there all of a sudden.' And you get the idea. Not that Rin had any idea this was happening while she was having a conversation with Issei...

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All was going well so far. Nonetheless! There was one factor that Shirou had not considered in his quest to not hypnotise anyone with his enormous magically hypnotic cock. In the excitement, in the frustration, in the moment he had completely forgotten a vital fact that would play havoc with any plan he might have come up with.

Namely - Swim class! Where he'd have to strip down in front of the other boys, then put on a snug pair of swimming shorts which would inevitably cling to his body and reveal his package no matter how cleverly he concealed it!

Disaster! A true disaster - Though he supposed there was one way out of it, that would be an option he could use only once before people got suspicious. The idea to hypnotise the school nurse, make her accept the idea that he was 'too unwell to swim' and needed to rest, that would work, but delay the inevitable. Worse still, Taiga would hear about it and demand to check if he was faking personally, and the idea of putting her under...

Yeah, that sat as well in his gut like a rock might.

"Hey, Emiya!" a hand fell upon his shoulder. Guh! Shinji, not now! "You've been avoiding me all day, Emiya! There's something different about you today, isn't there?"

"Ahahaha, I don't know what you mean, Shinji!" Shirou replied, nervously trembling as he dearly hoped Shinji wouldn't notice. It wasn't nice to think, but he really didn't want to share the knowledge about cocknosis with this guy, even though they were friends. "I'm sure it's your imagination."

"Really? You're quite dense aren't you?" Shinji asked. "How much attention do you pay to your surroundings?"

His surroundings...? What did Shinji mean by that? He looked around. There were other students nearby. Mostly girls. A few boys as well. He could hear muttering about 'swim class being next' and 'finding out for sure', but that didn't mean anything to him at all.

"Huh?" Shirou grunted, and rose from his seat. "Uh, it's probably nothing, you're imagining things. Anyway, I'm off to the bathroom, be back in a minute okay?"

This would have to do in the short term. If he got changed in the bathroom stall, instead of in the locker room... then wandered in late, took his time, waited until everyone else left, he might be able to get away with it. Hopefully nobody noticed anything weird... At least until he found out a way to get this under control.

As such, Emiya went to the boy's room before heading off to the locker room. He pulled out his swimming shorts from his bag, then unbuckled his trousers, pulled them down and then -

"What the hell?! It really is that big! It's... Huge..."

That was Shinji's voice up above him, peering in from the next stall over. His eyes glazed over, his face draining of expression. In a word: Brainwashed. Like this, he couldn't even yell at Shinji to cut that out, or demand to know what he was -

Actually, he didn't need to even raise his voice there did he?

"Shinji, why did you peek at me, that's pretty deviant," Shirou said.

"There were rumours going around that you were stuffing your trousers for a bet," Shinji said, drained of his usual 'charm' and 'wit'. "The imprint in your trouser leg is very obvious when you walk."

"Oh, it is?" Shirou asked. "I hadn't even thought of that." Huh... That could create a few problems. "Is that what you meant earlier on? Everyone could see the outline of it?"

"Absolutely everyone," Shinji said.

"Everyone...?" Shirou repeated, and it was a funny thing. The start of the word had one emotion, the very end a quite different one. You see, he'd started with a thoughtful sort of 'huh, that's annoying' tone to it, but then a thought came to him. A terrible thought, a wicked awful monstrous thought that was bad, bad, bad and his tone turned to fear, fear, fear! Because! His homeroom teacher was his guardian, Taiga!

He was dead, he was so dead when he got home tonight. She'd be able to contain herself at school, if only barely, because she tried to put on a professional face about things. But at home? Away from school? Dead. A dead man. She'd demand to know who put him up to it, maybe even notice it there at home as well, insist on taking him to a Doctor because *that's not natural or normal* and - And trying to predict Taiga beyond that was a fool's errand! The only way to clear this up at this point would be to -

His dick spontaneously got hard at that point. He stared down at it with a frustrated sigh.

"Really?" he asked. "Now, of all times?"

And things were only going to get worse from there.

Cocknosis TLR

Have you ever had that friend you know is kind of a troublemaker? The kind who has a bit of a dirty mind and tries to drag you into things to 'get you out of your shell'? The sort of guy you wonder why he's your friend at all?

"Hey, Rito!" Saruyama said. "Check this series out! It's the new hot shounen series!"

Rito wasn't exactly enthusiastic about that sort of thing. His father was, of course, a manga artist himself, so he was usually kept up to date on the hottest trends and new series. Still, even someone in the industry can't keep up with everything, and if his friend was pushing this so fervently, then - he took the comic. Flipped through the pages and -

Beheld the glory that is ahegao.

"I was reincarnated into another world and asked for the power to make girls ahegao at will," Rito read, a blush creeping across his face, to the point that it should be more blood than he has in his body. Steam began to burst out the top of his head in big willowy wisps. This was a boy who did not take well to matters such as sex. Even the act of imagining his crush, Haruna, in a swimsuit, was sufficient to make him faint.

"It's the brand new mind break hentai!" Saruyama said, giving him a big thumbs up, and earning the pair of them a dirty look from the others in class.

"In what world is a hentai a shounen?" Rito squeaked back at him, humiliated by the attention. Ohhh, for so many reasons he just wanted to crawl under a rock and die right about now! Here he was, trying to work up the courage to finally ask Haruna out, and that idiot - That total idiot! Completely ruined it by showing him <i>that</i>!

Mind Break hentai. For a while there Rito found himself thinking about it. The idea was absurd. Blatantly daft. You cannot actually have sex with someone to the point it breaks their brains. Nothing in this universe feels that good. It's impossible, it's ridiculous - and it's also surprisingly popular apparently. He never got the appeal. It didn't work for him at all.

Which made it all the worse when, at lunchtime, while digging in his bag for his bento, he found a strange book contained within. Pulling it out, Rito immediately blushed yet again. "Saruyama, did you put this in my bag?" he asked.

"Huh? No," Saruyama said. "What is that?"

The other boy leaned over Rito's shoulder to take a look. 'The Secrets of Cocknosis' stared back at them. The two blinked slowly in confusion over what they were reading here. And then, Saruyama flipped the book open, despite Rito's attempts to stop him.

"Hey, put that away!" Rito warned. The other students were already filing out of class. Including Haruna! Ah! No, he's not like this, not really!

"Eh? Why?" Saruyama asked. "Let's see, let's see... Apparently if you hold this book and say the words - "

Rito snatched the book away from him before he could say the next part, for which the world should breathe a sigh of relief. "So this isn't yours then?" Rito asked.

"No, it's not mine," Saruyama replied. "It's not yours either? Hey, come on, let's take a look, it seemed really interesting! What was it saying there?"

Despite himself, Rito did take a look. With a weary sigh, he picked up right where Saruyama left off and said the magic words aloud: "Biggus Dickus."

Clung! He felt the weight immediately, and from the way Saruyama was now looking at him, he could see the weight as well. The weight, the girth, the length. It was pretty obvious. Rito looked down at the package he was sporting. Trailing down his left leg, pinned within his trouser leg, aimed straight down at the ground. He took a very stiff step, and really hoped it wouldn't get stiff anytime soon.

"No way," Saruyama gaped. "No freaking way! Here, let me - "

"Ah, no!" Rito yelled as Saruyama grabbed the book. Too late! The boy said the words, and the enormous girth began to grow within his own trousers. Grabbing the book back, Rito looked at it with a sense of disaster. The word 'cocknosis' made him think of -

Sure enough, there it was. Hypnosis. It didn't just give you a bigger dick, it gave you a 'hypnotically big' dick. Panic gripped his heart. A boy like that, with a power like this? Disaster! Total disaster! And he had it as well! Wait... wait... he had it as well. That meant -

Flicking through the book while Saruyama checked himself out, Rito licked his lips and then, against his better judgement... yanked his trousers down.

"H-Hey, put that away, I don't wanna stare at another man's... Uh..."

His eyes went glassy quickly. Obscenely quickly. Nervously swallowing, Rito began with his plan to save the world from the threat that Saruyama posed.

"You will not use this cock to hypnotise anyone," Rito commanded. Saruyama whined. Yet Rito had a sense that the command was taking hold. "Unless they give you their consent of their own volition, I mean. Uh. If you put someone under your spell by accident, no pervy stuff. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay, fine..." Saruyama said, grumbling away even though he was currently hypnotised.

"Also, I'm keeping this book!" Rito said. "Uh, when I pull my trousers up, you'll think that was your idea, and not think that I did anything, okay?"

He pulled his trousers up, and just like that Saruyama blinked back to being wide awake.

"Man, it's a shame we can only use these hypnodicks on someone by accident," Saruyama sighed in blatant annoyance. "And can't even do anything pervy with them either! Man, it's great but also lame... Let's go have lunch and try to put this past us, okay?"

That was really the best possible thing for them to do. Except Rito wasn't in much of a mood for eating! He was going to find a quiet corner and read through this book and try to find a solution to this problem! Ah! Ahhhh! He didn't want a penis this big! He also didn't want a hypnotic dick either! Come on, come on! There has to be something about undoing it - Oho! There! He found the section on undoing it!

"You can't, you're stuck with it, have fun," Rito read aloud. He turned the page just in case. "No, really. You're gonna get so much ass, even if you don't mean to."

Uuuuurgh! So that's how it was, huh? Once you have it, you've got it for life? Whoever made it this way must be a real pervert, that's for sure! Rito closed his eyes and concentrated. He wasn't going to use it the way it was intended. He was going to exhibit self control. Read through this book, and then -

"Hi Rito," Haruna asked, hovering over his shoulder. "Uh... what are you doing?"

He nearly jumped out of his skin! He tried to hide the book, but it was already too late. "Uh! N-Nothing, just -"

"I mean, it looks like you were reading a book, but you're not holding anything," Haruna continued, her cute face reflecting total confusion as she peered down at him. Close! Too close! He could feel the heat rising in his head, and - And something stirring in his trousers! Ah! Ah! No, if he got hard here then it would burst out and he'd accidentally put her under his spell! "It looked a little strange, so..."

Just then, it dawned on him. She couldn't see the book. He was holding it right there, and she plainly couldn't see it at all. That was enough! That was a distraction from the fact he was talking to the girl he liked while sporting a brand new and improved dick that could have her doing anything he wanted in a second flat! Which were things he *very much* wanted to avoid thinking about right now!

"Um! Oh no, I'm just... miming reading a book!" Rito said. "Hahaha, you really can't see me holding anything in my hand, but it kinda looks like I'm holding something, right? Right?!"

"Y-yes, that's -"

"Haruna~"

A girl tackled Haruna to the ground, and the next thing Rito knew he was looking at both of their panties. One of Haruna's friends was a little frisky it seemed. Panties. Girl's panties. Were right there. In front of him. This was too much, this was dangerous, he had to -

"Gotta go!" Rito yelled, and rushed away to the boy's room before he did something truly, truly awful by accident. Oh! What a curse had been laid upon his head! Ah! Ah! Deal with it, Rito! You can deal with it! Just... Just deal with it long enough that you're able to figure out a long term plan! Get some help. Yeah, find someone who can help you relieve this pressure in a safe way that doesn't make you want to faint on the spot! As much as he hated to do it, maybe jerking off would help?

Later, stumbling in through his front door, one thought remained at the forefront of Rito's mind: Jerking off did not help. It made things worse. Somehow, for some reason, his balls were even more swollen and painful than they were before. Worse yet, he was far more keenly aware of all the girls around him than usual, and for some reason he'd seen Haruna's underwear no less than five times in the course of that afternoon while going about his business.

It was a wonder he was still sane after that. He was so bad, that he didn't even look at his sister when she greeted him. He simply gave an exhausted sounding "I'm home!" and then stumbled upstairs. Dumped his stuff in his room. Staggered off wearily towards the bathroom. Steeled himself. Told himself that he wasn't going to jerk it again, and make himself sit in an even worse hell than he already was.

It was so hard to think. He was just... reacting at this point. Running on automatic. This cock. This damned monster cock. Sitting there... The instant he had it out, it sprung out in front of him. Heavy. So heavy! Weighing down his thoughts, making him feel numb and empty inside. He drew the bath. Sunk into it. Let the hot water wash over him. And felt at least a little relief, for a time.

On the plus side? He was not going to become one of the characters from that comic Saruyama showed him. He wasn't gonna be like a mind break hentai villain. Nor was his friend. He'd made sure of that. He'd made sure of -

Splash!

It happened so quickly, he barely had the time to process it. Something landed in the bath with him. Something heavy. Something human shaped. *Someone* who was now standing up, stretching her limbs, and revealing her absolutely flawless figure to him with a cute smile upon her cute face. Large boobs. Slender waist. Nice big hips. Round ass. Smooth skin, like silk.

"Haha, got away!" the impossibly beautiful girl that spontaneously appeared in front of him said, not a shred of care that she was naked in front of a boy. "Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to... To... Uh?"

Her gaze had travelled southward, falling upon his cock. Which is only natural. It was pretty eye catching. It was also *hard*, and got *so hard, so fast* that the tip of it wound up underneath the mystery girl's nose. Her eyes crossed from staring at it, and - Yeah, can we take a moment to acknowledge how big it must be to do that? Rito was laying down, this girl was standing up. And it was just under the tip of her nose.

"Buuuuuh?" the girl burbled happily. "Wha- That's huuuuuge~"

As to what happened next? Rito couldn't tell you. But I will. Happily. To start with, he asked a question.

"What's your name?"

"Lala Deviluke," she replied without hesitation. She licked her lips as if staring at a delicious meal. "I'm an alien. Hiding on earth from some jerks my father is trying to set me up with. I don't want to get mar-"

"Want to marry me?"

"Yessssss~" Lala said without hesitation.

"Good girl," Rito said. He lay back in the tub, hands behind his head. Casual as you like. A different attitude from before. Like a whole other personality had slotted its way into his brain, and was now taking the steering wheel. "Get on my dick, dear. Let's celebrate our engagement."

"Yes dear," Lala replied with slavish devotion. She grabbed the shaft and moved over so she could aim its tip right at her entrance - then without a moment's hesitation pushed forward, and forward and forward some more, until - impossibly - it managed to fit inside due to the magic of cocknosis.

"From now on, your pussy belongs to me!" Rito said, which Lala nodded along with far too eagerly. There were hearts in her eyes here. This was an instant defeat! "Wake me up with sloppy blowjobs! Help me hit on and seduce girls that I think are hot! You think it's hot when I fuck other girls in front of you, and break them like I'm gonna break you!"

He was like a completely different person, roughly fucking Lala with his monstrous cock, and making her moan, wantonly clinging to his body as she was filled to the brink. Her body forced to feel the greatest, most addictive pleasure of her life, her mind being overwritten, her very will being ground into paste by the cock penetrating her deeply, so deeply.

Whatever had snapped within Rito to make him behave like this, it was a truly frightening thing being unleashed. An inner beast even he didn't know was there. His hands wandered her body, drinking her in, feasting upon her flesh and savouring every inch of -

"Hey, quiet down in... Uh... Buh!"

That was his little sister Mikan, bursting in to yell at him for making loud noises in the bath. In response to this intrusion, Rito got onto his feet, turned Lala around and started to drill her from behind while maintaining a steady eye contact with his little sister.

"Yes, Mikan?" he asked, slowly drawing his cock all the way out until just the head remained inside the alien intruder - before slamming it back in, and then slowly, slowly raking it back out again. "Did you have something to say."

Her eyes were vacant. A little drool was pooling out the corner of her mouth. Completely and totally instantly brainwashed.

"From now on, you'll ignore it when I fuck a bitch into breaking," Rito commanded. "Understand? Repeat it back to me in your own words."

"I will ignore when you use your enormous hog of a cock to turn a girl into your personal cum dumpster," Mikan said in a monotone, face flushed and eyes empty even as she proceeded to grope her small chest with both hands. "C-Can I have a go?"

"No, you're my little sister, and that's a line I won't cross," Rito said. "Ah? I didn't think you were into me like that. How cute! Well, why don't you go off and play with yourself for a while, I need to finish welcoming this slut to Earth!"

Mikan nodded her head, then left the room to 'play with herself' as her brother commanded. This let Rito get back to the absolutely essential task of using his dick to thoroughly ruin Lala for all other men, forever, which he did with a final glorious release inside her body, causing her to slump to the floor and for him to faint back into the bathtub, spent and happy and his cock deflating to a more manageable - though still enormous - size...

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How much time was he out for? Hard to say! Rito simply sat up when he realised the water had turned cold. He shivered on reflex, then felt like kicking himself for not realising it sooner. "Cold water. That would've done it," he nodded. Indeed, it did seem as though his cock was acting up a lot less. He could actually think clearly now. "Hoo boy! I was really out of it!" Rito laughed to himself as he towelled off, then strode off towards his room with naught but a towel around his waist. "For a second there before I passed out, I thought the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen had appeared in the bathtub with me! Wow, I must've been really -"

"Ahem."

There was a girl sitting on his bed. Also wearing a towel. One a bit too small for her. The same girl that appeared before he passed out. Rito found himself looking at her intensely, breath caught in his throat, mouth dry, and his penis *waking up*.

"Hello!" the girl (Lala... the name came to him from somewhere...) "So, uh, I guess I'll be staying here from now on. Please take good care of me."

"Huh?" Rito grunted in genuine confusion. "Huh?! T-Take care of you! What do you - What do you mean by that?"

"We-ell, I got a really good look at you before, and there's no way I'm turning that down," Lala coyly giggled. "Daddy wanted me to get married to some loser or another for political power, but I think I'd be much happier marrying someone like you~"

Aha. Okay then. So, this alien babe had now forced her way into his life, on top of him having this cock to deal with. Wonderful. Great. Exactly what he wanted. If nobody else minds, Rito was gonna have a quick lie down now and try to wake up after all this madness had resolved itself.

Little did the fool realise, he'd one day look at this as the *simple* time of his life.